

15¢ a copy

Let Shall we Kill?

\$1.50 a year

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

A JOURNAL OF OCCULTISM

NOVEMBER 1913



DID HIS ANCESTORS LIVE ON THE LOST
CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS?



THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

(Founded by H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott.)

Mrs. Annie Besant, (President)

AND HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER OF IT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1908. A Society of an absolutely unsectarian and non-political character, whose work should be amicably prosecuted by the learned of all races, in a spirit of unselfish devotion to the research of truth, and with the purpose of disseminating it impartially, seemed likely to do much to check materialism and strengthen the waning religious spirit. The simplest expression of the objects of the Society is the following:



First—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

Second—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

Third—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man.

No person's religious opinions are asked upon his joining, nor any interference with them permitted, but everyone is expected to show towards his fellow-members the same tolerance in this respect as he claims for himself.

THEOSOPHY is the body of truths which forms the basis of all religions, and which cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of any. It offers a philosophy which renders life intelligible, and which demonstrates the justice and love which guide in its evolution. It puts death in its rightful place, as a recurring incident in an endless life, opening the gateway of a fuller and more radiant existence. It restores to the world the science of the spirit, teaching man to know the spirit as himself, and the mind and body as his servants. It illuminates the scriptures and doctrines of religions by unveiling their hidden meanings, and thus justifying them at the bar of intelligence, as they are ever justified in the eye of intuition.

Members of the Theosophical Society study these truths, and Theosophists endeavor to live them. Every one willing to study, to be tolerant, to aim high and work perseveringly for the realization of universal brotherhood is welcomed as a member, and it rests with the member to become a true Theosophist.

The International Headquarters, offices and managing staff are at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, India. The Headquarters of The American Section of The Theosophical Society are at Krotone, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

HOW TO JOIN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

One of the twenty-two National Societies or Sections of The Theosophical Society exists in America, and is composed of lodges in various cities (of which a list is printed in this magazine) and, in addition, a scattered membership residing where there is no lodge. The headquarters fee per year for members of lodges is \$2.00; for unattached members the fee is \$5.00 annually. New members pay *pro rata* for the first year and a diploma fee of 50c upon joining.

Information about Theosophy and the Theosophical Society is easy to obtain. In addition to the secretaries of lodges (whose names and addresses are to be found in the Lodge Directory, printed in the back of this magazine), full information may be obtained from the General Secretary of The American Section, address below. A descriptive booklet, a copy of the By-Laws of the Section, and an application blank for membership are gladly supplied free of all cost to any address in the world.

To enter the Society it is necessary to sign the form provided, which reads, in part, as follows:

I, the undersigned, being in sympathy with the objects of the Theosophical Society and acquainted with its rules, hereby make application for admission as a Fellow thereof.

I understand the objects of the Society to be as follows: 1st—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without

distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. 2d—To promote the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science. 3d—To investigate unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in Man.

My application for Fellowship has never been rejected by this Society nor any of its branches.

Two sponsors, members of the Society, must also endorse the form at the bottom; if no sponsors are obtainable, notify the General Secretary. If the application is for lodge membership, the applicant must be accepted by the lodge and his application sent through the proper officer of such body. If the application is for membership-at-large, the signed and endorsed form should be sent either to a lodge officer to be forwarded to the General Secretary or sent directly to the latter. Information as to the specific amount to be sent to the General Secretary with the application will be supplied; it varies with the month of the year, but never exceeds \$5.50 in the case of a member-at-large and \$2.50 in the case of lodge members, *except* that in the latter case the dues of the local lodge, whatever they may be, must also be met.

For further direction, samples of literature, or information about any special phase of Theosophy, address the secretary of any lodge or

THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, KROTONE, HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

Vol. XV

NOVEMBER 1913

No. 2

Melancholy, Begone!	Frontispiece
By the Editor	79
On the Frontispiece; Tolerance versus Prejudice	
The Highest Application of Astrological Science... Charles T. Wood	83
Among the Central American Indians Margaret Olive Jordan	89
Zorohm Gregor MacGregor	99
A Scientific Heaven and Hell..... L. W. Rogers	104
On the Trail of the Celt..... Darye Hope	109
The Beauty of India..... Elisabeth Severs	116
Bread Cast Rem. A. Johnston	119
Shall We Kill?..... S. Unsey	129
The Round Table	132
The Oak Tree; The Life of a Leaf	
For the Children	136
Where Stories Begin of Two Cats, a Poodle and a Sparrow; Dangerous Flowers; The Funny Sprites	
Clippings and Comments	144
On "Medical Freedom" article; Our Younger Brothers; Islands disappear; A symbolical button; Sun-worship in Stonehenge; In- visible helper at work; Adding years to your life; Degenerating races; Retrograding creatures; Vegetarians with muscles; Scarab reveals story of Amen-Ra, etc., etc.	
Questions	150
Reviews	153

The Master, by J. Todd Ferrier; *The Upas Tree*, by Florence L. Barclay;
Studies in the Lesser Mysteries, by F. G. Montague Powell; *Training for
Efficiency*, by Orison Swett Marden; *Incidents in the Life of Madame
Blavatsky*, by A. P. Sinnett; *The Bible and Modern Literature*, by Ed-
ward Adams Cantrell; *India* (Essays and Addresses, Vol. iv), by Annie
Besant; *Evolution and Occultism* (Essays and Addresses, Vol. iii), by
Annie Besant; *Foundation Stones*, by James Allen; *Meditations*, by
James Allen; *The Little Window*, by Helen M. Hodsdon.

Published monthly by the American Section of The Theosophical Society
Subscription price: \$1.50 per year in the United States and its possessions; \$1.75 in
Canada and \$2.00 in foreign countries. New addresses to affect any issue must reach this
office on or before the tenth of the month preceding date of issue. Renewals: Examine the
wrapper on your magazine; it shows when your subscription expires.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, at the Post-Office at Los Angeles, Cal., under the Act of
March 3, 1879. Copyrighted, 1913, by The American Section of The Theosophical Society.

REMOVAL NOTICE

THE THEOSOPHICAL BOOK CONCERN has moved from Chicago to Krotona. All book orders, correspondence, etc., should be addressed to and all remittances made payable to

THE THEOSOPHICAL BOOK CONCERN

KROTONA, HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Address no correspondence and make no checks payable to individuals.



IN BAS RELIEF

The stories and comments here published are designed to do something more than merely lighten the burden of the world. A sense of humor is an essential to an occultist, for it is often his only relief from the pressure of a strenuous life. Help, in the form of contributions, will be gratefully received. Address **The American Theosophist**.



OVER THE ROAD

Over the road a thousand times;
Lord! but the lot of things I've seen,
And all the many I've done and been;
And all the weary tears and times.
Some of the sloughs I've learned to skip—
And those that get me every trip,
No matter how warily I begin.

Over the road since the world was young.
A few new friends of the clever kind
And a few old chums whom I always find
Into my orbit strangely flung.
But more of the pikers I do not like
Sidling up to me as we hike,
Who won't be "shaken" or left behind.

Over the road since the years began.
Something happening every mile
To make one weep or wince or smile,
And troubles enough for any man.
Most of the pitfalls mighty deep,
Most of the prizes tinsel cheap,
And few of its honors worth the while.

Over the road, the same old road,
Always picking up something new
But always glad, when the trip is through,
To loaf a little and drop my load
And muse on the lessons that I have learned,
Mostly by having my fingers burned
Time and again, as I usually do.

(Continued on page 3, Advertising Section.)

Please mention **The American Theosophist** when writing to advertisers.

JACOB F. GATES

Dealer in and Collector of Old and Rare

==Occult Books==

With HOLMES BOOK CO.

327 W. 4th St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

DR. LAZETTE A. WEAVER, F.T.S.**OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
930 CALIFORNIA BUILDING**

(Special rates to T. S. Members)

Office Phone: F-3047

Residence: 1351 Bond St.

Phones: 21612 - - Main 4906

Carroll Springs Sanitarium

NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.

Pure Air, Pure Water, Pure Food. Health Vibrations;
Home Environment. Medical, Electrical and Psychiatric
Treatment. Massage and Nursing. Booklet on Appli-
cation.**G. H. WRIGHT, M. D., Forest Glen, Maryland**

The same old thorny road, and yet,
The velvet touch of the evening breeze,
The trooping stars and the tumbling seas—
Should I be happier to forget?
And the summer twilights thrilled with song,
And the touch of hands as we traveled
along—
Shall anything ever be sweet as these?

The same old story—born to die;
Cradle, altar and funeral urn.
Sometimes I hated to think of return
But changed my mind as the years went by,
And hungered for all old things again
That sadden and gladden the lives of men,
And more of the lessons I still must learn.

And ever on faring forth it seemed
I should somewhere find, ere the quest was
through,
That fuller life than I ever knew,
And the splendid souls of whom I dreamed.
Should find the pleasures that never tire—
Heart ease, heart peace and heart desire—
My own heart's home where the dreams come
true.

The age-old vision, the world-old lure,
The ever unattainable quest
That wins us East and wins us West
To seek, to suffer and endure.
Prince and pauper, high and low,
Over and over the road we go;
Souls far seeking for God and rest.
M. M. Cass.

100 typewritten lectures by best
writers, including Mrs. Besant.
Those desiring to deliver prepared
lecturers find the Bureau a blessing.
Lectures loaned at 10c each. Non-
members are privileged to make
use of the Bureau. Write for list.

LECTURE BUREAU**MRS. JULIA A. MYERS**

10736 Walnut St., Morgan Park, Ill.

THEOSOPHY IN INDIA

The Official Organ of the Indian Section,
T. S. A Magazine of Real Interest to the
Public. Contains valuable articles from
well-known Indian Theosophists who
place before the world the Wisdom of the
East in the Light of Theosophy.
Send two dollars to The American Theoso-
phist, who will remit to

THE MANAGER, THEOSOPHY IN INDIA.

Benares City (India)

VEGETARIAN CAFETERIA

257-59 So. Hill St.,

Los Angeles, Calif.

Please mention *The American Theosophist* when writing to advertisers.

KROTONA

Buy a homesite near KROTONA, the promised land. The available residence property near Krotona is limited, thousands of Theosophists throughout the world are looking with longing eyes toward KROTONA, and a future home near the great Institution. Beachwood Park lots adjacent to KROTONA are being rapidly taken over. \$100,000 worth sold in 18 months, many to Theosophists in the United States and Canada by mail. Many purchasers have doubled and quadrupled their investments here. The following letter endorses our methods:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES INDIAN SERVICE

PIMA INDIAN SCHOOL

SACATON ARIZONA

May 9, 1913.

Albert H. Beach Esq.,
214 Douglas Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir :-

Enclosed I hand you \$20. on account of my
lot No. 86 Beachwood Park No. 2.

Recently my uncle, Mr James White, looked
over my lot while in Los Angeles, and wrote me that he
was very much pleased with the same.

I have to thank you for the very fair deal
you gave me. Any time that I have opportunity to inter-
est others in the matter of real estate handled by you
I shall be very happy to do so.

Very truly yours,

Albert H. Beach

LOTS \$500.00 UP, EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

We sell lots by mail. Here is our proposition:

Remit \$10.00 for each lot desired, state the limit of price you desire to pay. We will then select the Lots and mail you a Plat of Tract, together with full description of the lot selected. The \$10.00 will hold the lot 60 days, during which time you can either exchange it for any other unsold lot in the tract as per price schedule, confirm the sale, or have your money back, as you desire.

The terms of purchase are: One per cent or more of the purchase price down, and one per cent or more per month of the balance, to include interest payments. Interest, 7% per annum, computed monthly. No attention paid to inquiries unaccompanied by the \$10.00 remittance.

References: American Theosophist, Krotona, Hollywood. Any Bank in Los Angeles or Mercantile Agencies.

ALBERT H. BEACH CO., Fiscal Agents For
LOS ANGELES-HOLLYWOOD HOMES CO.
214 DOUGLAS BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FOR OUR BROTHERS IN PRISON

Theosophists! You can help the convicts by ordering your Leadbeater books from the **O. E. LIBRARY** during October and November.

During October and November the **O. E. LIBRARY** will give the entire proceeds from the sale of Mr. Leadbeater's books, including those written conjointly with Mrs. Besant, to Theosophical propaganda in prisons, including supplying Theosophical books to convicts and prison libraries.

The usual discounts are given to Lodges, but if desired, it may be specified that the discount is to be added to the Prison Work Fund. This fund will be expended under the direction of the Section's Prison Work Bureau.

Mr. Leadbeater's books may be rented from the **O. E. LIBRARY** on the usual terms, subject to return or purchase. If bought during October or November the entire proceeds will go to the Prison Work.

Contributions of cash, large or small, will be received for the same purpose.

During October and November the **O. E. LIBRARY** will fill orders for any Theosophical books to be sent direct to convicts or prison libraries at 20% discount, postpaid, provided such orders specify "prison work."

Any standard Theosophical books in fair condition, which are sent to the **O. E. LIBRARY** with this purpose designated, will be used or sold for the benefit of the Prison Work Fund.

We will send a descriptive list of Mr. Leadbeater's books on request; also the special Prison Work number of the **O. E. LIBRARY CRITIC**, containing a sketch of Mr. Leadbeater, letters from convicts, etc.

Books by Mr. Leadbeater sold for the benefit of Theosophical work in prisons—all postpaid—U. S. postage stamps accepted.

The Hidden Side of Things, 2 volumes, each	\$2.00
Man: Whence, How and Whither (with Mrs. Besant)	4.00
Thought Forms (with Mrs. Besant) with 47 colored plates	3.50
Man, Visible and Invisible, with 26 colored plates	2.50
The Inner Life, Vol. I.	1.50
The Inner Life, Vol. II.	1.50
The Other Side of Death.	1.50
Some Glimpses of Occultism.	1.50
The Christian Creed.	\$1.25
The Perfume of Egypt and Other Weird Stories	1.00
A Text-Book of Theosophy75
Clairvoyance75
Dreams50
Invisible Helpers50
The Astral Plane35
The Devachanic Plane35
An Outline of Theosophy25
Life After Death and How Theosophy Unveils It25

THE O. E. LIBRARY,

1207 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

(Associated with The American Section, T. S.)

Book Department Los Angeles Lodge of the Theosophical —Society—

Dealers and Importers of

THEOSOPHICAL BOOKS

Orders Promptly Filled

Blanchard Hall Building,
233 S. Broadway

Wanted: Addresses of persons residing on the Pacific Coast who would like notice mailed to them of the Theosophical activities in Los Angeles.

DOLPH'S SECOND SON

A TRUE NARRATIVE

In days long past but still fresh in memory, when manual strength counted for much, Dolph's muscular development was his stock-in-trade, for he was a pressman in my father's printing office. In those days, when steam was in its childhood, electricity in its budding infancy, and hand-printing alone in vogue, the pressman's duty was to roll the paper sheet by sheet onto the type, then a pull from his strong arm finished the work.

Dolph was a good-natured young German, fairly well educated; he could read the newspaper, indite a short epistle and keep account of his money; was perfectly contented with the knowledge he possessed, for his ambition and desires had never outrun his attainments.

He married a thrifty, congenial helpmate, one a little above him in the social scale, perhaps, for her parents were part owners in a canal boat. After his marriage he was induced to invest his capital in this boat, and for a number of years he left the printing office during the summer months to pass them

(Continued on page 6, Advertising Section.)

MAUD LINDON, F. T. S.

ASTROLOGER

M. Astrological Society, Inc., N. Y.
M. National Astrological Society, U. S. A.

HOROSCOPE: With Progressed
Chart and Full Reading of Character,
Career, Prospects, etc.....\$2.00

HOROSCOPE: Nativity and Progressed
Charts, Synthetic Life Reading in detail, with scientifically
calculated present and future Prospects, Occult tendencies, etc.
\$5.00

Give Date, Hour and Place of Birth

MAUD LINDON

1233 East 50th St., Chicago, Ill.

with his wife on the Erie Canal.

A little son came of this union and in due time a second son followed; then other children, sons and daughters, until a good round number could be counted up and, with a single exception, no person could doubt their kinship to their parents, to their numerous relatives and to each other. The exception was Dolph's second son.

In early childhood it was feared he did not possess ordinary faculties; he was unlike his brother, unlike his cousins. Just in what way it was difficult to define, but how could he be at all smart and not resemble them? As the others came along, one by one, and developed on the old family lines, this strange difference became more and more apparent.

In his perplexity Dolph consulted my father, and during my younger years I heard much of this most peculiar little chap.

Could he talk? Oh yes, but there was one of the strangest things about him—he said so many things no one could fathom or understand. Then he had no courage, no vim, could not fight, could not take his own

(Continued on page 8. Advertising Section.)

EDWARDS & GREEN

Real Estate

Loans

Insurance

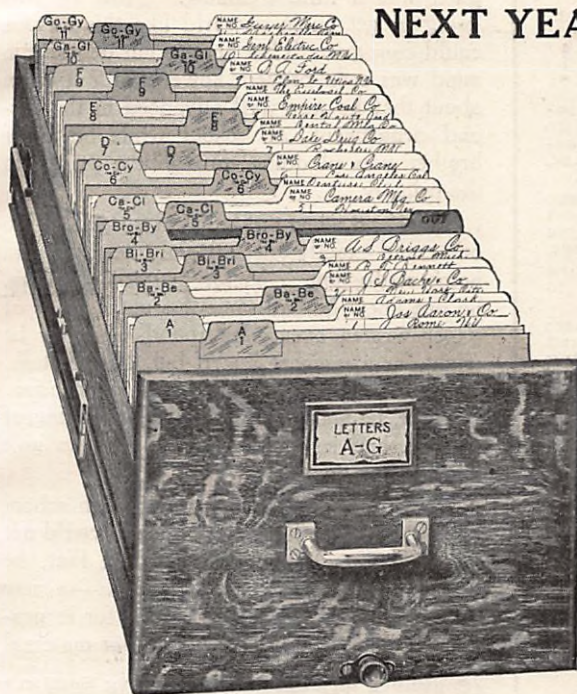
Our office will be glad to assist you to locate in Hollywood, the most beautiful spot in California. Write us your wishes. It will be our pleasure to serve you.

EDWARDS & GREEN

6776 Hollywood Boulevard

Hollywood, Cal.

NEXT YEAR'S FILING SYSTEM

Direct Name System
of Vertical Filing

We make filing systems for all purposes

HAS your correspondence file been 100% efficient this year? Any letters misfiled or lost? Any time wasted in hunting? Guides still in good condition? Can you use them over and over again, year after year?

Now is the time to think about next year's file, and now's the time to ask yourself those questions. Now is the time to decide what system you'll use in 1914.

The "Y and E" Direct Name System of Vertical Filing will save you money, both in the cost of materials and in the time taken to file and find. This system combines alphabetical and numerical indexing with all the advantages of both.

This "Y and E" Direct Name System represents the best thought of our System experts after many years of study of the subject. Fully described in our folder entitled, "Stop Mis-filing!" Write for it today on your business letterhead, or get it at any "Y and E" Branch or Agency.

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.

1085 ST. PAUL STREET,
ROCHESTER, N. Y."Leaders of the World" in Filing
Systems and Equipment

W. SCHREMPF

.. ARTIST ..

Copies and Enlargements made of any Painting,
Photograph, or Daguerrotype

143 N. Dearborn St. -:- Chicago, Ill.

HOLLMAN
BUSINESS COLLEGEDo You Want to Better Yourself?
Do you want to write shorthand?
COME AND SEE US ABOUT IT!Phones: Home 54021; Broadway 2560
1017-1019 SO FIGUEROA ST.

BE A BANKER

Learn a profession at home that will give you standing and independence. Splendid opportunities for Theosophists men or women. Pleasant work, short hours, all holidays off, yearly vacation with pay, good salary. Diploma in six months. Catalog free. E. G. Alcorn, President.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF BANKING
132 McLeane Building, Columbus, Ohio.

Hollywood 135

Home 57624

C. H. MANSHEFFER
DRUGGIST

100 Hollywood Blvd., Corner Cahuenga

Hollywood, California

Free Delivery

Please mention The American Theosophist when writing to advertisers.

STOP! DON'T BUY THAT BOOK!

THE O. E. LIBRARY rents all Theosophical books, large and small, subject to return or purchase. You can return a purchased Theosophical book you don't want, on a rental basis.

TERMS: 5 cents a week per volume (minimum, 10 cents per volume) and cost of shipping. A deposit of \$2.00, returnable less charges, unless waived by agreement.

It will loan to new patrons free for one month, any four of the following, up to \$3.00.

Alcyone: At the Feet of the Master; Education as Service. **Besant:** Man and His Bodies; Death and After; Changing World; Esoteric Christianity; Ideals of Theosophy; Initiation; Thought Power, its Control and Culture. **Bragdon:** Episodes of an Unwritten History (of the T. S.). **Cooper:** Methods of Psychic Development. **Leadbeater:** Astral Plane; Christian Creed; Textbook of Theosophy; Perfume of Egypt. **Kingsford:** Perfect Way. **Steiner:** Atlantis and Lemuria, etc.

The receipts of the Library are devoted to Theosophical propaganda.

Ask for lists, reading courses, bi-weekly **O. E. LIBRARY CRITIC**.

The Oriental Esoteric Library

1207 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

(Associated with
The American Section T. S.)

part, was a little weakling. How he was going to get on in a world like this no one could conceive. That he was not deficient in mind was soon proved, however, for it came about that he was well advanced in the second department at school while his elder brother was plodding through the primer in the primary.

How and when did he learn to read? No one could exactly tell; certainly he never had home instruction. As for mastering writing, no one knew he had done this until scraps of paper written over were found wherever he might for a moment linger, but, like his talk, his written lines were beyond comprehension. In short, he was looked upon as something of a freak and so it was thought best to give him his own way.

How came it that he entered high school while yet a little lad? His parents could not tell; of course he studied and, in fact, he seemed good for nothing but books—a new and unknown phase in the family, for in generations back on neither paternal nor maternal

(Continued on page 11, Advertising Section.)

BECOME AN IMMORTAL

A man dies but his insurance policy takes his place. He lives again in the care and comfort provided for his loved ones. Become an Immortal by insuring in the Old Massachusetts Mutual.

We insure both men and women.

Write for rates and other information; also give date of birth.

David S. M. Unger

INSURANCE COUNSELOR AND
AUTHORIZED AGENT

HARRIS TRUST BLDG. CHICAGO

FROM THE UPANISHADS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

WE have put this little volume into the Vest Pocket Series trusting that the few who knew it in our earlier edition, long out of print, will welcome it in new and cheaper form. It is a rendering of some of the teachings from the old wise books of the East done into exquisite English by the translator of the Bhagavad Gita, that inspired lay of the oriental Master.

Printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper of special size, the type set in old-style 8-point Roman (5½x2¾ page), with Chiswick ornaments and original cover designs. Blue paper wrappers, 30 cents net. Limp cloth, 50 cents net. Flexible leather, gilt top, 75 cents net. Japan vellum edition, \$1.00 net.

THE MOSHER CATALOGUE

"The annual catalogues issued by Mr. Thomas B. Mosher have for more than twenty years past held a peculiar place in the affections of book lovers, not alone by reason of the appealing wares which they advertise or their own attractiveness of form, but also on account of the choice bits of literature scattered through their pages."—THE DIAL.

FREE ON REQUEST.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Maine

TEACHINGS FROM THE ARCAINE SCIENCE

Written down by

EDWARD CLARENCE FARNSWORTH

A lucid and concise presentation of the chief subjects of "The Secret Doctrine" of H. P. Blavatsky; together with many inner teachings never before made public.

See Book Review in September American Theosophist.

Price, \$1.10 Postpaid.

SMITH & SALE, Portland, Maine

FAST ATTENTION
ENGRAVERS
ELECTROTYPERS
BRYAN-GARNIER-BRANDENBURG CO.
 A 5068 232-236 EAST FOURTH ST. MAIN 3484
 LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The Hollywood National Bank
 AND
THE CITIZENS SAVINGS BANK

Cahuenga Avenue and Hollywood
 Boulevard
 Los Angeles, California
 Total Assets . . . \$900,000.00

CHIROPRACTIC AND DRUGLESS HEALING METHODS

By a

THEOSOPHIST

How to keep well and live long. How to help others do the same. How to Diagnose Disease by that marvelous OCCULT method

"DIAGNOSIS FROM THE EYE"

Contains chapters on—Appendicitis; Laws of cure; Small Pox and Vaccination; Cancer; Serums; Germs and their relation to disease; Spine in Health and Disease; Food; Dietetics; Digestion; etc.,

with

CRITICISMS OF MEDICAL PRACTICE

Half leather, 385 enamel pages; Illustrated. Colored "Eye Key."

Price \$4.00 (25% off to T. S. Members)

R. E. McNAMARA

UNIVERSAL COLLEGE, 530 BRADY STREET, DAVENPORT, IOWA

IN WHAT NUMBER

Did you find the most interesting things in the volume of *The American Theosophist* just completed? Would you not like to have the series at hand in convenient form? The bound volumes (XIV—October, 1912, to September, 1913) are attractively finished in cloth at \$2.00, and a special price for leather will be quoted gladly upon request. Some of the more memorable titles in the volume are: By Annie Besant, *The Open Road to the Masters, Theosophy or Para-vidya*; by C. W. Leadbeater, *Exoteric and Esoteric, Exaggeration, The Force of the Master*; by C. Jinarajadasa, *The Law of Renunciation*; by Weller Van Hook, *Work on Higher Planes*; by Roger W. Babson, *Service to Mankind*; by Marie Russak, *Some Occult Effects of Music, "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made On"*—to mention only a few titles. Other contributors include Irving S. Cooper, Charles Lazenby, Otto Carqué, F. E. Titus, Claude Bragdon, Elisabeth Severs and Vance Thompson.

Then there is the delightful series of stories and shadow drawings for the children, hailed with genuine pleasure by innumerable teachers and mothers, a source of perennial amusement and much good instruction for the youngsters.

These things, with the able editorials, reviews, and lively notes on the passing world make the fourteenth volume of surpassing interest from end to end.

Every lodge should have a copy for its library.

Just the book for your friend who is not a member.

For immediate delivery of a bound volume, postage prepaid, send two dollars to

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

*Krotona, Hollywood,
Los Angeles, California*

To Members of the T. S. and Their Friends

If you will send us the names and addresses of all friends who are interested in the World's Progress along the lines of Universal Brotherhood, Universal Peace, and Universal Tolerance, we will send them a free sample copy of

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

Send in the list now. We will send out the copies without any cost to you or to them.

Address The Business Manager of
THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST
Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Cal.

side had there been a similar case. A scholar was an unknown factor to them all, and surely pre-natal conditions could not account for it.

How did he get his collegiate education? How study theology? That he did this is certain, for while his brothers, cousins and boy contemporaries were going on in the old humdrum ways, he was ordained a youthful and intelligent minister of the Lutheran Evangelical Church. And how was it that after preaching a few years in an unpretentious home church, he was sought out and urged to preside over a large and important congregation in the metropolis?

Is there but one answer to these questions? Their solution was once a mystery to me; it no longer is, for how can it be doubted that in this pure boy was incarnated an ego higher and more advanced than those of his kindred? Especially so when the very gentleness, once called weakness, won all their hearts, lifted them all higher and influenced them all for the better.

Elizabeth Secrist Keller.

Home Phone 57390 Sunset Hollywood 545

O. L. DOOLITTLE

Electrical Contractor

SPECIALISTS IN ELECTRIC FIXTURES
UNIQUE DESIGNS IN ART-CRAFT WORK
6706 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
WE INVITE YOU TO CALL AND SEE OUR
FIXTURE SHOWROOM

Sunset 1181

Home Phone E-7244

HOLLYWOOD TRANSFER CO.

ED. FISHER, Proprietor

Trunks, Baggage and General Freight Hauling
Furniture and Pianos Carefully Moved
All Kinds of Heavy Draying
Office P. E. Freight Depot
6364 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.



MONTHLY

FIFTEEN CENTS

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

ONE DOLLAR, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

Send 3 Cents For Sample Copy

Occult & Modern Thought Book Centre

687 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Send for Catalogue of Books for Progressive Readers

Please mention *The American Theosophist* when writing to advertisers.

New Theosophical Books for Old Ones

Why hold on to your old Theosophical books that you don't read?

Why not exchange them for others that you want to read?

Why not keep your reading up to date?

Why not have the latest Theosophical books on your table?

Why not?

The O. E. Library will take your standard Theosophical or other Occult books, if in fair condition, credit you with their value and either send you new or second-hand books in their place, or rent them to you.

Complete lists of Theosophical books for selection will be furnished.

The O. E. Library sells both new and old Theosophical and other Occult books and will get you any book you want, if possible.

Such exchanges are made only after correspondence. We cannot guarantee to accept books sent to us unsolicited, or to return them unless postage is furnished.

The Oriental Esoteric Library

1207 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
(Associated with The American Section T. S.)

Illustrate Your Lectures

We will make lantern slides from your pictures or drawings at one-half usual price. Slides for sale or rent, including "Thought-forms" and "Man, Visible and Invisible."

The American Section Stereopticon Bureau

J. C. Myers, Head
10736 Walnut Street

Morgan Park - Illinois

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

Should be in every library in the U. S.

and Canada. We want someone in each State and Province who will take up the work of securing subscriptions for the Libraries. Millions enter these Libraries each day and they should have the opportunity of acquainting themselves with our philosophy and thereby keep ahead of the times.

A special discount will be allowed persons sending in subscriptions for Libraries.

*Write for full information to the
Business Manager of*

THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST

Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please mention The American Theosophist when writing to advertisers.

OCTOBER IS THE ISSUE

With which to begin to put *The American Theosophist* in libraries. Not only because the new volume begins with this number (although that is an important point), but also because it is one of the best of a splendid series of numbers along literary lines, as well as some others. To point out all of them would be to quote the whole table of contents—and then add a eulogy. We haven't space for that; but read Mrs. Besant's words, and Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, and surely you will agree that this number and eleven more should be in

A Thousand American Libraries
For Your Library, a Dollar Will do it--Now!

We have reserved a large number of copies of the October issue for this purpose as Libraries like to have complete volumes for binding.

THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO

climatically is a

SOUTHERN EXTENSION OF CALIFORNIA

with more water, more tillable land, and a longer growing season. Particularly is this true of the states of

SONORA-SINALOA-TEPIC-JALISCO

with their many river valleys crossed by the

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD OF MEXICO

and containing some of the

BEST IRRIGABLE LANDS IN THE WORLD

still undeveloped. Let us tell you something of them.

H. LAWTON, G. F. & P. A.,

Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico.

The Theosophist

MRS. ANNIE BESANT, Editor

The Official Organ of the Theosophical Society

The largest international illustrated Theosophical Monthly, royal octavo, 160 pages

Theosophical Publishing House
ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS \$3.00 A YEAR

The Adyar Bulletin

Journal of the Non-Organized Countries. Subscription in Foreign Countries, post free, 3s. or equivalent. Single copies are not supplied.

The Bulletin is sent free to unattached members in Non-Sectionalized countries.

Theosophical Publishing House
Adyar, Madras, India.

The Young Citizen

Edited by Annie Besant

A Magazine of Theosophical Education
For Young People
Published by

Theosophical Publishing House
Adyar, Madras, India
The Subscription is 75c a Year in America

THE HERALD OF THE STAR

Edited by J. Krishnamurti, (Alcyone).

The Official Organ of The Order of the Star in the East.

Will be a Large, Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Beginning with the issue of
JANUARY, 1914

The subscription price will now be \$1.50 per year, post free.

Address The Herald of the Star, 82 Drayton Gardens, London, S. W., Eng.

Contributions to its pages will be made by:

MRS. BESANT, MR. LEADBEATER, MR. JINARAJADASA and others.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the following foreign publications, *The Theosophist*, *Adyar Bulletin*, *Adyar Pamphlets*, *Herald of the Star*, *The Young Citizen*, etc., can be sent to Theosophical Book Concern, Krotona, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif., who will give them prompt attention.

Please mention *The American Theosophist* when writing to advertisers.

REVISED LIST OF PROPAGANDA PAMPHLETS AND LEAFLETS

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

New Titles!

New Numbers!

ALL OTHER LISTS SUPERSEDED

FOR SALE BY THE

THEOSOPHICAL BOOK CONCERN

(Owned by The American Section of The Theosophical Society, Inc.)

Krotona, Hollywood,
Los Angeles, Calif.

	Price per 100
	Postpaid
1. (Old No. 33.) One sample copy of each pamphlet.....	\$.75
2. The Soul and Its Vestures. C. Jinarajadasa.....	.35
3. Information for Enquirers.....	2.40
4. A Master's Letter.....	.35
5. Reincarnation—A Parable. Berry Benson.....	.35
6. Socialism and the Coming Christ. C. Jinarajadasa.....	.40
7. Theosophy Defined. Weller Van Hook.....	.35
8. Advice from a Master.....	.35
9. The Two Brothers. Annie Besant.....	.60
10. Theosophy and Christianity. C. W. Leadbeater.....	.60
11. What Theosophy Does for Us. C. W. Leadbeater.....	4.00
12. Is Theosophy Anti-Christian? Annie Besant.....	4.00
13. Theosophy and Art. C. Jinarajadasa.....	2.50
14. An Epitome of Theosophy.....	.60
15. The Necessity for Reincarnation. Annie Besant.....	.60
16. Reincarnation a Christian Doctrine. Annie Besant.....	4.00
17. A Lodge of the Theosophical Society. Annie Besant.....	.60
18. Theosophy: An Outline of Its Teachings. H. S. Olcott.....	.60
19. Karma as a Cure for Trouble.....	.60
20. A Sketch of Theosophy. Weller Van Hook.....	2.25
21. Reincarnation. Annie Besant.....	.35
22. The Meaning of Theosophy. Annie Besant.....	.35
23. (Old No. 50.) A Study of Theosophy. C. Jinarajadasa.....	2.50
24. (Old No. 52.) The Riddle of Love and Hate. Annie Besant.....	.75
25. (Old No. 53.) What My Religion Means to Me. C. Rakestraw.....	2.50
26. Reincarnation in the Past. Annie Besant.....	.35
27. (Old No. 56.) Theosophy as a Guide in Life.....	.60
28. (Old No. 58.) Theosophy: Its Teachings and Its Practice. H. Hotchner.....	.60
29. (Old No. 59.) The Power to Heal. H. Hotchner.....	.60
30. (Old No. 60.) Reincarnation and Retribution.....	.60
31. Reincarnation. Rev. Chas. H. Emmons.....	2.25
32. Joining the Theosophical Society. Alexander Fullerton.....	.75
33. A Neglected Power. C. W. Leadbeater.....	.60
34. (Old No. 40.) Life After Death. Annie Besant.....	3.00
35. The Aura. C. W. Leadbeater.....	2.50
36. Do We Live on Earth Again? Annie Besant.....	3.00
37. Some Difficulties of the Inner Life. Annie Besant.....	3.00
38. Theosophy and Christianity. Annie Besant.....	3.00
39. Theosophy from Analogy. Alexander Fullerton.....	3.00
40. Advantage of Occult Study. Alexander Fullerton.....	3.00
41. The Power of Thought. Annie Besant.....	3.00
42. The Theosophical Masters. Alexander Fullerton.....	3.00
43. Death as Viewed by Theosophy. Alexander Fullerton.....	3.00

Please mention **The American Theosophist** when writing to advertisers.

CORRECT ENGLISH**---HOW TO USE IT**

Josephine Turck Baker, Editor

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR PROGRESSIVE MEN AND WOMEN,
 BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL;
 CLUB-WOMEN, TEACHERS,
 STUDENTS, MINISTERS, DOCTORS,
 LAWYERS, STENOGRAPHERS
 and for all who wish to
 SPEAK AND WRITE CORRECT ENGLISH

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

Your Every-Day Vocabulary:
 How to Enlarge it
 Words, Their Meanings and Their Uses.
 Pronunciations with Illustrative Sentences
 Helps for Speakers
 Helps For Writers
 Helps For Teachers
 Business English For The Business Man
 Correct English For The Beginner
 Correct English For The Advanced Pupil
 Correct English For The Foreigner
 Suggestions For The Teacher
 Correct English In The School
 Correct English In The Home
 Shall And Will: How to use them
 Should And Would: How to use them
 Sample Copy, 20c. Price, \$2.00 a Year

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS**The Life and Teachings**

OF GIORDANO BRUNO
 By COULSON TURNBULL

Price: In Leather, \$1.25; in Cloth, \$1.00

The life and teachings of Giordano Bruno are creating an unusual and increased interest. The enquiry into his life is characteristic of our times. We wish to render homage to our world's best thinkers and heroes, and our earth has yielded up few such heroes as Bruno. His career was fraught with the keenest disappointments and great suffering. Born of heroic mental mould, in cloistered cell he gained deep knowledge and understanding, which he hurled into a sleeping world.

Throughout Bruno's writings the reader will notice that the love of the good is identified with the highest kinds of speculative knowledge. One marvels at his genius, his eloquence, his earnest devotion to the unseen truths of the soul.

The book is a humble tribute to a noble soul. The work of gathering his writings has covered several years, while traveling in Europe. The labor has been one of great love and has already earned the writer rich reward.

Students of mysticism will find much of deep and lasting interest in this new contribution to the mystical literature of the day. Two fine illustrations have been added to this excellent work.

The Gnostic Press

BOX 596

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Scientific Eating

My new course of 24 lessons in SCIENTIFIC EATING is the "boiled down" result of twenty years' study and experience in treating over 20,000 people.

These lessons teach you how to select, combine and proportion your food at meals so as to remove the causes of all stomach and intestinal trouble, and when this is done Nature will do the curing.

These lessons make the taking of instructions from "FOOD EXPERTS" and "SPECIALISTS" unnecessary. They teach you how to *select, prepare and eat* common, every-day food so as to get *normal results, counteractive results or curative results.*

Dr. W. H. Morse of Hartford, Ct., one of the most learned men in the profession, writing of this book said: "SCIENTIFIC EATING" is a wonderful little book. It tells of the coming science that will do more to cure disease than all drugs combined.

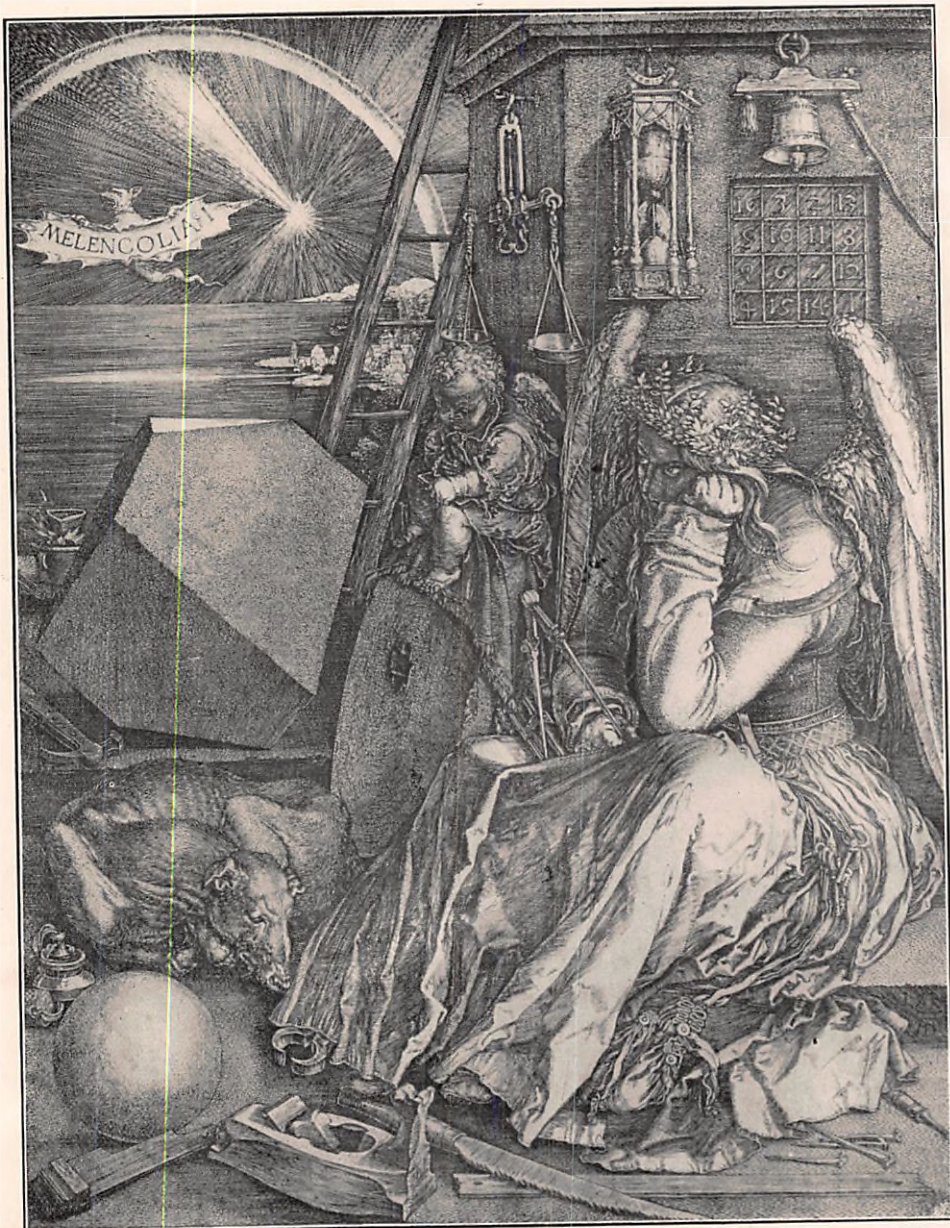
Drop me a card and I will send you my new book "SCIENTIFIC EATING" which explains this course of study, and tells why civilized man is only 51% efficient and lives an average of only 39 years and 3 months.

Write for this book now before you forget it.

EUGENE CHRISTIAN, F. S. D.

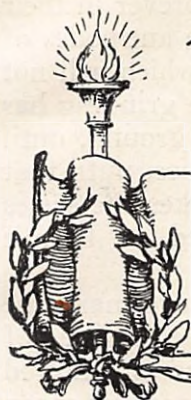
213 WEST 79TH STREET,

NEW YORK



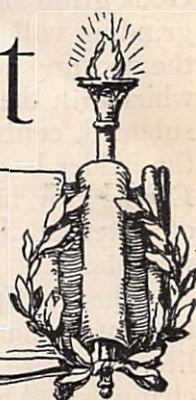
"MELANCHOLY BEGONE"
One of Albert Durer's symbolic pictures.

The American Theosophist



Vol. XV. NOVEMBER, 1913. No. 2.

BY THE EDITOR



ON THE FRONTISPIECE



INTERPRETATION of the symbology portrayed in it will, of course, depend upon our readers individually; we offer only a few suggestions which may, or may not, prove valuable.

Focus yourself within the consciousness of that powerful winged woman as the bed-rock from which to make your observations and inferences, penetrate her look until you can gaze with her into infinite distance; from that far view-point only will the chaos of the picture fall into order, will reverie mean revelation.

Of no sensuous loveliness is this woman, yet she awes and holds you by a solemn sphinx-like beauty more powerful and fascinating. Her tired posture, her head resting heavily upon the hand, her disheveled tresses, all betoken the long brain toil, the material weariness and unease which swallow the results of that toil. The keys and bag suspended from her girdle type her time of distrust, of grasping, of avarice and doubt, and the folds of her dress fall as would iron draperies confine our movements. Yet is she mighty, powerful, majestic, and, though the wings, half-folded, half-raised, show a divinity of aspiration still impotent, she knows herself as more than human; she has bound the green coronet of hope and wisdom upon her head; she has grasped the compass of eternity as the only limit to be inscribed upon her thoughts; and she rests that right arm of power upon the volume of secret and sacred knowledge.

Turn now and read the same life-story written elsewhere in the

picture, but in characters otherwise. A dog, hungry, surly in character, *the lower nature*, lies asleep at the base of a mill-stone; on its top sits a wingéd boy, "genius," the young spirit, *the higher nature*, writing that record which is to last beyond all time. "The mills of the Gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine." Forever in their grinding will the animal and the Christ-spirit mark the antipodes of the whirling wheel; forever will there be a centre-spot which will not whirl with the whirling; and "*forever*" will be until the grinding has subdued, controlled, and laid asleep the animal on the ground, until the ladder has been climbed from that ground to the skies, until that Divine Boy has engraven on His tablet that which makes the scales of Eternal Justice overhead hang balanced, emptied of karmic weights.

The multiple objects and minor details of the picture mark the trail of human speculation as it has sought to solve the enigmas of life, of nature and of science, both through legitimate and unhallowed channels. And may not their erratic, confused arrangement mean the whimsical ill-planned efforts of the mind in that early experimental stage before the operative work of *self* upon non-self is directed by the meditative speculative *Self*? In its cravings for the fruits of knowledge the mind has taken them up and handled them, only sooner or later to cast each aside and to finally sit among its discarded playthings idle, desolate, unsatisfied.

In the far background above, where the ocean touches the rim of a silent city, across a weird sky strangely lit by a mingled rainbow and sun-burst, flies, with head averted from the light, that horrible bat-beast Melencolia—Melancholy, born of Ignorance and Darkness, the law of whose being makes it to shrivel under the colors of the rainbow of Hope, to flee before the Sun "Light that never shone on sea or land," and to perish utterly within the clear white vision of a Soul grown.

At its disappearance, will not the Wingéd Woman spread forth her great pinions of Love and Wisdom and upon them rise triumphant, the *Companion and Genius of Truth*?



"The time for service is every moment of the day, for though there may not always be occasion for a kindly action, there is always occasion for a kindly attitude."

"If a person rejects the way in which you try to serve him, try to find out another form of service. Your desire is to serve him, not to dictate to him the way in which he must be helped."

TOLERANCE VERSUS PREJUDICE



CORRESPONDENT writes that he thinks "it is a mistake to boost the Order of the Star in the East" in this magazine; that by doing so we shall lose sight of the Second Object of the Society and thereby not be in position to discuss comparative religion or philosophy but will rather be bound by a set of dogmas. I know this correspondent to be a very earnest and intelligent person and I can see his point of view, but it is not a viewpoint that spells the widest tolerance.

The Theosophical Society exists to serve. The object of its service is the elevation of humanity's ideals above the present standard. The manner of serving consists in the restoration to the religions of the world of some of their precious jewels of lost knowledge and the bringing to light of some of the unexplained laws that now lie hidden outside the realm of present understanding. To this end Theosophy has rendered service to most of the religions of the world. Whether, within them, that service has been accepted and found useful or not is another question; it has been offered and rendered, and the rest is left to them. But outside, it has been of incalculable effect in spreading the much-needed virtue of tolerance in the world.

Colonel Olcott was a Buddhist, so was Madame Blavatsky. The Colonel succeeded in drafting the *Buddhist Catechism* on a basis that met with the approval of the northern and southern churches. He also established several hundred Buddhist schools in Ceylon. In this and many other ways he turned his attention to the helping of the Buddhist religion. Mr. Sinnett likewise wrote from the Buddhist standpoint. Mrs. Besant chose especially to help the Hindus; to this end she turned her attention to Samskrit, mastered that and published a translation of the *Gita* now widely used. She also published two valuable treatises on *Sanatana Dharma*. Besides, she founded the Central Hindu College, intended to help the Hindu youth to procure his training within the atmosphere of the religion of his forefathers rather than the skepticism and dogmatism of his conquerors.

As to the Christian religion, special efforts were made in that field by Mr. G. R. S. Mead. This scholarly Theosophist produced *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* and a number of other treatises of greatest value to the higher view of Christianity. Mrs. Besant herself made at least one contribution to Christian literature, in the form of *Esoteric Christianity*, that has been pronounced by some to be almost epoch-making—not to mention what has also been done in this regard by Mr. Leadbeater in his *Christian Creed* and other writings. Mrs. Besant, in fact, produced a series of essays upon the great religions of the world, showing the nature of all these great bodies as

seen by a Theosophist and written with the fervor and understanding of a devotee of each of the religions discussed. In science, in collaboration with Mr. Leadbeater, she produced a work on *Occult Chemistry* the value of which, although appreciated only slightly today, will be widely known as time goes on and will constitute an important contribution to ascertained knowledge.

These leaders in Theosophy, high officers in the movement, have only acted in obedience to their duty when they so turned to help one religion after another, or science, as the case was. In so serving they did not narrow Theosophy down to any particular sect; they were rather trying to raise themselves up to the high standard of tolerance demanded by Theosophy. If they could render special service to the older religions without endangering their breadth of view as Theosophists, why, I ask, should not the leaders of today be privileged to aid just as legitimately a newly-forming religion as any of those already established? If service be the purpose of our movement, why should we not serve without prejudice? Our correspondent would have us serve with only a limited tolerance; he would obviously wish the service to be confined to lines already recognized. But should we be so limited? Should we not be free to serve as Theosophists in any way, no matter how, where or when, just so we fulfil the mission of those who point out the way? It is just as much our duty to offer aid to a younger religion as to the old, and in doing so we need not in the least be bound to any of their dogmas or principles, whether ancient or modern.

Think this over, fellow Theosophists. Should we really narrow ourselves down, or limit the scope of our usefulness? Should we not be useful all around and without prejudice, serving wherever the need lies at the moment? Nothing binds us but the one tenet of belief in the Universal Brotherhood of mankind. Outside that we are absolutely unfettered by dogma or belief, however much we may seek to help those who are still bound by such things. The world is our country; to do good our religion.



There is a way by which the shadow of the Christ-life may fall on the common life of man, and that is by doing every act as a sacrifice, not for what it will bring to the doer but for what it will bring to others, and, in the daily common life of small duties, petty actions, narrow interests, by changing the motive and thus changing all. Not any thing in the outer life need necessarily be varied; in any life sacrifice may be offered, amid any surroundings God may be served.

—Annie Besant.

THE HIGHEST APPLICATION OF ASTROLOGICAL SCIENCE

By Charles T. Wood



HIS is an age when all the energies of the universe are brought under most thorough inspection and investigation. It is the Aquarian Age, for not only has our solar system advanced somewhat into that sign, but the planet Uranus, which finds its highest expression in that part of the heavens, has recently arrived there after a journey through the zodiac of eighty-four years during which time much progress has been made in preparing the minds of people for new scientific problems. Unseen energies are now the more conspicuous, since material and objective elements are more commonly understood and controlled. There can be no *new* forces in nature; it is our understanding of the forces, the way in which they operate and the guiding or harnessing of them that is important and interesting.

We know that all the progress of the world is by a spiral motion; we see it in the growth of branches and leaves upon plants and trees and we know that nature never violates, in any particular, the laws which she has established in any one direction. Therefore it is that, to a certain extent, history repeats itself, and truths and scientific demonstrations which are now being unfolded may have been familiar when the Atlantean nation was at its zenith of attainment. We may be struggling with astronomical problems today which were well understood, taught and made very plain by the Chaldeans even before Abraham left that people to become the father of the Hebrew nation.

We see all around us manifestations of nature for which we cannot account. The wind blows and we say that a vacuum has been created by heat and, as nature abhors a vacuum, the air must rush in to fill the void, but we are not yet able to tell what creates the heat in our sun, whether it is friction or vibration, nor how the sun's rays are sent through the ethers and atmosphere to our earth, nor whether the heat exists *at* the sun or is generated by contact in passage.

If, then, scientific minds have failed to tell us of the every-day occurrences of nature, can we be expected to definitely explain the reason why there is a peculiar quality of vibration sent out by the different clusters of fixed stars which we call constellations, which we

group into signs of the zodiac and which have been labeled for thousands of years? We do know their quality, because our study of these influences today tallies with the deductions of prehistoric calculators as handed down to us by such scholars as Claudius Ptolemy, one of the very greatest astronomers, astrologers, geographers and mathematicians whom the world has ever seen.

We have, of course, to make allowance for the precession of the equinoxes, which brings different constellations within the respective signs, somewhat changes the nature of them and thus accounts for the progress in arts and sciences, the molding of society and advance in civilization. We know that the wind blows, the rain falls, that the change of seasons giving us variation of temperature occurs by reason of the movement of the earth through an elliptical orbit about the sun, but *why* does it have this motion? We must fall back upon the Great Sublime Architect, the Master Mind who conceived it all and who *thought* these things into being.

But lack of knowledge on these momentous subjects does not prevent us from studying or using every means within our grasp to ascertain facts. There is no limitation placed on man's aspiration, no check upon his progress except that which he has, consciously or unconsciously, here or at some previous time, forged about himself.

The ancient shepherds, as they lay on their backs while guarding their flocks at night, discovered that some of the stars were larger than others and had a separate motion from the zodiac; after a time these were found to be planets similar to our earth and forming, together with the sun and moon, our solar system. They discovered that each of these planets possessed a peculiar quality of its own; in other words, that the vibrations emanated were of different qualities.

We are not able as yet to tell why this is so. There are various theories to account for it, as there are to explain the sun-spots and the effects which they have on our atmosphere. The difference in the angle of the orbit of the several planets to the orbit of our earth may occasion a more favorable or an antagonistic magnetism; or the vibrations playing upon the rays of the sun may change their quality as they come in contact with our atmosphere; it is not possible to determine this beyond a doubt. We have learned, however, by study, the quality of the vibrations from these several planets and we find that this quality is unchanged except as it applies to races that have become changed by time and evolution. We find that Uranus is of very high vibration in spiritual and occult study, but that in material and social affairs he tends to a revolutionary action, to quick changes, sudden gains and losses, rapid contracting of friendships, unaccountable dissolutions of attachment and movement of home and location. There seems to be also a quality in Uranian vibrations that opens the understanding and intuition concerning all that relates to

the inner self and its needs and destiny. Neptune gives us a still higher vibratory force and he influences large undertakings and national operations. The Panama Canal may be said to be one of Neptune's children, judging from the past and somewhat from the present. The slidings of the Culebra cut are suggestive of his subtle machinations. Neptune is also the Psyche of the heavens and when conjoined in influence with Venus, some very queer combinations of social attachments are made possible. We have not known Neptune long enough to understand him clearly, as he was only observed in 1846. Saturn is the planet of concreting and hammering down, the great leveler of time, and he is detrimental to material prosperity and the things of earth. His afflictive force to the sun or moon in a nativity causes sickness and even disintegration; he is the Satan of the Christian religion. The reverse of this influence is the vibration of Jupiter; he is the great benefactor, the planet of joy and hope and success. The next in order is Mars, the planet of force, energy, push, progress, but also of accident, war, fire and controversy; he represents both the constructive and destructive influences. Venus we all know as the goddess of love, beauty, adornment, music, art and poetry, while Mercury is the planet of thought, reason and judgment, the veritable "winged messenger of the gods."

These brief explanations may be desirable to some who may not otherwise understand our interpretation of planetary forces, and are needed also in view of some subsequent considerations. The quality of these planets, however, is somewhat changed by their angle to the sun, moon and other planets, for there is a never-varying effect in the quality of certain angles and one which has been firmly established for thousands of years. The results of the quality of these planets and of their angles do not admit of question, because they are demonstrated every day; it is only the explanation as to *why* or *how* they are so that may not meet the inquiry of the new investigator. It may be that we can judge more accurately as to the method of transmission than we can as to the origin or the quality of the emanation. In the first place, we must understand that everything in nature is related to, and influenced by, every other thing. The next consideration is that all space—the ether—is filled with minute electrical corpuscles moving at the rate of 186,380 miles per second and that these corpuscles, unimpeded by anything we call substance, are constantly taking on and throwing off energy, so that an influence communicated is passed on and on and on. Zodiacal and planetary force is thus exerted on the mind and the affairs connected therewith, on the circumstances of association as well as the health and physical condition.

We are now prepared to take up our more intimate subject, namely, the application of the science of these forces—their higher

significance and import. Not for a moment would I question the desirability of the application of our knowledge of zodiacal and planetary influence to the every-day affairs of life, any more than I would think it unwise to take an umbrella or an outer garment when it looked like rain. There has never been any safeguard or help allowed to come within the reach of man for his guidance that was not intended for him to use, and in this world of rush and drive it is certainly advisable to work along lines of least resistance. I have heard people say that they believed that in trying to avoid destiny we were avoiding the working out of our karma and thus delaying experiences that, sooner or later, we must go through; but to my mind there is a natural law that would never place this assistance within our grasp until we were warranted in using it. The time has arrived and if we go stumbling along in the future, it is our own fault. Those to whom this planetary law does not appeal have not yet used up their karmic indebtedness to such an extent that they are prepared to accept any escape or to see any different path. I do not wish to be understood as endorsing the use made of astrology by those who tie themselves down to its forces and their operation in the most trivial affairs of the day, who would look for the hour of Jupiter in which to purchase a paper of pins or a few groceries, but I would censure a man or woman who, with this knowledge at command, should start a radical move of home or business contrary to the law of success as ascertained by this scientific study. I should consider that persons with this knowledge were very unwise to enter into any partnership relations, business or social, without understanding what the result was likely to be, good or bad, and preparing themselves to face it. It would be worse than folly for a man or woman to ignore the natural law of devitalization as signified by the hammering away of Saturn upon the position of the sun or moon at the time of their birth; for then it is their duty to those around them, as well as to themselves, to build up tissues and place themselves under the best possible surroundings and conditions to overcome those destructive and disintegrating forces. There are periods in the experience of every business and professional man and woman when there is a falling off in the magnetic pull upon the community, a consequent loss of popularity, or a failure to succeed in commercial business; a knowledge of the approach of these periods as made plain by scientific study enables the person to either put forth greater effort or to retrench and become conservative, as the case requires. There are many people who are generally on the alert, and such are more likely to go through a hard time and pull out all right, but yet, when we consider that over ninety per cent of our business people do eventually meet their "Waterloo," does it not seem that all the safeguards that are possible should be thrown around those who are continually venturing into the muddy waters of commercial and

manufacturing strife? A large proportion of our population are drifters, not knowing from year to year what forces are urging them on or whither. They are here, but why they neither know nor care, nor do they seem to waken until their frail bark strikes a rock or a shoal and goes to pieces.

Now a thought upon these conditions of the world as we find it today leads up to the inquiry: "How can we as scientific students make the best application of our knowledge to help the world?" Or, in other words, to quote the subject of the discourse, let us try to ascertain the highest application of astrological science. Jabez Haigh, author of *The Seven Steps to the Throne of Self Government*, among other good things, says: "Lying within you now are treasures, gifts, powers, forces and capabilities hidden, dormant and inactive." How can this state of things be remedied?

If you expect to make a tree grow straight and healthy, with wide-spreading branches and beautiful foliage, when do you commence the preparation for it? Do you wait until the tree has matured and then begin to shape it? First, you learn all you can about the species of the tree and what it can be made best to do and then, if you are wise, you will follow the information by a careful planting and watering and tying up of the weak limbs and by being careful to have it grow straight. Now this is just the course we should follow with our children. Does it ever occur to you that you have a responsibility to future generations for the kind of men and women who are to take your places when you get through your experience here? When will you commence to discharge your obligation?

I see that in some states a law has been passed requiring a medical certificate as a qualification for marriage. This is no doubt a good preliminary step, but how far does it insure success in the outcome? Suppose we take astrological charts of persons so passed by a medical examiner and we find planetary affliction, as Saturn in the seventh house of either party and especially afflicting Venus or the luminaries—say Saturn afflicting the sun in the woman's chart or the moon in the nativity of the man—we know that, unless a good angle of Jupiter appear to help out the situation, all the medical examinations in the world cannot make a successful marriage and that the offspring, if any, will in nine times out of ten show the taint that has to be still further perpetuated along the line to bear out the scriptural statement: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

The highest application of astrological science, then, seems to be in the direction of an endeavor to create such paternal and maternal conditions as shall insure the arrival of children into this world who are best qualified to cope with the situation which they find here and to be healthy in both body and mind. Such offspring can only come

from well-mated, healthy parents, healthy physically and sound mentally. This success must be followed by an analysis of the physical and mental qualifications of these children; we must take the time and cast the chart of their birth and discover and begin at once to correct any physical weaknesses, so that while they are in the plastic state they may be molded symmetrically. Their dispositions and peculiarities must be analyzed in order that they may receive appropriate training and education. This is the only way that the best within can be brought out and developed. You may get a very fair farmer out of a natural mechanic, but is it not better to have a first-class mechanic or artist or musician or sculptor or teacher or writer than to have a second-rate or third-rate something else? Then when we have discovered what the child is best adapted for, he should be given a preparatory foundation, and then specialization along the lines for which nature prepared him; there should be no hampering his life with a mental tax that is distasteful and irrelevant to the real business in hand.

There is one more point upon which I wish to touch in connection with this highest application that we can make of the astrological science, and that is the self-application. An astrological analysis carefully made by us, or for us, candidly stated, will show us our weaknesses and our failings and enable us to improve our physical health and strength and to understand our selfishness, our lack of amiability and friendship for those with whom we come in contact. It will help us to see what we can do to better our position in life so that we may do more for society, to improve its morality and spirituality, and thus to make it conform more nearly to the quality of the sign Aquarius, which is each day becoming more fitting to embody the symbol of the outpouring of the Divine Spirit upon humanity.

As it has been beautifully expressed: "Our work is to redeem the little world over which we have command—our body—by our higher self." The general Aquarian spiritualization of the world is setting in stronger every day and, if we would be true to our knowledge and understanding of this force, we must push to the front our highest and best efforts for the regeneration of the human race.



"Do not be too shy to offer your help to any one in need, whether you know him or not. His need makes him your brother, but your shyness is a form of pride which deprives him of a helper in the time of his trouble."

AMONG THE CENTRAL AMERICAN INDIANS

By Margaret Olive Jordan



SAILING from New Orleans, en route to Guatemala, many musings on times far past did we indulge in, till we were filled with a deeper appreciation of Ignatius Donnelly's history of Atlantis than ever before and as we sighted the shores of Yucatan a most familiar feeling, like that of a home-going, involuntarily possessed us. We knew, somehow, that our visit to Central America was to be marked with unusual interest and that it was not by chance that we had selected this untraveled land in preference to other countries.

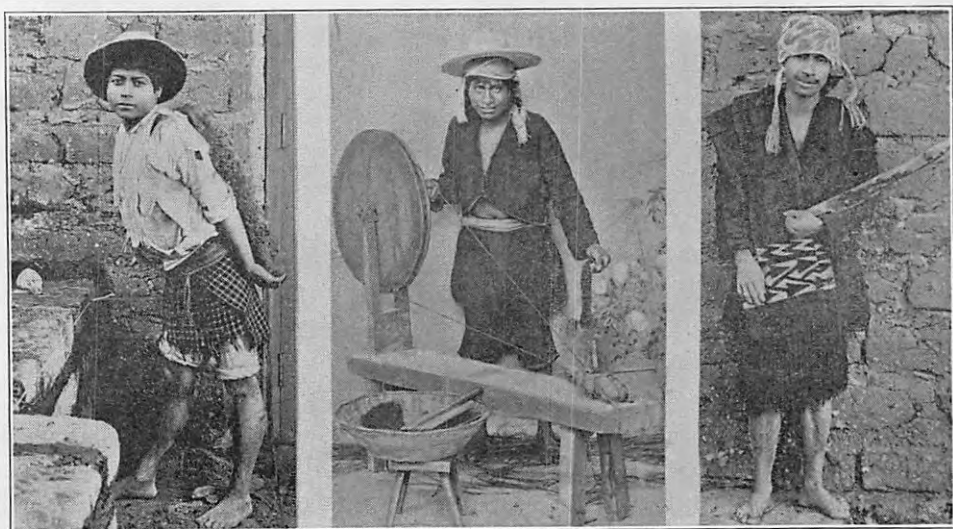
When we finally landed at Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, on the shores of the Caribbean Sea, our heart leaped into a full and strange enjoyment of all the peculiar scenes about us. The quaint bamboo huts that bordered the dark waters, the tropical surroundings and the brown faces of the natives with their serious expressions bore in upon our consciousness in a most unusual way, producing a feeling of heart and soul which never abated but increased as time lengthened our associations with the dark races of Central America.

Leaving behind Puerto Barrios, with its motley crowd of carib negroes,



Serious brown faces

Spaniards, Americans, Hindus and other types of the human family—not many in number of each—we noted, as we climbed the rise of five thousand feet toward the capital of Guatemala two hundred ninety miles away, that the pure-blooded Indians far outnumbered all other races in Central America. We could easily detect the different tribes—and they are many—by the manner of their dress; sev-



"We could easily detect the different tribes"

eral were identified by a simple apron worn by men and women alike, others marked themselves by a head-dress, and still others by a bright-hued waistcoat.

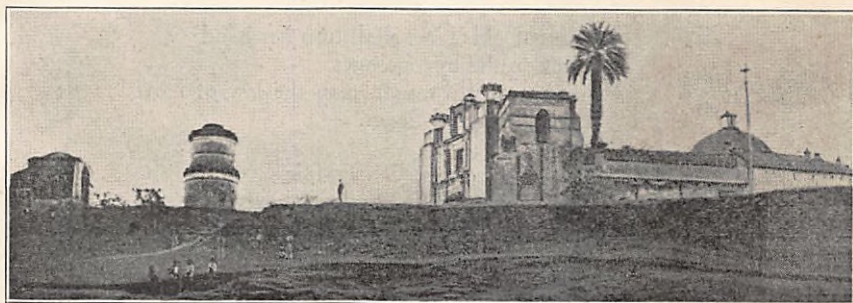
As the reliable little narrow-gauge train would halt at the villages along this wondrous route, which has its beginning among the tropic jungles of cacao, quina, india-rubber trees, bamboos and gigantic ferns swarming with birds of brilliant-colored plumage, these quiet-eyed Indians would pour upon us, offering for sale their peculiar fruits and other eatables, their beautiful woven baskets and bead work, and willingly accepting any price that one might offer.

On reaching Guatemala city we were somewhat taken by surprise—an attractive station, a modern carriage drawn by a splendid span of horses brought from the States, a drive to the American House through streets well lighted by electricity. When we remarked on the modern appearance of the city, we were politely reminded: "Guatemala is the capital of Guatemala; the Paris of Central America, Senora."

The streets were laid out in orderly fashion and paved with brick, but gutters drained to the centre instead of toward the curbing and

the sidewalks were quite narrow. When we beheld the miniature street-cars pulled lazily along by a pair of small, emaciated *machos* (mules) the modern air of this capital city faded perceptibly and, later, we often found ourselves back in a far past, always enjoying that something, a feeling within, that we could not frame into words.

In that inpression, however, there was always a sense of sacredness and once, as we stood in the gathering twilight on the historic



Cerrito del Carmen

ground of Cerrito del Carmen, the inspiration of the moment formed itself into verse, which we have entitled:

TO GUATEMALA CITY

O ancient city, calm and fair,
Fed by strange legends hoary,
Here, with your "children of the sun,"
You hold a favored story.

A child of ancient race and time,
So full of mystic meaning,
To thee our heart goes out in love
While on your own we're leaning.

So old, yet young, O city fair,
So old in soul and feeling,
You, like ourselves, oft feel the care
Of a past that comes a-stealing.

Like a pearl securely, firmly set,
With sapph're peaks surrounding,
You rest and cause us to pursue
Great thoughts of history's grounding;

And as we watch you from the heights,
In tender reverence blending,
We seem to feel some holy touch
Upon our head descending;

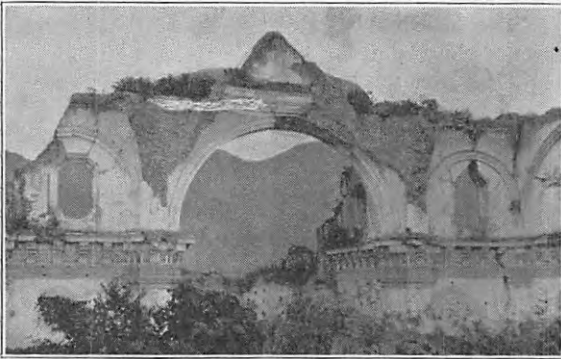
We seem to hear some holy voice,
 In silent, sweet communion,
 Inviting nations from afar
 To join in peace and union.

Beloved city, strong and great,
 Atlantis' child in story,
 We'll dream th's night of thee and thine
 Which once wore wreaths of glory.

This night old Time shall turn her hand
 Back to the bygone ages
 When the world taught man the law of Love
 By consecrated Sages.

So close thine eyes, O city fair,
 With mine, while shadows hover;
 Once more Atlantis' gates shall swing,
 While we old truths discover.

We stood there by an old Cathedral built in 1620, a magnificent structure truly, resembling a great fortress. How appealing was that quiet city below! To us it seemed like some pleading personality, nestled there as it was in the gloom of the closing day, surrounded by massive mountains and the scarred and torn volcanoes, Pacaya de Agua and Fuego, that claimed the credit of more than once laying waste great cities of wonderful architecture, whose ruins today

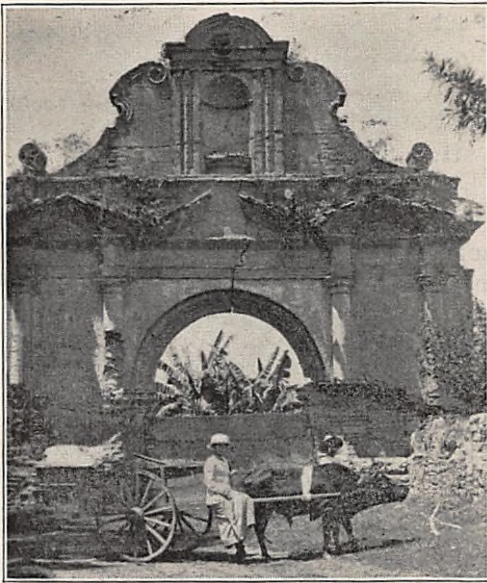


Wonderful Architecture

can be seen by the interested tourist who comes but too seldom to investigate these past glories of an almost hidden country.

In one city alone, of ten thousand inhabitants, can be seen some sixty places of worship, occupying at least twenty acres, with walls and arches sixteen feet thick, with decorations of

splendid art, all now a heap of debris! We spent more than a week looking these over in company with a priest, noble Father Rossbach, who is doing much missionary work among twenty thousand Indians. These ruins are at the old Guatemala capital, la Antigua; it was twice destroyed in the fifteenth century by these fiery monsters that hover directly above the "sleeping city," as la Antigua is called by the Indians.

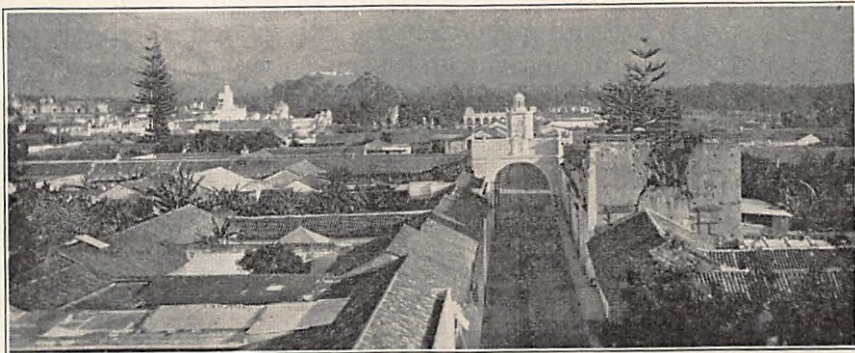


The author among the ruins

are performed attractively beneath their slender fingers, which to all onlookers is most surprising. For one of the lost arts it is surely to these "children of the sun" one must come. Nothing is furnished them outside of Nature with which to exercise their talents.

Oh, these silent people of many tribes, how they do impress one with their meek and lowly ways! Yet, in spite of all, there is found in them a Herculean strength that one absolutely knows cannot be undone; you feel it; quite conscious you are that the Indian alone has control of it. As one observes these Stoic natures one is re-

It is here, at the base of these old soldiers of time, that the Indians mostly dwell and employ themselves in daily tilling the rich soil, weaving their baskets, hats, carpets, etc., from the palms and fibre of their land. And with primitive looms they make the garments they wear and sell to each other or sometimes to collectors of curios. At the numerous market-places throughout the republic one can freely mingle and study the odd characteristics of the Indians and watch them weave, mould, carve and draw without design or pattern. All the intricacies of perfect art



The Former Capital, La Antigua

mindful of the character of the slave-sage Epictetus: "Chained, you drag me through the streets; yet *I know* I am free!" This is the

attitude reflected from the deep-set eyes of the Indians of this revolutionary country who, like the sage of Greece, are chained and dragged about by governmental rule, as it were, with no voice of their own in favor of liberty from inhuman servitude.

Truly, the Indian of Central America is nothing more nor less than a slave. When employed by the government he receives *un peso* per day in paper money, there being no silver nor gold, nor anything behind to back the paper money; and *un peso* is equal to five cents of our money. A mockery indeed is this paltry wage! This subjects the poor Indians to the hardest servitude; yet they go along in the performance of duties required with an uncomplaining, steely determination. They must toil and lift and pull as if their masters thought it impossible for their strength to fail.

We shall not forget the experience of making a change of residence that necessitated a transferring of our baggage by a couple of Indians, or *mosos*, carrying upon their backs two very heavy trunks for a distance of several blocks. We were told by the hotel clerk that there was no other means of transportation. Seeing our objection, the clerk quickly added: "Oh, they are just beasts and used to much heavier loads." We replied, with vehemence, that such endurance was unnatural, unjust and uncivilized, but our reply brought no shade of sympathy. Later observation proved that the carrying of trunks upon their backs was but a trifle compared to the loads of commerce these creatures of humanity transported from place to place, often up steep mountains, journeying for days at a time, receiving a mere pittance for their labor. I have often seen an Indian weighing perhaps one hundred twenty-five pounds carrying freight of one hundred fifty—and more—pounds upon his narrow shoulders. These terrible loads, which



An Indian Stoic



Heavily loaded

double up their slender bodies so pathetically, are held upon their backs by a leather strap which passes over the forehead and down over the shoulders.

The Indians do all the work for the rich and the poor. They are responsible for the great output of the banana plantations, for the immense coffee *fincas* that have made Central America famous. They do all the truck-farming, which cannot be excelled anywhere on earth; they cultivate the gorgeous flowers, which bloom profusely every day in the year; they hew down the great mahogany trees, which are turned into the finest furniture by their hands. Forever they work and toil. In war—which is almost incessant—they are forced to the front and given, for reward, death or more slavery.

How did the Indian come to this country, this beautiful land—for it is altogether beautiful, in climate and scenery? This question has often been asked and has been the theme of much speculation. When we put it to a native gentleman who we thought might give us some light, his reply was that the Spaniard found him there and enslaved him; this was the extent of the information to be had.

Names of places and the architecture especially—arches and trac-

ings of decorations in stone monuments invariably done by the hand of the Indian even when under the supervision of the Spaniards—kept us ever in mind of Donnelly's illustrations and comparisons. Especially the names of the cities, lakes and mountains bore close identity with the name Atlantis; for example: Atitlan, Ami-



They are only slaves



The author, her driver and a "diligencia" on the way to the mountains

titlan, Chimaltenan, Mazatenango, Quezaltenango, Yalchitan, Zacapan, and so forth. This is more than a coincidence. Remember that they are all Indian names and may not mean much or they may mean very much. At all events, we found heads carved in stone corresponding with Egyptian and other carvings illustrated by Donnelly

in his book *Atlantis*; and the stucco bas-relief in many of the old ruins which we studied made us stop and make similar comparisons.

There were as many languages as the tribes of Indians we encountered, but all of them spoke Spanish. In complexion they are also different; some types border on fair, others bear different hues of brown, while the San Juan tribe—to us the most interesting, because apparently the most intelligent—are red-skinned, sometimes with gray-blue eyes and perfect features. A singular thing we noted in this particular tribe was that whenever we came among them their attention was immediately riveted upon us, although they never spoke unless spoken to, while the others seemed not so much interested. It came to pass that we never left the marketplace that we did not receive some little gift from our San Juan friends; sometimes it would be a



Photo by Valdeavellano & Co.
Ancient Monolith, quarried about two miles west of Quirigua and floated into place during the rainy season when the country is flooded

flower or a small fruit, or a piece of crockery; once it was a carrot that was silently stuffed into our hand. All of them learned to know us in time. We could discern from their manner, or rather their mere glance into our faces, that they were pleased that we came to seek them, and it would bring a rare smile into the mothers' faces when

we stooped to lay our hands upon the heads of the little sleeping papooses swung from their backs.

The poise of these people is wonderful. Through all our visits with them, in their market-places and home centres, never once did we note confusion among them. Poverty-stricken as they were, there was no elbowing or shoving aside one another in their desire to sell their wares. Faithfully they toil and raise their products and come in caravans for distances of ten, twenty and thirty miles in a few hours, arriving at the markets by nine o'clock in the morning and there sit quietly, letting you purchase from whom you please among



Photo by Valdeavellano & Co.

A San Juan girl standing beside some sculptured ruins whose Egyptian character constitutes one of the best known arguments for believing that America and Egypt were once united by the continent of Atlantis

them. On marketing occasions we have passed them in droves of as many as two thousand, with their loads upon their heads and backs, hands swinging loosely and gracefully at their sides, always in a striding, swift trot, and this speed they can and often do keep up all day long.

It is a clear fact that the Indians of Central America possess a remarkable dignity of their own. As to whether this Toltec culture is borrowed or not is a question that possibly a few can answer. It is declared, however, that the broad plains of Yucatan and Central America were the theatre of a much older civilization than



"Dignity of his own"

that of the Aztecs. Again, it is claimed that the ancient Toltecs themselves are nothing more than the figures of a sun-myth. Be that as it may, today among some of the tribes can be found the well-informed astrologer, one of whom we met. The sun to this people is life, health, rain, drouth—everything! It is also known that the region comprising the greater part of Guatemala and the western portion of Honduras and Yucatan was the seat of an ancient American civilization as highly developed and as interesting to the archeological or the anthropological student as any of the primitive civilizations of the Old World.

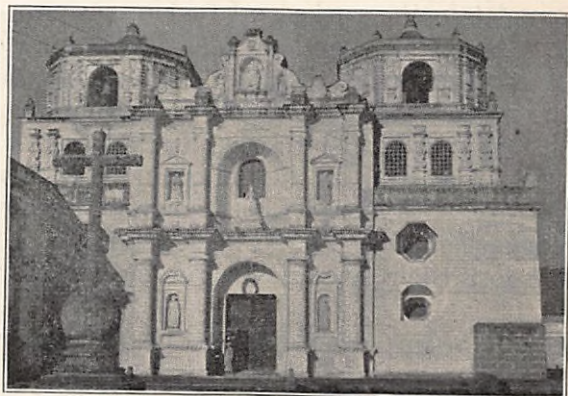
As one looks over the ruins of Palenque and Uxmal in Yucatan, Utatlan and Quirigua in Guatemala, Copan and some lesser known ruins in Honduras, all relating to religious and governmental centres, one is reminded of the former splendor of the Maya or Toltec Empire. There are some interesting traditions which have come down to us in what is called *The Sacred Book of the Quiches* concerning the creation of the world, and we quote this bit of legend as we have read it:

Then the word came to Tepeu Gucumatz in the shades of night; it spoke and said: It is time to consult, to consider, to meet and hold counsel together, to join speech and wisdom to light the way and for mutual guidance. The name of this is Huracan, the Voice which sounds; the Voice of Thunder is the first; the second is the Flash of Light; the Lightning is the third. These three are the Heart of Heaven and they descend to Gucumatz at the moment when He was considering the work of creation. Know that this water will retire and give place to land, which shall appear everywhere; but we have yet made no being who shall respect and honor us. They spoke and the land appeared because of them.

Catholicism in Central America is fast dying, leaving the natives with no form of worship. Their minds are woefully confused with old and new superstitions. Many of them go to the great churches built in the flowering days of Catholicism, but where preaching is no longer allowed, only a form of mass is held and incense made of gum copal burned before the altars. There the Indians kneel, sometimes to a blank wall or door-post, and mutter their prayers entirely oblivious to anything going on around them. The impressive services, the chanting, the solemn music attract them, but at heart they are simply so-called idolaters. Central America is not the country, in spite of its great need, that attracts the missionary. The many thou-

sands of Indians, subdued, meek and lowly, know nothing of any religion higher than that gained from the heart of Nature.

So it is that we have near us a meek and silent people who have wandered far, it would seem, from a great race, in slavery and want, possessors of nothing, a silent, poverty-stricken people. But in their calm faces can be seen a mysterious light, the warmth and power of which can be felt by one who is prepared to see and understand.



The Church of La Merced

ZOROHM

By Gregor MacGregor



THERE was a mighty gathering of the Hosts of Heaven. The Ruler of Destiny had appointed the Keepers of the Books of Life. The souls were choosing their paths of development. Life, the Great Teacher of Souls, waited.

"I," said the soul called Zorohm, "will go by the path of Personal Love." Life smiled, bade her Godspeed, and the baby soul started gaily on her journey, careless, singing, giving no heed to

Experience who followed closely in her wake to keep guard and, if possible, save her from grievous ill.

The little soul was happy. Oh, the flowers she gathered until her arms were full! At times she sat down in the cool, green grass,

laying her flowers before her, crooning, brooding over them, taking them up one by one to examine them and inhale their fragrance. Then she would lay them all in a heap, cover them with grass and leaves, give the mound a loving farewell touch and go on her way.

She begins to meet people. They come and go, these different people, and the little soul loves them all. Can she serve them in any way? Oh, joy! This one would like a gift of pansies, and the little soul knows where pansies bloom. That one is thirsty, and she pilots him to a tiny rivulet in the rocks and fashions a cup of leaves from which to drink. They come and go; the little soul joys when they come and gently grieves when they go. Always she has the flowers, the sunshine, the music of the birds and the running brooks.

Gradually it becomes harder to give them up when they go, these people whom she loves, and so she clings more and more closely to them while they are with her. Then comes a time when the path seems very dreary when they go. The sunshine is no longer bright, the flowers have lost their sweetness, and the waters of the rill are bitter.

Experience now begins when new people cross her path to whisper, "Do not care for these so much. Serve them if you will and enjoy their presence while they stay, but do not become so attached to them. Remember they will go as others have gone, leaving pain and sadness." But the little soul would reply to Experience thus: "Please, Experience, do not get in my way like this; I can scarcely see these new friends through your shadow. I know you mean well and your advice is excellent, no doubt, but these are different. They will stay with me. So please step out of the light that I may see better." Experience would then be silenced and the happy little soul would pour out all her heart's treasure upon the new arrivals while they stayed within reach, to mourn and weep when they went away.

At last she conceived a happy thought. She would build a garden and live in it with her friends; then they would not leave her. And so she did. Such a beautiful garden, walled about with dreams and wonderful fancies! She brought seeds and planted them there, seeds that would flower and flourish as long as she tended them and whereof the fruits should only be that those she loved would stay and be content. This was her journey's end and here she would gather the friends as they came; they would all live together in happiness and love forever, so she thought, poor little soul!

Then again Experience began to whisper warnings, but she led him to the gate called Hard Facts and put him out on the highway, where he stood and warned away all comers. But the little soul inside the garden never looked for any one to come through the gate of Hard Facts. On the other side of the garden was another gate, the gate of Shining Fancies, and this stood open always. Many

children played about this gate and the little soul loved to watch them at their games.

Patiently she waited the coming of some one to live in her garden. Busily she tended the flowers against their coming, singing softly to them all the while. Then one day they came. Her friends! How she laughed and played and served them day by day. These would never leave her, for did they not think, believe, enjoy the same things? How the days passed, each one happier than the rest. This was happiness, fruition, the journey's end. They tended the flowers together and danced for very joy when the plants put forth buds. Poor, ignorant little soul!

Ages passed. Once more the Keepers of the Books came before the Ruler. Each named the names of those who had passed his post and stood aside to give place to another.

When he who kept the Book of Renunciation finished speaking, the Ruler said, "What of the soul called Zorohm? Long since, she should have passed through the door of Renunciation. She went by the path of Personal Love. Do thou, O Life, trace her way and having found, guide her to that door."

As Life started upon this quest he met Experience, who guided him to the garden where the little soul had been dreaming and playing so long. He called her repeatedly, but she shook her head, smiling and placing her finger on her lips for caution that he disturb not her friends. When Life found that she would not leave her personal loves, would not of her own will go out upon the highway and resume her journey, he whispered to those she loved that they must leave her. Then, not knowing that it was the rule of Life, these, her friends, looked upon the little soul and were weary of her and her garden. They shook off her clinging hands, they assailed her with harsh words and when she clung, weeping, to their knees, struck her to the ground and went out by the gate of They Say, slamming it shut fiercely.

"Come, little soul called Zorohm," then said Life, "come show me the flowers you have grown in your garden." So she showed him the flower beds. Here blossomed Procrastination, Love of Attention, Desire for Sensation, Striving for Commendation and many others, all showing the results of ages of cultivation she had bestowed upon them.

"Oh, little soul," said Life, gazing sorrowfully upon her tear-washed face, "these must all be destroyed. The path of Personal Love is a noble one and leads straight through the gate of Renunciation to the Door of Liberation, but there must be no walled gardens on the way. And these weeds—for these are only weeds, little soul, that you have tended so carefully—have grown so tall and strong that they support the wall of this garden. When they are all

uprooted the wall of dreams and fancies will crumble and you will then be upon the open highway. But you can no longer proceed on this path and must go back a short distance to where branches the path of Unselfish Service and there I will await you. None but yourself can destroy these plants of yours and when they are gone and the walls are fallen, look for me. Here, take the ax of Determination and begin at once."

So the little soul began to hew at the plants and Life left her to continue her task.

Time passed on and still the soul called Zorohm did not return to the place where branched the path of Unselfish Service. Life, knowing that she must have made a start before the next reading of the Books, once more went to seek her. There still stood the walls of dreams and fancies, but outside, neatly piled against the gate of Hard Facts, lay the weeds of Procrastination, Love of Attention, Desire for Sensation, Striving for Commendation and all the others that Life had seen growing in the well-tended flower beds. He opened the gate of Shining Fancies and passed into the garden. Here all was changed. The little soul, sad and chastened, was bathing the wounds of an injured dog which, even as he moaned with pain, strove to lick her gentle ministering hands. Only the cool, green grass was growing where had appeared the flaunting beds of blossoms, but still the walls were here and Life knew this should not be.

"Little soul," he said gently, "did you do as I bid you?"

"Yes," said the little soul faintly, "yes, I tore them out."

"All of them?" asked Life.

"All," she answered.

"Then why are the walls of your garden still standing?" he persisted. The little soul shook her head and bent more closely over the wounded dog.

Then Experience, who had entered with Life, moved away toward a corner of the garden where appeared a slight grassy mound. With a cry the little soul sprang up and darted before him to the mound and threw herself upon the ground behind it, spreading out her arms as if to hide what was there. When Life would have raised her she resisted, weeping and crying.

"No, no," she sobbed, "it was not here then. I did what you bade me. I destroyed them all. This is mine and I will not give it up. It is mine alone."

"Let me see, little soul," said Life, raising her from the earth. "Let me see what it is that, unaided, can sustain the walls of dreams and fancies."

There it was, a small shrub whose blossoms of rose and blue and yellow and violet, of white and red and pink and gold, shone like tiny stars on its brown branches.

"Such a small thing, and yet," said Life, "its roots reach out to every point of the foundation of these walls and are strong enough to hold them together forever. I would have warned you, O little soul, against the sprouting of the seed, but only Experience has the right to tell of these things and he did not know."

"It's mine, I want to keep it," sobbed on the little soul, "it's mine only." Life placed the ax once more in her hands.

"Here, little soul, is the ax of Determination," he said. "Begin once more. You must chop out the roots piece by piece, pile them with the others outside, then we will burn them in the Fire of Life and this garden will be no more." And once more he left her to her task.

As she struck the first blow she heard a tinkling crash and a small bit of the wall fell to the ground. Deliberately she worked on despite her streaming tears, knowing it would take years to complete this work and destroy this last cherished possession. On and on, striking now at blossoms, now at branches, now at roots. On and on, the walls of dreams and fancies falling slowly bit by bit as she hewed steadily.

As the years went by, the ax of Determination, so heavy at first, swung ever more and more lightly in the hands of Zorohm. Faster flew the chips and just as fast crumbled the walls of dreams and fancies. Then one day she raised the ax to strike a mighty blow at a large root and lifting her eyes, was amazed to see no walls before her. She looked about her; everywhere was clear space. She looked down at her work; no roots were there. Eagerly she searched in the earth about her but they were all gone. With the ax of Determination, through long, painful, laborious years she had destroyed this mighty growth, the Memory of Past Pleasures. No more roots, no more walls, just an open highway and a pile of dry, withered twigs where ages ago she had placed the uprooted plants.

With a shout of gladness she ran all the way to where Life stood smiling. Together they brought fire and set burning the poor fragments of what had seemed almost imperishable and, as the smoke ascended, the soul called Zorohm knelt at Life's feet and humbly pressed her lips to the hem of his garment.

"I pray you," she softly said, "show me the way of Renunciation, that I pass through the door and write my name in that Book before I enter upon the path of Unselfish Service."

"Look!" said Life, pointing, and instead of the cloud of smoke arising from the burning fagots, the little soul saw an arched gate with wide open portals, bearing the inscription "Renunciation." It was behind her and at her side lay an open Book wherein was inscribed her name.

A SCIENTIFIC HEAVEN AND HELL

By L. W. Rogers.



THERE are many conceptions of heaven and they vary all the way from the crude, concrete heaven of the literalist, with its pearly gates and golden streets, to the ecstatic state of consciousness which the less materially inclined conceive to be the logical outcome of a well-spent life. But while these conceptions differ in the various denominations and with varying types of mind, there is one common characteristic and that is vagueness. There is hope of a hereafter, but it rests upon an intuitive feeling rather than upon any sort of evidence. There is a belief that those we have loved and lost still exist somewhere, but that "somewhere" is a very hazy world in the distance, about which definite information is wholly lacking. The last word in all the vocabularies that could be applied to it is "scientific." The same vagueness is characteristic of the popular conception of hell, or purgatory. The one thing about which there seems to be common agreement is that it is a good place to avoid.

Now the Theosophical conception of the hereafter is a radically different one. It is a part of our existence that falls distinctly within the realm of natural law. It is a condition of consciousness arising from foregoing causes and these causes are clearly before us in physical life.

To understand the Theosophical hypothesis of life after bodily death, it is necessary to keep in mind the fact that life and matter constitute an indissoluble partnership. One thing that makes the popular idea of life beyond the physical world seem fantastic is the absence of any information about other grades of matter than we know in this life. It is not without reason that the materialist declares there can be no individual life without a form of matter in which it exists. The Theosophical hypothesis is very much older than modern science, but they are in full agreement about the fact of the gradations of matter. Material science cannot, of course, go beyond the realm of physical matter, nor can it verify the Theosoph-

ical declaration that there are seven subdivisions of that matter. At one time there were supposed to be but three—solid, liquid and gaseous. Later the etheric became known and was added to the list. That is, at present, the outpost of the physical scientist but, while he cannot obtain proof of the existence of finer grades of matter, he assents to the reasonableness of the hypothesis that many higher grades must exist. He has exploded the old erroneous theory of the indivisibility of the atom. The discovery of electrons brought the scientific world to a respectful attitude toward the Theosophical declaration that an ultimate physical atom when broken up becomes astral matter; that is, matter of the world of the hereafter. The approach, therefore, to the realm of the life after bodily death is over scientific ground.

The Theosophical conception that man *is* a soul and *has* a body puts the whole matter of his after-death existence in a more rational light. This idea brings clearly before us the priority of the soul, or consciousness. The body is but a mass of physical matter through which the soul, or self, functions in the physical realms. When that material vehicle of the consciousness perishes, whether by old age, disease or accident, the soul which was using the body loses also its ability to manifest on the material plane. The man is then obliged to fall back upon the use of his astral body. This body, composed of astral matter, he has, of course, possessed from birth. It is the simplest of scientific truths that all physical matter is interpenetrated and surrounded by etheric matter, that there is no physical form, animate or inanimate, that has not its duplicate in etheric matter, for the relationship of the two, as everybody knows, is like that of a sponge surrounded and filled with water.

What physical science thus knows to be true of physical and etheric matter is, naturally enough, true of the next higher grade—astral matter. This grade of matter likewise surrounds and interpenetrates all combinations of physical matter, so that not only every person's physical body, but every tree, every building and every article it contains has its counterpart in astral matter; not above it nor beside it, but surrounding and interpenetrating it. Both occupy the same space, the one being tenuous enough to interpenetrate the other. It is through this astral body that the soul functions after the change we call death just as it functioned through the physical body before death. Therefore all that death means is that we lose one only of the vehicles of our consciousness and, as that one connected us with the physical division of the world, we are then out of touch with physical affairs and are living, moving, thinking and acting in the astral division.

This astral portion of our earth has been known to humanity from the most ancient times of which we have any historical account,

and has been explored and investigated again and again by those who have learned how to completely control and manage their vehicles of consciousness. It is not merely at death that the physical and astral bodies separate; nature then accomplishes their permanent separation, but nature also brings about a temporary separation in sleep, when the consciousness, or soul, leaves the physical and functions in the astral body. It is possible for one to learn to manage this separation of the bodies at will, and at the same time to bring back into one's waking consciousness of the physical body the full memory of what was experienced in the astral body while temporarily in the astral division of the world. The only difference between the seer and the ordinary sleeper is that the former has such command over his bodies that he makes definite connection of consciousness between them, while the person who has not yet evolved that power is necessarily oblivious of the experiences passed through while temporarily away from his physical body. The literature of the ancients gives many accounts of such astral investigations. The mythology of the Greeks is largely devoted to setting forth the truths gained by such explorations and observations of the astral regions. Swedenborg is a well-known investigator of more recent times. But perhaps the most painstaking, accurate and comprehensive of all the astral studies and investigations now available are those by C. W. Leadbeater, the eminent occultist. So we are depending upon neither ancient philosophy nor out-of-date investigations for occult information when discussing the conditions of life after bodily death. These conditions appear to substantially agree with the ancient descriptions of them and also to be in perfect conformity with all that modern physical science knows of the constitution of matter, the faculties of the human being and the operation of the law of cause and effect.

When a man dies or, speaking more accurately, when his physical body dies, he continues his life in his astral body. He does not, therefore, go to some distant region; his astral body is as much here as is his physical body. It is out of sight, not because of distance but because the matter of which it is composed is too rarefied to impress the physical senses. It is however, perfectly visible to clairvoyant sight. Naturally enough, although the so-called dead man is thus near, he has nevertheless entered upon a totally different life, another phase of existence, serving a different but specific purpose in evolutionary development. For all who enter the astral life physical affairs disappear. There is a sudden termination of the customary activities made necessary in providing food, clothing and shelter, which have occupied the major part of the time and energies in physical life. This is as far as the great change can be said to be common to all, for the states of consciousness vary just as moral character has varied during the life in the physical body. The rea-

son for this is as scientific—is as much the result of cause and effect—as the growth of young physical bodies is the result of eating food.

Some of the ancients called the astral body the “body of suffering,” but it is not necessarily that. It may be that for some, but certainly is not for others, for whether pain or pleasure awaits us in the astral region depends absolutely upon the constitution of the astral body at the time we lose the physical body. As the physical region has its subdivisions of matter, from the solids to the ethers, so has the astral region its seven subdivisions of astral matter. The distinctive characteristic of this matter is that it is expressive of feeling and emotion. It is by virtue of the fact that we are now constantly using the astral body, in connection with the physical, that we can express feeling and emotion. A lofty emotion is expressed in the rarest grades of astral matter, while base emotions and gross desires can be expressed only in the lowest type of astral matter.

Now even as the matter of the physical body is constantly wearing out and being renewed by our food and drink, so is the astral body constantly passing away and being replaced, but by a different process. The astral matter is expelled and replaced by vibration. If a person habitually gives way to gross desires or to passions of anger, he thus continually sets up in his astral body the rate of vibration which expels the higher grades of matter and which attracts in their place the grosser grades harmonious with the vibrations caused by the baser emotions. Consequently, after a long period of time, he establishes an emotional vibratory rate that results in a preponderance of gross astral matter in that body. When such a man loses his physical body, he can be conscious only in that subdivision of the astral world that corresponds to the matter of his astral body. This, in such a case, would be its lowest, or seventh, subdivision, where he would very properly be in conscious association with others of his kind—the gross, the vicious and the depraved. But that is by no means all of his misfortune nor the legitimate result of a gross and evil physical life. Such a man would have many desires, as keen as they are gross. These desires, appetites and passions he would be wholly unable to gratify because he has lost the physical body through which alone that would be possible. We have only to think how the hard drinker suffers when deprived of the stimulant he longs for. The type we are considering would suffer keenly in the astral life until the processes of nature had eliminated this gross astral matter from his astral body. In varying degree would this astral reaction affect all who, during physical life, had generated more evil force than good. All grossness, sordidness, cruelty, hatred, anger, envy and jealousy, that had not, before death, become counterbalanced by their opposites would cause distress in exact proportion to their quantity and quality. Relief could not

come to the consciousness thus bound to the lower level of the astral region until the last of the gross matter, built into his astral body by such emotions, had been eliminated. He would then become at once conscious of the next higher subdivision, for the simple reason that he would then have left no lower grade of astral matter.

The antithesis of such a character would, of course, have a radically different after-life. If during his life in the physical body he had harbored only wholesome and temperate desires—if he had indulged only lofty impulses, had lived nobly and helpfully, had avoided angry conflict and settled hatreds, had been gentle, just and merciful, he would, by such a course in physical life, have expelled from his astral body practically all the astral matter that could make him conscious on the hell-level of the astral plane. He would, therefore, know nothing whatever of that level, but would, after bodily death, be conscious in the higher subdivisions of the astral region, which would give him a pre-heaven existence, the pleasure of which would be as keen as the anguish of the emotional distress caused the other man by the opposite course in physical life. Each would reap precisely what he had sown and each would get exactly the lesson he would require for his further progress. Both conditions, like all conditions, would be temporary. Both would ultimately attain the consciousness of the heaven-world, the next higher region than the astral, but between the time of the death of the physical body and the dawning of the consciousness of the regions of bliss, the one would have escaped all the pains of purgatory because he wisely purified his astral body during physical life.



You realise yourself as you give yourself. You realise your own divinity as you pour out your life on others. But it is not sacrifice, it is delight. And just as the intellectual enjoyment of a splendid poem or the emotional delight of some marvelous symphony is a hundred times keener, more satisfying, and more delicious than the food with which you support the body, so is the joy of the spirit that pours itself out more delightful and more joyous than the joy of intellect and emotion. As those transcend the body, so does the joy of the spirit in turn transcend them, and only when you have learned the joy of giving, when you have found your life grow mightier because you have emptied yourself into the life of others, only then will you know that the uttermost service is the most perfect freedom, and that in giving one's life to others one finds the life eternal which is the very self in man.

—Annie Besant.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE CELT

THE TRIBE OF DAN—GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES
MARKING THE TRAIL—BLOOD WILL TELL—MEN
WHO HAVE BLAZED THE WAY IN THE UNITED
STATES—IN THE MELTING-POT

By Darye Hope

(Continued from page 59)

TO the lay mind, other than the student, it may be a matter of some surprise that in the fourth century, B. C., Celtic influence and overlordship extended throughout mid-Europe from the Balkans to the Atlantic, including in a kind of dominating confederacy not only, as in the time of Julius Cæsar, Gaul and the British Isles but almost the whole of Germany, parts of Russia and European Turkey and Spain. Of course the preponderating population of this immense territory was not Celtic; but the Celts were the ruling class and the warriors.[‡] Is it possible to discover where this Celtic strain took its rise? By means of the Biblical symbology of the twelve divisions of mankind—the allegorical Twelve Tribes of Israel—it may be that the record can be carried back farther than four centuries B. C., the date mentioned.

THE TRIBE OF DAN

Of the tribe of Dan, the Biblical record shows that it occupied the seacoast and early took to the sea (Judges 5: 17) and under such circumstances, under the "swarming" impulse that affects all nations in lesser or greater degree, when pressed by their neighbors, passed out into the greater world beyond.

We find that Eldad, a Jewish writer, communicating to the Jews in Spain, says: "In Jereboam's time (975 B. C.) the tribe of Dan, being unwilling to shed their brethren's blood, took a resolution of leaving their country."* We learn also that these tribesmen were particularly active in matters of commerce. "Dan also and Javan [the Greeks] going to and fro occupied in thy fairs; bright iron, cassia and calamus were in thy market." (Ezekiel 27: 19.) When Solomon sought for skilled workmen we learn that Hiram, King of

[‡] *Celtic Myths and Legends*, by T. W. Rolleson, largely drawn from the work of the famous Celtic student d'Arbois de Jubainville.

* *Researches in the East*, by Sailman, 1818.

Tyre, sent "the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan." (II. Chronicles 2: 14.)

The close association of these tribesmen of Dan with the Phenicians naturally became cemented by intermarriage, and they can be followed in their wanderings over the greater part of Europe. The histories of the Irish, English, Danes and Greeks make mention of a people known as Danai, Dannans or Dannoinii. Wherever the Phenicians went the Dannans were with them, and by symbols, inscriptions, ruins, and the evidence furnished by Strabo and Herodotus, a mass of evidence may be adduced to support the contention that the Danites were identical with the Heraclids and Argives of Greece at an early date after their settlement in Palestine by Joshua.

Roughly figured out, chronologists determine that it was about 1280 B. C. when Jason's expedition, composed of the flower of Thessaly, sailed in the Argo from the port of Iolchos. Thessaly, Strabo states (9: 2, 3), was colonized by Phenicians, and he also tells us (5: 2, 4) that it was Argive; thus we are brought round again to the Danai.

The word Dan, under the forms of Don, Dun and Din, has ever carried a sense of judge or rulership and we find that, according to the Biblical allegory, this is what the destiny of Dan is set forth to be: "Dan shall judge his people, as one of the tribes of Israel" (Genesis 49: 16) and from the time first glimpsed in history we find the Danites ever impressing their name on things and places. Thus can the early wanderings of this people be closely approximated.

Beginning at the Red Sea we find *Don-gola*, so named from "Dan" and "gola," a sprout; hence *Dongola* is a sprout of Dan. Turning northward we come to *Caly-don* River in Greece; the *Eridon* (now the Po) in Italy; the province of *Mace-don-ia*; then the *Dan-u-be* River; the *Dan-ister*, the *Dan-apris* (now the Dnieper) and the *Don*. In Switzerland is the *Roh-dan* (now the Rhone). Then there is *Sar-din-ia*; and the city of *Dan-zig* on the shores of *Co-dan* Gulf (now the Baltic Sea). Crossing, we reach *Dan-nemora*, opposite the Finland Gulf, then westward from the Baltic to *Dan-mark* (now Denmark) and *Scan-din-avia*. Taking ship and sailing across the North Sea to the Humber, we encounter the *Don* River, just to the south *Don-caster* and still further south *Dan-nonion* (now Devonshire). In Ireland we find *Dun-dalk*, *Don-egal* and *Don-aghadee*, this last-named place being almost exact with the Hebrew *Danhagadee*, meaning "Dan is my witness." Ireland at one time was named *Scotia*, though Scotland now bears that title. In the latter country we find *Cale-don-ia*, *Dum-fries* and *Dun-barton*, *Dun-dee* and *Aberdeen*. In Ptolemy's map of Ireland the name of a place is given called *Dan Sobairse*, which is pronounced "Dan Sovarke," or "Dan Swerick," located near Carrick Fergus. The word Dan Sovarke in

Hebrew means "Dan's resting-place" and Dan Sovar means "Dan's exile."

And so the trail of these people known as the Danites might be followed over a vast extent of territory, and wherever they went they were a dominating race; they pushed the people before them; they were warriors. The late Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, in his work on Homer and the Homeric age, avers that the word "danoi" occurs one hundred forty-seven times in the *Iliad* and thirteen times in the *Odyssey* and always in the plural number, thus referring to soldiers, or war-men.

The men of the tribe of Dan were pioneers;† by their intense virility, aptitude of adaptation to environment and pugnacity, they pushed those aside that they did not absorb. Their mode of progress was, first, a warlike onslaught to provide for tribal expansion, to acquire possessions or to gratify the lust of war; then, the absorption of the subdued tribe in the event of its being unequal to making a determined stand, in which case it was pushed forward, to suffer assault again later on. Wherever they went they inscribed their name on mountain, river and valley, and by those methods which in these modern days have become known as "peaceful assimilation" they dominated every inch of soil upon which they placed their feet.

In the prolonged pilgrimages and vicissitudes of the tribes the most persistent factor for change was the intermarrying with the conquered people—taking unto themselves "strange wives" as well as "strange gods." But in this intermingling of the blood—the life—of the nationality as of the individual unit, is it not reasonable to suppose that each conquered people in the alchemy of nature yielded up in its blood those permanent qualities which later on were to emerge in a splendid civilization? In other words, may not the Celtic race (like the individuality of Theosophic literature) have received from the innumerable peoples that it contacted and passed through its loins (the personalities) the essence of their knowledge, power and capacity, but by reason of inherent selfishness (non-union with atma) have only in recent years displayed any marked degree of regard for the common good (buddhic consciousness)?

Much, too, might be said of how, in their wanderings, the Celtic race changed in color, the Romans recognizing the difference in the types,* the modification and, in some respects, the loss of certain of the old-time characteristics. In contending for an Anglo-Celtic race rather than an Anglo-Saxon one it is well to remember that while it is untrue to regard the English-speaking people as having its origin chiefly in Germanic sources, it is true that the Celt has

†Irish chronicles tell of immense antiquity, with a shadowy line of monarchs reaching back two thousand years before Christ.

*Tacitus, *Agricola*, Chap. ii.

been enormously changed, as already foreshadowed, by the admixture of blood, an admixture that began when he infringed upon the lands occupied by the dark-pigmented race that occupied Western Europe prior to the advent of the Danites. The Celts were tall and blond, while the earlier inhabitants were dark and, being conquered, mixed their blood and to some extent their language with that of their conquerors—and this long before the Germanic invasion.

Then, too, we have to take notice that while the Roman Empire stamped upon the minds of subject peoples and upon its barbarian Teutonic heirs the notion of a state as an organization held together and governed by central authority, the Gaelic law was a decided variant from this. The law with the Gael was the law of the people; this idea they never lost faith in; they never exalted central authority, their code being for the whole race, the administration being divided into the widest possible range of self-governing communities bound together in willing federation. The forces behind this voluntary cohesiveness were not material but spiritual; it was a union of those who shared the same traditions, the same glorious masonry of heroes, and so forth.*

BLOOD WILL TELL

Riveting our attention upon these United States of America, it might appear at first glance perfectly hopeless to form any just estimate of the relative importance of any racial strain in the upbuilding of the nation. For a number of years the influx of aliens has been principally from the Latin and subordinate races of Europe, and a cry has gone up that thus was the national blood debilitated and the distinctive character of the nation weakened. But according to the reports of the immigration authorities there is no foundation for this reproach for, however new and strange may be the American civilization to the uneducated and ignorant horde of aliens from the Russian provinces and Central Europe, they at least brought to the melting-pot a strong reinforcement for the national virility and a character of determined and patient persistence; and how quickly these splendid traits may be assimilated is indicated by the recent reports of the scientific men that two aliens of the same race or of different races will bear offspring in the land of their adoption that will be a variation in type. The structure of the skull will show a marked difference from that of either father or mother and the cranial capacity will exceed both.

There is a new race a-borning.

To say that the heterogeneous hodgepodge of nationality that goes to make up this American nation is Saxon or Anglo-Saxon seems on its face an absurdity, for every race under the sun is represented

***Irish Nationality*, by A. Stopford Green.

and all the important strains of blood in sufficient quantity to have a most determinate effect upon the general result.

About ten years ago Henry Cabot Lodge contributed an article to *The Century Magazine* entitled *The Distribution of Ability in the United States*, and he was enabled to approximate an estimate in regard to race, profession, and so forth, of the dominating strains of blood by a patient tabulating and analysis of Appleton's *Encyclopedia of American Biography* in six volumes, one of the largest and most recent works upon the subject. From the tables furnished it is not possible to compare the Celtic peoples with the others but, making a rough approximation from such data as is supplied, they stand as 16 to 41 of English. As statesmen and soldiers the Scotch-Irish, Scotch, Huguenots and Dutch all have a slightly higher percentage than the English, while in other directions (clergy, lawyers, physicians, writers, artists, and so forth) the English preponderate. In proportion to number, the Huguenots produced more and the Germans fewer men of ability than any other race in the United States. It was found that those peoples who had identified themselves with the nation had more quickly established themselves and risen above the line of mediocrity. The Germans for nearly a century retained their language and were more or less isolated, and this is given as a reason for their lagging in the rear. On the other hand, if the French and French Huguenots are added together, it is found that the people of French blood (largely, if not entirely, the Celtic strain) exceed absolutely in the ability produced all the other races represented except the English and the Scotch-Irish (Celts).

DOMINATING FIGURES IN AMERICA

Turning from the mass—for, after all, it does not need that a man should rise above the average to figure in a biographical dictionary in this commercial age—and scanning more closely some of the men who have helped to make and mould this country, what do we find? Twelve of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence were of Celtic origin, namely, Charles Carroll, Edward Rutledge, Thomas Lynch, John Hancock, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton, James Smith, George Taylor, George Read, Thomas McKean, Thomas Mifflin and Charles Thompson, the perpetual Secretary of Congress. John Barry, the father of the American Navy, was an Irishman; Paul Jones, who was the scourge of the sea to the British power, was a Scotchman; and Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, who won the first naval victory of the Revolution, was also a Celt.

Of the trusted associates of Washington, the men of Celtic origin were the most noted: Generals John Sullivan, Stephen Moylan, Anthony Wayne, Andrew Lewis, Roche Fermoy, John Stark, Edmund

Hand, James Clinton, Rutherford, Thompson, Irving, Richard Butler and Richard Montgomery. Henry Knox, an Irishman, fought in every battle with Washington and was the first Secretary of War. The Demosthenes of the Revolutionary period, Patrick Henry, was a Celt, and three-fourths of the patriotic army was made of Celts and a few English.* In a list of one hundred nine names, including practically all of Washington's generals, sixty are non-English and of these the large majority are Scotch-Irish and Irish.

Turning to the Continental Congress of 1776, we find that eleven of its members were of Scottish blood. In the constitutional convention which completed its labors at Philadelphia September 17, 1787, twelve of its members were Scotch and three were Irish. When the independent state governments were formed, after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, the Scotch-Irish gave the first governor to New York, Delaware, North and South Carolina; to Pennsylvania they gave her war governor; to Virginia, not only her great war governor but the civil leader Patrick Henry who, supported by his Scotch-Irish brethren, first carried and then held Virginia for the cause of Independence.

Political honors have not been dealt out to the Celtic race with niggardly hand. Of the Presidents, Jackson, Pierce, Polk, Buchanan, Grant, Johnson, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Taft, and if, as reputed, Theodore Roosevelt through his Dutch forbears comes of Huguenot stock, then he too may be included, as well as the present incumbent, Woodrow Wilson. Not less than two hundred men of Celtic origin have served in the United States Senate; the names of Blaine, Logan, Porter, Smylie, Read, Carroll, Butler, Howard, Armstrong, De Witt Clinton, King, Lewis Cass, Fitzgerald, Kernan, Sewell, Allen, Casserly, Jones, Farley, Quay, Kelly, Kenna and Palmer make a roll that, for the most part, is one of honor and as a whole marks a high standard of ability.

It would be wearisome to make mention of the Celts who served in the Civil War—their name is legion; but it will not do to omit mentioning Gen. James Shields, the hero of Chapultepec and conqueror of "Stonewall" Jackson, Phil. Kearny, Phil. Sheridan, John A. Logan and Ulysses S. Grant, the greatest of them all.

In the domain of law the men of Celtic origin have been equally famous. The second Chief Justice of the United States was Scotch-Irish, as were also Wilson and Iredell, two of the four original Associate Justices, and a third, Blair, was of Scotch origin. Since then many others have occupied positions of dignity on the Supreme Bench, the Court of Appeals and courts of subordinate jurisdiction,

*Testimony given before the English House of Commons, March, 1779, by Joseph Calloway, a Tory lawyer and prominent in the Continental Congress and as Commissioner.

and a number of Celtic blood are occupying these positions today.

Then, merely to skim the surface of varied ability, may be mentioned the Celt who gave to this country the credit of steam navigation, Fulton; the Celt who invented telegraphy, or rather the code that made its application practical, Morse; the inventor of reaping and mowing machines, McCormick; and Crawford, the sculptor; Wallace, the composer; Edgar Allen Poe, Boyle O'Reilly, poets; and many another that has hit a shining mark in literature, art, science and philosophy. All of these men were engaged on a high plane of activity in constructive work, carving out and moulding into form the skeletonized form upon which was to be built a great nation. Those given up to peaceful pursuits wrought no less mightily and affected the country in a most direct manner.

In the face of such a showing as this, where is the Anglo-Saxon domination of this country?

The American nation is nothing—it is *sui generis*. Looking beneath the surface at the men who have made and are making it, the men who spring to the front because it is their destiny to do so, then most assuredly it is *Anglo-Celtic*—and with a very modified amount of the “Anglo” or “Engli” at that.

(Concluded)

I have no words by which I can convey from my own heart to yours the joy which fills me, as I lift up my eyes to the hills whence cometh the Lord, for whom the world is inarticulately crying in its sore need of help. Can you not picture Him as He stands in His great garden on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, under the spreading branches of a mighty tree, gazing, with eyes that are wells of wisdom and of compassion, over the wide plains that stretch beneath His feet? He is waiting—He on whom wait the Guardians of the world.

As in the still hour before the dawning, one bird wakes after another, and soft notes flute forth from many places, calling from bough to bough, till presently, as the Sun-God rises, all burst into one glad melody of welcome and the silence is shivered into rippling cascades of song; so in this waiting hour, before the rising of our Sun, soft calls are heard from heart to heart, and little fragments of song, half-breathed, tell over sweet cadences of melodious hope and joy, heralding the splendid outburst of triumphal song that shall greet the Master of Masters, when the world's great cry for help shall draw Him downwards, when His feet shall once more tread the common paths of earth, and the Desire of all nations shall come and speak the Word of Peace.

—Annie Besant.



THE BEAUTY OF INDIA

By Elisabeth Severs

*I always feel a sense of loss
If, at the close of day
I cannot see the Southern Cross
Break through the gathered grey,
Nor watch the moonlight gleam
Among the temples white,
And realize that lovely dream
We call an earthly night.*

Laurence Hope.

“BEHOLD, the half was not told me,” exclaims the western visitor as he journeys through India’s plains and hills. For beautiful is India and varied are her beauties.

It is quite impossible to enumerate the half of her many natural beauties of sea and sky, water and earth, let alone those of man’s making. One can but touch upon a few of the many unforgettable experiences and impressions of her charm due to the designing of the Great Architect.

The wonderful translucency, the fineness and brilliancy of the atmosphere, is a beauty which at once impresses the English visitor, used to the often foggy, always misty, atmosphere of the northern clime. In India it seems as if some veil hitherto deadening sight had been withdrawn, so that between you and the objects of your vision bright space alone intervenes in which all colors, all contours stand out with a vividness, a clearness of outline which has an undoubted fascination. It produces—this translucency of atmosphere—an illusion of nearness to distant objects which makes the intervening space very difficult to calculate. The deep blue of the sky, its extraordinarily radiant blueness, is to me also a never-ceasing source of pleasure. I love to watch the graceful, green-crowned, swaying palms outlined against the azure; to see the huge, dark butterflies sporting in the sunshine, and the gorgeous flowers of the tropics proudly displaying their brilliancy of tint; to scent the heavy perfume of fragrant trees and shrubs, of the white waxen jasmine and other temple flowers. Brilliant birds also add their pride of

plumage to decorate the scene, while the little ubiquitous impudent squirrels have a kittenish fascination of their own.

And India's sunsets and dawns! No words can do justice to their indescribable loveliness! The hours of dawn and of sunset are alone worth journeying to India to see. The faint pink flush which heralds the approach of the sun's majesty, soon deepening into a glow, a multiplicity of fine tints mantling with beauty all the eastern portion of the sky and lighting up the whole horizon, is a scene which one daily witnesses. And the sunsets—every color of the spectrum sooner or later is mirrored in the heavens to celebrate the sun's passing. Fiery orange and softer yellow, deep crimson and pale pink, blue, the rarer purple, and in the west the seldom seen sky green—all are there. How beautiful is the setting sun reflecting its flaming colors in the placid Adyar or in the sacred stream of Mother Ganga as her wearied waters, wearied surely of adoration and of worship, flow slowly in the evening's cool to rest. And, on land, what gorgeous spectacles of nature's painting have I not witnessed in the Nilgiri Hills against the distant range of dark mountain summits, forming a cup-like circle on the horizon where the sun is setting in liquid flame, while in the west the tender blue and pink of an almost perfect rainbow arch spans the horizon. At Mysore one night something must have put the sky devas on their mettle so that they produced a veritable marvel of loveliness. Over the town's large tank shaded with peepul trees, itself a beauty spot, great gold-colored twin wings flamed out in the sky while near one wing hovered a group of starlike forms. In the distance a piled-up range of deep mauve-colored clouds made a mountain-like background to clear shades of green and rosy pink and blue. It was a beauty both of form and of color that purified the heart and gave birth to aspiration in the soul, so that instinctively it turned in awe and reverence toward that Celestial Architect who, in the beginning, made all things "very good."

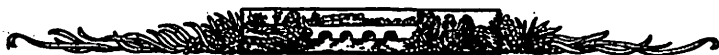
India remains in my mind as a country whose days are blazoned forth and ended with a glamour of color and of enchantment no other country equals. Who can chronicle the magic of her cool, lovely, star-strewn, moonlit nights when the country lies open before you; when on the dancing waves' phosphorescent white the moon makes paths of glory; when the Southern Cross hangs low on the horizon and innumerable brilliant constellations stud the near heaven! Dimly one attempts to realize "the lovely dream one calls an Eastern night." Dream, and not prosaic reality, indeed it seems to be.

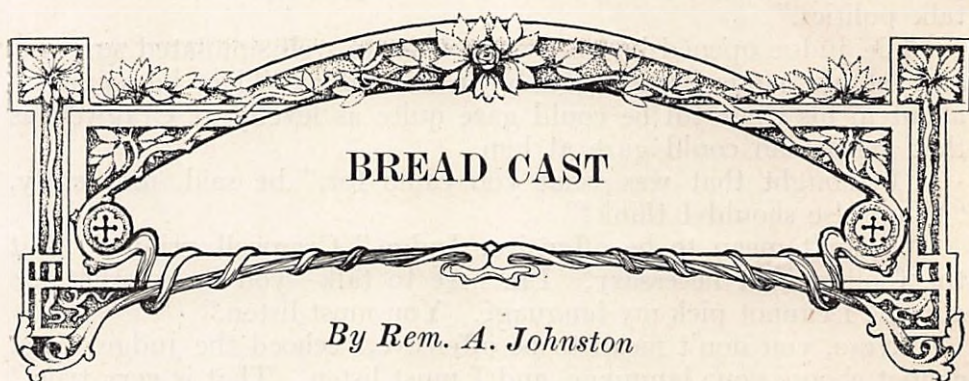
And India's seas and rivers! How indescribably beautiful are the deep blue waters of the Bengal Sea as they dash and foam on the Madras coast, with their snowy surf-crowned billows. The Ganges, holy from prehistoric times, with her hosts of devout pilgrims

come to lave themselves in her life-giving, sin-remitting waters—what in all the wide world can equal the strangeness, the vivid picturesqueness of the scene her banks provide? A feast of color is shown by the moving multitudes of men, women and children who stud her shores, the children sporting in the water, their elders praying, washing ceremonially and raising pious eyes and hands to heaven as the dawn breaks and the sun shines once again upon his worshippers. The stately pile of temples and palaces that line the shore, with their varied styles of architecture, provide interest and beauty of human designing to the mysteriously wonderful scene religion has framed.

Every walk and every drive the English visitor takes in India displays a moving kaleidoscope of color and of form enchanting in its novelty and picturesqueness after the monotonous drab coloring of the West. The tiny naked children have their own beauty, with their unclothed childish limbs, their big dark eyes, their silver anklets or bangles. Their mothers in dark draperies, with either a burden on their heads or a tiny baby astride of the left hip, walk with a natural dignity of bearing many a western *grande dame* might envy, while their slender limbs conceal a wonderful muscular capacity. The apparent fragility of the coolie class, their tiny bones, their almost painful emaciation, give them an air of refinement sadly lacking to the European laboring class. The hanging garments of both men and women, the graceful sari and the dhoti, how picturesque they make their wearers appear, and how attractive is an Indian crowd with its white mass of draperies broken up by vivid flashes of color.

And how picturesque and medieval is the typical Indian town where you see much of the daily life of the people, carried on as that life seems to be in the public eye. Any day you may chance on a wedding procession with music and rejoicings perambulating the streets, or encounter sporting parties coming home in triumph with their trophies; you may see someone taking an airing on elephant or camel, or, to remind us that all men are mortal, may meet a mourning party carrying to its last resting-place a corpse sitting in an attitude of meditation, with jaw-bound head, in a palanquin wreathed with leaves and flowers. And India's dead often rest in scenes of both natural and humanly designed beauty the West would assuredly find it hard to equal, or the holy Ganges receives their ashes, concealing all that is mortal in the magic beauty of her flowing waters.





THE room was very still. A single fly buzzed and droned itself to quietness in a dark corner. Cragwell shuffled his feet uneasily, glanced at the ceiling, peered into the corner after the fly, then gazed levelly across the table at Judge Jollet.

The judge—a young-old man, dark hair dashed with iron gray, cheeks wrinkled and seamed like those of a man of sixty—was leaning slightly forward in his chair, looking at a sheet of paper unfolded before him. To be accurate, the judge was not looking at the paper but through it, far back, at the motive and consequence behind. His eyes were glassy and fish-like; his face was gray; his lips were yellow at their edges where the red stood out against teeth snapped tightly together. He wore the puzzled, absorbed expression that made him appear so distant and so dangerous to those who sought him—for reasons.

Cragwell waited another long moment, sighed, twiddled with his watch-fob, rubbed his over-full cheek, which was still pink from the exertion of climbing a long flight of stairs too rapidly, and shot another glance at the judge. Then he coughed, and the fly and the judge awoke at the same moment.

"You still here, Cragwell?" the judge asked, drowsily.

Cragwell laughed. "How could I be elsewhere, Judge? You didn't suppose, for a moment, that I had melted away?"

The manner and the tone gave an effect of coarseness, over-familiarity—the sort that is unclean and to which no gentleman ever listens unless he is forced to do so by circumstances he cannot control.

"Well," said the judge, thoughtfully, "I do not believe I did.

No—I shouldn't accuse you of melting. How is Gainsen—and Morvellus? How is the district, Cragwell?"

"Gainsen and company are satisfied, impressed with your latest pose—er—attitude. The district is all right, but I didn't call to talk politics."

The judge opened his eyes very wide, in well-simulated surprise, and let his hands bang listlessly on the table. Then he squirmed about in his chair till he could gaze quite as levelly at Cragwell as that gentleman could gaze at him.

"I thought that was what you came for," he said, innocently. "What else should I think?"

"I don't mean to be offensive, Judge," Cragwell grinned, "but the fooling isn't necessary. I'm here to talk—you know what it's about. I cannot pick my language. You must listen."

"No-o, you don't mean to be offensive," echoed the judge; "you cannot choose your language, and I must listen. That is very true." He sighed and his teeth settled into the red again.

"We were building a big road once," began Cragwell, meditatively, "and a good little boy whom we picked up, a sort of orphan, you know, helped us. He didn't assist so *very* much, you understand, because he was only a boy in strength and knowledge, yet what he did accomplish was excellent. We thought we had never before seen a boy who could carry water as well as he. He was a nice boy; it counted for lots that he should be, because he drew his water from the wells of the aristocracy, and carried it to purpose—"

The judge merely gritted his teeth.

"It's just a little story, Judge, and I am using a figure of speech. I promise not to be tiresome, and you will not object because you are aware that I cannot tell you exactly what I want until I finish my yarn."

"Go on," said the judge. "I must listen. I shall not interrupt again."

"The boy carried water, and the building went on to its end satisfactorily. It was a big road, one of the so-called 'stupendous enterprises' we read about a few years ago. We were proud of it, proud of ourselves, proud of the connection we had with it, proud of every one who had helped in the construction. And we all thought that the boy who had been such an exceptionally good water-carrier ought to have a suitable reward. He didn't ask much, however—just a girl—a comrade for whom to build a playhouse and make mud pies. He was quite a boy."

"You—" began the judge, hotly. But he smothered the words, for he seemed to remember something that arose to him out of a remote past, something that checked his just anger and held him quiet under the lash of the other's manner.

"You promised not to interrupt," reminded Cragwell, evenly. "You know that I am not endeavoring to be insolent."

"Go on."

"And life looked rosy to the boy, though we older ones thought that the child might have chosen something more satisfying, in the long run, than a girl. Or he might have selected a different girl, one who had fewer 'advanced' ideas and rather more toys to play with, and so keep them both amused. The girl may or may not be my sister and this may or may not be one reason why I dare to speak of her in this way.

"The boy grew. He was a sturdy fellow. I dare say he would not have cared to descend to water-carrying a second time had we needed him for that again. But the hour struck when we found it necessary to call upon him once more, and for assistance essentially different. The job was far more responsible, more fitted to the new ideals which were beginning to spring up in the boy's mind, as a result, doubtless, of the influence of the girl comrade whom he had chosen.

"As before, we succeeded admirably. The youth was not as astute as he later became, not nearly so shrewd as now. He plunged into the new work, was instant in season and out of season, efficient—highly efficient, I believe the reports stated—and the difficulties melted out of our path as by magic. The new road almost built itself. There were no legal complications arising which our young man could not unravel.

"The result was as before, and we naturally felt more grateful than on the former occasion, though we had done pretty well then for an unemotional set of men. Parenthetically, I might observe that the youth's worst fault was his emotional tendency. To continue the thought, we, after the manner of the genii whom Aladdin summoned, asked, 'What would'st thou?' naturally expecting the youth to elect something worth while, something of the protective and the powerful, the purchasing ability, perhaps, of happiness. We said to him, for instance, that upon a certain day the men who make government in New York would decide to do thus and so with a line of stocks. This actual knowledge would have enabled the young man by the mere twist of his wrist to make millions—the power to buy everything between here and heaven.

"Again the youth refused our well-meant suggestion. He wanted a little toy desk in the Capitol kindergarten school of his state—and would have no other thing. He had an idea that the state needed to be 'purged,' and he wanted to help 'purge' it. At the moment he did not observe that the ideals toward which he was steadily working were in direct opposition to those of the men whom he had served rather faithfully in the past. In other words, by common act, he was

allying himself with the very principles he had always fought. You see, on both occasions of his helping, he took as wage something which we saw would militate against our interests, the interests of the men who furnished him with employment and with whom he had long been connected both in a public and a private capacity.

"The so-called reform was after all, we thought, a fad which youth would outgrow. He would get over it. So we humored him largely as a physician humors a mild lunatic. To bawl 'reform' from the housetops when such 'reform' itself points to greater danger and more fevered excess we deemed no evidence of sanity. We were confident that the youth's good sense would right him finally. At all events, we were satisfied to give him what he had worked for—so!"

The judge, still pale, still silent, opened his lips at this pause as if in protest, but no sound came.

"Looking at the youth," said Cragwell, in a natural voice, "and his newly acquired fad, I have no doubt that he thought he could justify himself, could justify the apparent contradiction. I—we—were willing to admit that he had somehow figured it out that there was no degree of double-face about his attitude toward the 'people' and us. He stood alone, graceless, strong, careless of the fact that he was changing his fealty. He plunged forward into a new path; he became a 'reformer' *par excellence*. The magazines all sought his picture. It is amusing to recall the number of feature stories in which his cleansing prowess figured. Life must have seemed one grand epic. He was headlong; he was headstrong. He rushed in where angels feared to tread; he trod where rushing would have been better. He dashed, crashed, howled himself hoarse, got a following—maybe started a cult.

"Then at an inopportune moment, though we could not help that, it became necessary for us to have the assistance of a man whose habits were acquired in our training-school, a man of peculiar knowledge and of certain influence. Strange to say, neither boy nor young man could manage the new trick. Boys we had in plenty; young men, a few; but boy and young man in one, trained in an especial way, we had none save the one of whom we have been speaking.

"So we asked—at that inopportune moment—asked because we had to do so, though (please give us credit for so much virtue) we hated to do it. We put ourselves on the man's mercy and begged, literally begged. It was like going up against a steel wall. I never bumped into a marble column as hard as the granite of that man's will. Incidentally, I might remark that it was possibly a will of that sort which made the man potentially valuable to us. I tried again and again, but there was no use. Then I thought of something, something that happened a great while ago. I told my *confrères* about it. They decided that the case was sufficiently desperate to re-

quire the use of heroic remedies. Anyhow we felt that at heart the man was ours—ours, body and soul—though all he had asked as purchase price was a woman and a dinkey little seat at legislature. Mephistopheles and Faust, eh? But how could we help it? We concluded that the spur must be used. We thought that since it was possible to do so we would ruin the man who was our own unless he promised to help us once more, as only he could, in a matter which concerned not simply one road but many, and all big ones.

"He stood out against us, of course. He dared us to do our worst—in metaphor, to be sure. And we, thinking of his faithfulness and, to be exact, how useful he might be to our purpose, concluded to give him one more chance to be good to us.

"That's the whole story, Judge. It's taken me an unconscionably long while to get to it. I'm not good at tales of the sort. (If you don't mind I'll smoke up!) I am not here to talk politics. I'm here, Judge, to utter the brutal, ungentlemanly, significant word, *price*, with no insult intended. We pay for service, pay well. There is no other way, involved as you are with us, but to pull on through. I am talking plain facts and you know it. Your virtues—what are virtues? We call standing by those who stood by us through thick and thin a virtue!"

The judge moved uneasily. He had not attempted to defend himself from the insolent logic of the gang that had bought him. He knew that he deserved absolutely just what was being offered him; that he could not deny his positions taken in the past nor repudiate the open charge of early graft. On his life the stigmata of degeneracy grew, like poisonous fungi in green patches of desolation, that stood out, plainly loathsome, against the background of late-coming good intention. The excuses that rose hopelessly for utterance faded out of his brain, leaving a numb and empty intellect, a mind void of possible chances for palliation.

"Cragwell," the judge said at length, "I suppose I cannot make you understand, but I'll try. I am tired of the ones I have served to my ruin. I am tired of everything save the thought of sea and sky, the illimitable open. I am even tired of my virtuous deeds and emotions, as you call them. I am heartily sick of it all. This is a morbid feeling, the result of reactionary agents. At the back of it those things you scoff at today will override your coarse sophistry, will leap up tomorrow and urge me forward to what honest salvation is possible.

"You have put the matter forcefully enough. If it were possible to insult me, you have done so. You have spoken disparagingly of my wife—who may or may not be your sister—you have ridiculed my modest efforts to 'purge' our legislature and clean our political house. You have trod with blundering hobnails on everything secret,

sacred and sensitive in my nature. And I have resisted the impulse to kill you; I have even refused the justifiable desire to throw you out of my office. I am submitting because I simply cannot do otherwise. I have, as you stated, sold myself to just what you are giving me today."

Cragwell reached over to pick up the contract that lay on the table still, its malevolent print yawning up, as it seemed, to burn blisters on the very soul of the men who touched it.

"Why, then," said the emissary, briskly and without conscience, "you must be ready to accept our terms. It is quite too late in the day and the year to turn over a new leaf so far as a matter of this kind is concerned."

"Yes, it looks too late," the judge admitted, "but there is no need to hurry. Ten minutes or an hour will make no difference. I want to say to you—to you, Cragwell—that although you may not believe it, up to this point in my dealings with you I have been honest in my convictions. The boy who 'carried water' in your admirable tale was honest; the youth who filled the 'more responsible position' was honest, too. Boy and youth saw the confronting condition each time as a part isolated from the whole, and seeing so little were unable to judge. No—do not protest—I am aware that ignorance is never an excuse under law for anything. Still, I want to record one thought with you, to sear it in where there is some little good mixed up with the evil. I wish you to consider that if I take this proposition favorably—as you are in a position to force me to do—it will mean that for the first time in my life I shall be guilty of doing that which I know to be dishonest, and that for the first time I shall have yielded consciously to do an ethical wrong. I wish you to realize that you will be using the effect of past errors—honest errors—to oblige me to do that which I now deem positively to be sin."

Cragwell stirred uncomfortably. The judge had a low even voice, that penetrated and vibrated emotionally. He spoke with feeling more than common, and the magnetism of his great necessity awakened in Cragwell the desire to respond. But the latter shook off the grasp of the appeal as he answered.

"It's all quixotic, anyhow," he justified. "Where was any of it wrong? Where is this thing in itself evil? You employ such lurid phraseology. You are not addressing a jury."

"It is not in the act itself," returned the judge. "It is in the meaning of it, and you know this."

"But you'll help us?" Cragwell insisted.

A mail-carrier slipped a bunch of letters under the door. Judge Jollet got up absently and brought them to the table, fingering them unseeingly before he reached for the paper-knife. Cragwell drummed and fidgeted, impatient, even anxious.

"'Dear Tommy,'" read the judge aloud, "'I am wondering whether or not you can come home tomorrow. It has been so long since we have seen you, or anybody. Mother is still declining—and somehow—we seem to need—a man. Could you manage?'"

The judge looked over his letter. "It's from Lou," he said, in a cool matter-of-fact voice. Cragwell, less pink than before, face a little averted, continued his drumming. The judge went on musingly. "Lou—it must be rather lonesome for the poor little girl, alone with mother. I wish—" Then, because he could not formulate his wish, he read on in a low even tone.

"'I am not trying to arouse your fears or trade on your sympathies, Tommy, but it's so cold and so lonely and so death-like here. Mother has been asking for you. Put aside your endless briefs and your 'reform' and run out. Do you ever see any of our old, old friends—anybody?'"

Judge Jollet put away the note leisurely.

"It's a bit hard," he suggested, "for that girl, but I do not know how to help her. Poor mother! Nurse and doctor combined can do nothing."

"You will not sign, then?" asked Cragwell, with finality, touching the paper.

"You are in such haste. You urge on the living and pass by the dead without a word. I wish you would let me tell you a story. After I shall have finished there will be time enough to sign. You have the rest of the day, you know. And besides, I listened to you quite politely."

The attitude of the other suggested uneasiness, but he signed the judge to proceed.

"The scene," the judge began, "lies in a little backwoods place, Cragwell, a place where three frame buildings erected on a crossroad were dignified by a name and a post-office before you and I were born. Gradually the hamlet grew larger and other buildings and businesses were added, but to this day I think that the name itself and the post-office are the chief excuse for the placing of a period on the map. Anyhow, it was a lonesome place in which to live; I remember that.

"There was a family in this hamlet—you ought to be interested in this, Cragwell—that had won quite a reputation locally as being well-to-do. Possibly you can imagine the father, strong, sturdily benevolent, wise according to the ideals of the men of his day and place; and the mother, sweet, virtuous, the sort some of us look back to with pride. There was the son and little daughter, also—and the rest is quite within anyone's imagination. But the chief thing I would have you see, Cragwell, is that this family, without posing, made it their rule of practice to relieve those who might be in distress. It had become a mania, you and I would say now, because we are trained

to different ideas of virtue. However, with these simple-minded villagers the thought of helping others—altruism, we sneer—was an inborn quality, and it became at last a genius, a habit of the life.

"This being true, it is not strange that this particular family should seek out the family of all others in this village that most needed friendliness, one headed by a shiftless father and a weary, lovable little mother. There were children in this indigent home—this should particularly interest you, Cragwell—a great many children. Always they were hungry. It takes a lot of bread to feed hungry children, and they all came near to starving many a time, actually near to starving."

"You need not continue this story," said Cragwell, thickly. "It can make no difference with the case in point; nothing can make any difference."

"And the little daughter of the family of the well-to-do man carried bread and buns—such loads of them—to one of the large, hungry boys of the other home. It was pitifully sweet to see the dear little thing."

"I have said that the father of this helpless family was shiftless—"

"You need not dwell on this fact," Cragwell interjected, but the judge heeded no interruption.

"And being shiftless, though good enough at heart, he could not put off the habit at once, so there were years when the poorer family depended on the other for food, for clothing, for fuel. And so great was the love that finally sprang up between the two homes that the ones who gave and the ones who received were not sensible of the exchange of favor, but took all as the gift and the acceptance out of the heart of God. For that time they were rather 'advanced' people, you know, and did not consider the scheme of the universe one of separated selves. All mankind to them were integral parts of a great whole."

"Do you think it strange, Cragwell, that the village people generally wondered at the ties which bound this family, at the love of the little girl for the older boy, of the love of the younger boy for one of the little girls in the family of the poor man? I do not."

"At last, the shiftless man, who was beginning to wear out his old vice—he tried hard enough, heaven knows—was given employment by the more successful man. He was trained, unconsciously, to habits of sobriety and thrift. His wife was given the companionship of a good woman like herself, the children were educated and taught from the first how to work. But for years they were, you must admit, in a manner dependent and chilled by the penury that freezes body and soul."

"As time swept on, the intercourse between the families deepened and there were lovers—yes, there were lovers. Your imagination is

good, Cragwell. You can see how the pledges came to naught because money was lacking, and it must be earned lest matrimonial mistakes might be repeated. And everybody connected with the two families had a wholesome horror of things of that sort. You know how this was, Cragwell; you can fancy it.

"Time and again the members of both families befriended each other, and such increasing nearness grew up that I despair of describing it. All this, while the one family which I have been chiefly describing grew out of poverty and sent its members out into the world, one by one, to gain competencies and establish new families of their own.

"There was one boy who did not choose to settle down. He had been a lover once, and had set out to wrest the money necessary to his purpose from the world. In the turmoil the desire for wealth ran into a mania that chilled his love and longing for home. He became rich, a mighty power financially, the one really successful member of the family.

"In the meantime the prosperous man fell upon evil hours, lost money, lost health, lost prestige. The father died. Boy and girl were forced to toil for bread. The wolf scratched at the casement. It is not unnatural that in that hour the young man who was beginning life thus unfavorably should seek out his old friend who had become prosperous, should ask him for help. In the old days, when favors ran the other way, there was no question."

The judge halted in his story to look keenly at Cragwell's face, still turned away from him, still intent upon something on the floor.

"It is not wonderful," he went on, in his usual voice, "that being both clever and unsophisticated, he became, without knowing it, a valuable dupe for the one to whom he had in his innocence and frankness applied. Nor is it strange that his ideas of existence, which had been formed at long distance from real life, were so warped and distorted as to afford him no power of discrimination in things essential and no real aid in estimating his relation to the world as affected by the new surroundings in which he had planted himself.

"So he failed; he was tricked, like many another. For a long time he went wrong without knowing it. Very late he learned that he was storing up black and bitter experience. It became evident that having worked from mistaken view-points only he had tangled himself up inextricably with forces good men—I use the word advisedly—should avoid.

"Cragwell, I have spoken plainly. You know if you require the service of me I must give it. Somehow you have learned why I dare not refuse; you know I cannot ruin others who depend on me. I must not fall simply because of the many who look to me for strength. I am forced to carry the rue of secret sin—play double-face—unless

you save me. Personally I could refuse you easily and care nothing if you made my name a mop with which to wipe up every alley of filth in the United States. I might submit to bring shame on the wife whom I found in your circle, on the legislature you bought for me, on the dear old mother who gave me life and gave you—”

“She gave me bread,” finished Cragwell in a panting whisper and slowly. “That is God’s truth, Tommy, she gave me bread. I used to creep across to your back door about dinner time—bread, meat, cakes—Lord! Tom, she fed me, kept me from starving. It’s true—and a picture I don’t often look at.”

“I could submit to bring shame,” the judge persisted fixedly, “on all these, but I have others, a great company, following me, looking up to me, conscious that in all my past dealings I was honest with myself. What is evil for me I well understand may not be so for you; yet I cannot go on. I ask you to withdraw the proposition, Crag—for old sake’s sake—and—”

“She fed me, Tommy,” said Cragwell, with a heavy sigh. “And Lou—she—”

The paper still lay with its malevolent characters staring up. As if it were something to be finished with, Cragwell took it up and did not return it to the judge. Jollet himself sighed deeply, and he drew the note he had read from his pocket.

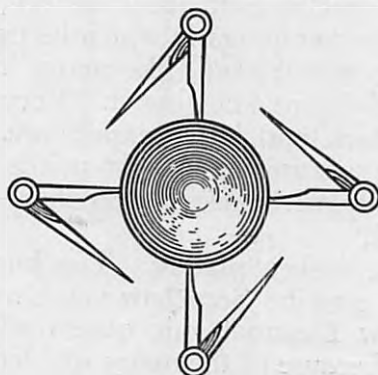
“I cannot go out home today,” he mused. Both men were thinking.

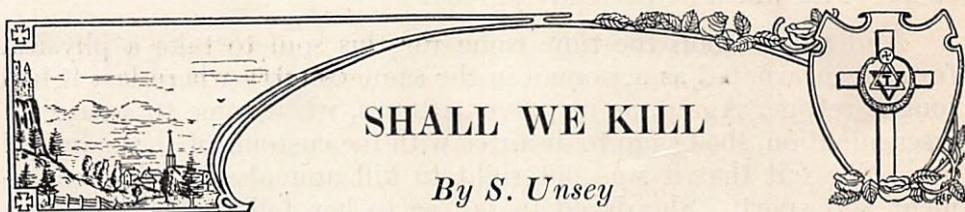
“I was going to Justville soon to look after a little matter of real estate I have there. Possibly—” A bar of dull red, wholly unlike the customary pink, ridged one of Cragwell’s chubby cheeks.

The judge reached over and put out his right hand.

“We are both sufficiently contemptible when we think of our mothers,” he said appealingly.

“Of our mothers and our—sisters,” Cragwell substituted.





LONG, long ago a soul once incarnated in a savage tribe where, when old people became useless to the community, a great feast was given in their honor. On this occasion all the relatives gathered respectfully around the big kettle from which the body of their ancestor was to be served to them, and of which they cheerfully partook, talking the while of all the good qualities of the one who, by thus becoming part of each of them, would not be lost to the tribe. It was not cruelty that made them kill and eat the old in that way. On the contrary, they thought that life was not at all agreeable for those who could not walk and work, nor see and hear and, therefore, that ending was the greatest service they could render to the aged.

This soul that incarnated and grew up with them began to feel that it was not quite right to kill and eat one's parents, even if they were no more of use. He dared to say so to his fellows, calling them cruel. They called him morbid, and laughed at him.

At last he left them, going to another tribe which neither ate nor killed their relatives. They only killed and ate their enemies—with which he perfectly agreed.

It was long after this event that the same soul was born again into the latter tribe. As he grew up he began to feel that it was not quite right to eat a human being, even though it was an enemy. He dared to say so to his fellows, calling them cruel. They called him morbid, and laughed at him.

At last he left them, going to another tribe where they did not eat their enemies. They only took great pleasure and pride in killing them—with which he perfectly agreed.

Again some time elapsed. Then the same soul took up another physical existence in the tribe where he had last lived. As he grew up he began to feel that it was not quite right to enjoy the killing of one's enemies. He dared to say so to his fellows, calling them cruel. They called him morbid, and laughed at him.

At last he left them, going to a country where they did not like

to kill their enemies. They only killed them, though with regret, for self-defense. But they took great pleasure in killing animals for sport—with which he perfectly agreed.

And when again the time came for this soul to take a physical form, it incarnated as a woman in the same country where last it had sought refuge. Again, as in previous times, when come to an age of discrimination, she began to disagree with the customs of those around her. She felt that it was not right to kill animals just for amusement and sport. She dared to say so to her fellows, calling them cruel. They called her morbid, and laughed at her.

At last she left them, going to a community where they did not kill for pleasure. They only killed for food and stylish dress—with which she perfectly agreed.

The next time when this soul had to reincarnate, it was in the last-named community. When growing up, he began to feel that it was not quite right to kill for food and dress. He dared to say so to his fellows, calling them cruel. They called him morbid, and laughed at him.

At last he left them, going to a colony where they did not kill for food or dress. They only killed what they considered harmful animals or those needed for medical purposes—with which he perfectly agreed.

The wheel of evolution turned again and this soul reappeared in flesh in the same colony. As he grew up he began to feel that it was not quite right to kill the higher evolved, so-called harmful beasts, or torture animals even for science's sake. He dared to say so to his fellows, calling them cruel. They called him morbid, and laughed at him.

At last he left them, going to a settlement where they did not torture any animal or kill the higher evolved beasts. They only killed the creeping things and insects that annoyed them—with which he perfectly agreed.

Once more we see this soul reincarnating in the same settlement. As he grew up, he began to feel that it was not quite right to kill at all. He dared to say so to his fellows, calling them cruel. They called him morbid, and laughed at him.

At last he left them, going into seclusion in a forest hut. No life he took, not of the smallest living thing. He spread his love over all that lives. He saw the unity of Life as it is expressed in crystal and in Christ. Realizing himself part of that unity, he reached the One-consciousness ere he again departed from this earth.

In the foregoing we have followed, step by step, the evolution of

compassion in a soul. The end, the perfect love for all that lives, is the far-off goal for all of us. Just where you stand is easily found out: *What you call cruel, you have overcome; what you call morbid, is ahead of you.*

This statement, be it understood, refers to the growth of compassion alone. Some egos grow more rapidly along this special line. Others may have developed far more will and intellect; they may be far advanced, almost to the state of perfect men, yet in compassion find superiors in those who in every other way may be below them.

So it is not of evolution in the absolute, but of compassion only that we are speaking. The amount acquired of *that* decides in each of us the question whether we shall kill or not. Time and again we have to face this problem in our daily lives. The answer for each one is *in himself alone*, whether it be the killing of a fellow man in war, a mouse that steals a little of our food, a wild animal or of an insect that is not agreeable to us. To kill may be right for one who has not yet developed the amount of compassion that in his inner self commandingly says: "Don't!" It is deadly sin for him who hears that voice.

No general rule, therefore, can be laid down that can be absolutely followed by all mankind. Not even what Christ or Buddha said (which may have been for Their advanced disciples alone) or what a hypermodern scientist may say, or whatsoever our leading Theosophists may state, can be accepted as the answer to the question: "Shall we kill?" Their statements are according to the amount of compassion that they themselves have reached. *How much compassion have you in yourself?* That is the only fact that can decide.



The Spirit within you—he is the sculptor, the sculptor who hews away the rough marble from the polished statue which is himself, the Inner God; he is the musician who hears the heavenly music, and must sing it out that all may hear its harmony. All you have to do is to take the marble of the lower self, and with the chisel of will and the hammer of thought to cut away the matter that prevents the Beautiful within you from being seen; to let the God within you shine out in glory and lighten the world in which you live. You are children of heaven living upon earth; you are Gods in the making, and you too often live like the brutes. You are divine, not only human. Will you not rise to the height of your splendid possibilities? You are of royal birth, sons of a King; will you not realize your nature and claim your birthright?

—Annie Besant.



THE ROUND TABLE

THE OAK TREE

By H. Shilffarth-Straub

Just a tiny seed is hurried
Onward by the wind and buried
Snugly in the womb of earth;
Will it sprout or will it perish?
Will it scorn or will it cherish
Nature's plan of future birth?

Rich in soil and well protected
Is the spot the germ selected
For a stately oak to rear.
Rain and sunshine, bound in duty,
Are to court the slender beauty
Starting on its proud career.

Upward bound is all creation,
But the law of good foundation
Makes the oaklet dive below;
Right and left their pulses sending,
Up and down with might extending,
Do the rootlets thrive and grow.

Years have vanished. Am I dreaming?
Is the tiny germ redeeming
Promise made in youthful glee?
From the spot where it descended,
From its tomb, all unattended,
Slowly rose a sturdy tree.

In its cooling shade abiding,
Hear the story we're confiding
To a busy, happy hive
In its green boughs gently swinging,
Sporting, chatting, courting, singing;
Happy scene of love and life.

Germ of oak or germ of spirit;
Both are wondrous, both inherit
As decreed in nature's plan.
All her children are related;
Look around and see it stated;
See the oak resemble man.

Man to mother earth is wedded;
All his fibres are embedded
Deep within her faithful breast;
Drawing life and strength in growing
Skyward ever—man is owing
All to earth, from root to crest.

Here's a break: the crest resolving
Into roots unseen, evolving
Heavenward, to purer lights;
Born aloft from earth-foundation,
Man, the climax of creation,
Finds his goal in yonder heights.



THE LIFE OF A LEAF

By Lina E. George

ONE day late in autumn I sat under a big maple tree all ablaze with its many-colored leaves. I wondered about the life of the tree—whence came the quiet, peaceful strength that always rests one. Then silently a beautiful, richly-tinted leaf fluttered into my hand.

"I am just a leaf," it whispered, "while you are a human—so much more learned in many ways than we are. But humans get so

excited, so fussy and nervous over things that never really happen, and rush wildly about trying to adjust things that are all right. We have many a laugh over their funny mistakes. It is true, you *can* think, but such absurd, worried thinking—all mixed up. You worry yourselves sick and then pour liquid into the little hole you call your mouth to make yourself well. How we do laugh at you!

"Now the trees, the buds and leaves, know that Life is inside. The Life within this tree, our Father, sends out little rays (something like sunbeams). I am one of these rays and am learning about the outside life

which can be seen and felt through this beautiful leaf, which is my



body. Humans think the leaf is I, but the leaf is just a body for you to look at and admire.

"In the spring this leaf was inside the branch, where it was comfortable and warm. It was perfectly satisfied to remain there, all covered up tight, but one morning after a warm rain the sun came out and, calling to the little rays within the leaf-buds, said 'Come out into the air and see how fine it is.' There was a tiny popping sound and there we were, outside the branch, in the big, big world!

"West Wind was there that day with all her children, the zephyrs, and we were too happy for words, basking in the sunshine and breeze. Then night-time came, with little dewdrops which nestled down into each leaf; and we grew as fast during the night as in the daytime.

"One day when West Wind was away, her sister, North Wind, came to visit us. She didn't admire us at all; she never does admire anything, she doesn't see any good in anybody or anything; she is always growling. The first thing she said was, 'How very dusty and dirty these leaves are. They need a good brushing.' It was a great surprise to us—children who had never felt an adverse wind—to be criticized. She blew a fierce, cold blast which chilled us completely. Then she slapped, bent and twisted us about until no one would have recognized in us the happy, contented children we were with West Wind for a teacher. This kept up all day, and at night the stars never peeped at us once and the moon was hidden by clouds.

"Sometimes East Wind would come. She was forever weeping and complaining about her 'karma.' She would almost drench us in her tears—and they were such cold, selfish tears, all about her own sufferings, not compassionate tears for the suffering of others. By the time East Wind got through with us we were so drenched and wrinkled and withered that we did not look like leaves at all.

"But, do you know, all this time Life was with us and through all our suffering kept whispering, 'Be brave; be true; and know that I am keeping you and nourishing you. Bright sunny days will come and warm nights with dewdrops.' So we always listened inside for the Voice and grew into big, strong, green leaves.

"Even when South Wind blew, and the rain and dew forgot us for many days and the sun beat down upon us until we were so parched and feverish we thought we should die of thirst, even then Life was there, whispering 'Be patient.'

"Finally, lights were seen darting here and there through the sky and a loud rumbling was heard. Sky devas rolled about in huge garments the humans call clouds. We would have been frightened if Life had not been there, whispering 'There is nothing to fear in all God's universe.' At last little patters came, little drops of water on all the poor withered, wrinkled leaves. They drank and were refreshed.

"Many fine days followed—and leaves know more than humans about convalescing. They did not rehearse over and over to one another about their past suffering, but enjoyed and grew and learned what dear old Joy has to say about this beautiful world, for they wanted to be thoroughly rounded out and to be perfect leaves.

"'But,' whispered Life, 'those different Winds were all teachers. West Wind and her zephyr-children took care of you and nourished you when you were tiny buds. North Wind came to see how strong and healthy you were. East Wind came to test you, to see if she could make you forget Life and complain, just because she was complaining. South Wind was like a burning fire, leaving you almost without outside life, to see if you would trust the Life within.

"'And there is still another teacher for whom I must prepare you. This is Adversity, alias Jack Frost. Some night when you are least prepared for him, he will steal in and touch each leaf with his cold, chilly finger. You will have to bear this suffering alone, no outside power can keep this chilly force away. This, however, is only to teach you that I, Life, am within and will nourish you through all.'

"Jack Frost did come and his touch was indeed chilling, it pierced through our very veins. We were so cold that we almost lost consciousness, but we remembered what Life had said, that He would not leave us, that He was within, and we trusted. That is the only way we could have lived through this frost of adversity.

"But now look! We are more beautiful than ever, for we have these deep, rich colors which would never have been brought out had not the teacher, Jack Frost, given us this last lesson. Through all our lessons, or experiences, we have listened to the Voice of Life. That is why we are more beautiful in age than in youth."

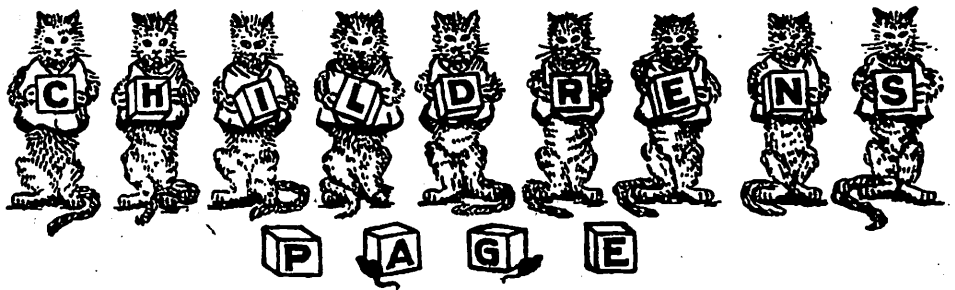


"Never look for affection from those you love. If your love for them is true, sooner or later it will enter into their hearts and call forth response; if it is but fleeting, better that they should escape the sorrow of some day knowing that your love is gone."

"The best service is that which makes the burden light, not that which takes it away."

"You will serve people best when you accept them as expressions of their own ideals."

"Through that which is best in him lies each man's best way of service. There are as many ways of service as there are people in the world to be helped."



WHERE STORIES BEGIN OF TWO CATS, A POODLE AND A SPARROW

BILLY

ONE day, as we came home from down town and opened the kitchen door, what should we see but the ugliest cat ever made black, sprinkled with yellow—but with the dearest, fattest and chubbiest-faced little yellow kitten in her mouth, which she let fall when she spoke to us in cat language, giving us to understand that she wanted to be taken in.

From the direction of the yard I heard also pitiful mews and found there two other kittens, a gray and another yellow one. We took them all in, and the machine cover was converted into a nursery.

When it came to dividing her kittens, we all wanted a yellow one. I claimed one by right of discovery; sister insisted on having the other. There was talk of giving away the gray one because it was so ugly, but Mamma felt so sorry for him that she took him for her own. He was given the name of Billy Beard.

We were soon glad we had kept Billy, for he turned out to be the liveliest, brightest and most affectionate kitten of the three. Although we each loved our own, we had to acknowledge that they were stogy little things, while Billy was very lively and full of tricks. It was so funny to see him try to love the three of us at once! If he could only have divided himself into three parts, how happy he would have been.

One day we put him in the dining-room and shut the door while we fed his mother in the kitchen, but Billy found the other door open and in a flash had gone up one pair of stairs and down another and into the kitchen. He was the one who learned to open the screen door; often we heard the door bang as if some one had come in, but it would only be Billy.

The people next door had some little chicks and my cat (considered the most stupid) went over one day and caught one or two of them. Of course the people objected—though we offered to pay—since they wanted to devour the chickens themselves. One day soon after we heard the most pitiful cries and found they came from Billy, caught in a trap which had been set in the wistaria vine. He had been hanging by one leg for over an hour. Our neighbors had refused to take him down and did not want us to, but of course we did.

In a week he had recovered, but he was never quite the same again. Often he would look up at the wall and make that funny noise cats do to charm birds, and he had such a queer, unnatural look in his eyes. He spent most of his time in the front window, for he seemed to know he must not go out. When he heard us coming home he would jump down and could hardly wait for the door to be opened, and then such a time going from one to the other!

Every evening, for a little while, we let him out and like a flash he was up in the tree. His play was no longer kittenish; it was fierce, almost wild. One night he got out and we never saw him again. What became of him we never knew, but we missed him very much. I only hope that he died peacefully.

Muriel Mitchell.

BRIGAND

MR. LEADBEATER has a big, battle-scarred, ragged-eared white pussy at Adyar who is evidently a privileged character. The cat has a special double-decked stool reserved for him; he washes his whiskers in the President's presence, and is probably the only resident at Headquarters who ignores the E. S. rule of abstinence from a diet of rats, squirrels, snakes, etc. Mr. Leadbeater gives the following biography of his pet:

"Brigand is at the moment asleep on a cushion arranged for him close to one of the typewriting tables. I did not specially select him as a pet and I take no responsibility for him beyond providing him with food when he chooses to come for it. Three years ago he was absolutely a wild beast and would not allow any human being to come within many yards of him, but one day he dashed through the President's room like a streak of lightning and she casually remarked: 'I wonder whether we could tame that creature.' I replied that I would try, and I have so far succeeded that now he appears to desire human company and grumbles much if he is left alone. But he will never be a really civilized cat like Ji, nor has he the wonderful affectional and intellectual development which the latter had."

Marjorie Tuttle.

HANS

HANS was a black, medium-sized poodle. We got him from an institution for stray dogs, but he had been at a dog school in some town in South Germany where they taught and trained dogs for the home and circus.

Aside from his remarkably long ears and bright, black, beady eyes, he did not appear well at first, for he was dirty, starved and wounded, and evidently had been straying about quite a long while. I greeted him with some words like: "Hello, Hans"—Hans having been a favorite name of mine for pets—and we were quite surprised at seeing the animal come to me, make a bow and extend his paw. Later we learned that his name had been Hans, and we continued calling him thus.

The first day we made Hans quite welcome. He sat on a chair near our table and ate from our hands. About bedtime he moved about somewhat restlessly; we watched him and were pleasantly surprised when, having searched and found them, he brought our slippers to us. He seemed to have an ear for the newsboy, for in the morning he rushed down stairs and brought up the paper. He carried very carefully anything that he could possibly hold—baskets, packages, cane, umbrella, etc. He would not touch food unless handed to him with the understanding that it was for him. In rainy weather he would wait on the door-mat until someone had wiped his feet before entering, and he would give a short bark or bump his body against the door to announce himself.

Sores were at first on his body, and while washing them I felt a touch as from a pin. With the help of small scissors, I carefully pulled at the pricking point and a long pine needle came out—and more and more of them. It was not exactly pleasant for Hans! He watched at first, quite-interested in the procedure, sniffed at the pine needles I held out to him, and then decided to do it himself with the help of his teeth. This was the last feature of his tramp period; he was soon healed, when he presented quite a fine species of poodledom.

At that time we lived in a flat, and mother used to buy kindling wood and with a kitchen knife make shavings with which to start the fire. The dog often watched her. One day she called me to come cautiously and see what Hans was doing. He had a stick of kindling wood between his paws and with the help of his teeth had already made a little pile of shavings. When he saw us watching him, he wagged his tail, looked at us, then at the shavings, then at the stove—and there need be no doubt that he desired to be useful!

I was to go away on one of my short trips. Hans never liked that, unless he could come along. At that time I used a big locker-basket; it was packed and ready, but the lock and key we could not

find. While hunting for it I missed one train. It seemed unaccountable—that disappearance of the lock! I mentioned Hans, wondering where he was, thinking maybe he could find it. He was curled up in the ends of a window curtain; as he stubbornly refused to obey our call, we investigated only to find that Hans had lock and key hidden under his paws.

He never tired of fetching and carrying things or to swim and jump for them. He called my father from his office when we desired him to come home for any reason. It was his habit to extend his paw in greeting and to bow to callers without being asked to do so. He could do nearly everything that dogs do in circuses; he could even say “yah” (yes), and upon the sentence being pronounced: “Hans, der Kaiser kommt!” (Hans, the emperor comes!) he would say “Hurrah!”

When my father came home, sat down in a chair, stooped a little and said: “Oh, Hans, I am so warm!” Hans would stretch himself up, carefully pull father’s hat off from his head with his teeth, sit perfectly erect on his hind legs and present the hat; then he would call for the cane and lay it down somewhere, etc., etc. He always seemed to enjoy it immensely if he could do something for us; if anything dropped he picked it up and brought it, always so happy that he could serve.

He wished to be treated, too, as one of the family. He wanted always to eat out of the same kind of dishes as ourselves. He tried to show us at times that he liked the same things to eat as we did, and it was amusing to see him pretend an eager taste for fruits, such as strawberries, cherries, apples, etc., while a peculiar twitch, which gave him a very funny expression, plainly showed that he could not wholly cover his hypocrisy, and I am sure he could not have borne the test of eating an entire fruit dinner.

Caroline Arbenz.

DICKY

DICKY was born a common street sparrow. Her home was behind a sign-board which one day was removed and the nest containing Dicky and her little brother dumped into the street, where they were picked up and rescued by myself. Little brother was so injured that he died the same day, but Dicky was all right. It is about her I wish to write. When I found her she was not more than about ten days old. Her feathers had just come out.

I fed her on shredded wheat soaked in milk, hard-boiled egg, and other suitable foods that were soft and moist, and water was not forgotten. I used a little glass dropper which proved to be very handy for this purpose. She is now very fond of crystallized

honey, milk, Swiss cheese (she doesn't eat any other kind), bread and butter, seeds and walnuts. She knows the honey pail, and if we crack a walnut she comes immediately and wants her share. Her food stands on a kitchen table and she can go there and eat by herself, but she prefers to be fed and petted the while. This is the real secret in keeping birds tame; if left to themselves they will not remain so, a few days even will change them so that they become shy.

Dicky had a nest, of course, for in the absence of a real mother little birds must be kept warm. Her nest was made of cotton and had clean soft sheets every day and a warm blanket with just a little peep-hole for air, for, like all babies, she slept a good deal. At first we had a cage in which she liked to be put to sleep at night, but now she sleeps in the curve of a picture frame. As soon as she hears the slightest move in the morning, she calls "Tee-tee! Tee-tee!" and if we answer her, quickly flies up-stairs. She also knows the breakfast bell, and when it rings she comes up-stairs to call us down.

Dicky is not interested in other sparrows except when she sometimes watches them flying through the air from her window. Last summer we used to take her out with us and she would look up into the sky and fly off, but when I called "Dicky!" she would come down and sit on my shoulder. The other day when I had her out, she got frightened and flew off and the wild sparrows chased her until I lost sight of her. The next day a little boy found her in the street and brought her to us. She had then been away just twenty-four hours, and was so exhausted from starvation and lack of sleep that she could not stand up. We fed her water first, then a little milk, honey, seeds, and all her favorite things, and she slept for two whole days except when we fed her. I shall not take her out any more.

After that experience she seemed even more tame than before, if that could be, for she lets me do anything that I like with her. She has shown plainly that she was glad to be at home again and she hardly ever leaves me, but sits on my shoulder or arm. She is sitting on my hand now, as I write this little story about her, occasionally jumping down on my writing. If I lie down on a couch with a shawl for cover and leave a little place open so that she can crawl under the shawl, she lies down on the pillow beside me and goes to sleep after being petted awhile and, if she is disturbed, she bites.

She shows much curiosity, watching when we work or do anything, stretching her neck to see what it is. If we have any food to eat, she runs down the arm and claims her share. Sometimes she sits on Mr. Forssell's hand when he draws and when she gets tired she just tucks her head under her wing and goes to sleep on his hand, even while he works. Sometimes she likes to sit alone down stairs on the back of a chair in the sunshine and sing. She can sing

as no other sparrow. She can sing long notes: "Tch-e-e-e-e-e-e." It is very funny to hear her try to sing hard.

When the door bell rings she wants to see who comes, for she knows the members of Sampo Lodge, T. S., who meet at our house, and then she dances about on the floor when they sit around.

At night when Dicky wants to be put up on her picture frame to bed (she can fly up there herself, but she won't), she cries in a very peculiar way and if we don't go, she gets angry and bites and screams harder and harder until we do.

I often wonder what she will be in her next incarnation, for I don't believe that she will ever be a sparrow again. I wonder if she will be a little nature spirit, and if she will know her friends again.

E. H. Forssell.

DANGEROUS FLOWERS

By "Lotus"

PERHAPS you will wonder how a flower can be dangerous and, to tell you the truth, children, those we are to study are not dangerous to human beings, only to insects and butterflies. Those which I have numbered I, II and III are pitcher plants. When you

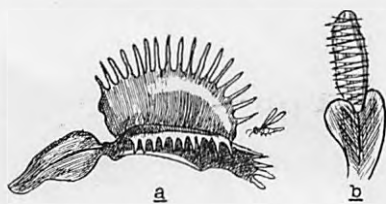


look carefully at the first two you will see that they really do look rather like pitchers. On the edge of one a little insect is walking. He has been attracted by the rich scarlet coloring of the pitcher. When he alighted he found that just inside the rim was a very sweet honey. Let us hope, however, he does not try to reach the sweet stuff, for once he starts inward he will find himself on a slippery downward-pointing tooth on which he cannot obtain a foot-hold and he

will tumble into the sticky substance at the bottom of the flower, where he will perish.

The second of the pitchers grows on the tip of a leaf, suspended by a delicate tendril. There it gaily swings in the wind, attracting attention to itself by its brightly-painted body.

The third one is differently shaped, but equally dangerous to the innocent insects. The top is a brilliantly-dyed hood, with a blade-like leaf to guard the entrance. Miss Moth is venturing under the blade. If she goes on she will find herself in a narrow passage filled with hairs, all pointing downwards to the honey-filled centre of the flower. She can very easily pass down this soft carpet of hairs, but when she tries to come back she will find that instead of being soft, they are hard sharp spikes. Poor little Miss Moth will *become* food instead of obtaining it, as she had hoped.



The fourth flower is a Venus's fly-trap and the name tells you just what it is. If a fly alights on either of the tooth-edged lobes of the trap, the two blades close up sharply and the fly is digested in much the same way that we digest our food; (a) shows the trap open and (b) shows it closed.

Fortunately for the insect world, these savage flowers are becoming more and more rare. Like all evil things, they will perish and disappear. When all the men and women and the little children of the world are good and beautiful, everything that is fierce and ugly will disappear. My little readers can help to hasten that happy day by thinking only good thoughts and doing only good deeds.



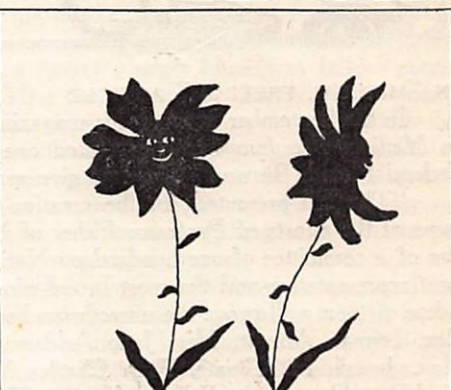
*"A bird came down the walk;
He didn't know I saw;
He bit an angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.*

*"And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sideways to the wall
To let a beetle pass."*



THE FUNNY SPRITES

Why does Green Corn prick up his ears?
Why are the Daisies laughing tears?
Why are the Pumpkins grinning so?
And the Iris shouting? Do you know?
Why, yes, see in the moonbeams bright
On every grass blade is a sprite.



FOUNDATION STONES, by James Allen. Publishers: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1913. pp. 53. Price, 50 cents net.

The author gives a definite plan for the shaping of a happy and successful life. He begins with five basic principles: duty, honesty, economy, liberality and self-control. He shows how, taken in their broadest sense and worked out, they develop the highest character—hence result in mastery and peace. In their broad, inclusive sense he makes duty synonymous with thoroughness, exactness, efficiency, in every detail of life. In honesty, the utmost sincerity in thought, word and deed is implied. Economy demands conservation of energy, the avoidance of all self-indulgence. Liberality means the giving of our thoughts, deeds, good-will and sympathy to others; and self-control includes the practice of patience, purity, gentleness, kindness and steadfastness. Each chapter might be taken as a text to work out in daily practice.

E. G. T.

MEDITATIONS, by James Allen. Publishers: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1913. pp. 366. Price, \$1.00 net.

A Year Book which should be in the hands of every aspirant for the higher life. It leads one up by easy steps, revealing ever higher and diviner truths. Following the line of meditations indicated in this manual, the least instructed soul may become a spiritual power. The way is made so plain and the ascent is so gradual from the delusion of the personal self to the clear vision of the Higher Self that very young and undisciplined souls may easily begin the climb. The passages, chosen from James Allen's many works, are deep and sublime and contain treasures even for the most advanced souls.

E. G. T.

THE LITTLE WINDOW, by Helen M. Hodsdon. Publishers: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1913. pp. 87. Price, 50 cents net.

A quaint, homely little picture of New England village life is the setting for this tale, and a wholesome lesson is woven like a thread of light through the grey story. The lesson shows how a rigid, frosty, self-righteous nature may be softened and subdued by the transforming power of divine love. A lecture on *New Thought* is used as the agency through which the change is wrought.

It is an exceptionally strong story, and some excellent drawings well illustrate the text and give a finishing tone to the attractive little book.

E. G. T.

Mrs. Albert Goldie of Sydney, or "Dulcie Dreamer," as is her pen name, is in America to arrange for the publication of her latest book. When a mere girl she published her first story, which showed such an intimate knowledge of the life of ages ago that eminent anthropologists, historians and other wise men of Australia took part in the controversy that arose about it and about the unbelievable fact that it had been written by a young girl. Besides giving little known details of the stone age, she has woven into her tales incidents in the life of esoteric sects in India of centuries ago.

In our September number we placed a review of the *Handbook* of the Boy Scouts, in which the reviewer stated that "there is too much of the military" in that movement. We have since received a letter from the Chief Scout Executive, calling our attention to the fact that there is a misunderstanding on the part of our reviewer as to the necessity of Boy Scouts requiring uniforms; that it is entirely optional with the local troop to decide whether or not they will use uniforms; that the Boy Scout idea is emphatically opposed to militarism in any manner; and that the records of the Scout movement bear out the claim that it is doing more to develop the individuality of boys than any educational program yet devised.

We gladly give room to this protest against the opinion of our reviewer.



THE FUNNY SPRITES

Why does Green Corn prick up his ears?
 Why are the Daisies laughing tears?
 Why are the Pumpkins grinning so?
 And the Iris shouting? Do you know?
 Why, yes, see in the moonbeams bright
 On every grass blade is a sprite.





ON "MEDICAL FREEDOM" ARTICLE

In the September issue of this magazine, on page 1016, will be found a short article on *Medical Freedom* which presented one set of opinions as to the establishment of a Federal Health Bureau. We now give space to a differing statement of the question:

"The bill presented for the creation of a National Bureau of Health is the outcome of the efforts of Professor Fisher of Yale, which culminated in 1907 in the formation of a committee of one hundred on National Health. We find there the names of the most representative and the most broad-minded Americans of today. The knowledge of a few of them will prove the unsectarian basis of the movement: Professor Irving Fisher, Rev. Lyman Abbott, Miss Jane Addams, Mr. Felix Adler, Pres. James B. Angell, Hon. Joseph H. Choate, Pres. Charles W. Eliot, Archbishop Ireland, Hon. Ben B. Lindsley, Thomas A. Edison, Horace Fletcher, Mrs. John B. Henderson, Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Pres. A. T. Hadley, etc.

"That the American Medical Association has given its support to the measure is not a proof that it originated it and still less that it can make use of it for any short-sighted or selfish purpose. It is entirely to its honor.

"A national department of health would be the means of bringing about these reforms which cannot be carried by the states and which would have a tremendous influence on the health of the people. Some of them are the prevention of the pollution of streams; of the adulteration of foods; of the improper sale of drugs; the suppression of the swindling patent medicine concerns; the handling and the harmonizing of the different agencies that now divide the work of the prevention of contagious diseases. The importance of these objects seems to have been entirely ignored by the author of the article discussed in your September number.

"It is a matter of fact that the opposition to the bill has been mainly fostered and financed by the predatory interests that would lose by it. They have succeeded in enlisting the help of many good but misguided people who are afraid that their pet theories are not going to find due consideration in Washington. Consider the incongruity of the alliance of Duffy's pure malt whiskey with naturopathy and Christian Science. Tirades have always a grand effect and the interests have shrewd intellects on their staff.

"Professor Fisher has taken the trouble to answer in full some allegations. His answer appeared in *The Journal-Courier* of New Haven.

[Dr. Buttner here quotes at length from the aforementioned newspaper. We include with this only two of the abstracted paragraphs, with the suggestion that our readers specially interested obtain entire Dr. Fisher's reply.—The Editor.]

"So far as I know, all reasonable people who have really attempted to get at the facts as to the opposition to public health legislation are convinced that there is no just ground for it and that much of the motive behind it is of a very questionable character.

"It is significant that the "league" has, as a result of its misrepresentation and its affiliations, gradually lost the support of those who constituted at first its most substantial backing. *The New York Herald*, which gave it its first boost, has ceased its support; the homeopaths who were proclaimed as favoring it have, through the American Institute of Homeopathy at a recent meeting and in other instances, repudiated this and

have, on the contrary, supported the Owen bill. . . . The General Federation of Women's Clubs has refused to be diverted from supporting it. In the three main political parties the health plank has been adopted.'

"Those who would want more details on the matter may procure from Professor Irving Fisher, New Haven, Conn., Senate Document No. 493, entitled *A Memorial Relating to the Conservation of Human Life*.

"As to the other points that are made in *The American Theosophist* article, it would take too much space to discuss fully. Permit me to say, however, that there is no such thing as "allopathy." Present-day medicine is essentially experimental, otherwise called scientific. There is no theory or doctrine that a doctor pledges himself to follow except his experience combined with that of others. That the practice of medicine leaves much to be desired almost everybody recognizes. This is not so much on account of the imperfections of the science as the imperfections of the men that apply it. The quality of medical practice depends also on the educational standards that are in force, and it is well known that they are exceedingly low in this country. Whatever else the American Medical Association has not done, it has done at least one good thing in helping in the establishment of higher standards for the granting of medical degrees.

"There is no antagonism between the so-called nature methods of healing and the others. All methods have their applications that a well educated physician should know. Frequently he has to do the best he can with what he has. The application of ideal procedures is often impossible. The general acceptance of the open air method for the cure of tuberculosis, the bath treatment of typhoid fever, etc., the mechanico-therapeutic, hydro-therapeutic, electric systems that doctors of all schools employ are proof that there is a thorough search for the best, irrespective of philosophies.

"It behooves us to demonstrate the harmonies rather than to hail the discords, to be a binding link rather than a dividing force, to work for the unification of the warring factions in our social life rather than to emphasize their separating attitudes."

J. L. Buttner, M. D.

OUR YOUNGER BROTHERS

In *La Gazette de Lauzanne* Francis de Miomandre relates an incident illustrating the singularly strong affection which animals sometimes show toward their human masters.

A monkey in a shop with twenty others singled him out as the object of its pathetically intense attachment every time he came there. To other people it did not pay any attention. After the little animal became domiciled in his home it grew more devoted to him all the time, showing that for it he was a sacred and infallible being.

Then the author refers to the charming Hindu doctrine regarding pets which, shortly expressed, is: that when we are thus chosen by the affection of animals we become their instructor, their guru; and that the same relation will exist between us when in another incarnation they will be undeveloped men and we highly evolved beings.

This thought, which is brought out in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* and in other Theosophical literature, constrains to unceasing kindness and helpful effort towards our sub-human brothers.

ISLANDS DISAPPEAR

Two of the Tonga Islands in the Southern Pacific are reported to have just been wiped from the map by a big tidal wave, and all the inhabitants have gone down with them.

Every once in a while new islands come up and old ones disappear. Just so, in course of time, old continents go down and new ones arise from the depths. It proves, in its own way, at least the strong possibility of old Atlantis and Lemuria.

A SYMBOLICAL BUTTON

A correspondent sends us a wax impression of a bronze button which was worn in the eighteenth century by a priest of Lompoc on his cassock. It represents a heart carried on two wings; from the heart issues a serpent's head, on which rest a crown and a cross. Encircling it is the inscription: "Je renaiss de mes cendres." (From my ashes I am born again.) Evidently we have here an emblem of reincarnation as portrayed in past ages by an esoteric branch of the Catholic Church.

SUN-WORSHIP IN STONEHENGE

For the last few years a sect called *Sons of Men*, said to be of Tibetan origin, has been worshipping at Stonehenge on the day of the summer solstice. The sect consists mainly of orientals but has also adherents in Europe, two or three thousand in England alone.

The pilgrims gather before dawn and await the sunrise, prostrating before the great altar-stone and reciting prayers, each in his own tongue. From one of those prayers we quote: "Believing in the omnipotent power, I believe in the great conception of the infinite called Allah, universal majesty, truth and infinite love, who dwells in our hearts. I believe in the growth of all things toward good, and also in the intentional evolution of all things toward the better and toward the best." Certainly a broad statement of belief.

The report neglects to state whether or not the high priest wore a live serpent round his neck as in the days of the original pure Druid worship, as described by A. P. Sinnett in *The Pyramids and Stonehenge*.

INVISIBLE HELPER AT WORK

One of our readers, a physician, sent us an account of a patient of his who was released from servitude to an aged miser through the intervention of an invisible helper. This latter showed her how her employer looked on the astral plane. This is what she saw:

On a mountain top a splendid city, the buildings in it covered with precious stones, and brilliantly illuminated. At the foot of the mountain stood the miser, ragged and dirty, counting the gold he had in bags with him. Looking up, amazed at the sight of the beautiful city, he took up his bags and began to ascend towards it. But the gold grew heavier with each step and the hill steeper. He frantically struggled on, until the gold became so heavy that he was forced to abandon the climb.

Here the scene was closed. Her helper then urged her to give up her service to the miser—a man known to be a millionaire, who for a mere alms made her work so hard that she often felt faint, and once actually fainted before his eyes. When she remarked to her helper that she had to go on, because she needed the pittance, anyway, she was told that the money would be provided for.

Quite unexpectedly, a few days after she left the miser, a German countess offered her an allowance that frees her from care and enables her to take up work useful for others.

ADDING YEARS TO YOUR LIFE

Under this title, the September number of *The Cosmopolitan* gives some interesting hints concerning diet and its bearing on longevity. The point brought out is that proteids, while necessary to life, also help to destroy it. Nitrogenous food—that is, food containing protein in excessive quantities, such as meat of all kinds—leads to arterial degeneration. The result is seen in derangements of the circulatory system and in these diseases the death rate is very high.

There is a relatively high percentage of protein in leguminous vegetables and a fair amount in bread, milk and cheese. Thus the careful vegetarian can get all the protein he needs without the danger of getting too much. He is said, therefore, to be more likely to add years to his life than the meat eater.

DEGENERATING RACES

Stewart Edward White, an explorer of Africa, makes a startling statement in *The Land of Footprints*, his new book just published by Doubleday, Page & Co. He considers the African tribes not as primitive peoples, but as peoples at the end of a long decline of ages, as effete races, the debris of a prehistoric civilization.

This statement perfectly corroborates what C. W. Leadbeater states in his book, *The Inner Life*, about the African pygmies. Through occult investigation he found that these pygmies are a long-isolated fragment of the fourth sub-race of the Lemurians, the last relics of a dying race.

RETROGRADING CREATURES

In *The Vahan*, for August a correspondent states that a world-known occultist told him how H. P. B. once talked about "retrograding creatures" and said that black-beetles and mosquitoes were included in that class and that it was therefore not wrong to kill them but, on the contrary, to do so would be assisting evolution. The correspondent then goes on and asks: "Is it not possible that there are other classes both of animals and plants which may be looked upon as 'failures of Nature?'"

Well, to be consistent, had we not better go to Africa and help evolution on there a little by killing out the pygmies? They certainly are also "retrograding creatures," as the previous clipping shows.

A member of a very religious sect—all vegetarians, and opposed to killing for personal adornment and otherwise—once said seriously to me that it was good to kill mice, rats, mosquitoes, and all other harmful creatures, because they were not created by God but were of the devil's make. We fear that the term "helping evolution by killing retrograding creatures" will become the Theosophical equivalent of this orthodox phrase to all who want to find an excuse for killing whatever annoys or hinders them in any way.

VEGETARIANS WITH MUSCLES

In refutation of the theory that meat is necessary for physical strength, we refer to the "Saxon Trio" of athletes and their remarkable exhibitions of strength at Ringling Brothers' circus. They are vegetarians and have never tasted alcohol—yet one of them has proven himself to be the champion of all strong men. One of his feats is that he raises above his head, with one hand, a dumb-bell of three hundred seventy-four pounds.

A vegetarian may have as much chance as a meat eater to fail in health; yet, from the above, we see that he has at least as good a chance as anybody else to be strong.

SCARAB REVEALS STORY OF AMEN-RA

According to an article in *The World Magazine*, Mrs. Billings, of Passaic, New Jersey, claims to have solved—through a sacred scarab in her possession—the riddle of the well-known and awesome mummy of Amen-Ra. The scarab, which an Egyptologist of the New York Museum declares to be about three thousand years old, impels Mrs. Billings to write. As she held the amulet in her hand for the first time she experienced a strange thrill, followed by a vision of ancient Egypt. She is neither a learned woman nor a psychic in the ordinary sense of the term. She has never written, and philosophy is a sealed science to her; yet, under the strange power of the scarab, the life of the mummy priestess lies open before her.

The descriptions in her book are said to be vivid and to portray the rich life of long ago, when Egypt was a centre of learning, wealth and power. We are anxiously expecting the book. We wonder if it is the product of revived memory of a previous incarnation—and in what subtle way the mystic scarab has linked its present owner with the mummy and with the past.

BELIEF IN VAMPIRES

In all countries traces can be found of the belief in these blood-sucking apparitions, or "living, murderous dead bodies." Proofs of the persistence of that belief are just now furnished from a small Russian village, according to *The London Standard*. Ten members of one family died there shortly one after another, and the surviving members, believing that those deaths were the result of the roving spirit of a certain deceased foe, disinterred the latter's remains and cut off the head. A few years ago there was an epidemic of vampirism in a Bulgarian village. The inhabitants became so frightened that when night came all assembled in one central hall and passed the night together, under guard. During this absence from their homes the enraged vampires smeared pictures, ornaments and furniture with blood and dirt. And quite recently there was reported the story of a Hungarian farmer who dug up the corpse of a supposed vampire and by driving a stake through the body put an end to its mischief.

The student of the occult can find an explanation of vampirism by looking up what C. W. Leadbeater says in the first volume of *The Inner Life*.

THE STORY OF THE FLOOD

A Babylonian tablet, dug up in Nippur several years ago, has been deciphered by Dr. Poebel of the University of Pennsylvania. It is said to be the oldest historical document yet found, written about 1200 B. C. It contains an epic of great length, purporting to reach back to the creation. It tells about the destruction of mankind "by a rain-storm" and how Ziugidda—who seems to be the same as Noah of the Hebrews—made a huge boat in which he and his family were saved.

From other tablets found with the above, it was seen that at that time historians believed that forty-six thousand years had intervened between creation and the flood. They certainly had a wider conception of the period of existence of the earth than can be found with some of our contemporaries. If theologians find in this tablet some sort of confirmation of the Biblical account of Eden, Noah and the Flood; if archeologists find evidence in it of vast civilizations, with cities that antedate recorded history, with arts, sciences, literature, and a state of enlightenment similar to that which we enjoy; if ethnologists triumphantly point to it as proof that humanity has peopled the earth for untold ages—Theosophists may well be satisfied with the simple fact that once more scientific research has affixed its seal of verification to the claims made by the Ancient Wisdom.

CHILD PLAYING WITH FUNNY FAIRIES

Four-year-old Joan Maude has written a book, or rather, she has told it all to her mother and mother has written it down. *Behind the Night Lights* is the name of it, and John Murray, one of England's most prominent publishers, has called it "an astonishing production" and published it.

It describes all the little friends of Joan Maude, a queer lot of tiny creatures that nobody else can see. But they often come to play with her in the daytime and at night, and her often-repeated descriptions are always actually the same and quite complete.

One of the things she told her mother is: "When you come in my room at night and think I am lying in bed, I'm not; we go to palaces at night"

Psychologists say it is all child's "fancy." We, who know the reality of fairies and of astral life, are more inclined to think that Joan's playmates really exist.

FAIRIES ON CANVAS

A young artist of Glasgow, Annie French, who has won great honors in Paris and Berlin, believes in fairies and all the sprites of the woods. In her "dreams" she sees them and in the morning puts them on canvas.

She also paints scenes from the life of primeval man, which she sees as visions through "peep-holes into the past."

ANCIENT COPTIC TEXTS

The translation of some manuscripts in the British Museum by Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, throws a new side-light on historical Christianity.

These manuscripts have been published in a volume entitled *Coptic Apocrypha in the Dialect of Upper Egypt. The Book of the Resurrection*, by Bartholomew is the most important of these Coptic texts, and is stated to have been found near the ruins of an old monastery outside Edfu. Its origin is purely Egyptian and is based upon very ancient legends and traditions. All the texts illustrate the grafting of Egyptian beliefs into Coptic Christianity. Many of the names correspond to the names in Egyptian mythology—as for instance *Amente*, the place of departed spirits which Christ is said to have visited after His death. The *Twelve Virtues of the Holy Spirit* are similar to the qualities which the ancient Egyptians attributed to divine beings. The use of the *Words of Power* is found in Egyptian mythology.

These Coptic texts will prove of value to the student of Egyptian Christianity as well as to those interested in paleography.

GOOD IN CATASTROPHES

In *The Hartford Daily Courant* we found an account of the Dayton flood, taken from the diary of an eye-witness. The closing thoughts show the purifying and uplifting effect of such terrific occurrences. We quote:

"Dayton is not to be pitied. Dayton for the moment is glorified. We shall doubtless again descend into the spiritual night and fight each other in the dark, but we shall not forget our arch-angelic state when the flood washed each of us to the level of his own soul and we lived in the light of a hitherto unseen glory."

Certainly, the ego will never forget. Hard as such catastrophes may strike the individual, compassionate as we do feel toward the sufferers—yet, if we view it all from the evolutionary standpoint, we shall find the ultimate and absolute good in such apparent evil.

TESTIMONY ABOUT LEMURIA

During an oceanographic trip in 1912, Captain J. K. Davis, of the Mawson Antarctic exploration ship *Aurora*, discovered, about two hundred miles south of Tasmania, a vast submarine bank, the crest of which is about 150 miles long and about 100 miles wide, and stands 11,000 feet above the general level of the neighboring sea floor. This immense ridge is thought to be a fragment of a lost continent.

After looking up the maps in W. Scott-Elliot's book on *The Lost Lemuria*, we don't doubt it to be so. The map of Lemuria at the time of its greatest extent shows an enormous peninsula just south of where Tasmania is now, and on it a high mountain range, exactly where the newly-discovered bank is found; its crest is doubtless this old Lemurian mountain range.

TESTIMONY ABOUT ATLANTIS

A disposition has been manifest of late to treat the problem of Atlantis from a more scientific standpoint than has for long been the case. In No. 256 of the *Bulletin de L'Institut Océanographique* of Monaco, Professor Ternier gives a very interesting, purely scientific, study on the subject, in which he comes to the conclusion that Plato's story must be based on actual facts. He deals mainly with the geological proofs, while another contributor, M. Louis Germain, puts forward some zoological evidence in the same direction. Maybe the day is not far away when the literature of our Theosophical investigators about Atlantis will be acknowledged by scientists to contain the truth, and nothing but the truth.



QUESTIONS

In "*The Inner Life*" you seem to me to belittle the working of the mind and to appeal principally to the emotions. Now all that I have been able to do for Theosophy has been done by means of the mind and done because I am intellectually convinced of the truth of the system. If I draw force from the Blessed Sacrament, as you yourself advise in "*The Hidden Side of Things*," and send it to people whom I want to help, am I thereby doing a higher work than the ordinary intellectual propaganda? B. H.

I trust you will not suppose from anything that is said in *The Inner Life* that I in any way undervalue the necessity for the development of the lower mind. On the contrary, I consider its culture most important, for I think that we ought to dedicate all the powers both of our intellect and our emotions to the service of the Great Ones, and in order to do this we must have something to offer which is worth giving. It is indeed eminently desirable that every member of our society should train himself intellectually, for devotion without wisdom often goes astray, as we have already frequently seen in Theosophical history. I think you will find, if you read carefully the books which I have written, that I have always been specially anxious to maintain and to advocate an attitude of sound common sense in the study of Theosophy. I know quite well that devotion is necessary, for it is the great motive power; but if it is to produce good results it must be intelligent devotion, based not upon blind credulity but on sound reason. I think this cannot be emphasized too strongly, because it is so easy for the beginner to forget it in his enthusiasm. Have you ever read a pamphlet which I wrote some time ago called *The Attitude of the Enquirer*? I think if you will look at that you will see that I by no means belittle the claims of the lower mind to consideration.

I do think, however, that we should endeavor as soon as possible to make the lower mind a vehicle and expression of the higher, so that instead of wasting its time in merely futile discriminations it should learn the one great discrimination—the recognition of the Divine under all its manifold aspects. We all agree in deploring the condition of the man who is a slave of his astral body and lets himself be swept off his balance by the gusts of passion that rush through it, but we must remember that it is no less undesirable that a man should be the slave of his mind. The mind is intended to be an instrument in the hands of the soul, so that it may be used to discover for him what he needs to know and to discriminate for him between good and evil; but for that purpose it is necessary that he should have perfect control of it—not that it should be allowed to master him and keep him running round and round in a maze of petty arguments, like a squirrel in a cage. You remember the old Indian simile that the emotions are the horses which pull the chariot, while the mind is the driver that directs them; but, in order that progress may be made, both must be under the orders of the soul who sits in the chariot.

A thorough intellectual grasp of the Theosophical system of teaching is necessary if one wishes to do any propaganda work. I do not think that you can usefully compare the results which you produce by propaganda work on the physical plane with those that you obtain by drawing forth strength from the Blessed Sacrament and pouring it

abroad for the helping of man. Both these things are good and necessary, but they are absolutely different. In the one case you are appealing to the man from outside; in the other case you are endeavoring to awaken within him high feeling and high resolve, to give him strength and purity and peace. Verily, both are good and both are necessary; why should we try to set the two ideas one in opposition to the other? Let us throw our strength into each in turn, as opportunity offers, feeling sure that in both cases we are doing the Master's work to the uttermost of our ability.

C. W. L.

How do you account for the triumph of the wicked and the downfall of the just; for material prosperity coming to men who are dishonest; for the fact that politicians and others rise to prominence, power and wealth by trickery and corruption?

J. K.

In order to answer this question properly, one must ask a question in turn. From what standpoint does one judge these things? If man can perceive but the narrow strip of ground whereon he dwells; if of life all he knows is contained in this one short stay upon earth, how then can he judge of eternal and universal order? To weigh justice or injustice we must rise above the narrow limits that enclose this life and consider the totality of our lives. Evil then appears as a transitory state, as one of the lower phases of man's evolution toward righteousness. The politician has earned place, power and prosperity in some former life (probably because he gave physical happiness to others), and if he misuses them now that he has them, he will be held accountable by the divine law of justice, or karma, and be deprived of them when the time is ripe. Have we not often seen such persons reduced to poverty, and sometimes disgrace, within a few years?

D. R.

In making some study of Theosophy, unfortunately so far the arguments adduced in its support do not appeal to me and are too far removed from scientific speculations to be of great value. What are the evidences to prove that science should corroborate the teachings of Theosophy?

W.

We do not expect modern science to fully corroborate the teachings of Theosophy at the present time. Madame Blavatsky, in *The Secret Doctrine*, says that in this century her teachings will be scoffed at, but that in future centuries science will prove her statements to be true. There seem to be some evidences that science is making good headway in this direction. Already we find scientists accepting the same theory of the nature of the atom and they are recognizing the presence and the use of ether in our universe. They have not yet discovered the four grades of ether, but they are working toward it. Modern archeological researches are proving the existence of Atlantis and Lemuria, and remains of mighty civilizations are being unearthed. Recently an egg-shaped skull was found, belonging to a race away back in Lemurian times. Statues of mighty men of Lemurian times are being discovered in the huge temples. Halls of initiation with inscriptions referring to the teachings of ancient mysteries are found, and evidences of great teachers, men of vast knowledge of science and the laws of nature, who led and instructed the people, are coming to light.

When we consider the terrible catastrophes which destroy continents and how the whole surface of our earth is changed and renewed for the advent of each new race, we are surprised that so many, not so few, remains of races are found. Scientists know that a new continent is rising in the Pacific Ocean and that parts of our continent are sinking.

We would refer the questioner to the new book *Man, Whence, How and Whither*, written by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, which goes deeply into these subjects and throws more light upon them than does *The Pedigree of Man*. If also he will try to put aside all preconceived ideas and accept as a working hypothesis the idea that matter exists in seven grades of differing degrees of density and of different rates of vibration, and that man is an individualized centre of consciousness which can exist and evolve in vehicles of differing grades of matter and at various rates of vibration, many of our teachings will

be easy of acceptance. If we can grasp the idea that the spiritual things are the reality and that the physical is only a reflection of the higher, a temporary manifestation, and that consciousness precedes form and creates for its use forms of different density to act as vehicles on different planes of matter, then and, we believe, only then shall we be able to understand reincarnation and other subjects taught by Theosophy. K. G. H.

How much truth and how much error is there in the book by Max Heindel called "The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception?"

This book is a presentation of the author's conception of truth from the Rosicrucian standpoint. As in the case of all such works, each reader must decide for himself how much of truth the statements therein made seem to disclose. There is no established dogma in such matters and there truly never can be. The God within each one of us is the final arbiter for each of what is or is not truth.

Is it true that an ego incarnates alternately as a male and female? If you answer "yes," I should like to know how such a statement can be regarded as not conflicting with laws of nature, especially when we consider instinct.

I do not believe it is true that an ego incarnates alternately as a male and female as a rule, although it is conceivable that such a thing may be possible. In looking over the lives of various egos as disclosed by clairvoyant investigation and appearing in *Rents in the Veil of Time*, it seems that the incarnations run in alternate series of several lives in one sex and then several in another. I have always regarded the so-called masculine woman as an incarnation of an ego that has just closed a series of masculine incarnations; likewise the effeminate man as the incarnation of an ego having just closed a series of feminine incarnations. It must be remembered that in the long series of incarnations the ego has taken both forms, and what you call instinct may perhaps be the manifestation of the type most recently emphasized.

You advertised a reading by an astrologer as a sort of premium with your magazine just after I subscribed. How do you explain or reconcile astrology, or rather its claims, with the teachings of Theosophy, particularly with the idea of each soul working out his or her own salvation?

Astrology probably shows the lines of least resistance for the developing soul, and its aphorism, "The wise man rules his stars, the fool is ruled by them," is fully in keeping with Theosophical teachings.

Do you really think that a man could rely on an astrological reading in trying to find an answer to a question as to whether he would do better, in a general way, in one place or in another far removed?

I personally believe that the habit of constantly consulting one's horoscope for the practical details of life is harmful with most people. It develops a habit of relying upon the dictum of some person or system as to what one ought to do, when the normal course of evolution develops self-reliance and the deep conviction that one can make one's future what one will. Unless one is strong in this conviction, one is apt to become inert under unfavorable influences and capitulate entirely to the supposed conditions of the horoscope. In a general way I think a reading helps one to realize the co-operation between man and nature and, if one is not foolish enough to allow such reading to stand in the way of one's own initiative and the supremacy of the God within, it may be interesting and often illuminating, not to say helpful.

Are there clairvoyants from whom one can learn the why of things in this life?

Do you not find the why of things clearly set forth in Theosophical books? Much that is given therein has either been disclosed by clairvoyant research or illuminated by it.

A. P. W.



BOOK REVIEWS



The books here reviewed can be ordered from the publishers named with each; also from *The Theosophical Book Concern*, Krotana, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif.; or from your nearest dealer in Theosophical books.

THE MASTER, by J. Todd Ferrier. Publishers: Percy Lund, Humphries and Co., Ltd., 3 Amen Corner, London, E. C. 1913. pp. 520. Price, \$2.10.

This book well justifies the belief that the days of mysticism are not over, after all. On every page are indications of the life and thought of the typical modern mystic. The work is devoted to trying to clear the mists of superstition from the orthodox views of the Christ story and the attempt is, on the whole, successful. The author feels that he has found and become the mouthpiece for the true view of the Gospel legends. He believes that the Gospel stories were never intended to represent a biography of the Teacher, although he believes also that the great Christian Master was an historical as well as an ideal figure. He considers the Bible legends to be allegorical representations of sublime truths rather than accounts of historical facts and, with this idea in mind, he devotes most of the space of the large volume to illustrations of the parables and the truths which each represents. The spirit of the interpretations is of a beautifully uplifting type, wholly Christian in viewpoint but not orthodoxly Christian. It will surely help its readers to understand the spiritual significance of the Christ life. We long, however, for the day when those investigators who can accurately read the akashic records will write for us a fuller account of the historical events which made up the earth life of Christianity's Teacher, so that such a work could be placed with this in the hands of all who wish to find a truthful view of His religion. Thus one would see the form as well as the spirit, the physical life as well as the spiritual life which He lived. Yet, since we cannot have both, it is well that we have at least the spirit of His teachings at our disposal, and this work of Mr. Ferrier is by far the most beautiful presentation that we have had of the purely allegorical significance of the well loved stories.

M. T.

THE UPAS TREE, by Florence L. Barclay. Publishers: G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1913. pp. 287. Price, \$1.25.

This is a beautiful Christian story, wherein reincarnation is spoken of, though not as an essential explanation of life. To do our very best in the present is the key-note of the book.

The story tells of a young married couple whose relation to one another is ideal. The musical husband always longs for a violoncello. At last he buys one that is very old. Arriving home, he plays on the cello the most wonderful music—weird, uncanny in its power, unearthly in its beauty. Then there transpires before him in the mirror, witnessed also by his wife and a physician, a scene of a previous incarnation in which he was an Italian musician about to be murdered, but he was saved by throwing the cello in the way of the dagger. The hole made by this dagger is later found to be in his cello, repaired in such a way that only one who knew where to look could see it.

Altogether it is a story of rare charm, powerful in conception, compelling in narrative and wholesome in effect.

J. H. E.

STUDIES IN THE LESSER MYSTERIES, by *F. G. Montagu Powell*. Publishers: *The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W.* 1913. pp. 124. Price, \$0.60.

This excellent little book is written by one of the vast army of enlightened Christians who are giving out to the world Theosophical teachings, even though the word Theosophy is not to be found in their writings. Such books are far-reaching in their effect, in making the way plainer for the Great Coming, and in helping to unite the Theosophical movement and the churches.

There is in this book an illuminating chapter on the deeply interesting Mithraic mysteries, showing clearly how the Christians have in their rites and ceremonies taken over much from Mithra, notably baptism and the Lord's Supper, the sacrament of bread and wine.

In speaking very clearly regarding the twelve signs of the zodiac, the author says that he is convinced that they represent twelve stages in our spiritual development, evolution and career, through every one of which every member of the human family must pass. And the twelve disciples he explains to represent twelve attributes or phases of our own unregenerate natural being.

In the chapter *The Virgin of the World* he speaks of the animal group-soul, life in metals, choice in the vegetable world, cosmic consciousness, etc. Another chapter shows how great the heights man can and will attain through repeated births, "until the Child Christ is born in you." And he brings out how the law of karma has been taught by Jesus.

I would like to send this book to every minister in the land, and to everyone brought up in Christian orthodoxy, as a splendid introduction to the great truths of Theosophy.

A. C. C.

TRAINING FOR EFFICIENCY, by *Orison Swett Marden*. Publishers: *Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.* 1913. pp. 360. Price, \$1.25 net.

The subject indicated by the title is dealt with in a broad and excellent manner, right thinking being shown as the keystone of the arch of an efficient life. High ideals, one-pointedness of purpose, directness of effort coupled with conservation, are perhaps the most important phases clearly and interestingly elucidated. Poverty and difficult circumstances are pointed out as starting-points and incentives to developing strong characters by examples set by such men as Lincoln, Cleveland, Carnegie and others. Just as a blacksmith develops muscle and strength by continuous and vigorous physical exercise, so an individual becomes strong in character by determination, right thinking and right living. "The best is none too good" in quality of work done, it is claimed, and that is only attained by endeavoring to perform everything in thought, word and deed—particularly the commonplace routine work of every-day life—better than others, not with a view of a larger pay envelope but of service to mankind and of developing a good, strong, noble character.

C. L. V.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MADAME BLAVATSKY, by *A. P. Sinnett*. Publishers: *The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W.* 1913. pp. 256. Price, \$1.00.

We are glad there is at last a reprint of this biography, which was first published in 1886 and has been for many years difficult to obtain. Closely connected as he was with H. P. B. for many years, and having received from her sister and from other members of her family a great amount of direct information about herself and her childhood, no one could better write her biography than Mr. Sinnett. His striking story of her life ought to be known to every one who looks upon her as the great pioneer of the Theosophical movement. Four good portraits of H. P. B., taken at different periods, illustrate the book.

A. T.

THE BIBLE AND MODERN LITERATURE, by Edward Adams Cantrell. Publishers: Los Angeles Liberal Club, Los Angeles, Calif. pp. 58. Price, 50 cents. Paper cover.

The author of this brochure has made some comparisons of the literature of today with the ancient Jewish Scriptures, not to the discredit of the latter. Some very good points are brought out in the chapters on comparative religions, similarities in the sacred books, and Buddhism and Christianity. In the latter some interesting examples are given of the similarity of these two world religions, which are easily understood by a Theosophist.

A. H. T.

INDIA (ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES, VOL. IV), by Annie Besant. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W. 1913. pp. 328. Price, \$1.00.

The series *Essays and Addresses* is a most commendable effort to retain those fleeting contributions by Mrs. Besant which otherwise might easily be lost—"fleeting" I mean only in the sense that they promised to lose themselves in the ceaseless stream of events and go nameless and forgotten into the future without doing the work that they may now do. For this is a collection of some of her short articles and speeches carrying precious advice chiefly to the sleeping spiritual powers of the Indian millions, but also to the nation of her birth.

To seize upon the best of all this that is so good is most difficult, but after careful reading and thought one is inclined to say that no pronouncement in this volume is more remarkable than that to which this gifted speaker gives utterance in the address called *Theosophy and Imperialism*. There she has touched the key which it seems must be her destiny to sound most strongly, and not only is the note one of power but also is it one of beauty as it pours out in all the eloquence of her fluent speech. Whatever the future may bring forth of good or ill to the British factors of the Teuton empire, let none say that Mrs. Besant has failed to post, where all who run may read, signs of the present and the future for the welfare of that empire and those peoples. For these signs, if for no other cause, the reading of this volume is worthy of the time of the most busy of us in this busy age.

L. E. G.

EVOLUTION AND OCCULTISM (ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES, VOL. III), by Annie Besant. Publishers: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W. 1913. pp. 295. Price, \$1.00.

To the casual reader who has even a slight interest in the world's work this volume will be well worth while; the mere enumeration of titles of the several lectures gives a great range of thought: 1. *Birth and Evolution of the Soul*; 2. *What is Theosophy?* 3. *The Evolution of Man*; 4. *Materialism Undermined by Science*; 5. *Ancient and Modern Science*; 6. *Modern Science and the Higher Self*; 7. *Occultism, Semi-Occultism and Pseudo-Occultism*; 8. *The Light and Dark Sides of Nature*; 9. *The Destinies of Nations*; 10. *The Hatha-Yoga and Raja-Yoga of India*; 11. *Men and Animals*.

Every article and lecture is complete in itself. The book as a whole seems like a far cry to the Parliament of Religions of 1893, on *The Evolution of Man*. Those of us who remember that spiritual "evolution" was then a very debatable point, by no means conceded to be even a reasonable theory, now can the more appreciate the fact that Mrs. Besant's recent lectures on the same subject are noted in the press as "the most amazing spectacle" in London, "prolific of surprises."

The publishers state that the articles have been only in fugitive form heretofore and mostly out of print. Being manifestly valuable, they have now been gathered together. To all who study the evolution of consciousness, apart from caring whence the argument comes, there is much precious material amassed in this volume.

M. E. M.

FOUNDATION STONES, by James Allen. Publishers: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1913. pp. 53. Price, 50 cents net.

The author gives a definite plan for the shaping of a happy and successful life. He begins with five basic principles: duty, honesty, economy, liberality and self-control. He shows how, taken in their broadest sense and worked out, they develop the highest character—hence result in mastery and peace. In their broad, inclusive sense he makes duty synonymous with thoroughness, exactness, efficiency, in every detail of life. In honesty, the utmost sincerity in thought, word and deed is implied. Economy demands conservation of energy, the avoidance of all self-indulgence. Liberality means the giving of our thoughts, deeds, good-will and sympathy to others; and self-control includes the practice of patience, purity, gentleness, kindness and steadfastness. Each chapter might be taken as a text to work out in daily practice.

E. G. T.

MEDITATIONS, by James Allen. Publishers: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1913. pp. 366. Price, \$1.00 net.

A Year Book which should be in the hands of every aspirant for the higher life. It leads one up by easy steps, revealing ever higher and diviner truths. Following the line of meditations indicated in this manual, the least instructed soul may become a spiritual power. The way is made so plain and the ascent is so gradual from the delusion of the personal self to the clear vision of the Higher Self that very young and undisciplined souls may easily begin the climb. The passages, chosen from James Allen's many works, are deep and sublime and contain treasures even for the most advanced souls.

E. G. T.

THE LITTLE WINDOW, by Helen M. Hodsdon. Publishers: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. 1913. pp. 87. Price, 50 cents net.

A quaint, homely little picture of New England village life is the setting for this tale, and a wholesome lesson is woven like a thread of light through the grey story. The lesson shows how a rigid, frosty, self-righteous nature may be softened and subdued by the transforming power of divine love. A lecture on *New Thought* is used as the agency through which the change is wrought.

It is an exceptionally strong story, and some excellent drawings well illustrate the text and give a finishing tone to the attractive little book.

E. G. T.

Mrs. Albert Goldie of Sydney, or "Dulcie Dreamer," as is her pen name, is in America to arrange for the publication of her latest book. When a mere girl she published her first story, which showed such an intimate knowledge of the life of ages ago that eminent anthropologists, historians and other wise men of Australia took part in the controversy that arose about it and about the unbelievable fact that it had been written by a young girl. Besides giving little known details of the stone age, she has woven into her tales incidents in the life of esoteric sects in Nidia of centuries ago.

In our September number we placed a review of the *Handbook* of the Boy Scouts, in which the reviewer stated that "there is too much of the military" in that movement. We have since received a letter from the Chief Scout Executive, calling our attention to the fact that there is a misunderstanding on the part of our reviewer as to the necessity of Boy Scouts requiring uniforms; that it is entirely optional with the local troop to decide whether or not they will use uniforms; that the Boy Scout idea is emphatically opposed to militarism in any manner; and that the records of the Scout movement bear out the claim that it is doing more to develop the individuality of boys than any educational program yet devised.

We gladly give room to this protest against the opinion of our reviewer.

LODGE DIRECTORY

NOTE: In the Lodge Directory is kept standing (a) the name and address of the Secretary, (b) the address of the Lodge Headquarters, (c) the telephone to be called for information.

AKRON, OHIO: Mrs. M. F. Karper, 146 S. High St. Meets E. Market St. Tel. Peoples 5208.

ALBANY, N. Y.: Albany. Miss Anna Emmons, 15 Western Ave. Meets 294 Quail St. Home Phone 685. **Harmony.** Miss Ida M. Marsh, 916 5 Madison Ave. Meets 5 Madison Place.

ANACONDA, MONT.: Duncan M. Munro, 120 Locust St.

AUSTIN, TEX.; Austin. Fred H. Smith, 613 Congress St. Meets 908 Congress Ave. Tel. 629 S. W. **Dharma.** Mrs. E. A. Graves, 1401 W. Fifth St.

BALTIMORE, MD.: Mrs. Gracia F. Tongue, 4524 Reisterstown Road.

BERKELEY, CAL.: Mrs. W. J. Woods, 1334 Spruce St. Meets Wright Bldg., Corner Shattuck and Center Sts. Tel. 6838.

BOSTON, MASS.; Alpha. Mrs. Bertha Sythes, 167 Huntington Ave. Meets 585 Boylston St. Tel. Oxford 1044. **Besant.** Miss Eudora Morey, 17 Batavia St. Meets 17 Batavia St., Suite 8.

Boston. Mrs. Bessie W. Jewett, 84 Willowwood St. Meets 585 Boylston St., Room 10. Tel. Dorchester 566-M. **Huntington.** Mrs. Isadore Wing, 201 Kensington Bldg., 687 Boylston St. **Olcott.** Miss Emma Mills, 389 Main St., Brockton, Mass. Meets Chauncey Hall Bldg., Room 10, Copley Square.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.: Miss T. Van Nostrand, 95 Lafayette Ave. Meets 95 Lafayette Ave. Tel. Prospect 4476.

BUFFALO, N. Y.; J. E. Taylor, 256 Main St. Meets Henkel Bldg., Corner Main and Utica Sts., Room 7. Tel. Crescent 465-L.

BUTTE, MONT.: D. Mortimer, 436 Phoenix Bldg. Meets 119 Owsley Block. Tel. 8790 Independent.

CHICAGO, ILL.: Akbar. Mrs. Clara J. Kochersperger, 7212 Coles Ave. Meets Room 819 Fine Arts Bldg., 410 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. South Chicago 1175 or 1198. **Chicago North Shore.** Mrs. Ida Ferne Robinson, 4423 N. Robey St. Meets 4666 Evanston Ave., Rooms of North Shore School of Music. **German Morning Star.** Albert H. Center, 3113 N. Ashland Ave. Meets 3403 N. Paulina St. **Sampo.** Gust Jacobson, 2917 5th Ave. Meets at homes of members.

CHICAGO THEOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION (representing the following Chicago lodges): **Besant** Hall, Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. **Adyar.** R. C. March, 560 Cook St., Evanston, Ill. Meets Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. Randolph 3364. **Annie Besant.** Mrs. Edith L. Storer, 25 East Walton Place. Meets Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. North 965. **Central of Chicago.** Mrs. Etna C. Abbott, R. 1803, 175 W. Jackson Blvd. Meets Lake View Bldg. Tel. Wabash 2031. **Chicago.** Mrs. Kate G. Hill, 2537 Michigan Ave. Meets Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. Harrison 4476. **White.** Mrs. Julia W. Goodell, Bos. 520 Lafayette, La. **Kenwood.** Mrs. A. A. Rolfe, 4459 Oakwald Ave. **Leadbeater.** Carl H. Rahn, 2250 Clybourn Ave. Meets Lake View Bldg., 116 So. Michigan Ave. Tel. Harrison 1196.

CLEVELAND, OHIO: Cleveland. Mrs. Antoinette de C. Phillips, 8303 Superior Ave. Meets "The Birmingham," 5607 Euclid Ave. **Klipna.** Emil Kaarna, 37 Phillips St., E., Cleveland. Meets 9909 Adams Ave. **Viveka.** Mrs. Alida E. de Leeuw, 1845 E. 75th St. Meets Room 501, 318 Euclid Ave. Tel. East 1761 R.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA: Mrs. Effie M. Smith, 126 So. Seventh St. Meets 322 Merriam Block.

CROOKSTON, MINN.: Don J. McDonald, Box 518.

DANVERS, MASS.: Mrs. Florence I. Robbins, 9 Ash St. Meets 58 Water St. Tel. 158-4.

DENVER, COLO.: Denver. Mrs. Ida Blakemore, 1723 Park Ave. Colorado. Mrs. Lois A. Chapman, 3861 Raleigh St.

DETROIT, MICH.: Aleyone. Mrs. Helen B. Young, 1717 Woodward Ave. Meets 318 Woodward Ave. Tel. North 3726-R. **Detroit.** Mrs. A. E. Meddaugh, 357 Warren Ave. W. **Vivellus.** Mrs. Lillie F. Dick, 248 Belvedere Ave. Meets Valpey Bldg., 213 Woodward Ave. Tel. Hickory 213-T.

DULUTH, MINN.: Miss Mary J. Austin, 517 Lake Ave. N. Meets 310 W. First St. Tel. Melrose 4869

EVANSTON, ILL.: Mrs. Ella L. Cutler, 632 Hinman Ave. Meets 1732 Central St. Tel. Evanston 2272.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS: Mrs. Alice Brownson, 2423 Azle Rd. Meets 48th Dist. Court Room, Court House. Tel. Prospect 1157.

FREEPORT, ILL.: Miss Minna Kunz, 680 Stephenson St.

FREMONT, NEB.: Mrs. Mae C. Butt, 609 N. H. St. Meets Corner Sixth and Broad Sts. Tel. Bell A-737.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.: Grand Rapids. Miss Alice E. Kunz, 875 Franklin Ave. Meets 321 La Grave St. Tel. Citizens 9464. L. A. Mitchell.

H. P. B. J. B. Howard, 479 Fountain St. Meets 303 Ashton Bldg. Tel. Citizens 5054. J. B. Howard.

GREAT FALLS, MONT.: Mrs. H. S. Benson, Great Falls, Mont.

HART, MICH.: Miss Gertrude Reading, Hart, Mich.

HELENA, MONT.: Mrs. Nora Lewis, 1035 12th Ave.

HOLYOKE, MASS.: Mrs. Jennie N. Ferris, 1236 Dwight St.

HONOLULU, H. I.: Francis Evans, 1479 Young St.

HOUSTON, TEXAS: Mr. W. L. Underhill, 1220 Baker St. Meets 614½ Fannin St., Rooms Federation of Woman's Clubs. Tel. Hadley 3134 or 2416.

JACKSON, MICH.: Mrs. Garnet B. Thacher, 414 Webb St. Meets 123 W. Wesley St.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.: Mrs. Sarah B. Black, 109 Belmont Ave.

KANSAS CITY, MO.: Miss Clara Linder, 3126 Washington St. Meets 203 Studio Bldg. Tel. South 945.

LA GRANGE, ILL.: W. P. Fogg, 434 N. Brainard Ave. Meets 200 So. Fifth St. Tel. La Grange 229.

LIMA, OHIO: L. P. Tolby, 864 W. Wayne St.

LINCOLN, NEB.: Miss Annie E. Stephenson, 1547 C. St. Meets Room 28 Burlington Block, Corner 13th and O Sts.

LONG BEACH, CAL.: Mrs. Florence A. Irvine, Epperson Apartments, Pacific Ave.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.: Los Angeles. C. O. Scudder, 2015 Cambridge St. Meets Blanchard Bldg., 233 So. Broadway. Tel. Home 73443. **Hollywood.** Miss Jetta Clay, Krotona, Hollywood, Cal. Meets Odd Fellows Hall, 6412 Hollywood Blvd. Tel. Home 57134. **Krotona.** Mrs. E. R. Broenniman, Krotona, Hollywood, California. Tel. Home 57134.

LOUISVILLE, KY.: Miss Elizabeth Brightwell, 219 W. Chestnut St. Home Phone City 2115-J.

MEADVILLE, Pa.: Mrs. Flora F. Walling, 654 Washington St. Meets 751 N. Main St. Tel. 368-X.

MELROSE HIGHLANDS, MASS.: Mrs. Jessie A. Jones, Spring St.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.: Miss Cora E. Vemlock, 457 Cass St. Meets Manhattan Bldg., 133 Second St. Tel. Main 1904-X.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.: Aleyone. John Johnson, 2542 29th Ave., So. Meets Maccabee Hall, Public Library Bldg., Corner Franklin and Bloomington Aves. **Minneapolis.** Miss Suzanne Kranz, 70 S. 11th St. **St. Anthony.** Mrs. Thomas Thomas G. Lee, 509 River Road, S. E. Star of the North. John V. Koester, 600 Lumber Exchange. Yggdrasil. G. Troseth, 3030 Eleventh Ave.

MUSKEGON, MICH.: Muskegon. Mrs. Minnie W. Chase, 658 Lake St. Meets 105 Houston Ave. Tel. 166. **Unity.** Mrs. Loretta E. Booth, 57 4th St. Tel. 640.

NEWARK, N. J.: Mrs. L. H. Colvin, 235 Sixth Ave. Meets 102 Halsey St.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.: New Orleans. Miss Muriel Mitchell, 7730 Jeanette St. Meets De Soto Hotel. **Truthseekers.** Mrs. Florence Howard, 3513 St. Charles Ave. Meets 3513 St. Charles Ave.

NEW YORK, N. Y.: Central. John O'Neill, 1947 Broadway. Meets 2228 Broadway (between

78th and 80th Sts.). Tel. Schuyler 9571. New York. Miss Agnes S. Stewart, 158 W. 76th St. Meets 2228 Broadway. Unity. Mrs. A. G. Porter, 202 W. 103rd St. Upstate. Miss Sewona L. Peckham, 507 W. 139th St. Meets 561 W. 157th St. Tel. Audubon 1210.

NORFOLK, VA.: R. H. Pruefer, 136 Cumberland St.

OAKLAND, CAL.: Mrs. Emma Shortledge, 348 Palm Ave. Meets Maple Hall, Cor. 14th and Webster Sts. Tel. Oakland 8120.

OMAHA, NEB.: Mrs. K. P. Eklund, 4319 Parker St. Meets Room 20, Baldridge-Weed Bldg., 20th and Forum Sts. Tel. Douglas 3393 or Webster 5771.

ORANGE, N. J.: Olcott. Mrs. George P. Swain.

PASADENA, CAL.: Mrs. Della L. Colville, 1008 Garfield Ave. Tel. Home 1408.

PATERSON, N. J.: Miss Martha Bazdori, 41 Olympia St., Lakeview. Meets Room 307 Colt Bldg. Tel. Paterson 1277-M.

PELHAM, N. Y.: Mrs. Fannie Brook, 328 Sixth Ave. Meets 246 Loring Ave. Tel. 1483; Tel. 3122 W., Mrs. Burnett.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Miss Caryl Annear, 530 N. Natrona St. Meets 1710 Chestnut St., Room 31.

PIERRE, SO. DAKOTA.: Wallace E. Calhoun, 263 Coteau St. Meets 320 Pierre St.

PITTSBURG, PA.: Iron City. Mrs. D. Manning, 615 Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh. Mrs. Nelle R. Eberhart, 5301 Northumberland Ave. Meets Whitfield Bldg., Whitfield and Baum Sts., East Liberty, Pittsburgh. Tel. 1958-R.

PORT HURON, MICH.: Mrs. Sophina A. Peck, 1507 Military St. Meets Public Library. Tel. 1016, Mrs. Peck.

PORTLAND, ORE.: Mrs. Esther E. Horvey, 639 Alberta St. Meets 403 Eller's Bldg., Seventh and Alder Sts. Tel. East 1861.

READING, PA.: L. C. Greim, 715 Dick St. Meets 522 N. Ninth St. Tel. Consolidated 381-4.

RENO, NEVADA.: J. H. Wigg, Box 156. Meets Cheney Bldg., Room 5. Tel. 1071.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.: Genesee. Dr. Lillian B. Dally, 427 Granite Bldg. Meets 101 Cornwall Bldg., 156 Main St. Tel. 1531 Home. Rochester. Miss Esther Pringle, 454 Court St. Meets 101 Cornwall Bldg. Tel. Stone 4423-L. White Lotus. Mrs. Maud Couch, 30 Atkinson Street. Meets Reynolds Library. Tel. Main 4596-J.

ROXBURY, MASS.: W. W. Harmon, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.: F. G. Wilhelm, Hotel Sacramento. Meets Room 2, Odd Fellows Temple.

SAGINAW, MICH.: Mrs. F. G. Combs, 1524 N. Fayette St. Meets Room 4, Cass Bldg. Tel. 1420-J.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.: Mrs. Alice Blum, 1011 N. 13th St.

ST. LOUIS, MO.: Brotherhood. Mrs. Emma Niedner, 4249 Shenandoah. Meets Olcott Hall, Nicholas Bldg., 1504 S. Grand Ave. Tel. Grand 2140. St. Louis. Mrs. M. L. Atkins, 5937-A, Hamilton Terrace. Meets 3429 Franklin Ave. Tel. Cab. 4928-R.

BRITISH

EDMONTON, ALTA.: H. T. Bolt, 110 Jasper Ave., W. Meets Labor Hall, Jasper Ave. Tel. 6470, H. T. Bolt.

KELOWNA, B. C.: Sydney H. Old, Box 576.

MONTREAL, QUE.: Miss G. I. Watson, P. O. Box 672. Meets Room 10, No. 16 McGill College Ave. Tel. East 3863, Mr. Fyfe.

REGINA, SASK.: C. A. Grubb, Public Works Dept., Government Bldg.

TORONTO, ONT.: Roy Mitchell, 204 Canadian

ST. PAUL, MINN.: St. Paul. Charles Weschcke, 98 So. Wabasha St. Meets 210 Essex Bldg., 28 E. Sixth St. Tel. Cedar 1478.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: Frank T. Terri-berry, Gregson Ave., Calder's Station.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS: Miss Julia M. Hyde, Box 1150. Meets 208 Central Office Bldg. Tel. (old) 8130.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.: Annie Besant. Mrs. Alfred D. Robinson, Point Loma, Cal. Phones: Home 3379, Sunset, Main 2632-W3.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: Golden Gate. Mrs. E. J. Eaton, 1472 Golden Gate Ave. Meets 1472 Golden Gate Ave. Tel. Sunset 1645. San Francisco. Miss Teresina Burger, 429 2nd Ave. Meets Native Sons Bldg., 430 Mason St.

SAN JOSE, CAL.: William F. Davis, 350 N. Ninth St. Meets Spiritual Temple. Tel. San Jose 5099-R.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.: Mrs. Nellie H. Uhden, 145 Third St. Meets 145 Third St. Tel. 479-388 Main Lines.

SANTA ROSA, CAL.: Mrs. Lucy M. Zoberbier, 433 Humboldt St.

SEATTLE, WASH.: Mrs. Blanche Sergeant, Fauntleroy Park, Station T. Meets Rooms 221-222 P. I. Bldg., Union St. Tel. Main 8232.

SHERIDAN, WYO.: Perry Hulase, Box 453. Meets Carnegie Library. Tel. 502.

SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.: Mrs. Cora C. Sheffield, 1019 Montrose Ave.

SPOKANE, WASH.: Mrs. William Morris, 321 Hutton Bldg. Cor. Riverside Ave. and Washington St. Meets (same address.)

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.: Mrs. E. L. Bragg, 224 Main St., West Springfield. Meets Room 207 Kinsman Bldg., 168 Bridge St. Tel. 1886-11.

SUPERIOR, WIS.: Superior. W. E. Hally, 219 Truax Block, Superior North Star. A. L. Williams, 289 W. Tenth St.

SUTERSVILLE, PA.: Newton. J. F. Clark, Sutersville, Pa. P. O. Box 18.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.: Miss Fannie C. Spaulding, 2364 Midland Ave., Onondaga Valley Sta. Meets 205 Gurney Bldg., So. Salina St. Tel. 3715-J.

TACOMA WASH.: G. A. Weber, 1529 So. E. St. Meets Room 202 Chamber of Commerce Bldg.

TAMPA, FLORIDA: George P. Sullivan, Box 598.

TOLEDO, OHIO: Harmony. Mrs. Gertrude Heller, 424 Rockingham St. Meets 219 Michigan St. Tel. Home 6170. Toledo. Mrs. Graziella Curtis, 1127 Horace St. Meets 302 Colton Bldg. Tel. A-6739.

TOPEKA, KANS.: Mrs. Jennie Griffin, 714 Horne St.

WALLACE, IDAHO: Mrs. Louise C. Wilkins.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: Capital City. Miss Edith C. Gray, Box 314. Meets Room 419-420 Corcoran Bldg. Washington. Mrs. Caroline Gillett, 1954 Calvert St., N. W.

WEBB CITY, MO.: Miss Ethel Watson, Box 486.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE: Thomas M. Pentz, 3 East 9th St.

AMERICA
Foresters' Bldg. Meets Canadian Foresters' Hall.

VANCOUVER, B. C.: Lotus. Miss Jessica Hunt, Box 1224. Meets Room 11, 522 Pender St., W. Phone Seymour 9424. Orpheus. Mr. James, 1173 Davie St. Meets Studio Club, Hastings St. Vancouver. Kenneth McKenzie, Room 125, 119 Pender St. W.

VICTORIA, B. C.: C. Hampton, P. O. Box 78. Meets 1203-5 Langley St. Tel. 177.

WINNIPEG, MAN.: Miss Margaret W. Telford, 197 Harwood Ave., Crescentwood.

proximate membership, 4065.

Notes.—For the following cities, where no lodges exist, names are given of resident Theosophists.

Acton, Montana	Mrs. Kirstine Hansen.
Amherst, Wisconsin	Mrs. Annie C. Fleming.
Corliland, New York	Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Henry, 25 Oswego St.
Corvallis, Montana	Mrs. M. Belle Kemper.
Farmington, Connecticut	Mrs. Richard Blackmore.
Fillmore, California	Mrs. Elizabeth Elkins Rivard.
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania	Charles A. Seifert, 117 N. 17th St.
Mt. Carmel, Illinois	Berard S. Landes.
New Westminster, B. C., Canada	Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Thomas, Cor. Sherbrooke and Richmond Sts.
New Haven, Connecticut	J. L. Buttner, M. D., 763 Orange St.
Paducah, Kentucky	Mr. W. G. McFadden, 605 Broadway.
Red Wing, Minnesota	Mrs. David R. Jones, 824 Third St.
Scottsbluff, Nebraska	Dr. Andrew Crawford.
Sioux City, Iowa	R. S. Owen, Sr., 1140 22nd St.
Wheeling, W. Virginia	Mrs. Caroline Arhenz, 39 15th St.

Recent Publications

FOR SALE BY THE

Theosophical Book Concern

(Owned by the American Section of the Theosophical Society, Inc.)

Krotona, Hollywood,
Los Angeles, Calif.

- Theosophy and the Theosophical Society.** By Annie Besant. Cloth, \$0.65. Postage, \$0.04.
Four important lectures delivered by the President of the Theosophical Society at the last General Convention held at Adyar, December, 1912.
- Man: Whence, How and Whither.** By Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. Cloth, \$4.00.
A large volume of over five hundred pages, containing the record of some deeply interesting investigations into the history of the chain of worlds to which this planet belongs. It is the most important work which has appeared since the Secret Doctrine was published.
- The Hidden Side of Things.** By C. W. Leadbeater. Two Vols. Cloth, per set, \$4.00.
An encyclopedia of detailed information regarding the universe as a whole, the world in which we live, and the forces and influences which affect human life. This work has been years in preparation and is a monument of painstaking research.
- Meditation for Beginners.** By James I. Wedgwood. Paper, \$0.25. Postage, \$0.02.
A very helpful and practical little manual for those who wish to commence the practice of meditation.
- Giordano Bruno.** By Annie Besant. Paper, \$0.40. Postage, \$0.03.
Contains a lecture delivered at the Sorbonne in Paris, and the "Story of Giordano Bruno."
- Theosophy and the Woman's Movement.** By C. Despard. Riddle of Life Series, No. IV. Glazed paper, \$0.25. Postage, \$0.03.
- Nature's Mysteries.** By A. P. Sinnett. Riddle of Life Series, No. V. Glazed paper, \$0.25. Postage, \$0.03.
- General Report of the 37th Convention, Adyar.** Cloth, \$0.40 Postpaid.
A large volume of 326 pp. which should be in the hands of every member. Contains full information about the Theosophical Society.
- Introduction to the Science of Peace.** By Annie Besant. Paper, \$0.35. Postage, \$0.03.
- Henri Bergson: The Philosophy of Change.** By H. Wildon Carr. The People's Books. Cloth, \$0.20. Postage, \$0.05.
- The Laws of the Higher Life.** By Annie Besant. Cloth, \$0.40. Postage, \$0.03.
A new English edition nicely bound in dark brown cloth.
- The Masters.** By Annie Besant. Paper, \$0.30. Postage, \$0.03.
- Man's Life in This and Other Worlds.** By Annie Besant. Cloth, \$0.55. Postage, \$0.05.
Four popular lectures delivered at Madras last autumn.
- Studies in the Lesser Mysteries.** By F. S. Montagu Powell. Cloth, \$0.65. Postage, \$0.04.
The chapter titles are: The Awakening; The Virgin of the World; Crucifixion; Hermeneutics; Resurrection.
- Evolution and Occultism.** By Annie Besant. Cloth, \$1.00. Postage, \$0.07.
Essays and Addresses, No. III.
- India,** by Annie Besant. Cloth, \$1.00. Postage, \$0.07.
Essays and Addresses, No. IV.
- To the Members of the Theosophical Society.** Paper, \$0.20. Postage, \$0.03.
Compiled from the writings of H. P. Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant, C. W. Leadbeater and others.
- The Work of a Lodge of the T. S.** By Capt. A. E. Powell. Paper, \$0.20. Postage, \$0.02.
- Some Suggestions for Propaganda.** By Irving S. Cooper. Paper, \$0.20. Postage, \$0.02.
- To Those Who Mourn.** By C. W. Leadbeater.
Single copies, five cents, postpaid; 100 or less at three cents each, postage extra; over 100 at two cents each, postage extra.

A Special Offer

TO ALL NEW

SUBSCRIBERS

By special arrangement with a leading journal of astrology and a body of students of that ancient branch of learning, *The American Theosophist* now offers for a limited time only to every person who sends in a full subscription for one year an accurate delineation of his character as that is determined by the month of his birth and the influence of the Sun only.

Just as the sun spots are known by science to influence the magnetic currents on the earth, so the more subtle vibrations of the sun influence all men. So that by an observation of the position of the sun at the time of your birth, probably the greatest of the determining factors has been found.

The American Theosophist offers these readings FREE with a new subscription. In the one which you will receive you will find much of personal interest regarding your disposition, mental tendencies, friends, occupations, and other things. It is said that a wise man rules his stars, while the fool obeys them. Many of us may rule our stars without knowing much about them. But we now offer you an opportunity to see the broad influences which they exert upon your life.

If you will send in one full subscription to *The American Theosophist* and the date of your birth, we will send to you, from the time that this advertisement first appears until it is withdrawn, one Sun reading horoscope.

A subscription is \$1.50 in the United States and Mexico, \$1.75 in Canada, and \$2.00 abroad.

Address

The American Theosophist

KROTONA, HOLLYWOOD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA