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Henry Steel Olcott

ON February seventeenth, nineteen hundred and seven, he whom we know as "the Colonel," that splendid President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, left us for a while, putting away the body that had served him so well and so long, and through which he, in turn, had served the Teachers of Humanity with such unswerving loyalty.

Henry Steel Olcott came into incarnation in 1832, in Orange, New Jersey. During the earlier years of his manhood, before the time appointed for his meeting with "the Light-bringer," newspaper work and the science of agriculture claimed his attention and his fine ability. Then came the Civil War. He served in the Northern Army, and after the war's close, he was appointed counsel by the War Department to inquire into certain frauds. Because this work was well done, a similar task in the Navy Department was given him.

Again the newspapers' page, carrying its myriad messages to its numberless readers, became his channel for expression and it was when sent by two New York papers to investigate some spiritualistic manifestations that he met his working partner of past lives, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. To her great mission on earth

he devoted the remainder of his days, giving the uttermost in loyalty, in labor, in steadfastness, in all the qualities needed by these pioneers who brought the Ancient Wisdom to the Western Hemisphere.

From the time of this predestined meeting, in 1873, until the last page of his life's book was turned, the story of the Colonel is the story of the Theosophical Society. His was the task of perfecting the plans for the organization, and of establishing the international Headquarters at Adyar, near Madras, India, from which great centre now radiates the power that unites the Lodges and members everywhere into one coordinated body.

So on the seventeenth of February members of the Society he loved so well meet together in honor of him and of that other great server, Charles W. Leadbeater, whose natal day it is. On that day those whose lives have been illumined by the Divine Wisdom dedicate themselves anew to the task of raying forth that wisdom until it reaches the farthestmost corners of the earth, that he who hath eyes to see may know the Light.

Is it not with work well done that the Colonel would like best to be remembered?

G. W.

An Appeal

BY FRITZ KUNZ

IN a letter of one of the high Officials of the Occult Hierarchy, written in 1881, it is laid down with full authority—for those who know the Masters as reality—that the true function of the Theosophical Society is not “to become a simple school of psychology,” but to retain “its noble title—that of Brotherhood of Humanity.” “The White race,” says this letter, “must be the first to stretch out the hand of fellowship to the dark nations—to call the poor despised ‘nigger’ brother. O! for the noble and unselfish man to help us effectively in India in that divine task. All our knowledge, past and present, would not be sufficient to repay him.”

This “man” has been found—in Annie Besant.

The newspaper hoped for in 1883, under Mr. Sinnett, to be called the *Phoenix* and to serve the Masters in India, did not materialize until 1914. It is called not the *Phoenix* but *New India*, and Annie Besant edits it. They have gained Their end. There is the “man” and there is the paper to voice Their intentions. With these two weapons a political and social Kurukshetra has been fought, on a scale and with a persistence and gallantry, that only those know who have watched close at hand.

The tide is turning. The forces of reaction, on the one side, and the dangers of revolution, on the other, have come to their climax in a maelstrom of passion that now dies away into a deep current of unity, with only faint mutterings and foam of dissension.

Mark well: This work for India has truly saved the whole world, West and East. Without a free and friendly India, no Asia in the comity of nations. Already sullen and hurt, the far East stands apart. China and Japan, with some cause, feel themselves isolated and misunderstood. None can hope to repair the breach save an Oriental power. India alone remains to draw East and West together. So I say, with complete conviction and knowledge,

the maker of world peace, “the noble and unselfish man” who performed “that divine task” has saved the world from the greatest disaster our age could conceive, a death struggle between East and West for mastery. India free is an India contented to co-operate with the white races. A co-operating India will mean, at last, a free and happy China and Japan, a peaceful Orient.

This magnificent achievement, this epic struggle lead by Annie Besant, has cost in effort, in self-sacrifice, in relentless and inevitable payment, in sinew and in pain to her indefeasible purpose, a total we can scarcely conceive—and she has given as all others together have not given. Who shall repay her for this veritable crucifixion of mind and heart and flesh? Since They have promised “all their knowledge, past and present,” shall we not also give, whose world has been saved a cataclysm of unimaginable magnitude? We, who owe so much? It is not within our power to do more than restore a little of the treasure spent. We cannot give the gifts of Light that They give. Nor are we among the friends at close hand to give service. Love we offer and gratitude, but let us also seal the bond of these inner-world offerings with a physical act of sacrifice. To her personally we can give nothing, only to her cause.

February 17th is Adyar Day.

Who will aid “in that divine task” by putting in the hands of our Chief money which she can use to support the schools she has founded, to rescue the Panchama outcasts she serves, and generally to steady and buttress the cause of world salvation at the point most critical, India, Mother of Religions and Hope of the World?

I trust you will answer, colleagues, with a sky-darkening flight of cheques and other remittances to Dr. Ernest Stone, Treasurer of the Adyar Fund, at his address, 831 Chapman Building, Broadway at 8th, Los Angeles.

Charles W. Leadbeater

Born February 17, 1847.

By IRVING S. COOPER

CHARLES W. LEADBEATER, Christian Bishop, seer and occultist, author and lecturer, has been variously regarded by the world. There are those who have reviled him; there are those who would lay down their lives for him. It is significant that the vast majority of those who have spoken harshly of him have never known him intimately; many have never even met him. It is equally significant that the older and younger people into whose lives he has come, love him dearly, trust him utterly, regard him as their friend, their brother, their teacher, their ideal. Among them he is affectionately spoken of as the "Great Man." And he has been cast in a large mould. Leonine of face and broad of shoulder, he is also marked by marvelous breadth of mental and spiritual horizons. He has none of the pettiness and narrowness of the average human; hence the mistakes of those who think of him as being governed by their motives and stirred by their desires. Those

who have had the wonderful opportunity of being drawn near to him know of his unfailing thoughtfulness, of his unceasing labors, of the extraordinary purity and wholesomeness of his life. Those who have worked with Bishop Leadbeater and tried to serve him in their small way, have for him only the deepest reverence, deepening at times to passionate adoration. They know what an inspiration he has been to them in their efforts to live a life of service, to forget themselves in bringing light and consolation to others, to be wholesome, to be clean, to be joyous. They owe everything to him. Ever kindly, radiating happiness, patient and uncomplaining under severe suffering, his presence has been a benediction and his smile a blessing. And even though he is thousands of miles away from us physically that inner tie still seems to bind—to think of him brings joy to the heart. He will be seventy-eight this month. May he be with us for many years to come.

Theosophy Abroad

A recent issue of *Theosophy in New Zealand* shows a picture of the new building which the Palmerston North Lodge opened on Sunday, September 21. It "is of concrete, finished with white Medusa cement, and measures—as to the main building—60 feet by 23 feet, which gives accommodation for two class rooms and a lecture hall which will seat 120 persons."

The Adyar Bulletin mentions that the Theosophical College at Madanapalle (the birthplace of Mr. Krishnamurti) "has now opened a School Department in Science. It is an institution with a very fine tradition, and is bound to grow into a great force for moulding the character of the youth of Southern India."

Theosophy In Australia notes that Melbourne Lodge plans for a six story building to "carry on its many activities." They have one of the most valuable sites in the city and are going to call their new building Queens Hall.

The official organ of the T. S. in England has changed its name from *Theosophy in the British Isles* to *The Theosophical Review* with the January number. Thereby it "assumes a new shape and returns to an old name."

The T. S. in England had a book-shop and visitors' room at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley in the Palace of Industry. Thousands of free pamphlets were given away, people from all parts of the world and from all walks of life were told about Theosophy, and a great many books were sold. The Society was also represented in a conference on social work at which Dr. George S. Arundale was one of the principal speakers.

The Young Theosophist in India gives enthusiastic accounts of "Youth Week" which was celebrated at different times during the fall in various places in India. At Madras the time was set from October 13 to 19 and for two months in advance propaganda meetings and lectures were held until twenty-one youth organizations finally participated in the event. It started with a parade to the lecture hall on Monday; Tuesday was Elder's Day, during which Dr. Besant and others spoke; Wednesday was given over to sports and games; Thursday to varied entertainment; Friday to a general conference to formulate the program for the future in the Youth Movement; Saturday was Girls' Day, and Sunday was spent in camping.



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Mr. Blum Passes On

DEATH has been laying a heavy hand on the American Theosophical Society lately. The passing of two prominent workers at Oklahoma City had barely become well known throughout the country when the press dispatches brought the news that Mr. Edward Y. Blum, of Kansas City, had succumbed to pneumonia.

Mr. Blum was one of the national officers, being chairman of the Judiciary Committee. He was a lawyer by profession but was for some years secretary for the Board of Trade at Leavenworth. At the time of his sudden death he held an official position of importance in the Farmers Alliance. He was a lecturer of ability and had at various times made short speaking tours among our Lodges. In Kansas City he was relied upon by his Lodge to do much of the teaching and lecturing. Both locally and nationally Mr. Blum's passing will be keenly felt.

About Dr. Besant

IT was the intention to postpone announcement of the hoped-for visit of Dr. Besant until a very definite statement could be made, but so many rumors are springing up that something should be said. One

rumor has it that she will visit only the eastern portion of the United States while another is to the effect that she will visit every Lodge in the country!

The first thing to be said on the subject is that it cannot be positively stated that she will visit America, but very probably she will do so. She herself says that it must depend upon conditions in India. Assuming then, that no unusual development occurs, we may reasonably expect to have her with us some time during the coming summer—the earlier the better, for of course she must be back at Adyar for the great celebration in December, and the return journey is a long one.

The time she can give to the American work is as yet unknown. Mr. Jinarajadasa thought it might be no more than a month but we will hope for a longer program. Whatever the period may be it will, if she agrees, be so distributed that all parts of the nation will be visited, east, center, north and south Pacific coast and the southern states. Naturally only one or two of the chief centers in each part of the country can be visited and members from the smaller cities can assemble there.

The annual Convention will of course be shifted as may be necessary to best fit into her tour. It will no doubt be held again in Chicago and it may be at any time from June to August—in the latter month if possible in order to accommodate our many members who are teachers in the public schools.

The Lodge Room

FAR too little thought is being given by the average Lodge to its meeting place. Whether, as in a very few places, the Lodge owns the place or merely rents it, the Lodge room is the Lodge home, its official residence, and the public will form its opinion of Theosophy very largely from the impression given by the local headquarters. Whatever we would do for our own homes we should be more than willing to do collectively for the Lodge home and we should be unwilling to accept a lower standard of order and beauty in the Lodge room than that to which we are accustomed in our residences. Mr. Max Wardall has evidently been calling attention to this important matter and at San Jose I

saw the striking results of putting the idea into practice. Since my visit there last year the room has undergone a transformation that lifts it from the level of the commonplace, from the point which will merely serve the purpose, to what is really appropriate.

There is, however, more to be considered than artistic improvement and added beauty. That is most desirable but also there should be balance, appropriateness. On that point a letter has just arrived from Mr. Jinarajadasa. The Vice-President writes:

In most of the Lodges which I have visited, I noticed a lack of method in the arrangement on the walls of the Lodge room, of the pictures of theosophical workers. As the audience faces the platform, the place of honor, on the wall behind the speaker, should be reserved for the pictures of the two founders, Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky. *These pictures should bear their names*, so that new members and the public may know who they are. The pictures of the founders should not be smaller in size than those of other "theosophical worthies." The picture of the President, Dr. Annie Besant, will also naturally have a place of honor, but the pictures of the two founders should always have the supreme place of honor, so that visibly and not only invisibly, all members of the Society may remember the debt of gratitude owing to them. Presidents will come one after another, but the two founders will ever hold a place in the theosophical movement never to be usurped by any other.

On the whole the touch of beauty and distinction in Lodge rooms was "conspicuous by its absence." Equally on the whole, the women members of the T. S. showed taste in their dress. If only their personal taste in dress could be utilized to develop a "taste in the appearance of Lodge rooms," they would render a much needed service to the Society. For where a Lodge room has the subtle quality of distinction and the sense of harmony and beauty, each lecture delivered in it is understood by the audience in a subtler and fuller way.

Mr. Jinarajadasa is evidently a keen observer. Lodges where the pictures are not set in correct order should not only hasten to act upon the suggestion made but all of our Lodges should look about to see what other changes can be made to improve appearances. Perhaps the ladies who show "taste in their dress" and thereby give evidence of their artistic capacity for the task will volunteer to lead in the useful work of making the Lodge rooms more attractive and altogether unobjectionable.

What Shall We Study?

A VERY new member of the Society in a very new Lodge, writes that instead of studying theosophical literature she has decided to take up a Rosierucian course with some others. Considering the facts set forth in the previous sentence that is not strange. One does not expect a very new member, among new members only, to understand what a rich and extensive occult literature Theosophy offers, nor to fully appreciate at once the opportunity that is being lost by failure to become well acquainted with it; but it should be different with older members.

This incident leads on to other thoughts on the subject. The average Lodge meets for study once a week and gives about an hour to the work. Only four or five hours monthly—how valuable is that time! And yet, sometimes among well established Lodges one finds all sorts of other-than-theosophical studies occupying those invaluable hours. Sometimes one finds subjects being followed that have no relationship to Theosophy, subjects that are purely political or economic.

All societies exist for a purpose. The objects of the Theosophical Society are definite and well known. In order to qualify ourselves to live the theosophical life and to do theosophical work it is necessary to study our philosophy. Other things may be helpful in throwing side-lights upon the study but the study itself should be Theosophy.

A New Lecturer

HERE is a little news that is as good as it is unexpected. All of our members know that since Bishop Leadbeater went to live in Australia an important part of his work has been training young people for theosophical activities. His earliest group has grown to young manhood. Some of them after successful lecturing in Australia and New Zealand, are now in the universities of various countries. One of them however, has taken to the lecture field and, after touring the countries above named, is coming to the United States. He is Mr. William Heyting and the source of his instruction and training in Theosophy is a guarantee that he will rank high in the

very important work of presenting the philosophy to the public, while his members' meetings will no doubt be unusually instructive.

Lodges desiring engagements with Mr. Heyting should write Headquarters.. He will arrive in San Francisco from Wellington, New Zealand, the latter part of February.

Lectures and Halls

NOW that the lecture season is at its height a few suggestions to Lodges are in order. The success of a lecture depends very much upon the local management. The first essential, of course, is the advertising. Unless that is well done, the audience is pretty sure to be small. Very seldom does thorough advertising fail to insure a good attendance, and therefore make good results possible.

One thing that should have thoughtful attention by the committee is the hall. Not only frequently, but nearly always, something is wrong at the lecture hall. The most common, and perhaps the worst, oversight is that of proper ventilation. A lecturer has too many things on his mind and too many people to greet, to look after the ventilation. Often I have observed after beginning a lecture that not a window is open a single inch. Evidently the committee had not thought of the matter.

The second serious mistake is in giving no thought to the temperature of the hall. American halls and homes are, as a rule much overheated. Seventy degrees is perhaps the ideal thing ordinarily but it should never be forgotten that a couple of hundred people, closely seated, soon become uncomfortably warm if the hall is in the least degree too warm before they arrive. In the average American hall it is usually safe to turn the steam off completely before the lecture begins. Half the value of a lecture is lost to the person who is either uncomfortably warm or uncomfortably cold. If I could invoke some fairy to endow the hall committee and I could choose only two things, I should beg that

they might be good judgment and a good thermometer!

Music is something about which there is much difference of opinion, but we will probably all agree that bad music is worse than none. I would go a step farther and say that unless the music is unquestionably good it should be omitted. It is not at all a necessity and many high-class lectures are given without it. There are now usually so many in any audience who are good judges of music that they find a bad performance most annoying and the worst possible prelude to a lecture. Another, and a most serious, difficulty with preliminary music is that musicians seem to me the worst of all people about punctuality. I have repeatedly seen an audience kept waiting nearly a quarter of an hour for belated musicians. In no other Anglo-Saxon country would such a thing be tolerated. Two-hundred people held idle for a quarter of an hour means lost time of fifty hours, or over six working days for one person. Think of it—a week's time thrown away in order to let some musician adjust his artistic temperament to worldly life.

Many of our Lodges complain that the people of their city will not come on time and so they begin 10 or 15 minutes later than the advertised hour. Not only does that encourage the delinquents but it really puts the seal of approval on their course. The only thing that will ever help the matter is to unflinchingly carry out the program as advertised. It is, of course, an awkward thing to manage at best, but it is better to have fifty come in after the opening than to weakly surrender to the habitually tardy. When they find that you really mean what you advertise the most of them will correct their bad habits; and what about the rights of those who were there on time? If we temper policy for anybody it should be for them. They are the most worth-while people in the audience and they are more likely to be offended by the delay than the laggards are by the promptness that does justice to everybody.

L. W. R.

Angels

By C. W. LEADBEATER

[Stenographic report of an address at Sydney, unrevised by the speaker.]

(Continued from last month)

NOW these great entities of the angelic kingdom, although human in form are usually much greater in size than man, whereas the nature spirit is generally smaller than man, (many of them are quite small in stature, and only a few rise to human size) but of these orders of angels comparatively few are as small as men, and mostly they are of far greater stature. There are so many varieties that it is impossible to attempt to describe them all and no regular attempt as far I am aware has been made to classify them; but we find them holding positions which we only partly understand. It is evident that they also serve the mighty evolutionary powers even as we do. I have described in one of my books I wrote "The Hidden Side of Things", how I once found a number of these great angels in charge of a sacred spot in Tipperary, Ireland, on the summit of the mountain of Slieve; how that has been held to be a sacred place ever since there has been any history at all attached to it. I have reason to believe it was a sacred place long before Ireland became Christian. These were human in form, but gigantic in size, creatures of a wonderful pale green color with strange starry eyes full of the peace of those who look upon the eternal, and are not troubled by affairs of time, and they were guarding that sacred spot, keeping its magnificence pure and unprofaned—one of these great spots which link the long past of that wonderful Island of Ireland with a future that has not yet dawned but will surely come. It is not for nothing that Ireland was called the Isle of Saints. She had a wonderful spiritual development in those early days when the Saxon conquerors were very far from a civilization equal to hers. There then is one case of the sort of work we find these beings doing. There is another order of them who established themselves apparently in certain districts or certain places, and preside over them, although we have not yet been able to discover when they fulfil any functions; that we cannot understand. Some of these great angels seem to be in remarkably close touch with nature. You have all heard it said that all Nature is the garment of God; and of course that is utterly and entirely true, because there is nothing which is not God; but in that very same sense only at a very much lower level it would seem that certain of the lower orders of these great beings ensoul, as it were, a landscape or countryside, and make it to themselves a garment. So that you may actually have a great spirit of this sort ensouling a certain landscape or certain countryside and taking vast delight in the beauty of it, not above feeling delight when others admire, feeling he is a being of some use to them, and helping them by promoting a beauty. And so from that stage onward and upward we seem to get one type of angels very closely associated with the most beautiful and glorious things in nature, but exactly how they fit in it is often

hardly possible for us to say. This is one of the many departments which has by no means been sufficiently investigated. Meantime certain general facts we may tell you with regard to the angel evolution. The angel has a similar aura to that of a man, but it is on the whole very much larger than that of a man, and it is also infinitely more flexible and more fiery. Now you will also be aware from what I said earlier in this course of lectures that the aura of a man extends very greatly under stress of emotion. Suppose a man feels a great rush of affection rush over him: first the color appropriate to affection, rose color, will flood the whole of his aura, certain thought forms of rose color will manifest themselves in the aura; but besides all that the astral body of the man will temporarily be very much increased, will swell out and vibrate with that feeling of affection, and presently as the feeling dies down it will spring back again to almost its original size. Now in the case of the angel, the same thing takes place, but on a very much larger scale; I mean a certain type of angel will have an aura 100 yards in diameter, but supposing he becomes suddenly keenly interested in something so that his emotion of affection or devotion is excited that 100 yards would swell all over the landscape, a mile perhaps, and then shrink back again. So that you will see there is a far greater elasticity showing after all that this is not a human. The eventual result along the line of evolution is the same. The stages certainly do differ. If two friends meet among human beings they exchange a smile of greeting, in the case of two great angels meeting it would be a great extension of the aura, a flash of color, and at the same time a sweet sound, for the sound goes along with the color; the greeting would be like a mighty arpeggio. There is a musical side of sound as well as of color, and these great angels have their own language, their own means of communication; one set of them communicates apparently by means of color. There is another type of angel whose communication is by music, and they play always a very important part at what is called initiation, as part of that wonderful ceremony that makes a man a member of the Great White Brotherhood. They frequently inspire musicians here below; they form a great part of the heavens of those who love and understand music, for when a man passes, after his astral life, into the heaven world, music is one of the gates through which he can communicate with the world, through which he can draw upon its wonder and beauty, and when there is a man of keen musical taste, one to whom music is the light of his life, such a man in his heaven life draws the attraction at once of this particular musical type of the great angels, and they come into touch with him, and show him forms of music, possibilities in music of which no one on the physical plane has yet dreamed. And yet the newer music, however beautiful it may be in its suggestion, has often as yet seemed inchoate in its expression;

that newer music is certainly an endeavor to express something of this higher kind of music which as yet we have no means of fully expressing on the physical plane.

Other parts these great creatures fill. For example, each nation has a great angel in charge of it, looking after it, the spirit, as it were, of the nation. There is the spirit of the race in each great nation, and that spirit is one of these mighty angels who has taken that as his work. The angel of the nation is the truest expression of all that is highest and best in it, and he is always trying to raise the nation to the highest and best; sometimes he does succeed in getting very great artists and musicians to see the spirit of the race, to see what ought to be done, what God intends it to do.

Another sub-heading which was given I remember in your syllabus is that of Guardian Angels. Now the idea of the guardian angel, (one which is held by our Catholic Brothers, and is a very beautiful conception) is that each man has from his birth or from his baptism a guardian angel, appointed to look after and try to help him; all through this life he is always at hand to give good advice, and to help him out of difficulty. A very beautiful idea! We have not found, I would almost say unfortunately, that that is actually so, that there is an entity appointed in that way to look after man, but there are various ways in which guardian angels do exist and do their work. First, I suspect that the idea has arisen from the great problem of the higher and the lower self of which you read so much about in our literature; the lower self down here is conscious of guiding and prompting from above, but that comes from no exterior source; it comes from the God within, the ego brooding over the personality down here, trying now and again to guide it into the right road, trying to save it from making mistakes of various sorts. I strongly suspect that many stories with regard to guardian angels come simply to that. A man feels the inner prompting and when it is of a finer and higher type, he says it comes from his guardian angel; when it is from the lower, and of temptation-like description, then he says it is a tempting demon. In truth these names are ill chosen, for it is the higher self of the man that

tries to guide him aright, whereas that which seems to try to pull him wrong is simply what we call the desire elemental—not the man himself but a very undeveloped form of life pursuing its own form of evolution without understanding or knowing anything about the man. There have also been many cases where dead people stood over and helped living people. Many and many a time I have found a mother whom you call dead, still hovering over and trying to protect and help her living children; a very real guardian angel was she to them in many cases, actually protecting them often from physical harm. Invisible helpers of all sorts have sometimes played the part of guardian angels, and indeed any one of you who wills may make a guardian angel (though of a very different kind) for any whom you love. Your strong loving thought sent to one upon whom your affection is fixed will make a thought form which will hover round that loved one, and will act upon him, whenever it is possible for it to act. Many and many a mother has sent such guardian angels to a son in some far distant country, and many times such guardian angel has proved effective by checking the son just at the moment when he was about to do something wrong or foolish, by bringing back the remembrance of her love, and so really acting as a guardian angel and saving him from sin.

So that you see although perhaps we cannot endorse the idea that an actual celestial being does devote himself all the time to the character of each man, we are able to say that in many cases man is so assisted, and that in all cases the higher self, the Divine within him is ready to make his voice heard, if only the lower man is willing to listen. And so once more we find that Theosophy gives us back again the things in which we believed in our childhood, but which we since have in many cases come to doubt, because we could not make them rational, because we could not make them square with our experiences. Theosophy tells us what are the facts and the facts are always more beautiful, and more effective than any tradition, because after all the traditions and the speculations are man's idea of what should be, or what is best; but the truth is God's idea and God's idea is greater always than man's.

Children's Story---"In the Land of the Pixies"

BY CATHERINE G. ROSS

PART I

TOM thought a great deal about his visit to Pixieland and the life of the little brothers on the ground. He was careful to walk around the ant hills in his path so that he would not break down the entrance to their villages. He watched for crickets and grasshoppers on his way to school, and often tried to tell them in his kindest tones that he was their friend, now, and for all time, and that he would never touch them unnecessarily for fear of hurting them.

One day he found a wasp beating itself against

the window screen trying to get out. His mother showed him how to place a soft thick cloth over it, gather it up and shake the cloth out the door, so that the buzzing little prisoner could be freed without harm.

In many ways he learned to be kind and helpful toward the wee folks, but he never forgot that, do what he might for all of them that came his way, he could never make up to poor Long Honner for the cruel loss of his legs, or to the beautiful butterfly for her torn wing. They must suffer and his heart must ache for the unkind, thoughtless things he had done.

He was thinking about it one night when he was falling asleep, and was hardly even surprised when he saw Pedee and Cricket Policeman coming over the window sill again. This time they were together and their faces were very kind as they came across the bed clothes toward him.

They motioned him to keep still, and Pedee came running up to his cheek with a little crystal jar and gathered up something that was glistening there. Tom could not see what it was, but they talked to each other excitedly about it as if they had found something very valuable. So far as Tom could make out, it was only a couple of tears that had been sliding down his face as he thought about Long Hopper.

"Will you come with us," asked Cricket.

Tom needed no second invitation. It was what he had been wanting to do for many days. He seemed to jump right out of his big body and into a little one prepared by his friends. Pedee had a rope ladder fastened to the window made of spider's silk, and they slipped to the ground one at a time. Pedee was so friendly to him that Tom wondered at it, knowing how Pedee must feel about his past cruelty. He wanted him to know he had changed his ways, but when he started to explain, Cricket interrupted with, "Yes, he knows."

"How?" asked Tom, much surprised.

"He goes about," said Cricket mysteriously.

Thanks for getting me out of the rainbarrel the other day," said Pedee.

"Was that you?" cried Tom.

"Yes," said Pedee, laughing at Tom's astonishment. "Your day-time eyes don't see as well as your night ones."

Tom wanted to know more, but first of all he must put all his wits to work helping Long Hopper. The time might be short. Pedee and Cricket would know just what to do. So the next question he asked was about the lame grass-hopper. They were struggling and tumbling along through the thick grass, which was like a jungle to their small bodies, and as they did not reply, Tom thought they had not heard him. When he caught up with them, he saw that they were sad and silent, and they shook their heads. A sudden chill came over Tom, and his feet seemed to grow heavy with despair. What if he would never be able to help Long Hopper.

"Can't I teach him to jump on two legs, just as I do?" he asked. Or couldn't I put him on my back and jump for him whenever he said to go? I'm sure there's something I can do."

"No, not you," said Pedee finally. "He would kill you."

"I know another hopper you could help," said Cricket, eagerly. He lost a foot on some fly-paper and he never heard of you. I'll show you what you can do for him. The Queen may hold her festival tonight too, and we thought you would like to go with us.

They had now reached the edge of the pond and had to wade in quickly to catch a big leaf that was being blown in the direction they wanted to go. Pedee and Cricket were soon busy steering the craft, so Tom sat down and covered his face with his hands to think. He could not give up hope so readily. There must be some

thing he could do for Long Hopper, and he might never have such a chance again.

"Please, Pedee," he broke out after a while, "show me where to find Long Hopper. He is the one I harmed, and he is the one I mean to help."

His friends did their best to change his plan, but seeing at last that Tom could not be turned from his purpose, they put in ashore and hailed a passing hopper who said he knew where the big lame hopper could be found.

Tom's new guide looked him over with a glance that was a bit scornful.

"You'll have to jump," he piped. "Come on." And without any further word, he drew his legs under him and sprang so high that Tom could only look after him with amazement. It was useless to try to follow. Green Hopper could clear whole forests of thick grass at a bound which Tom would have to struggle through slowly.

"Now that was a mean trick," he heard a croaking voice near him say. Looking around he saw the heaving sides of a great green frog. His heart almost stopped beating when the bulging eyed stranger opened his big mouth from ear to ear. Maybe he was getting ready to bite his head off, and maybe he was just smiling.

"Get on my back, and we will give that smart hopper a chase," rumbled the frog.

On to his back scrambled the small boy, and then there followed such a race as he had never dreamed of. He could have enjoyed it more with a secure seat and something more to hold on to than a wrinkle of frog skin. The spring and flight were wonderful, but they struck the ground with a hard thump that sent Tom sprawling over his steed's head each time. He had to pick himself up and climb on to the broad back as quickly as he could, so as not to delay the chase.

At the seventh or eighth jump they landed beside the surprised hopper.

"Just a minute, Hopper, you forgot your friend," bellowed Big Frog, panting heavily.

"Oh, ho, ho," laughed Green Hopper, slapping his sides with his legs as Tom pulled himself out of the mud into which he had plunged headlong. "Oh, ho, ho!"

"You have also forgotten your manners," continued the big voice.

"Oh, ho, ho—Oh my, how funny. And you have forgotten some of your wind, haven't you? So the small one had to borrow frog's legs to follow. Oh, ho, ho,—oh, the way he alights on his nose!"

Green Hopper leaned against a stone to laugh. Then in sheer delight at his own expertness, he threw himself high in the air several times, coming down each time in his tracks. He turned somersaults, stood on his head on a twig, twirled around several times and finally fell to preening himself carefully, pretending to forget his audience. Tom looked on with delight. It was a wonderful thing to have such legs.

"Can you attend to a civil question, young impudence?" roared the frog. "Where will Long Hopper be found?"

"Your rumble shakes the ground under his feet, Fat Sir. He lives by the bush yonder."

"Which one?" asked Tom eagerly. "I want to help him."

"You help Long Hopper!" shrilled the insect. "Oh, ho, ho!" Up he went again in a series of flings and somersaults, shrieking his derision. "And what can the cute little fellow do for a hopper?"

Tom began to suspect that his errand was foolish as well as dangerous. Still the big lame grasshopper was not a young clown, like this fellow, and he determined to go on.

"I harmed him and I must make amends," he said to himself, speaking aloud.

This was too much for Green Hopper. He went off into another fit of flings and shrieks, but suddenly brought himself up short in front of Tom and eyed him keenly.

"Say, you do look like a human—a human in Pixie size. Did Pedee help you to get here? Oh, ho, I see—you're the chap! Well, Long Hopper will be glad to see you," he said significantly. "So will his friends. Oh, ho, ho,—Oh, this is rich! Just wait till I send out the word."

He sprang to a high bush and began rasping out a message on the night wind. It was quickly answered from bush and tree. Big Frog rolled his eyes and croaked to Tom uneasily.

"Come mount, small one. I must take you away. Come quickly."

"No," said Tom stoutly. "I will not go until I have seen Long Hopper."

"You'll see him pretty shortly—and all his tribe," said Green Hopper, coming down to the ground.

A strange rasping and rustling noise was rising in the thicket. Tom's heart was thumping but he jumped from Big Frog's clutch and ran toward the bush where, slowly pulling and rolling himself toward them, came Long Hopper, still big and powerful, and fierce and trembling with rage.

"You're the chap!" His voice cut the air like a huge whip. "You like leg pulling so well, I'm sorry you have only two to have pulled."

Tom started to speak, but a half dozen hoppers sprang on to him from the surrounding jungle and began dragging him toward the lame one.

(To be continued)

Order of the Round Table

CHIEF KNIGHT VIDA STONE

REPORT FROM THE VALIANT ROUND TABLE AND THE HELPERS' ROUND TABLE, OMAHA, NEB.:

"On Sunday evening, members of the Valiant and Helpers' Round Tables of Omaha gave a public demonstration of the work before a good sized crowd of people at the New Theosophical Hall, at 315 So. 15th St.

"To state that the affair was a complete success would be putting it mildly. People even waxed enthusiastic during the demonstration. Comments heard were about the extraordinary beauty of the setting, the colors, music, etc. The children gave the Flower Ceremony with faultless precision, and a new candidate was initiated. Sir Launcelot II rendered a very well played violin solo, while Sir Parsifal (a Squire) read a charming story entitled the "Life of a Leaf", published in an old *American Theosophist*.

"Without a single exception all the parents of the children were there, many for the first time. They said that they'd known the ceremony must be very nice, but were illy-prepared for the wonderful surprise given them. Others stated that they'd never dreamed such a thing was in Omaha at all. What seemed to appeal to them the most was the clock-like precision and training of the children, the well-ordered sequences of the ceremonious part, the business-like minutes, the intelligent suggestions and questions of the children, their absorbed interest in the business part, and the stillness and intenseness of the meditation. Many strangers had never seen or heard of such a meditation and its effect upon them in some cases was peculiar, almost stunning—they never dreamed that so many children could be so suddenly stilled. Something outside of their previous ken entirely—signs of a little awe were distinctly visible.

"Tentative plans for another Table are being

considered, this time in South Omaha, as there is already one in the West, and one in the North."

George N. Ragan, Sir Galahad.

Mrs. K. P. Eklund, Sir Truth.

LEADING KNIGHTS.



"I'm wearing my button, are you?"

This is Grayson Rogers, Senior Patrol Leader, Buffalo Patrol, St. Alban Troop No. 79 of the Boy Scouts of America.

What Lodges Are Doing

The Maryland Lodge Bulletin reports lectures by Mr. Hugh Munro of Philadelphia, Mr. Thos. W. Pond and Miss Grace Holter, and a "Lecturer's Development Class" which meets every Tuesday at 8:00 p. m.

The January program of the Tacoma Lodge included lectures by Mr. E. Tappen Tannat, Mr. Jan Christopher, Mr. L. W. Rogers, Prof. D. Carlos McAllister and Mr. G. W. Shepard, as well as two social evenings.

Besant Lodge, Seattle, devoted an evening to a talk by Miss Watson on her visit to Holland to the Star Congress, another to a Round Table talk by Miss Myra Bancroft Olive on "Education in China," and held an afternoon tea for members and friends at which Mr. Rogers was the speaker.

Seattle Lodge Life-Wave gives an interesting account of a remnant of 25 students of a class in psychology left by a prominent traveling psychologist, who asked Mr. W. G. Shepard to lecture to them about two years ago. Promised success, both material and spiritual, had apparently not materialized. For two years, with only short vacation intermissions, Mr. Shepard talked to them about evolution and the various phases of the Divine Plan. The attendance grew steadily until for some time it has been averaging 150 or more each week. At the beginning of the new year some 70 members of this class applied for a Lodge charter of The American Theosophical Society while the balance of the class goes on its way independently. The new "Lodge of the Inner Light," has arranged to use the Lodge room and library of the Seattle Lodge.

Another Theosophical center has been established in New York at 45 West 49th St. This is the home of the new Service Lodge that was organized at the close of the course of lectures given on eight consecutive Tuesday evenings in the Engineering Societies Building in the autumn. The new home of the new Lodge consists of a meeting room and a small adjoining room that will be used as a library. The class teaching, always a most important matter, is flourishing under the leadership of Mrs. Russell Lloyd Jones. Service Lodge is the 6th center in New York and they are well distributed over the city. Chicago still leads the nation in both membership and in the number of Lodges, now having fifteen.

The Secretary of the Port Angeles, Wash., Lodge writes of an interesting open meeting recently held, at which the topic was "Reincarnation and Karma," and that the five visitors took an animated part in the discussion following. During the evening some quotations along theosophical lines from Edison were read and the Secretary mentioned the fact that she had learned from *Old Diary Leaves* that Edison was one of the early members of the society, having written Colonel Olcott for membership shortly after the Founders had gone to India. During November this Lodge loaned about thirty-five books to members and non-members.

"Des Moines Lodge held its annual home coming meeting this fall, to which members from many states sent letters to be read in response to their name at roll call. A delegation of visitors came from the Ames Lodge, and after five new members were initiated the balance of the evening was spent pleasantly with the help of the social committee."

Portland Lodge, Oregon, had a lecture by Mr. Rogers in January, and is looking forward to a series of three public lectures by Bishop Irving Cooper in February. They have a Book Review and Silver Tea on the last Tuesday of each month between the hours of 2:00 to 4:00 p. m. to which the public is invited.

The President of Long Beach Lodge, California, reports that a course of four weekly lectures by Dr. Sanford Bell in November resulted in a study class of over fifty, which is increasing each week, and that during December and January Capt. Max Wardall gave a course of eight lectures on comparative religion which aroused great interest. In December they also had two lectures by Prof. R. K. Kulkarni, one of them illustrated by stereopticon slides, and received eleven new members into the Lodge, and two old ones rejoined. The Lodge believes that their advertisements have received more public attention since they won first prize of their division for the float "The Ship of Theosophy."

The San Jose Lodge had a rummage sale in January. An unused small storeroom on the main street of the nearby city of Santa Clara was easily secured and all sorts of discarded things were sold—old clothing, shoes, dishes, phonograph records, books, etc.

News Items

Prof. Kulkarni sailed from San Francisco January 15 after a tour among the American Lodges along the route from New York to the Pacific Coast. His lectures, often presenting viewpoints rather new to Americans, were much enjoyed.

Major Geo. B. Lake, who has previously been mentioned for his excellent theosophical work at Camp Alfred Vail, New Jersey, has become managing editor of *Clinical Medicine*, Chicago. During his military career, Major Lake served in the Philippines and in Mexico. His change now to civil life will give him still wider opportunity for theosophical work.

Mr. A. P. Warrington's many friends throughout the Section will be happy to learn that while he has been seriously ill for sometime he is now on the road to complete recovery.

Mrs. Blanche K. Povelsen of Washington, D. C., eastern and southern Divisional Secretary for The Order of the Star in the East, went on a lecture tour during January. Her itinerary included sixteen southern cities.

While the Adyar Button was in process of manufacture recently, Mr. Ray W. Harden of the U. S. Adyar Committee, received a personal

letter from the manager of the factory, asking in the name of "merciful curiosity" to tell him *what* "Adyar" is anyway—"Do you eat it or drink it or is it a real estate subdivision? And what is going to happen on February 17th?—because, if its the crack of doom, I'd like to prepare myself." It seems this company pride themselves upon having complete data about every holiday or anniversary on earth, and this was a new one to them. Full information about Adyar was immediately dispatched to them.

A member in Montana writes that he is much pleased with the Children's Page in THE MESSENGER and that "I cannot express thanks for the delight I gained by seeing my little girl reading the first story 'For the Children.'"

The degree of Doctor of Letters has been conferred upon George S. Arundale by the National University in India. From *The Theosophical Review* we learn that he is arranging to remain in Europe for the greater part of 1925, and will lecture on education.

The E. S. Headquarters have been moved from Krotona, Hollywood, to Ojai, California. The name of the estate remains the same as before, "Krotona".

Theosophy In Texas

An indefatigable worker for Theosophy is Miss Ilona B. Benda, of Sunset Heights, Houston. She has distributed hundreds of pieces of theosophical publicity literature to the inmates of Huntsville Penitentiary and the prisoners at Honor Farm, Sugarland, who have been very appreciative of our literature, especially Mr. L. W. Roger's pamphlet Universal Brotherhood. Miss Benda writes: "How much, how *very* much even *one* book can sometimes mean, rightly given. I could tell you a tale about each of those sent. They are food and drink to these hungry souls."

Miss Benda has written a series of twenty-six articles for the Houston Chronicle, unobtrusively expressing throughout theosophical idealism, and The Texas Jewish Herald printed a column and a half from her pen on the brotherhood of religions, in which she brought out the keynotes of the various great faiths of the world.

Mr. Jinarajadasa says in his *Practical Theosophy* "Once within your horizon, Theosophy will not let you loose: it will follow you through every daily action." The Publicity Department in its effort to take Theosophy into the horizon of other people is well worth your support.

Quarterly Lodge Membership Record

October, November, December, 1924

Total active members Oct. 1, 1924.....	7274
New Members	405
Reinstatements	50
Deceased	13
Resignations	30
Transferred to American Section	1
Transferred from " "	0

Total active membership Jan. 1, 1925.....7687

Mrs. Mildred Ives Shattuck

The recent sudden death of Mrs. Mildred Ives Shattuck, of Annie Besant Lodge, Cleveland, has taken another Theosophist from our midst. For the past year Mrs. Shattuck's health did not permit her to be very active, but prior to that she was one of the organizers of the Theosophical Sunday School in Cleveland, of which she was assistant superintendent, and she organized and guided one of the first Round Tables in that city. Her constant thought and interest were for Theosophy.

Deaths

*Rest in the Eternal grant them, Oh Lord,
And may light perpetual shine upon them.*

James Baker	Annie Besant San Diego Lodge
E. Y. Blum	Kansas City Lodge
James Cuthbertson	Besant-Hollywood Lodge
Dr. Theodore Doyle	Kansas City Lodge
Mrs. Lucie Emery	Harmony Toledo Lodge
Mrs. Hannah B. Greim	Reading Lodge
Frederick E. Henkel	Oklahoma Lodge
Miss Carrie Cornell Hunter	Springfield Ill. Lodge
Mrs. Anna Hyatt	H. P. B. Newark Lodge
Mrs. Cora Kelton	Harmony Toledo Lodge
Mrs. Althea K. Merrill	Akbar Lodge
Mrs. Elizabeth Platta	Omaha Lodge
Mrs. Bernice G. Vance	Oklahoma Lodge
Mrs. Mildred Shattuck	Annie Besant Cleveland Lodge
Linton W. Smith	Section Member

Publicity Donations For December

Fort Lauderdale Lodge	\$ 1.50
Mrs. H. Kay Campbell	6.63
Buffalo Lodge	10.00
Mrs. M. Belle Kempter	3.00
Seattle Lodge	3.00
Louisville Lodge	1.00
Brotherhood, Detroit	2.75
Gulfport Lodge	1.80
St. Paul Lodge	5.00
Oakland Lodge	2.50
Oak Park Lodge	5.00
Lansing Lodge	3.00
Mr. E. F. Holland	2.50
Pacific Lodge	2.45
Mrs. C. E. Martinez	5.00
Santa Ana Lodge	2.00
Besant, Tulsa	1.00
Wallace Lodge	5.00
John Dolan	5.00
A Friend	12.00
New York Lodge	4.75
Mrs. Dolly Dean Burgess	1.00
Service Lodge, Reno	1.00
Aberdeen Lodge	5.00
Portland Lodge	3.50

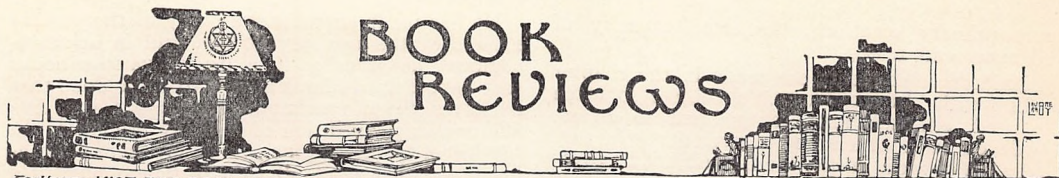
Total\$ 95.33

Traveling Libraries in Russia

Free libraries installed on railroad cars which make stops for a few days at all stations including little villages, are a feature of the present Soviet interest in books as described by H. M. Lydenberg of the New York Public Library who traveled this spring in Russia:

"Whatever the Soviet government is or is not doing for the Russian people, it is making it possible for them to read books. The people take out books for home reading and then return them on a subsequent trip of the library on wheels. The amount of circulation accomplished by these ambulant libraries is impressive."

BOOK REVIEWS



to have—JUST THE BOOK ONE WANTS when one wants it, is—and must remain—the supreme luxury of the cultivated life

"The New Decalogue of Science," by Albert Edward Wiggam. Published by Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Price, Cloth, \$3.00 through The Theosophical Press.

This very interesting book from the pen of a capable writer is an effort to present an interpretation and indicate a definite solution of the great fundamental, national, social and individual problems of existence based upon the author's studies and readings in the sciences of biology, psychology, genetics, etc. It is an acceptance of that school of scientific thought that sees in heredity primarily, and environment secondarily, the sole determining factors in the evolution or degradation of the human race.

The book is an allegory purporting to be a presentment, by an apostle of the latest views of science, of a new Ten Commandments, a new Sermon on the Mount, and a new Golden Rule of conduct to statesmanship as the representative of the old order of social life.

Divided into what the author calls the five warnings it admonishes: first, that the advanced races are going backward; second, that heredity is the chief maker of man; third, that the Golden Rule without science will wreck the race that tries it; fourth, that medicine, hygiene and sanitation will weaken the human race; and, fifth, that morals, education, art and religion will not improve the human race.

The author follows with a chapter exalting and eulogizing modern scientific methods under the title of "The New Mount Sinia-The Laboratory," but without any explicit information being given as to the actual methods, ways and means. He follows it up with twelve chapters containing the new Decalogue of science itself, or an application of the scientific method not merely to industry and politics, but to the whole individual and social life of man, to the end that he may discern and apply those ethical principles and that moral technique which will minister to his own racial success—to his own progressive evolution.

The book is based, however, on three fallacious assumptions: First, that the individual and social order of the present day is much worse than in the immediately preceding generations and that a period of national and social decadence is impending. Second, that the intellectual and psychological tests which have been recently developed are full and sufficient means for determining the evolutionary status of the individual and social group of which he is a member. Third, that primarily, heredity and secondarily environment determines the total content of consciousness and mentality of the individual man.

The book is shot through and through with the dogmatic assertions so commonly found all along in the history of modern scientific advancement.

Unconsciously the author falls into the fallacious position of admitting the Weisman germ plasm and the Mendelian determinate theories of biological heredity and still contending that hereditary influences can account for all the mental and emotional characteristics of the individual, because today few biologists will contend for a minute that acquired characteristics can be or are transmitted to the germ plasm. Further, the great question today in biology is not that the determinates and biophors determine the characteristics of the individual but *what determines the determinates*.

This book is a splendid work however, because of the train of thought it starts and not because of any masterful presentment of facts.

The theosophist cannot but wish while reading it that the author had had access to the profundities of the Ancient Wisdom and the occult knowledge it opens concerning the precise questionings he raises. If he had, much that he says would have been put in other and more accurate form.

The author is to be commended for much that is splendid in the book he has produced. He has a masterful use of the English language and has capably portrayed the oncoming power of scientific knowledge. All theosophists interested in the philosophical and scientific side of human knowledge should read it.

Ranah Jai.

Christianity and the Race Problem, by J. H. Oldham, M.A. Published by Geo. H. Doran Co. Price, \$2.25, through The Theosophical Press.

Anyone interested in the subject of race relations cannot help being interested in whether the Christian Church has any contribution to make in the solution of the Race Problem.

The writer cites the history of mankind commencing with the beginning of the sixteenth century, continuing to the discovery of America and its subsequent colonization and the beginnings of European settlements in South Africa, India and other countries, to the present time. One of the most important statements made by the author is in the chapter headed "Significance of Race," namely: "There is practical agreement among the best authorities that there is no such thing in the world today as race in the zoological sense of a pure breed or strain."

Most interesting are the chapters, "Facts of Inequality" and "Truth of Equality." In the first he takes up the subject of inborn racial capacities of different stocks calling attention to the importance of agreeing on a standard as to what constitutes superiority; in the second he states that "Anthropology has made it certain that the basal qualities of the human mind are the same among all peoples—same dominant instincts, the

same primary emotions, the same capacity of judgment and reason."

Significant statements are made in the chapter dealing with "Intermarriage," a subject so often discussed, although few are qualified to do so. I will quote a concluding statement: "In any discussion of racial fusion the fact cannot be overlooked that in the United States and in other places where white people and other races are in contact, the growth of a mixed population is due almost entirely to lack of restraint on the part of white men. The demand for the maintenance of racial purity is sincere only when the violation of the principle by white men is visited with as severe condemnation as the violation by black, and when the protection insisted on for white women is accorded also to the other race."

The last chapter of the book should appeal to men of vision—it deals with the way out and the Church aspect. Important is the conclusion: "The adjustment of relations between the race is at bottom the problem of bringing into existence a world society permeated by the spirit of justice, sympathy and good-will. Those who devote themselves to ends not merely national but human do, in fact, find comrades in their task among those who belong to other nations and other races."

Truly, this is a remarkable book full of facts that prove conclusively that the author is at home when it comes to a discussion of the Race Problem. C. W.

Mind As a Force, by Charles F. Harford
Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York
136 pages cloth. Price \$1.50, through The Theosophical Press.

"Mind As a force" is a practical, clearly written book for the lay reader who wishes to understand the forces within his own mind so as to make the best possible use of them.

By "lay reader" is evidently meant the student who already has at least a working knowledge of the subject. Otherwise, he might be in the position of one who goes to visit a moving picture of a book that has been filmed. If he has read the book, the gaps in the continuity of the picture are not apparent to him; if he has not, then he will probably wonder what much of it is about. A book holds so many situations that all can not possibly figure in one film. Emphasis can be laid on certain aspects only.

So it is in presenting a scenario of so great a subject as Dr. Harford suggests to us. His standpoint is that of a student of psychology, mainly in its medical aspects; but also in its spiritual and social applications. He has been a pioneer missionary in Central Africa. For twenty-one years he was principal of Livingston College, and "engaged in medical, spiritual and social movements which brought him in touch with many peoples, nations and languages." You know, then, that he would not take up any study from the purely academic standpoint, for his own information and to interest himself; his motive primarily would be to get knowledge that would help him in serving his fellow man. And that he is a server is evident throughout the book.

He has made an extensive study of the various schools of the new psychology, and in acknowledgment he gives quite a list of various books that have helped him. But it is to Emil Coue that he gives definite acknowledgment for the clue afforded to the solution of so many problems. In the list of books he gives, however, there is nothing noted that is at all akin to Theosophy. He misses much by not considering the Eastern psychology.

"Mind As a Force" will be of interest to Theosophists, and they will appreciate this presentation of the subject from the standpoint of a practical, trained man, one who has worked with those "ill-at-eased" in body, mind and soul. They will be glad to use the book—its terms and definitions and examples—as a basis for stimulating further interest in problems of the mind, for Theosophy can fill in the gaps in the "continuity" and make plain many of the situations.

M. K.

The Child: His Nature and His Needs, Published by The Children's Foundation of Valparaiso, Ind. 516 pages. \$1.25, through The Theosophical Press.

The publication of this book is an excellent index of the tremendous interest being shown in recent years, not only by educators but by laymen, in the proper education of children. Quoting from the Introduction by M. V. O'Shea, Professor of Education at the University of Wisconsin, who is also editor of this book and the author of several chapters, in it "The Children's Foundation, as Mr. Meyers, its founder, has pointed out in the Preface to this volume, is seeking to be of service in performing the task of coordinating, interpreting, and applying the results of investigation relating to the development of childhood and youth which have been made in recent years, and also the outcome of experiments in promoting the well-being and education of the young."

The book itself is a splendid initial working out of this ideal which the Foundation has set before itself. It brings within the covers of a single volume excellent treatises of special phases of child development, written by authorities in these special departments. Such names as Bird T. Baldwin of the University of Iowa, E. A. Kirkpatrick, the psychologist, William A. White the psychiatrist, William Healy of Boston, as well as M. V. O'Shea and a number of others insure the value of the articles brought together as chapters of this unique contribution to the study of child welfare.

The work is not technical. The lay reader will be interested as well as the teacher. There is much in the book that should be of real value to the parent who wishes to understand more clearly what best to do for his children, physically, morally, mentally. The various writers point the way and a very complete bibliography for each subject leads to further and more detailed knowledge concerning this most vital of present day topics: the child.

The very small sum of one dollar, postage additional (made possible by the Foundation) secures for one a book worth many times that amount. J. K. S.

"The Witness," written down by Jessie Platts; Published by Hutchinson & Co., London. Price \$1.75 through The Theosophical Press.

This is a volume of communications received from the astral plane by means of automatic writing from the hand of Mrs. Jessie Platts, mother of Lieutenant Edgar Lovell Filmer Platts, a young officer in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, who was killed in action with the British forces in France, in 1917. He was then not yet eighteen years old. His brother, also a British officer, was killed in Mesopotamia in 1920. The young lieutenant, called "Tiny" by his family because of his great size, left school in order to enlist; he seems to have been a most lovable chap, with an unusually discriminating sense of honor, the finest type of Anglo-Saxon.

Thrown out of his body in battle, the youthful Tiny became one of the "band of helpers" on the astral plane, receiving regular and constant instruction to train him in the work. The record of his experiences and a portion of his instruction he handed on to his mother who took them down automatically, collected a large number of them and had them published. The truths of reincarnation and the law of cause and effect were taught him; he refers constantly to Master Christ and to others whom he has met. Giordano Bruno, for one, who teaches him; that sounds strange to the theosophical ear in the light of the currently held belief that the President was Bruno, but it is not impossible that she assumed that particular form on the astral plane for a time. He refers later on to the help received from the Master Hilarion. Some of the most interesting passages of *The Witness* are devoted to the impending work of the Christ in teaching humanity, and of the "coming" the lad has this to say: "He will not work in a human body as some people are teaching, but He will be on the earth working and teaching in His spiritual body.....I mean that although He is on the earth in His own spiritual body. He will appear in different bodies when talking to different people." In another place he defines the astral body as the spiritual body, which, I believe, is according to St. Paul's classification.

Possibly Tiny's most interesting assertion is the repeated one that the man Jesus and Christ were two different beings; and he states that Jesus is working on the astral plane. His understanding of the functions of the astral body and the mental body seems very clear and definite. A great deal of the writings have to do, of course, with the war and with the political situation and most of it is highly interesting.

The book is written in a note of unusual zest and enthusiasm, for a work of this type. Zeal for good work, admiration and loyalty for Christ, joy in service—each page breathes these.

A. E. D.

New Territory and Advertising Fund

DECEMBER PAYMENTS

Miss Etta M. Budd.....	\$ 10.00
White Lotus Lodge.....	50.00
Mrs. A. F. Cook.....	25.00
H. D. Olsen.....	100.00
Mrs. H. Kay Campbell.....	25.00
Mrs. Marie P. Morse.....	20.00

	Brought forward	\$230.00
Mrs. Hannah B. Stephens.....		10.00
Minneapolis Lodge.....		29.00
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