

TO YOU!

LEARN TO LIVE!

DOES YOUTH WANT WAR?

◆ *World Blamed in Lost Love*

◆ *The Phantom of Sin*

◆ *There Are No Dead*

Baby Tales From Tinker Town

*Life Here and Hereafter Has A Common Development
and A Common Purpose*

TO YOU!

*A Magazine ... for the Discriminating Individual ... that Develops
and Enhances the Art of Living Here and Hereafter*

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To You



Just You

THIS article is written on Thanksgiving morning; and while it probably will not be read until during the Christmas Holiday, or even after the New Year has begun, its message still will be fresh and appropriate.

On this morning, when the country is giving thanks for its blessings, thoughts drift back to the first and original Thanksgiving Proclamation issued by George Washington in 1789, from New York City, and calling for a day of public thanksgiving and prayer. The original document is still preserved among the treasured documents in the Library of Congress at Washington.

This, however, is not the important feature of the Thanksgiving Proclamation, issued by the first President of this country. The important fact which causes the minds of American citizens to dwell on and study the vital decree is the farsightedness, the broadmindedness, and the depth of Intelligence manifested throughout it. The document is a classic; every American citizen would do well to read it carefully at this crucial time of history.

In the Proclamation, Washington enumerates the many things for which the peo-

*Throughout the New Year Remember
Every Individual is a Free Agent.*

ple of the United States should give thanks.
Among them is:

"For the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish Constitutions of Government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the National one now lately instituted."

Another is:

"For the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge."

And again:

*"*** And beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions, to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually, to render our national government a blessing to all the people by constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discretely and faithfully executed and obeyed, to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us) and to bless them with good government, peace and concord;*

Again he proclaimed:

*"To promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us ****."*

Note the clear thought and deep understanding permeating the above words. Truly a great man was George Washington.

The "civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed" is in jeopardy today from the destructive forces which are banded together subtly to accomplish its destruction.

Churches and forms of worship have increased and multiplied during the years until it is possible for an Individual to worship his Creator in any form or fashion which may appeal to him.

Science has developed and expanded far beyond the conception which Washington probably had for it in his day.

All of this has transpired within one-hundred-and-forty-six years since the first Presidential Proclamation was issued, calling upon the people to give thanks to "God."

Civil liberty is at the crossroads; and with it religious and scientific freedom and liberty.

What the outcome may be rests with the people of America.

A few years before George Washington's famous Thanksgiving document was written and given to the people, men were wounded, maimed, and died; they suffered hunger and hardship in their efforts to establish civil, religious, and scientific freedom under a government strong and true.

Had the Continental Army failed of its purpose, Washington would have been shot as a rebel leader, and with him would have gone the great Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, and many other great Souls who struggled that You—and You—and You—might inherit this birthright and enjoy your freedom and liberty in safety.

Today, as a result of their efforts and far-

sightedness, the doors of the Halls of Science have been left open for You. You have your choice of any branch.

Likewise the doors of all churches are open to welcome You.

You have freedom of speech; freedom to seek your Happiness wheresoever You will; freedom to live your life and rear your children as You desire.

But let this government, which was founded for the main purpose of civil and religious liberty in behalf of its peoples, be destroyed and the doors of Science will be closed to You; the freedom which You enjoy in worshipping your Creator will be taken from You and You will be told *when* and *where* and *how* to worship and give thanks in a manner that is best for your "immortal soul"—as many of those who lived in the Dark Ages could testify, and as many of those brave ones who migrated to this new land and country to be free from religious restriction could bear witness.

With the destruction of the government formulated and established by George Washington and Thomas Paine and the other brave men of their day goes also the destruction of Individual Liberty and Freedom.

Is religious liberty to perish from the earth? Is science to be controlled by dictators who pretend to know science, and consider that You are not sufficiently intelligent to know what You want and what is best for You?

With the disappearance of civil liberty is likewise the disappearance of religious and scientific liberty;

As well as the disappearance of freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of peaceful assembly.

A New Year is opening "unto the souls of men."

During this year much propagandd, many solicitations, financial bribes, and material

baits of every kind and description will meet and greet You. And possibly delude You.

Unless You keep yourself mentally alert and on guard, keep your emotions under control, and do plenty of active thinking and analyzing, You may very easily be misled and misguided by the many subtle agencies at work.

Analyze and *think*—and convert your logical conclusions into *action*.

Perhaps You are one who says: "Oh, what do my actions amount to? My efforts are only wasted. The other fellows will do as they please, whether I like it or not."

These thoughts and words are deadly narcotics. They lull You to sleep and make You inactive.

Suppose the issues for which You stand and

exert action should fail of winning; still your ideas have been registered, your efforts have been made, and your reward is surely due You in some form or another.

At the dawn of this New Year it might be well for all American citizens and countrymen to ponder and think over the fact that they are, as yet, free human beings.

You, an American citizen, are a free agent. You may not have much in worldly goods and You may not be successful in worldly accomplishments; but at least You are rich in the things of the Soul, for You have your freedom, your liberty, your rights, in matters civil, religious and scientific.

You are, indeed, still "blessed among men," at this New Year.

And it is your *inherent right* to remain "blessed among men," during all the New Years.



A Coincidence

I. B.

Yesterday I went out to my sister's to gather up some mail, etc., and to get the magazine which had not arrived before my last call. All of which I did, and then returned to my little apartment late in the afternoon. The day had been very cold and the city was shivering in a high, strong and icy-cold wind. When the wind blows I always feel the need of some kind of diversion, or in lieu of companionship, an interesting book and a fireplace. The windows were rattling as I entered, a shutter banged protestingly against the time-worn bricks of the house next door. I walked to the back window (third floor) and looked across the tops of lower houses in the rear to the eastern sky, outlined against what is a long, low, and, to me, sinister-looking factory building. And the wind howled and yelped—every once in a while an empty tin can would roll along in the alley, stop, and start again. I stood there thinking, when my eyes turned to the two "To You" magazines which I had tossed on a chair as I entered the room. Quite casually I picked up one, tore off the band and the pages opened to the poem "Oh Wind!"

I sort of gasped and then stood there reading the poem, the wind outside howling and tossing about some scattered snow-flakes. A dead silence otherwise. I was alone with the wind, in the wind—here was "Noneto" writing about the wind—the wind had stirred her too—stirred her soul to questioning, questing, a yearning patience; aroused to sentience the stilled frustrations of the years of living.

The black little sail-boat at the end—the three solitary gulls—perhaps there was no intention of conveying so much of solitude in the poem and through its setting. Perhaps only the solitary souls will feel its rhythm. Somehow I am trying to convey the fact that the poem is very much alive, it has capacity through its symbols or letters, because of its own vibration, of catching and holding one's attention. In other words, the poem is good. It reaches out with lovely beckoning hands from the page to signal him who understands, him who understands without words.

Tinker Town



Baby Tales from Tinker Town

Helen Mitchell

UP THE the main stem, Hollywood Boulevard, rode old Saint Nick. Not half so bright shown his eye or so merry his smile but a wee one was there for favor. For surely the Baby's own Saint is Jolly old Santa, and the Blessing of the wee ones' Mummy and Daddy is the sainted, kindly man who guided the little mite safely into the realm of life—the faithful family doctor. For sweet is the word—Family Doctor. Dear unsung heroes who trot in heavy harness through a life of service to the sick and the suffering, too often forgotten when the month-end bills are paid, too often censured for the miracle he couldn't perform, too seldom blessed for the millions of miracles he did accomplish.

He lives everywhere among us—that great friend, sometimes in finely laid-out equipment, sometimes in his small, meagre offices, and sometimes with his courageous shingle hung modestly over his cottage. But unless some snooping lady like the Tinker Town Minstrellette break in and pry loose his secrets, they remain forever untold. And so the Minstrellette, whose heart was gleeful with baby laughter at the big department store Xmas tree where the wee ones scampered in delight, hied her hence to find another



DR. GRUA AND ONE OF HIS "LITTLE MITES"

unsung hero of immortal Tinker Town; one whose long years of service made him the right hand man of that wise old bird, The Stork.

So up the elevator went she to a row of cozy offices and merrily tugged at the buzzer. A pretty nurse, all sparkly and white in a crisp new uniform, slipped in with that silent grace nurses seem to know and smiled a welcome.

"I would like to see Dr. Grua."

"But you are not sick, are you?" She hesitated as her eyes searched for a salesman's case. For surely her practiced eye saw no reason for the Minstrellette's presence otherwise.

"Not I," laughed the Tinker Town bard, "Nor do I sell. I have come to take the secrets of a wonderful doctor and shout them

high, high to the merry throng of the gay New Year."

"O-o-o," she breathed a frightened little gasp. "I'll speak to the Doctor."

But as she slipped through the private door and down the long hall past the many strange devices of science that restore life, so did the Minstrellette follow and stalk the prey in his peaceful den. Nor did he surrender easily. For here was not a case that needed the big words of his medical dictionary, nor the sick little baby that needed care, nor a frightened young husband whose wife was about to make him a father. But a healthy, prying Minstrellette who was circling about him, plying leading questions and grabbing copious notes from every utterance. And forcing him, of all things, to talk about himself, and his secrets, and the daily battles for human life that he must wage with his two strong hands aided only by those of his gentle little nurse. Then, too, there were those in the waiting room who waited in pain, or despair, or anxiety for his help. And what was a Minstrellette with her pencil and pad compared to them, until she struck a key-note, a harmonious chord?

"Dr. Grua, give me a message that will enlighten the many who read, and help the floundering more perfectly to perform their God-given job—that of living."

A beautiful light of understanding filled his fine countenance and he promised to return after the sick were cared for and follow the Minstrellette's flying pencil as best he could.

"Service," confided the nurse as he left, "is the prime premise of his life. I have heard him say often, 'All I ask is to so live and so do my work that when the night is come I can honestly say to myself that I have done the best that I could.'"

"Ah ha," mused the Minstrellette, "Here is where the Tinkering hammer can pound out some noble strokes before Dr. Grua re-

turns." So she hinted a bit and the little nurse talked.

"You know, he is very vexed with me if I crowd his schedule. He maintains that he cannot give the complete attention that he desires to each patient if he is pressed for time. This worries him very much and I try to abide by his wish. When a patient leaves, then Doctor goes over the cases again and again to be sure that nothing is left undone. I have never known anyone who is master over himself like Dr. Grua."

"How comforting," breathed Mitchell, "to know that one is not just another machine out of order in the physician's hands, but a live, heart-beating human."

"That's it, the nurse replied, "I believe that most of Doctor's patients help him cure themselves because of their implicit confidence in him. He told me once that a large percent of patients can help cure themselves or keep themselves sick by their mental outlook."

She handed the Minstrellette a picture of a bit of a baby girl in a Trojan's helmet, and told the Minstrellette of the fine example of a patient's will to win. The mother of this little baby was faced with a serious problem. She was four months along the road of the dearest dream she and her football hero had ever had, the road that led to another little Trojan. So sure was the young father of another football player in the family that he had painted some lovely all-American football cards announcing the blessed event. But the delicate mother came down with an acute attack of appendicitis. It was a hard task for Dr. Grua to tell the young couple that to save the mother's life the little unborn baby would probably have to return to the paradise from which it had barely emerged. All through the operation the mother's tearful pleas to save her baby rang in his ears and he fought one of the hardest battles of his life to save both the mother and the child. Wearily and anxiously he awaited the hours

following the operation that would tell the tale and finally had the supreme joy of telling the young father that his wife could safely go on in her quest of motherhood. Gladly and gaily the day arrived when Dr. Grua laid in the Trojan's arms, not a little football player but surely the sweet inspiration for any winning team.

Another valiant woman came to the doctor in a very serious condition, so much so that nearly all of both of her ovaries had to be removed. The fear of the terrific operation was nothing to her dread of going through life childless. Again that courageous warrior went to battle. His was the task this time not only of saving a fellow creature's life, but that comrade's life happiness. For hours he worked to save the most minute fragment of healthy tissue so that the woman might sometime become a mother. His efforts were rewarded a year later at the woman's bedside when she cuddled close to her heart a fine baby girl.

"You see," the nurse went on with her eyes glowing, "Dr. Grua idealizes Motherhood. Nothing grieves him more than to be called to the delivery of a woman who considers her condition an accident."

"Could such a thing be possible?" Mitchell gasped in amazement.

"Too often possible," the nurse replied sadly. "There is a type of girl who enters the hospital to bear a child who does not even know the father. These little waifs go to homes for adoption. Rarely do the mothers want them. Sometimes one will take her child and care for it for a month or so then bring it back to be placed in a home. The tragedy is that in a few weeks' time these same girls are pregnant again. We do not know how to handle this situation because so many factors enter into it—money, bald ideas of free love, low intelligence, and most important, the effect of bad motion pictures and trash literature.

"Furthermore, if a child could know in some cases how hard his mother tried to get rid of him, the most glorious ideal of his life would crash. However, the unmarried mother who wins Dr. Grua's undying loyalty is the sweet little girl from a good home whose mother through false modesty or neglect has not properly guided the surging emotions that seize her young body in the adolescent period. Since the sex urge can only be controlled by fear this little girl is helpless because she has no fear of something that she does not know except as a sincere "puppy" love. Innocently, yes beautifully, she is swept into tragic motherhood. Here, too, Dr. Grua has had some glorious lessons in life. Almost without fail the young father wants to claim his baby and the little mother. Men are and always have been chivalrous to good women."

Slyly Dr. Grua peeked in at the door and the Minstrellette had a vague suspicion that he was letting the little nurse do the talking for him, so she pounced on him with a barrage of questions.

"Of course, the nurse has told me many interesting things."

A look of infinite relief filled his eyes. "That's fine. You see, that's one way we work so well together; she does my talking for me."

"Well, well," cogitated the Minstrellette. "That sounds like this little lady is friend wife."

So says the canny Mitchell: "Thank you, Mrs. Grua."

And what a delicious blush! "Why—how did you know?"

"This nose for news. But do tell, how could two such perfect pals get together in such a hectic world?"

"Well—Doctor had a baby case."

"You see, the little fellow had pneumonia and whooping cough —"

"Hurrah," the Minstrellette almost

whooped herself, "at last the Doctor is talking."

"I had to call in a nurse——"

"And I was assigned for the case——"

"Then—well, I couldn't get along without her."

"I—I was his nurse for three years—after that——"

"Then I signed her up for life," grinned Dr. Grua like a little boy in the strawberry jam.

Wow, what a story, thought the Minstrellette as she jabbed away at her hieroglyphic notes. The Doctor talked from then on and each sentence rang with pertinent fact.

The Minstrellette gleaned that he had made an exhaustive study of pregnancy and obstetrics. Important and vital among his discoveries was that an expectant mother need not go through the nausea period. One little woman was brought to him so nauseated that she could not hold her head up and was restored to happy normal living until she delivered a lovely seven pound boy. He places the mother on a diet to keep her baby around seven pounds, which is an easy birth, and strongly advises the expectant mother to go about her work as always so that the muscles are strong and in condition for the birth.

Dr. Grua brings many of his babies into the world in a homey small hospital in the heart of Tinker Town. Here he works with the owner of the hospital to help the expectant mothers who are unfortunate in the way of worldly goods. Mothers who have little or no money for their lying-in period are taken in by the kindly, friendly woman who conducts the little haven on one of Tinker Town's side streets. Here they are given a chance to work for three months, and the work pays

their expenses of hospitalization with the best of care and comfort. During this period Dr. Grua watches over them, prescribing and advising, preparing them for the advent of the little one. He carries them through the confinement and looks after them through the trying period that follows, until mother and baby are safely on their way. And for this he charges but a very meager sum, yet with it all, renders the best of skilful obstetrical care, given with a human heart and sincere interest.

With eyes agleam and a smile in her voice, the little nurse piped in: "And the best part of it is, arrangements are made with them in the beginning to pay this amount in small payments during the pregnancy, so when the baby arrives it is paid for and clear, and there is no anxiety or worry to mar the young mother's recovery."

A truly kind man is Dr. Grua, who loves his work and makes friends of his patients.

As the Minstrellette pressed the elevator button, she looked out of the high windows over the vast stretch of buildings up against the skyline of the great city of Los Angeles beyond and pondered the words of the great soul she had just bid adieu:

"Life is a school. If we crib in the school we do not cheat the Great Teacher but ourselves, and slow down immeasurable the progress of our soul's evolution. I believe we each come to earth on a different stratum according to our soul's evolution."

So when the elevator sped down, the Minstrellette saw heights that the elevator, nor the tall building nor the clouds could reach. And the merry ring of the Tinkering hammer took up the refrain that carried the name Dr. Otto Grua to the age-old scroll of the unknown great of Tinker Town.



Your Struggle . . .



“World Blamed in ‘Lost Love’”

“The Background

THE killing of John Henry Dumbrell, 59 years old, prominent broker and clubman has set San Francisco agog. Mrs. Dumbrell, the graying wife of the slain man, married to him 27 years, says that she killed him. She says that she killed him because of his attentions to a younger woman and because of years of unhappy married life. The coroner's jury investigating the case says that either Mrs. Dumbrell or the couple's son, John Dumbrell, Jr., shot John Henry Dumbrell to death. But chief interest in the matter comes from the long married life together of two persons who soon were far apart in everything except living in the same rooms. And Elsie Robinson has written a dramatic analysis of the case of Amy Dumbrell—Mrs. John Henry Dumbrell, accused of the murder.”

“DRAMATIC ANALYSIS OF DUMBRELL TRAGEDY.

“JOHN DUMBRELL IS DEAD.

“Who killed him?

“Amy Dumbrell his wife will be tried for that murder. But who is the real criminal? Here is a chance, once more to face that question. Will we have the courage to do so? Probably not—but in case you're interested, here are a few facts.

“Consider Amy Dumbrell. Behind bars now. But never the sort of woman you'd expect to find behind bars. She must have been pretty once. Soft, fluttery—a curl-over-the-ear sort of girl.

Now she's fat—and still fluttery. Ghastly—those

“That Which God Has Joined Let No Man Put Asunder.” But if the Joining Was of Man's Will and Accord, What Then?

fluttery fifties—with their baby mouths and faded eyes under the grizzled hair. And a great silly, sprawling bow pinned over the shapeless futile flesh.

“Poor thing! She shouldn't be here! She should be puttering about the house, or piffing over bridge, she shouldn't—

“BUT FOR 50 YEARS THIS STUPID, COWARDLY, HYPOCRITICAL WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE HAS WORKED TO PUT HER THERE.

“YOU AND I, AND THE WORLD WE'VE MADE, PUT JOHN DUMBRELL ON A SLAB IN THE MORGUE AND AMY DUMBRELL IN A CELL IN THE JAIL AS SURELY AS THERE'S A GOD IN HEAVEN OR A DEVIL IN HELL.

“You don't believe it? Of course, you don't. But let's see you try to laugh it off!

“Twenty-seven years ago those two were married. She must, as we said, have been pretty then—a soft, impressionable young thing, ready to take any pattern that life might bring. And at first it seemed to bring love. Eight years—then a table, but never*—HERE. Of course, baby, such things often happen—the belief that her husband was unfaithful. True or not? Nobody knows.

“But she thought it was so. And that was enough.

“From that time on she refused to live with him as his wife.

“Yet she wouldn't go home, though her people were wealthy. And she 'didn't believe in divorce.' So there was no divorce. But hate instead—hate that spread and spread into earth's blackest hell.

* (Ed. note—Apparently there is an omission here)

"AND OUR INCONSISTENT LAW WHICH WILL NOT PERMIT THE TORTURING OF A DUMB BRUTE, ENABLED THIS WOMAN TO BIND HERSELF AND THE MAN IN THAT BLACK BONDAGE BY REFUSING DIVORCE.

"Until the thing reached its inevitable climax and she shot him dead. And now?

"And now the law will try her for a crime which the law made possible.

"How did the law make this possible? Why are you and I responsible for John Dumbrell's death?

"BECAUSE WE HAVE NOT THE COURAGE OF OUR CONVICTIONS, WE HAVEN'T THE COURAGE TO SAY EITHER 'YES' OR 'NO' AND THEN STAND BY OUR GUNS.

"We won't, to begin with, face the facts of divorce. Either decide it's right or it isn't. And then if it is right—if unhappily wedded people have a moral right to part—then let them.

"No, we won't do that. We admit the necessity of divorce and then we save our faces by refusing it, unless both parties are willing. Knowing the hellishness of hate, we yet allow one mate to torture the other and use that torture to save our consciences.

"That's the first way we make a monkey out of the law . . . and criminals out of honest citizens. Then having permitted a hell—WE REFUSE TO FACE THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES.

"Amy Dumbrell lived in hate until she killed her man. Now, by our law, we should kill Amy Dumbrell. But we won't—there's not one chance in a million. Instead again we duck—

"WE WILL NEITHER ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT NOR WILL WE USE IT EQUITABLY.

"If capital punishment is barbaric and disgraceful we shouldn't practice it—and if men and women are equal we should practice it without discrimination. But we will do neither—

"We want to kill—as long as it doesn't make us individually all hot and bothered. So we kill men because the smell of a burning man doesn't rile our sentimentalities. But we simply can't bear to grill a lovely young thing who might have been our sweetie or a fat old thing who might have been our mamma—so let them go free.

"So what?

"So an Amy Dumbrell pulls the trigger. Of course she does! For years she has heard the world snivel over the woes of Wronged Wives . . . and, for God knows how many hellish hours she has pictured revenge for herself—

"AND ALL THE WHILE SHE HAS BEEN READING OF OTHER VENGEFUL LADIES . . . SEEN THE AWFUL, ULTIMATE GRATIFICATION OF THEIR SPITE . . . GORGED HERSELF WITH THE DETAILS OF THEIR TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL . . . AND WITNESSED THEIR TRIUMPHANT PASSAGE FROM THE COURT TO BE GREETED WITH SWEET KISSES AND MOVIE CONTRACTS.

"Then at last something breaks — and in that nightmare moment what does she do? She does what we all do in our peak moments . . . does the thing she has been prepared to do by every experience, every unconscious reflection—

"SHE 'GIVES HIM THE WORKS!' "

"Why not?—I ask you."

by Elsie Robinson in the *Los Angeles Herald-Express*, Dec. 5, 1935.

This analysis and the problems involved in it deserve attention from every Individual—man or woman. Elsie Robinson has presented facts in a manner to show the intensity of the crime—both before and after the shooting. For this frank and courageous pronouncement she merits thoughtful consideration of her views.

She has made the law and society—"You and I"—the real criminals; and for this she needs use less drama and more analysis. Is the law, or the government back of that law responsible for the hatred that an individual develops within himself when his dreams are not realized? when his hopes are shattered?

If the statements Mrs. Dumbrell made against her husband were true—and they are the reason she gives for the crime—then she had grounds for divorce in any state in the Union. But she "didn't believe in divorce." Can society be blamed because of her beliefs? Where did she acquire these beliefs?

It may be that she acquired them in her education. It may be that her religion was the source of their birth. But she did not acquire them through the law, so how is it responsible?

And what of John Dumbrell? On the face of it, it would appear that John could not get a divorce because his wife did not believe in it. But this is not the fact. John Dumbrell could have secured a divorce in any state in the Union. When Amy Dumbrell refused to live with him as a wife, that fact alone established grounds for a divorce recognized in any court of law.

Perhaps Amy would have killed him had he started divorce proceedings. Perhaps John knew this and feared to arouse her ire; perhaps even, he feared to leave her—which in itself was a weakness. It was possible for John at any time to have left her and lived separately, even though no divorce was secured. Again, perhaps John remained in the home and lived in his "hell" which she created for him because of the money which Amy is reputed to have had. Or possibly John was just as weak and fearful as Amy and lacked the courage and strength to make the break which would have relieved them both of an intolerable situation.

At any rate, there is a grave possibility that John Dumbrell should share some of the blame for the culmination of such a life of misery and degradation.

Neither society nor law is responsible for the uncontrolled hatred, the rankling self-pity, and the unreasoning possessiveness of a woman who chooses to hold her mate, "because she does not believe in divorce." Amy Dumbrell was the victim of her own weaknesses, her own ignorance, and likewise was John Dumbrell. Both seemed to lack the courage and the intelligence to solve their problem as sane, sensible, intelligent human beings.

"And now the law will try her for a crime which the law made possible."

Couldn't this statement be made just as truthfully of the racketeer, the robber, the libertine? For none of these has the law or

the government back of it, developed a social life that makes his crime impossible. So long as two or three people are gathered together they can prey upon one another, wreak their hatreds upon one another, and inflict misery and suffering upon one another. Law can step in and punish them for their offences but it cannot make their offences impossible in any practicable way.

This woman chose to indulge her hatred until it became such a consuming passion within her that it took the life of one whom of her *own free will and accord* she had promised to love and cherish and, perhaps, obey. Perhaps her education was at fault. Perhaps she considered her marriage obligation more binding than the tenet "Thou shalt not kill," or perhaps, she was just being a "dog in a manger" and finally fell a victim of her destructive impulses.

If Amy Dumbrell had been educated in the principles that underly marriage; if she had known of the basic rights of the Individual; if she had been familiar with the duties and responsibilities of the Individual; she could not have committed this crime. If society is to blame for it then it is to blame *because it has not taught its members the principles of right living; or about the consuming fire of hatred, and the alternate freezing and burning of jealousy within the human Soul.* But once knowing these truths the Individual is responsible for exemplifying them.

No doubt, the divorce laws need altering. They need improving. They need to be revamped to permit of a greater freedom for the Individual, in many cases. *But improvement of the divorce laws will never abolish the crime of jealousy between husbands and wives. This crime is only abolished by the development of the Individual.*

If Amy Dumbrell had known that she was

only scourging her own Soul by the hatred that she let live there; if she had known that she was consuming all of the finer and lovelier things of herself in a fire worse than any mythical hell, perhaps she would have endeavored to control her passion, perhaps she would have been amenable to reason. If she had realized her responsibility to live a moral life no matter what kind of life her husband lived, perhaps she would never have given way to her impulses so completely.

An understanding and knowledge of human nature will not countenance the idea that if only the law would decide divorce as right or not right and then stick by it, this would solve the marital difficulties of mankind.

Two people ignorantly bound themselves in an intimate association that became unbearable. Either they would have to be taught to adjust themselves in such a way as to make the situation bearable, or they would have to be given their freedom, if disaster were not to result. How can society meet this challenge? In one way only: *education of the Individuals*. This will then carry over into the courts and the laws and it will also carry over into the religions and the ideals. The *law* does not make the Individual what he is. *Individuals* make the laws what they are. *When the Individual becomes moral the state becomes moral.*

If Amy Dumbrell succeeds in escaping punishment for the killing of her husband, it is not the *law* that is to blame—it is the men and women who are chosen and have assumed the responsibility of meting out justice under the law but who have failed to do so.

The courts of law originally were conceived and established to deal in justice. It is humiliating to have to admit that in this

country, in many of the courts, "justice" is obtained by the individual who has happened to pick the cleverest, trickiest, wittiest, most silver-tongued lawyer, regardless of his real merit or the merit of the case.

The majority of American citizens no longer go to the courts with the deep-set conviction that they will obtain justice. They go, realizing that in many cases the verdict rests upon the personalities and shrewdness of the opposing lawyers and their influence over the court and the jury.

Many deliberately guilty people who enter court, go there assured of the fact that they will go scot free.

Many absolutely innocent people who are brought into court go with fear and trembling, assured of the fact that the opposing side has a "drag" with the court and will obtain the verdict.

The majority of juries render their verdicts upon the basis of emotionalism and not rationalism. In some of the most outstanding cases, where lives are at stake, where the testimony involves much technical data, and where conclusions based upon facts are essential, the juries have consisted of a majority of homely, uneducated, *un-worldly-wise* people who have never before been inside a courtroom, never heard of the involved data, and know very little of human emotions and weaknesses.

Elsie Robinson, in a sense, is right when she says that society is guilty of the Dumbrell crime, because society is composed of many Individuals and among these are a great many with no more courage, no more intelligence, no more strength of character than had Amy and John Dumbrell. But this is the weakness of the Individuals, not of the basic law or court system which prevails in this country.

Very often one hears people eulogizing the —cleverness and trickery of some oratorical

lawyer who has managed to free a criminal, through the use of emotionalism or intricate manipulation, when every available evidence points to the fact of his guilt which should be punished according to the law governing justice in such cases.

Lawyers such as these are in great demand; they secure the highest fees; they gain their renowned reputations by virtue of their ability to defeat the law in meting out justice to the guilty.

It is because society—"You and I"—hire and applaud these lawyers that the murderer and the thief go free, not because the law does not provide for their punishment.

During all the years Amy Dumbrell was nursing her bitterness and hatred, had she been able to follow the court cases and been convinced that justice was meted out in all cases as nearly as it was humanly possible to do so, she might never have killed her husband. She undoubtedly would have stopped to think twice before doing so, knowing that she would be called upon to render compensation to society if she did.

True, she might have resisted from her act because of fear, which might have been greater than her hate; but at least she would have been spared the retributive justice under the Law of Compensation for taking the life of a fellow human.

The emotion of fear is as deadly as the emotion of hate, as far as the Individual is concerned. As far as others are concerned, the results of the deadly emotions vary; hate drove Amy to kill; fear would have restrained her from killing.

The desire to kill probably would have lurked in her soul despite the fear; and neither the law, the court of justice, Elsie Robinson, nor society could have erased that. Only Amy herself could have remedied that evil.

And to the second point wherein Elsie Robinson says society "ducks." If Amy Dumbrell is given capital punishment or is not given capital punishment, will this teach her son or daughter or any other son or daughter how to adjust in a similar situation?

Capital punishment for this mother may so frighten another that she will not dare carry her hatred and jealousy for her husband to the point of murder. Acquittal for this mother may give some other equally ignorant person the incentive to "right her wrongs" by her own hand. But neither procedure will help the other person to control his hatred and jealousy or intelligently and gracefully to discharge the responsibilities he has assumed. Neither will it teach him how to choose a compatible mate more intelligently. Only *greater knowledge, through education*, can do these things.

If divorce is right—and it is in many cases—then it must be permitted. If a divorce had been secured in this case this crime might not have happened. Or, it might have happened—because many another woman has killed a previous husband as well as a present one because of her own unreasoning jealousy.

So, it is not divorce or lack of divorce that caused this crime; it is not capital punishment or the laxness in capital punishment that permits such crimes to continue. It is *ignorance*. Amy and John Dumbrell both deserve sympathy and understanding from society because they became victims of their ignorance.

But most of all, the coming Johns and Amys, who are ardent in their affections, and sweet and pretty, need the knowledge and the moral development that will enable them to reach fifty and sixty years of life, and of married life, with the courage to as-

sume the responsibilities involved, the strength of character to admit their mistakes, and the generosity to forgive one another. Then if divorce is necessary they will get a divorce. If only a little kindness, forbearance, and human understanding of one another is necessary they will exemplify these and thus guide the good ship Marriage to its port in the storm.

It is impossible for any man or woman—any intelligent Soul—to shift his Personal Responsibility to any other Individual or to any soulless organism of which he may be a

member, whether that organism is a government, a fraternal body, or a church.

It is the Individual's responsibility to live a moral life to the full extent of his knowledge.

A government may provide education for its citizens, it may provide protection in the form of police officers and courts of justice, it may pass laws by which to punish those who violate its agreed tenets, but it cannot legislate or execute morality.

A government is as good as its average citizen. It becomes better only as its citizens become better in their individual conduct.



Sorrows of A Social Service Secretary

Johnny Richardson

After reading Mr. Feiring's "Psychological Reactions" I have decided to contribute a few "Pathological Reactions" of my own.

Being in the Social Service I run onto a number of peculiar things, some funny, some pitiful, and some that would make the most tolerant become very irate.

I live quite near to Yellowstone Park, in the northern part of Wyoming, in a place where the dudes meet the wild westerners. A short while ago a lady was heard to ask the question: "Do they turn the geysers in Yellowstone off in the winter time?"

And there was the man with the large family not far from here who received a box of food from an organization that was helping the poor people. Upon looking through the box of groceries that contained about \$30.00 worth of good food, the man commenced hurling anathemas at the worthy organization that had helped him and his family by giving them this box of groceries. The case worker asked him why the cussing and received the reply: "Consorn, you would bring food for the family, but you forgot me. You didn't bring me any Bull Durham."

One of the most pitiful cases was that of a family in an adjacent village. This family is composed of nine children, a man and his wife. The day I visited them I found five of the children huddling around a little wood stove, shivering and very timid looking. The father was injured on a construction job last winter and has lost one eye and most of the sight of his other eye. An older son and the wife are working. The husband receives a compensation from the

government, making a total of one hundred dollars a month income. But here is the pitiful part of the story: The children live on a diet of practically all starch; their house is filthy; the mother, being a very poor manager, spends the money foolishly, and then cries about their misfortune. The house has a towel over a whole in the front door glass, and the wind just howls through the opening. Can you get the picture? Enough money to get along, yet filthy, undernourished, unkept, and illiterate. Another argument for birth control.

And then there was the lady who came over to my office and stated that she had heard there was an instructor's job open, and that I could sign her up right away. I informed her that she would have to be destitute to sign up for any kind of a relief job. "Oh," quoth she, "my husband will be out of work soon." "Well," says I, "You will have to fill out a form declaring your destitution." "Oh, I wouldn't do that," said she. "I just want a job, a good one."

The thing that really gets me tho' is the gent that airs into the office and says: "How about signing up for some of this relief I've been hearing about?"

"O. K.," say I. "We can put you to work on the city streets digging ditches."

"Oh," says the gent, crestfallen, "I don't want to work, I want some relief!"

Ah, Well, it takes all kinds, and, as Shakespeare "and I" always said, "the world is a stage and all of the people in it are actors."

The World Moves Along...

J. W. Norwood

SYNTHETIC DIAMOND MADE IN LABORATORY.

McPherson college announced today that a diamond, valued commercially at \$5 had been made in its laboratory by Dr. J. W. Hershey, head of the chemistry department.

The diamond is about the size of a pin head. The announcement said Dr. Hershey is hopeful of increasing the size in future experiments until products of the laboratory will become marketable.

The process consisted of sudden cooling of a mixture of molten iron and pure carbon which had been heated to 3,000 degrees centigrade. (Asheville Citizen)

TALKS TO DEAD OVER TELEPHONE.

Cosmo Hamilton, English author here from Surrey for a brief stay, said tonight that he believes he is the only man in the world who has talked over the telephone with people who are dead.

Deeply imbued with spiritualism, Hamilton arrived aboard the Berengoria to relate how he often sits by his telephone in his Surrey home awaiting calls from the late Sir A. Conan Doyle, Lord Northcliffe, Lord Balfour and the late Lord Birkenhead.

Hamilton admitted that a medium in London calls him up through the London switchboard before he hears the voices of dead English celebrities.

"Who pays for the toll calls?" he was asked.

"I guess I do," Hamilton replied, "I don't know." (Asheville Citizen)

PASTOR REFUSES THANKS GREETING

The Rev. Richard Mortimer-Maddox, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Barrington, announced today he will not read the second sentence of Governor Theodore Francis Green's Thanksgiving Day proclamation at the annual service Thursday because it "smells of political propoganda."

The sentence referred to by the clergyman read:

"We are thankful for the wisdom and strength He has given to the people and their leaders to contend with the extraordinary demands of a great economic emergency and for the success which is crowning their efforts."

(L. A. Herald)

The separation of Church and State is becoming more and more widely recognized throughout the country by our Protestant clergymen who are realizing the vital issue involved today.

WORLD WOBBLY! MILLIKAN'S THEORY.

It's a lopsided world we live in, and you can take a Nobel prize winner's word for it.

The earth spins through space "off-balance," with a greater load of magnetism on one side than on the other, it

was revealed today by Dr. Robert A. Millikan of the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena.

Using "a cosmic ray" yardstick, Dr. Millikan discovered more "magnetic pull" under India than under the United States, he told the National Academy of Sciences, meeting at the University of Virginia.

This upsets the belief of scientists that the earth's magnetic field, a superstructure of electrical forces, stretches 15,000 miles into space, equally in all directions from the surface of the earth.

"The earth is lopsided with respect to its magnetic field," Dr. Millikan said. "The axis between the north and south magnetic fields is off center."

This means, he explained, that the thick "blanket of magnetism," which affects cosmic rays and electrified particles in space, is not wrapped evenly around the earth.

(Los Angeles Examiner)

FIREWALKING

In England recently a young Hindu, Kuda Bux, offered to walk barefooted across a glowing fire-pit, as a test of his Faith and the common firewalking ability practiced so extensively in India, the South Sea Islands, and the Shinto Temples of Japan. The test was made before English scientists "who came with thermometers as well as skepticism."

"The temperature of the fire-pit was measured at 800 degrees F. The soles of Kuda Bux's feet were examined and no sign of callous thickening which might afford protection was found. A surgeon stuck a piece of court plaster under the arch of the dusky performer's right foot. Kuda Bux faced his audience, said: 'Anything can be done with faith.'

"He stepped into the pit, walked slowly across the coals, his face contorted. When he had reached the end of the pit, he turned around, walked the length of it again. Requested to make the crossing a third time, he refused, weeping. Going up to Harry Price, secretary of the London Council for Psychical Investigation which brought Kuda Bux from India and staged the firewalking, the Hindu mumbled:

"The fire has gone out of my control. Something has broken within me and my faith has gone out of me. Tests of the apparatus and the spectators have mentally and emotionally disturbed me."

"Two medical students started to walk the pit. After a step or two they leaped out, exhibiting ugly burns.

"The surgeon inspected Kuda Bux's feet. They were not in the least burned; the strip of adhesive tape was not even scorched." (Time)

Skeptics and critics are convinced that firewalking is a trick and a fake. Many explanations are made and given. But, it was admitted by several of those present at the test, it seemed none of these applied in the case of Kuda Bux.

Firewalking in India has been proven too many times as a result of self-discipline and self-control. It is not always done by trickery or fake.

pressed freely his own joys, sorrows and emotions through his primitive conceptions of music and rhythm. He lived a moral life and, because of his attunement with Nature and her rhythmic principles, was able to contact much of the phenomena of the spiritual plane. He also developed his sense of rhythm through the drum and tom-tom. His melodies were carried both vocally and with the reed flute. The tone and sweetness of this instrument which he developed, are of such a quality that the instant one hears it one is carried in thought and feeling to the heart of the primeval forests where the grandeur of Nature in all her simplicity, stands unimpaired. One associates the sound of the reed flute with the call of the birds and the voice of the many waters, with the rustling of the leaves and the song of the four winds. It brings to one a vision of beauty and a feeling of vast distances.

The Indian sang of all this, and his music partakes of a spiritual element that is lacking in the more primitive jungle music. His songs are made up of the war song, love song, lullaby and prayer, with the prayer element predominating. His recognition of the Great Spiritual Power and his natural understanding of Nature's basic principles of musical vibration and rhythm gave him a power over natural forces far beyond our ability to understand. Indians produced much of a phenomenal nature in their control of natural forces. The knowledge of these things has been handed down through generations and much of it undoubtedly came to them from a much wiser, more advanced civilization than their own. Their folk lore, legends, musical themes, prayers, etc., partake of the wisdom of a much older race of people.

This subject involves so much that is interesting and educational, that we shall have to carry it forward in a following article next month.

Why Fairies Wear Stars



Eleanor Parker

Once on a time in the long ago
Fairy-land was a mass of snow,
Garlands of ice from the boughs hung down
Like radiant jewels in a king's crown.

Deep in the valleys lay the snow,
Rivers and lake were frozen o'er,
Shapes that were wonderful and fair to see
Lay on the hill-side and hung on each tree.

All kinds of flowers and feathery moss
Would have bloomed in that land except for the frost.
But for ages and ages mountain and dell
Had lain under the Frost-Witch's spell,

And into this region so fair and so cold
No man dared enter—no matter how bold.
The myriads of ice-stars scattered about
Held imprisoned fairies who prayed to get out—

Till at last a sunbeam touched the snow
And the flowers bloomed with a living glow—
The Frost-Witch vanished, the fairies came out,
To do good since then they've been going about:

And this is why each wears a star,
When the ice melted it left a scar,
And so long as the fairies are good and bright
It shines on their foreheads in points of light.



Do You Know What Happens When You Die?



“There Are No Dead”

MRS. ENID S. Smith, Dean of Women of the Texas Wesleyan College, is in disgrace, because she has expressed her belief in communication with those who have passed on. Once Mrs. Smith went through an unusual experience during a major operation; she said her soul “passed her body” and she felt herself in the presence of God. The doctors, during this time, all thought she was dead until she began to talk and delivered a sermon in a “subconscious state.”

Mrs. Smith became convinced, through her personal experience, of a life after death and stated her belief among her students and acquaintances at the college. Whereupon she was asked by the college authorities to resign.

When asked by them if she believed in communication with the dead, as was charged, she replied: “There are no dead. The only dead are the kind of people you see walking about the streets of Fort Worth saving funeral expenses.”

This, of course, was not a tactful remark and naturally it did not make friends for her. So she tendered her resignation to the College.

*Most Individuals Challenge the Statement—
There Are No Dead — Because of Their
Own Ignorance.*

“I am not a spiritualist,” Mrs. Smith said, “because spiritualism contacts lower entities, fortune telling and things of that sort.” (*Los Angeles Times*)

Prior to her work in the Texas college, Mrs. Smith was a member of a Methodist Church in Honolulu and also of the First Baptist Church in Los Angeles. She holds an A. B. and an A. M. degree from the University of Southern California, a Ph. D. from Columbia, and a diploma from the Emerson College of Oratory, according to news reports. This would indicate that she is an intelligent, educated woman who should know whereof she speaks.

“I have conducted experiments myself and know that it is possible,” she is reported as saying.

Here is a statement of definite personal knowledge which undoubtedly bears considerable weight—probably too much, for “Martin D. Evans, chairman of the trustees, said the school officials offered no criticism of Mrs. Smith but felt her beliefs were causing disturbances among students.” (*L. A. Times*)

“Disturbance among students.” One wonders if it really were “disturbance” or ra-

ther intense interest. Many of the young people of today refuse to be bound by the old teachings and dogmas of those who assume authority over them; so undoubtedly when one of their faculty proclaimed definite knowledge of a fact so at variance with the old-time cherished teachings, the students were intensely interested or "disturbed."

More and more, as time passes, intelligent, educated people are courageously stating their religious views and the Truth from the standpoint of personal experience.

But the old order dies hard; and the old-time religionists cling to it as a drowning man clings to a straw.

"We don't demand that our faculty members be Methodists,' said President Tom W. Brabham. 'But we do feel that their views should conform to the broad fundamentals of the Methodist Church. Belief that it is possible to communicate with the dead does not coincide with those fundamental principles.'" (*L. A. Herald*)

This is fair enough. At the same time, in a broad general sense, do not all the churches preach and teach of life after death—in Heaven with God, or in Hell with the Devil, or in purgatory with neither? Why, then, the consternation and disturbance when a teacher states that she has conducted experiments and knows that there is a life after death and that communication is possible with those who have passed on?

There is no death.

There are no dead.

These are just phrases, just a few words; yet the idea and concept they convey are realities. They are facts. Facts which have been known to men and women in all countries and climes, throughout all the ages, and have been so proclaimed. Yet when Mrs. Smith states her knowledge, gained as a result of personal experience, she is

asked to resign from a religious college because of "causing disturbance among the students."

Many of the greatest scholars, scientists, and philosophers of the past ages have based their teachings on the fact of life after physical death, and many of them have given their lives for teaching such heretical thoughts and ideas.

Jesus was executed for his teachings based on this fact. Socrates was compelled to take poison. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake because she declared she could talk with the so-called dead. Then later she was canonized as a saint by the Catholic Church.

Perhaps Mrs. Smith, after being disgraced by the college, and given adequate publicity, will merit the same reward. Jesus was made the Son of God, by the churches. But Socrates did not fare so well.

It is seemingly a dangerous thing to tamper with people's fixed ideas and beliefs, even though one has historical data and personal experience beyond that of the people with the fixed ideas.

On the other hand, it certainly must be disconcerting, when one is teaching stated beliefs and dogmas, to have another Individual come along and make statements of personal experiences which counteract the beliefs and dogmas and make them appear erroneous. It must be decidedly "disturbing."

Therefore, those who speak truth and knowledge, gained by personal experience, which the believer and the dogmatist have not had, either are heretics or insane. It could not be otherwise.

A denominational college is one place where expert testimony by the teachers and staff should be welcomed; particularly facts and knowledge based upon personal experience. When this testimony deals with the one great problem of Life After Physical Death, it would seem it should be most

welcome. Instead of this, it is considered dangerous to the youth of the college.

If a youth cannot get actual truth and natural facts in college, where might he expect to get them? He attends college in order to increase his knowledge of the facts of science and nature. If he is deprived of this correct information there, he has but one alternative—to gather his data wheresoever he may and piece them together as best he can.

If all denominational colleges taught the fact that Jesus was a youth and a man, like unto the youths and men in the colleges, and that the latter could prove the fact of a life after death, as the former did, a basic foundation would be laid for tremendous strides toward Morality in the entire world, and a way would be established toward peace among all peoples.

But this fact is not likely to be taught throughout the denominational colleges. It would disrupt many of the denominations; they would cease to hold their power over the devotees and a great exodus from the churches would take place.

This is why the facts stated by Mrs. Smith are so dangerous to the Texas Religious College. If too many of the students listened seriously to her statements, and accepted them, the college might lose several of its attendants.

Most organizations, built and constructed as they are, find that if their teachings are weakened by the truth and their following is threatened, the truth must be denied and the following must be held. This system, in the colleges and religious institutions, makes it very difficult for the followers to get the truth concerning facts they should know. Through oratory and emotionalism, the people are held bound to belief and dogma which they should have outgrown ages ago; the church or organization must stand intact, regardless of the truth or fallacy of its teachings.

“There are no dead.” Rather strange that the statement should cause a “disturbance” among the students when scientists, even, are conducting experiments in the psychic realm and already are declaring mental telepathy to be a fact. In addition to scientists, people of all professions and classes are proclaiming the truth. Why should one teacher’s words cause disturbance among the college students?

Communicate with the dead? No; one cannot communicate with the dead—only with the *living*. Daily and hourly there are people communicating with the *living* who abide in the spiritual realm after having passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. There is no mystery about it. It is a scientific fact. Only those who cling to fixed ideas and concepts and beliefs refute it. They still must cling to their beliefs; they are not yet able to stand and face the truth of Nature—There Is No Death.

There is no death. There are no dead.

Ere long these facts will be accepted by a majority of men and women. The mystery surrounding the spiritual world, spiritual people, and spiritual things will be dissipated. No longer will men and women who declare their personal knowledge of Life After Death be considered “queer” and a menace to the youth of educational or religious institutions because they are able to communicate with those who have gone beyond.

Rather will the young people be taught this fact from infancy and they will enter college with a balanced concept of life, as confident that *There Is No Death* as they now are that the earth is round.

The Truths of Nature are fixed and immutable.

Sooner or later all mankind recognizes these truths and learns to abide by them.

The Spirit of Music...



North American Indian Music

Verna B. Richardson

PERHAPS the most consistent thing would have been to progress upward from the African racial music to the ancient Egyptian, East Indian, or Oriental musical rhythms by reason of the direct contact between these races and the Ethiopian tribes.

Instead, I am taking up the threads that have to do with all these races by way of the American Indian. For from the jungles of Africa with its mystery and voodooism to the American Indian in his natural habitat is a step forward in another direction where the use of rhythm and musical theme are concerned.

The North American Indian, through his legends and ancient lore handed down through the ages from father to son, and from tribe to tribe, bears with him much that is related directly to China, Egypt, and the other ancient Oriental races. While it is still a moot question as to the antecedents of the different tribes of aborigines on this continent, we are still able to trace, through legend and lore, a relationship with ancient civilizations long buried, dead, and gone. To substantiate our theories, archeologists have on several occasions made discoveries that would seem to bear out the idea, at least, that this continent

may at one time have been connected by land with some other continent. As we study the racial characteristics of the various clans or tribes of Indians, we find a distinct likeness in form and feature to China, Japan, Egypt, and East India. The Alaskan Indians and Eskimos have a decidedly Chinese cast of features; Hopis favor the Egyptian; Navajos the Japanese. The Seminole of Florida, while entirely different from all the rest of the Indians of this country, has undoubtedly the background of an ancient civilization, old in wisdom, and with the culture and ideals of an ancient and honorable people.

I am touching but briefly and giving but a few examples of racial similarity between our American Indians and the ancient races of the far East. The fact that bits of ancient wisdom crop out in various ways among the Indians, through the "wise men" of the tribes, would lead one to suppose that the link between them and an older world civilization must have been buried with the submerging of Atlantis and the Island of Mu. What happened and how it happened that these supposedly primitive peoples were left here to become as a new race, to build from the beginning of things, is a question still un-

answered; but about which theorizing has been done.

It is interesting to note that the various tribes of Indians on this continent have individual languages unlike any of the others. Some of them have not developed to the detailed form of others, while some have progressed to the point of becoming a written language. It has been my privilege to associate and work with a group of Indians gathered from as many as twenty different tribes here in Southern California, my main object being to further their natural artistic, musical and dramatic talent. They have proven beyond all question that, given the opportunity, they are capable of assimilating and developing a quality of intelligent artistry that makes them outstanding in the field of Art, Music and Drama. While this is true of certain tribes, there are those others lower in the scale of Intelligence and development that seem not to have the native cultural background or else have lost it along the way—possibly reverting to a point where the influence of past civilizations has become lost to them.

In studying the musical melodies and themes of the different tribes, we find different levels of mental and spiritual development expressed through their music. Some show a stolid, unimaginative nature and their melodies are crude and lacking in variation. Others show not only imagination but a depth of understanding expressed in rare and beautiful themes, melodies and rhythms. Of course, none of these were harmonized and the themes that have been recorded by the white man have also been harmonized by him.

As we study all the primitive races from the negro upward, we find that music is the main influence and that most of their development is achieved through this medium, and also the externalized objectified medium of art. Taking music as the basic element through which life and all its activities are

interpreted and by which all life is influenced, we are made to realize that music, with its underlying rhythms, is both cause and effect. Primitive peoples create music according to their needs, are influenced by it, and their evolution is facilitated through the use of this principle of vibration and rhythm. It is a common saying that "the infant races are naturally musical." It is merely that they respond more quickly to the influence of this basic principle of life and have their being in the midst of unhampered and natural conditions. As an Indian friend expressed it to me—"We live close to nature and we hear the voice of the Great Spirit through nature."

While we of the white race have developed musical forms beyond those of primitive peoples, yet many of our race have gotten very far away from Nature's rhythms and musical vibrations. It is only the comparatively few who have what we call a talent for music and appreciation or understanding of it. Those of the white race who live simpler, more natural lives, are able to express themselves much easier through the medium of music than those who have become involved in the modern conception of life and standards of living. As an example of what I am striving to express—take the Latin races and their natural talent for music. Hardly ever do we find an individual from one of these Latin countries who is not a natural musician. They are a simple people living simply and wholly lacking in the commercialism of the more coldly intellectual peoples. They are happy in the simpler things of life and express this joy through their music. They express more of the simplicity and naturalness of childhood. They are not afraid to express either thoughts or emotions and in so doing give vent to a natural, volatile, sincere expression of themselves.

The Indian in his natural life before the white man took away from him all liberty and forced him to a life of degradation, ex-

Personally Speaking ...



Does Youth Want War?

DO THE young people of America want to go to war? Do they want their country to get into another war? Will the blare of trumpets, the rustle of pink propaganda, and the flash of uniforms instil a spirit of heroism and craving to fight for their country in their young breasts?

"I say NO, decidedly No! And I believe that I am backed up by countless other young people. Why?

"Look at the results of the last war. Pain, misery, suffering. Men maimed for life; sent to war with glowing words of heroism, to be brought back half alive, faces shot away, noses blown off, legs missing, gassed, half-mad, insane; and now who gives a damn for them? Socially ostracized, outcasts, confined to a hospital for life and wishing they were dead. Bonuses? Pensions? Glory? Oh yeah?

"Who went to that last terrible drama? Who were the main actors? The backbone of the nation; boys still in their teens; real red-blooded men who helped to build this nation.

"Who had box seats at the big show, and looked, and clapped with delight as the actors performed? The politicians, rich, bloated, obsessed with the glamour of power. Who else? The men who had the money to afford

Is Youth Sincere and Consistent In Its Declaration Against War?

not going, the powers behind the drama—oh, you know the rest.

"And the result? Millions dead, more maimed for life. Virtue crushed, honor gone. Glory? Bah!—Medals? Yes, a medal pinned on the coat of a one-armed shell-shocked derelict.

"Twenty years later, the veterans' hospital—raving maniacs cursing war, cursing humanity, and wanting to die. And the box seat holders—You ask them what they think about the last war and they stare at you and say: 'What war?'

"Well, there it is; we young people have seen the results, heard the stories, read the papers, and perceived quite logically the graft involved. These things are better than any propaganda that could be forced on to us. Go to war? Catch us first.

"And now implications are that the United States is threatened with another war. Another show to be staged at the actors' expense. Pretty soon they will be casting parts for the players. It will be a glamorous production, colossal, greater than ever before. And when the call for rehearsal comes, the directors are going to be surprised at the beautiful response they get. Watch and see.

"That's all. Just another brainstorm.
"Johnny."

And *that is that*, from "Johnny." It undoubtedly expresses the ideas of many other "Johnnies" both young and old; for the writer of this letter is not a coward, neither is he a pacifist, so he says. He is a leader and executive in the Boy Scout Movement, and a member of the State Militia. Still he writes the above letter.

Now just what do *You* think of the expressed sentiments?

Some of *You* are going to say: "A young man with a fine analytical mind." Others will say: "Just my sentiments exactly. Fine!" And still others will say: "Nonsense. He does not know what he is talking about. Sure it is a brainstorm; nothing more."

Johnny himself admits it is a brainstorm, so do not be fooled by the words he has assembled into a vehement letter. Pacifists, Fascists, Nazis, Communists, Socialists, Democrats, and Republicans use the same general ideas and assemble many of the same words.

Yet underneath it all, the youths and the elders, the Communists, Fascists, Republicans, and Democrats, the whisperings of war continue, and people are thinking of war, talking war, preparing for war.—

Some do so with a right intent and purpose, some with a decidedly wrong intent and purpose. Many of those talking loudest against war are the very ones who secretly are preparing for it and using this method to blind the unthinking people and the "brainstorming" youth. Such ones know that if they are prepared for war and talk against it, they have a better chance against the ones who are actually averse to it and are unprepared for it.

They also know that one feels much more secure in stalking an enemy when one is fully armed and prepared and the enemy is unarmed and unprepared. And it feels so much better.

Youth, and sincere peace-loving people are

often readily and gullibly fooled by the superficial talk for peace and against war.

Johnny seems assured, from his contact with other youth, that the young people of today do not want war and will not fight if a war is declared. And, on the surface, it would seem from some of the talk one hears that they mean exactly *that*. But there is a grave question, down deep underneath all this superficial talk and rebellion, if the youth of today are not actually *more* war-minded than they were in nineteen-hundred-fourteen, or even in nineteen-hundred-seventeen, when the war was at its height. There are many evidences to be considered in favor of this idea, if one will but study the indications and the "handwriting on the wall."

For instance: Have *You* noted the recent trend of the comic sections of the newspapers? Have *You* noticed any change in them? Watch the comic section of the Hearst Sunday papers next week. It used to be a real *comic* section. Today it is mostly a section of *adventure*. It is still labeled "comic" but would more appropriately be called "adventure" section.

Who, in majority, reads this section of the papers? For whom is it printed; and who responds most enthusiastically to it? By far it is the young people. True, a goodly number of older people read it for relaxation and mental rest; but the young folk are the ones who read it from a standpoint of vital interest.

This adventure section, then, gives a definite indication of the trend of the youthful minds of this day and age. Adventure is always based upon the risking of life for the accomplishment of something good. Always the hero must win and the moral issues must be sustained—but only after struggle, hardship, fighting, and war with others.

In that great and vast industrial field—the

Those Who Bear Witness...



My Only Experience of this Kind

Captain W. D. B_____

ONLY those Individuals who may have had similar personal experiences can fully appreciate all the facts which are related here pertaining to the physical, spiritual and psychological phases and factors involved. It is quite possible that other persons have had somewhat similar experiences but rarely do they "reduce to writing" what seems to them something so "unusual" even though it may help to throw a little more light which reveals certain operations of Natural Law supplemented with intelligent co-operative human Effort and Service.

A few years ago it was my painful experience to realize that my spinal column had been seriously injured, which, after a consultation of learned medicos and surgeons, was diagnosed as compression fractures of the fifth lumbar region. The sacral-iliac area of my anatomy being damaged, a wheel chair, it was said, might thereafter be the essential method of propelling myself, as it was quite likely that further use of my lower limbs would not be guaranteed to me, even though I recovered sufficiently to discard the plaster cast which encased my body after the best skill available had done all that was possible to correct and assist the healing processes

which nature can be relied upon to bring about normally in her own way and time.

The diagnosis of my physical condition did not then mean much to me because of the excruciating pain and mental suffering which persisted almost to what seemed to be the utmost limit of my powers of endurance.

Eventually I was transported from the operating room to a bright, sunlighted room in which was a regular hospital bed supplied with a number of hot water bottles awaiting my arrival; and no doubt, to the regular hospital staff I was just another "case," but it seemed to me that *my* case was far more important than any *other* case, maybe because it really was so very *personal* and all-absorbing of my closest attention.

After several days of extreme suffering I began to wonder just how much longer I could live and endure such pain. However, one afternoon my very patient nurse went off duty for approximately a couple of hours and I was left alone; and although I was quite aware of the beautiful flowers which were plentifully displayed around my room and the bright sunlight streaming in through my two windows, little heed was given to these matters as I continued to wrestle with agonies so intense that desired sleep was banished.

I had been alone possibly a period of thirty minutes and inwardly, and occasionally audibly, was groaning and restless, when quite suddenly I experienced a *different* reaction to my immediate surroundings coupled with quite a calm restfulness which I could not account for, yet did not want to banish, and for which I had a genuine feeling of true gratitude. However, while quietly enjoying this (comparative) blissful condition I began to sense that some presence was in my room and very near the bed upon which I lay prone and still.

My attention became centered upon the outlines of a human form on the right hand side of the bedstead, which, after a brief period (approximately two or three minutes) became very real and distinct to me. It turned out to be none other than a personal friend who had "passed over" to the other side of life more than ten years previously. In no sense did this cause shock, surprise or fear. On the contrary, it all seemed very natural at the time; and it does now, even though I had not often spoken to my friend during the few times that I had met him as Secretary of a Masonic Lodge to which we both belonged for several years prior to his departure from this plane of life.

While observing my particular friend my attention was drawn to another part of the room and there I observed no fewer than four additional human beings all similarly dressed or clothed, with robes of a greyish color with fawn colored stripes, and a sash around their waist lines, tied on the right hand side. Three of these Individuals were approximately medium in height but one was slightly above average—approximately six feet tall. They were evidently of the same nationality because of their dark complexion (which resembled that of the higher cast Hindu.) They were apparently waiting for some instructions or directions from my Masonic friend because as he gave a signal or sign with his right hand, these four assistants approached

me, two on each side of my bed. They leaned over and placed their hands under my shoulders and for a few moments remained perfectly motionless, which gave me a very peaceful sensation absolutely without a return of the agonies that I had been experiencing prior to the arrival of these five border-land friends and helpers. Gradually I began to realize that I too was "passing out" because my spiritual body was being eased out, or lifted out, up through my head and shoulders. While the process of separation of the two bodies was in no sense sudden, nevertheless, when once started, there was a continuous gentle raising process and my spiritual body was fully three feet out of my physical body before the realization came to me that I would not again be able to function through this physical earth body on this plane.

In no sense was I sad but I was indeed *very solemn*, and I uttered these words: "Thy will be done; but if there is any work that I should yet do here, any unfinished work, I am quite willing to stay." This was said in a like manner in which one might say "So mote it be" or "Amen."

The drawing out action stopped; and for approximately two minutes I remained half out of my physical body looking down on it lying on the bed. Then very gently my five friends and helpers, from the spiritual side of life, who had come to the "border-land" to help me in *my hour of greatest need*, gradually lowered my spiritual body down into my physical body; and after making what appeared to be massage movements over my form for a few minutes, departed as silently as they came—leaving me with my very sobering thoughts and reflections regarding what I had *experienced*, which was, I am not ashamed to say, sufficient to cause the tear ducts to unlimber enough to allow drops of water to trickle down the side of my face on to the pillow.

The substitute nurse entered the room to give me the "once over" but she did not speak

to me although she was quite awhile closely observing me as she went through the motions of apparently arranging the beautiful flowers, which that day withered, it seemed to me, quite rapidly as only a few were returned to my room the following day.

Within an hour after my "unusual" experience a very intimate friend, who is a Past Grand Master of a Masonic body, made his regular every day visit; and because he could observe quite a change in my condition I related to him substantially what had transpired less than two hours previously, to which he listened most attentively. When the attending physician a few hours later made an examination of my general condition I was not surprised to learn that I was "doing very nicely."

Eventually in due time I was wheeled out (head first, not feet first) of the hospital and taken for a "ride" in an ambulance to my residence, where I lay in "state" for many weeks encased in the "concrete kimona" upon which friendly visitors wrote their names, instead of leaving their calling cards. Later

I was able, with the aid of kind friends and a pair of crutches, to sojourn for awhile on the sands of Long Beach, where more kind friends visited me, including TK., to whom I related what had been to me a series of "unusual happenings." He listened very attentively and commented with the remark, "Well, Walter, you have had some real experiences which will remain indelibly impressed upon your consciousness." Eventually the crutches and the plaster cast were discarded.

It is not necessary that you believe or disbelieve what is stated here; but none can *disprove* what I *know*. You might even be surprised to learn that by my most intimate friends, in this year of our Lord 1935, I am considered to be physically and mentally *normal* even though my very Dear Wife often has "mere opinions" that are somewhat, at times, quite at variance with my "mere opinions." However, opinions and beliefs or disbeliefs can at all times be classified in a much lower category than *knowledge*.

So take it as you see fit.



YOU

Philip W. Foster

You are either a lowly beggar
Squatting by Plenty's door,
Dependent on wind and weather
For a share of Nature's store;

Or else you're a ruler triumphant
An heir to heaven and earth,
The son of a heavenly father,
And a Prince of royal birth.

Both roads lie open before you
Awaiting your own free choice;
You join the cry of the motley crowd,
Or heed the still small voice.

By tracing back through the ages,
Where the thread of truth has run,
You will find the self same story
In the tale of the prodigal son.

The Phantom of Sin...

Clara Lund

I SN'T it strange that things most pleasant and natural are labeled "sin," whereas things unpalatable and acquired are called "piety"? We have been taught from infancy so many "don'ts" that it is no wonder when a small boy was asked his name he replied, "Johnny Don't." After years of suppressing every wish and desire, we learn to mistrust the very instincts we were endowed with. We learn to doubt the genuine and the real. Everything is a sin in some sense of the word. Many pious parents radiate nothing but sin to their children—pointing it out to them—harping upon its pitfalls—bewareing of this or that, until they become sin-conscious. The phantom of sin, sin in one's self, sin in others, sin all around us, eventually robs one of the sweetness of his own vision. How can one expand surrounded on every side by conventions, creeds, and petty laws of society? Everyone sometime or other has had the desire to "run away from the whole thing" and yet the majority just stay on and on, chained to their thoughts of fear and punishment. The thought of sin involves penalty and penalty means suffering. Besides, we soon learn that it is impossible to run away from ourselves.

There are bans placed upon most of the gifts in nature that God has so graciously given us—the grass, the trees, and the flowers. Children are taught to keep off the grass in the parks; to look at the shrubbery, but not to touch it; there are laws and fines restricting the plucking of even the wild flowers that grow by the country roadside. Any spontaneous outburst must be suppressed. It is a sin to express any part of our sex natures. There is a "time and place" for even song and laughter. Our sight and hearing must be closely guarded lest we see or hear some-

thing which would result in sin. We are taught to look upon dear old Mother Earth as a sort of a mouldy corridor merely *leading* to some inexpressible beauty just beyond our grasp, when every pulsating beat of our heart tells us of life and joy all about us. Beauty is here and now, and if we do not learn to worship it in our sojourn here how can we hope to recognize it beyond, and should we fail to recognize it there what would be the use of aspiring to higher realms? The heart must be trained to beauty and happiness before we become worthy of admittance. This training must be gained through experience and not by stifling every natural instinct. Earth will not forgive us for ignoring its delights.

Civilization and society, with its many "sin" laws have robbed us of a great many pleasures in life, but our imaginations and dreams still remain. They have not as yet found a method by which to take these from us. They are our very own, not to be bought or sold. In the realm of imagination, our sightless eyes see the most fantastic pictures; our deft ears hear the sweetest music; here the passionate love words we never dare utter feed our starved souls; our sleeping hours fulfilling our wildest dreams, are often the happiest moments of our life.

So dream on, poor battered souls, whose visions have been dimmed by the many apparitions of sin, who are torn between fear and desire; loose your chains, forge them into swords of courage and win your battle of freedom! Soar to unknown heights, leaving the phantom of sin far behind and follow the gleam which will eventually lead to the lighthouse of Truth. There fall upon your knees in adoration, and worship Beauty and Love unfettered; for Truth alone can make you free!

motion pictures—the most popular pictures during the past year have been of gangsters who gambled and fought and killed, of G-men who got their man, of air raids, battles with submarines, army and navy drills and fights; and the definite adventure pictures such as *Clive of India*, *The Bengal Lancers*, *The Call of the Wild*, *The Crusades*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, etc., etc.

The book sections in stores are overflowing with stories of adventure; exploiting dare-devil characters, eulogizing daring and bravery, making heroes of seasoned, hardy, fighting men. So also the magazine stories abound in tales of adventure.

Study all the lines of publicity which reach the general public, and particularly the youth, and You will find the same general trend is back again to adventure, which is a forerunner of war and fighting.

Not only this; note also the unsettled, nervous, dissatisfied, rebellious spirit among the young people and the older ones, too. They are impatient, chafing under the long period of waiting for something to happen. People in this condition are irritable and quarrelsome, and small offenses are readily exaggerated into big offenses.

All these things are evidences of the state and condition of the young people, and the older ones, despite their cries that they are against war and fighting. It is well to decry the horrors of war, the rigors of fighting, and the results of bloody battles; but it is also well to recognize *facts* and face the deep, underlying conditions, that one may not be caught unaware and unprepared.

The Fascists, the Nazis, the Communists, all are fighting organizations. All are prepared to fight. In order to overthrow any government and gain control over its citizens, fighting and bloodshed are usually necessary, as there always are people who are ready to defend the government under

which they live. Those who overthrow a government must be in a position to defeat the loyal citizens, so necessarily they start out prepared to fight and win. They talk against war, they prattle of peace; and all the while they are arming and preparing. In this the Fascists are more clever than the Nazis or the Communists; and if this country eventually succumbs to a dictator, it very likely will be a Fascist Dictator.

Are the modern youths blind to this angle of things? Are they talking and arguing against war and against fighting, in the face of this possible condition? It most certainly would seem that those who are, are having "brainstorms." For undoubtedly the youth of the country are just as desirous of protecting and conserving their government as are the older people—and will be just as ready and willing to fight for its preservation when the vital issue arises.

And the millions and millions of good substantial citizens of the United States who are sitting back and hoping and praying that nothing will come of it all, also will rally to the defense when once they become awakened to the real conditions underlying the superficial talk and parley being bantered about as a smokescreen.

When the pioneers—wholesome, strong courageous people—crossed the plains they left their homes ready and prepared to defend themselves against wild animals and vicious enemies who inhabited the area through which they were compelled to go in order to reach their destination. They did not arm themselves to go out and kill just for the sake of killing. They did not desire fighting. They were not blood-thirsty. They were peace-loving, loyal, sincere people, endeavoring to make progress for themselves and for the future race. But they foresaw conditions, recognized the dangers confronting themselves, and prepared to fight and win their way to what

they considered was their rightful place. The United States today is analogous to the covered wagon trains out in the wilds of the West with hostile animals and men about them, and nothing on which to depend except the fact that they were prepared for eventuality.

The United States today is in the midst of "a hostile environment" with warring organizations and peoples on all sides, as well as within her own boundaries. Unless her own citizens are prepared and ready to fight for her preservation, and for the basic principles for which she stands, she may go down under the avalanche of Fascism, Nazism, Communism, or some other Ism.

Will "Johnny," and the many other "Johnnies" stand by and silently and peacefully watch the landslide take place? It is believed not.

This form of government must be preserved that its men and women may be assured of their individual freedom and liberty. Men gave their lives in founding it. Men have died to preserve it thus far. Men still must be ready and willing to guard and protect it against the ravishes of those whose desire is to enslave and dominate its people.

After all, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Some may say: "Ah, yes, but there is truth in what Johnny has written."

Ah, yes, indeed; there is *some* truth in what Johnny has written, no doubt. But that very fact makes it the more dangerous. It is partly based in truth; and because of this fact, many of the deeper facts and truths are overlooked, and many readers may be blinded to the deadly sophistry underlying it.

That is the way the destructive forces work. A truth or fact; or a semi-truth or an error

conceived as truth; or a partial truth; is used as a basis—whichever may more ably fit their purpose. On this basis, false or imperfect, a superstructure is built which conceals the weak foundation from the eyes of the beholder. He accepts the building on its face value; and thereby is misled until he can penetrate to the foundation and there find the flaws and weaknesses.

No, the Youth of the entire world, including this country, are ready for war and awaiting the call, in spite of the warnings and rebellions of a minority. One has but to study the general trend of the times to be assured of this. All the majority of the young people need is for someone with a strong personality used in behalf of some cause which appeals particularly to them, to appear, and they will be ready to swing into step and march.

It may be Communism, Fascism, Nazism, or their own Constitution and form of government—but the trend is toward war; and the only hope is for the clear-sighted, level-headed, intelligent, and strong-minded men and women to steer them away from all three foreign elements which threaten this government and lead them toward the goal of the preservation of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for which their forefathers fought and died.

American Youth wants peace; American Youth is entitled to peace. But not "peace at any price" such as is held up to them by foreign agencies and "pink propagandists," as Johnny chooses to call them.

Peace cannot be had "at any price." All peace has its price—an established Law of Nature.

And Youth, underneath its talk and prattle, intuitively recognizes this Law of Nature and is ready and willing to abide by it.

American Youth is ready and willing to fight and die for peace, if necessary.

Why Is A Hero?

Ambro S. Park

EVERY little boy longs to be a hero. He would protect his mother from all sorts of imaginary dangers, providing that he could survive to bask in her adulation and receive the plaudits of a doting father. As for Sister, she is simply someone to play and fight with; someone who enjoys, with him, the protection of a father and mother: Therefore, she does not enter into his heroic day-dreams, that is, not until he reaches the age of ten or eleven years; then he begins to place her in the same class with his mother.

When puberty arrives, his field of heroic action widens to include the young ladies of his acquaintance—especially those who are several years his senior. More particularly does sixteen-years-old Nellie Smith appeal to his manly instincts of protection, for she gives him a prickly feeling in the pit of his tummy that spreads a warm glow all over his body and lodges in his ears. But now he craves a larger audience for his heroic plunge to her rescue—the larger the better. And in this audience, of course, should be his male rivals for Nellie's affections, so that he could show them up as the cravens they are. Too, Nellie's parents should be there, so that her father could grasp him warmly by the hand

and praise his heroism; and Nellie's mother could wrap him in her arms and weep tears of gratitude and joy. Then seemingly embarrassed, he would withdraw from her arms, wave a deprecatory hand in the direction of the admiring audience and say, nonchalantly,

"Shucks. Mrs. Smith, it ain't nothin'! I simply done my duty as a man. An' I ain't hurt—that is— not much."

Then he'd wobble a little and try to get pale around the gills, as he craftily exposes, accidentally, a torn sleeve and a few drops of blood where Nellie's not-too-well-manicured nails had dug into his manly arm in her frantic struggles in the water.

And Mr. Smith would start convulsively, exclaiming, "What a brave man to suffer in silence." And Mrs. Smith would grow pale at the sight of his suffering, saying, "You poor, dear man! How can we ever repay you for your noble sacrifice for our darling child?"

Then Nellie would scream, wrap him in her wet arms and implant a fervent kiss on his manly lips, murmuring "I love you, my hero."

And then—but all you men have been thru it in spirit, so why elaborate?

I had to wait for nearly sixty years before

my opportunity came, but come it did. I had carried those vivid day-dreams of heroic action, undimmed, through the years. But the age of my prospective heroine grew backward with the years. From a woman of comely middle age, the age of my heroine had declined to not more than six years; and even a little tot of two or three years would have been welcomed in the role of the saved. But I always craved a large audience, for otherwise my heroism would seem to have been partially wasted.

There was one great advantage that had accrued to me in the passing of the years, an advantage that I would not have had in my earlier years: That is, the study of Natural Science had taught me to overcome the fear of death, tho possibly not the particular manner of that death. Some deaths are quite messy.

I craved quiet and isolation to write what, I believed, would be a masterpiece of fiction; but, now that it is written, I realize that "master" has no place in its description. To this end I sought out a lovely, isolated lake in the high Cascades in southern Oregon. There, in a miner's deserted cabin, I settled to work. And, for two months, I had isolation in large gobs—as far as humanity appeared. But I had plenty of company in the shape of wild animals and birds. They became quite fearless, for I carried not even a pocket pistol.

One day, in my rambles for exercise among my furred and feathered friends, I approached the opposite end of the lake. Emerging from a tongue of timber into an open meadow, I was startled by the screams of a girl child in mortal terror, and the raucous war whoop of a painted and feathered savage who was pursuing the screaming child.

In the background was a huddle of covered wagons, from which came a stream of shouting and screaming men and women. Some of the men had rifles, but seemed afraid to shoot, as the girl and her pursuer were in line and not far apart. The savage wore nothing but a flowing war-bonnet and a breech clout. He had a tomahawk in one hand and a knife in the other. The girl wore a slip of a dress and her loosed hair was streaming out behind like a yellow pennant. She was making directly for the lake, as if for refuge there.

For an instant I hesitated, appalled. Then I seized a rock that fitted my hand and darted to the rescue. At least I might intercept the murderous savage and detain him until the armed men arrived. I expected to be killed, but I decided to cling to the monster, even in death. I'll admit that my heart sank at the thought of such a messy death, but pride drove me on.

Just as I reached the savage, he was reaching for the girl, who plunged off a high bank into the lake.

At that moment there came a cry from a new source which I did not stop to analyze. It was "Stop it! Stop it!"

I do not think that savage ever saw me; he was too intent upon the pursuit. I hit him behind the ear with the rock. He fell with his head hanging over the bank.

I dropped the rock and plunged in after the girl. She was swimming like a gosling. As I reached out to rescue her, she dove under me and came up several feet away. Her face was distorted but *not* with fear. With one hand she splashed water in my face crying out "You damned, old, grey-headed fool! You've spoiled the picture!"



Art, The Uplifter . . .



Roman Glamour

Jan Coray

WE CANNOT speak of a specifically Roman national art until we approach the latter times of the history of the Republic.

Until her political institutions were quite matured and established, the seeds of the artistic gift which existed in the Roman's stern nature were not cultivated and allowed to bloom. The Works of Art which existed up to the time when Rome's supremacy was an accomplished fact, were unquestionably of Greek or Etruscan origin.

The Etruscan art itself was entirely dependent for its ideas and technique on Greek motifs, except, perhaps, as to portraiture, where we can already trace the realism and close attention to minute details which later characterized the Roman ideal.

Greek art itself appeals to the æsthetic sense by the harmony of its proportions. On this score the Romans could not find room for improvement, but in the skill they exercised in the rendering of realistic details they have left us a priceless source of information as to their mode of living.

However, truly good art does not strictly imitate; it describes and explains; and this makes clear to us the reason for the superiority of Greek Art over Roman Art in spite of

the latter's gorgeous magnificence. It is not the eye but the mind which the artist of genius desires to address, and the smaller details, from a purely artistic viewpoint, divide the attention and deceive the eye as to the reality of the object. This is not the true purpose of Art.

The Roman artists learned much from their Etruscan neighbors, but in time the Etruscan influence was supplanted by a new supply of ideas from the south, where the Greek colonies provided a prolific source from which the Hellenic ideal reached the Latin race. The Romans then followed closely the Greek type of art and abandoned the strictly Etruscan models. Later the conquests of Rome brought the Roman people in direct contact with the pure art of Greece itself, and the Augustan Period saw the culmination of the influence of late Greek art, which itself, had flourished during the Hellenic monarchies. When the Romans despoiled Syracuse of its most beautiful works of art, it became the fashion in Rome for the conquerors to adorn their dwellings with the masterpieces of Greek art.

The purely Greek imitation was in the course of time followed by a true outburst of Roman artistic endeavor, and the effort

has left us remarkable examples of the Romans' gift for adaptation.

To them we owe the "Composite" order, so called because it contains the features distinctive of Corinthian and Ionic orders, the earliest known example of which is the Arch of Titus.

Even the great artists of the Renaissance in Italy have shown a great appreciation for the Roman accomplishments, although underneath those they looked for the Greek influence upon which their own attention was fixed, always.

Roman imperial art shows, in truth, the last phase of Hellenic influence; after this period the metamorphosis is accomplished and Roman art is born.

The portraiture in Rome continues the Etruscan tradition. The custom in Etruria was to decorate the urn containing the ashes of the dead with a top in the shape of a human head, and no doubt it was the same desire to preserve the features of the departed which produced masks made of wax and the portraits which were kept in the houses of Roman aristocracy. The decorative frescoes of Rome, Herculaneum and Pompeii have left us magnificent examples of the art of painting in a world conquered by the Hellenic tradition of Beauty.

Rome, as a nation, was receptive rather than creative in her artistic accomplishments; her strength lay in her power for selection and combination, but nevertheless, the results were magnificent. The emotions aroused by the glamour of Rome's public life remind us of the vital spirit of divinity constantly re-asserting itself thru the power of harmonious beauty.

Selfishness vs. Unselfishness

●

"The brave and always generous should be like the merry brook that, gushing joyously from the mountain top, leaps down the jagged rocks and sends refreshing sprays high in the heated air. Its mossy banks nourish the roots of the birch, the willow and the elm as it threads the dusty plain in its bounding course to the restless sea. What does it want with high protecting walls; with centralization, monopolizing blessings in the songs of its rippling waters? But hard by its passing was a great motionless pool that gave forth no outflow; and it said to the brook: "How foolish not to husband your supply. Know you not that the winter winds have garnered scanty drifts on the mountain top? The heat of the summer will dry you up. Join with Me." But when long days came and the heat beat heavily down, the birds came and washed their plumage and quenched their thirst in the limpid waters of the laughing brook, then warbled praises to their weary feet as they rested beneath the grateful boughs made rich with foliage from the moisture of the brook now shaded in its way to the sea, and out of the sea rose mists which formed into clouds, and balmy breezes caught them up, and wafted them into the mountains; they poured their treasures right into the sources of the brook saying, "Freely you gave, freely receive." And life and plenty were the songs it sang. But the pool walled around by protection and filled by forced bounty gifts lay sweltering in the noonday sun until it appeared as molten glass. Then came upon its surface green slime, and Miasma rose on the air from its bosom to scatter disease and death. Huge frogs came out of its depths and croaked a requiem to its mistaken economies as day by day the king of light dried up the pool, until tadpoles crawled in the slime of its waterless depths."

Author unknown



Hypnotism . . . Mediumship



Subtle Reasoning

GENTLEMEN:
"Please advise me on the following questions.

"For some time past I have been practicing the art of hypnotism.

"While a certain subject is under the hypnotic spell he claims to be in direct contact with the spirit world, and gives the names of former living humans who say they are earthbound because of a large sum of money which was stolen by them while they lived in this vicinity seventy-five years ago.

"These spirits claim they are doomed to guide over this stolen money until some human beings can relieve them of it—and then, and only then, can they ever hope to rise to a higher sphere and enjoy freedom and happiness.

"What I am seeking to know through your School of Natural Science is, 'Am I right to assume that my subject is really in direct communication with former living humans, and do you believe the story revealed is possible and true? Also do you believe one can succeed in releasing earthbound spirits from their punishment in guiding over stolen money which is now known as buried treasure?'

"Kindly advise me of your frank opinion

Can The Use of A Destructive Method Bring About A Constructive Result?

on such matters and if you have books which describe such work.

Hoping to hear from you real soon, meanwhile I remain,

"A Friend —."

What is your answer? Have You analyzed the letter as You have been reading, and reached a conclusion on it?

Probably most people would say: "Why sure, if the spirits will tell where the buried treasure is, why not get it? Money is scarce and a windfall like that is worth looking into. There is a lot of old buried treasure and all over people are organizing companies to search for it. And here is some that is dumped right into the individual's lap without his having to pay any price for it."

The writer asks: "Am I right to assume that my subject is really in direct communication with former living humans?"

Yes, You are probably right in assuming this to be a fact, if he says so. At any rate, it is very possible and very probable that he is in direct communication with someone in the magnetic field when he is under your hypnotic spell.

("Ah. Then all I have to do is to hypnotize my subject and get him in contact with these people and have him find out where the money is hidden, and I can get it. That's easy.")

The next question: "Do you believe the story revealed is possible and true?"

Again the answer is yes, it is *possible* and it *may* be true.

("Oh! Well, then, the money is as good as in my hands. What a piece of luck this is!")

But wait. While the story revealed is *possible* and while it *may* be true, again it may very easily be the malicious lies of some earthbound Individuals desirous of keeping *You*, the hypnotist, and your subject, the hypnotized one, employed in the destructive process of hypnotism until you both are thoroughly under their control.

("Oh, now you have spoiled it all.")

Perhaps so. The more the hypnotist controls his subject, the weaker mentally the subject becomes until he is so depleted and weakened that those on the spiritual side who are earthbound can get complete control of him. Then he may end in an insane asylum or may be compelled to do some criminal act which will cause him to be locked up in jail and go through much sorrow and suffering. Whatever the outcome, he remains a victim of restless, earthbound souls who haunt his days and make miserable his nights.

And what of the hypnotist?

"Do you believe one can succeed in releasing earthbound Spirits from their punishment in guiding over stolen money which is now known as buried treasure?"

Yes, one might succeed through a constructive process in releasing earthbound spirits from guiding over stolen money—but not a hypnotist, through the hypnotic process. The hypnotic process is destructive.

You state at the beginning of your letter that You practice hypnotism and have a subject who goes under your hypnotic spell. This action in itself is a violation of moral principle.

In your endeavor to release earthbound spirits from their punishment, You are meting out a worse punishment to your subject whom You are gradually but persistently demoralizing and depriving of his God-given rights.

You are endeavoring to use a destructive method to accomplish a constructive result. You cannot succeed, because through the very process that is employed, the earthbound Individual, your subject, and yourself are being bound together in a condition that holds you all to a low moral level. It prevents the earthbound Individuals from securing freedom and happiness.

You are endeavoring to free Individuals by enslaving Individuals—yourself and your subject. You cannot do so, because You are violating the fundamental moral law which governs all freedom and happiness.

If it be true that there is money buried and the earthbound Individuals are guarding it after having stolen it, to whom does the money rightfully belong? To them? Or to You, if they should advise You where You might find it? Certainly not.

It belongs to those from whom it was stolen, or to their rightful heirs and assigns.

If the spiritual thieves are still guarding the stolen money, they still are thieves. And they have no moral right to reveal the location of this money to a subject or a hypnotist, or anyone else, in order to free themselves of the responsibility they assumed when they committed the theft.

If the earthbound thieves had sincerely and earnestly desired to relieve themselves of the responsibility in an honest and moral

manner, they could have done so in more ways than one. And if they had been sincere with the hypnotist and his subject, could they not have "come clean" with the entire story of the money, instead of only part of it? Could they not have told where the money was, as well as how to find it, instead of just telling that they are standing guard over the stolen loot?

Also: If they have kept such close vigil for all these many years, would it not have been possible for them also to have track of the real owners or heirs, and have in some manner conveyed the idea to them, instead of to a hypnotist through his subject?

If, on the other hand, they are looking to physically embodied people to release them from their bondage of earthbound conditions, whether or not they seek such help in ignorance or in full knowledge of all that would be involved, they are unfair, they are inconsiderate, and they are in the wrong; they are encouraging the use of a destructive process to accomplish a constructive result; they are helping to enslave and place physically embodied Individuals in bondage just as they are enslaved and in bondage in the spiritual world.

The earthbound thieves can quickly and easily free *themselves* from their punishment of guiding and guarding the loot by turning their attention to their own moral status over there and making reparations for their "sins" committed over here. They can readily serve out their punishment in more active ways than merely standing guard over stolen goods; and do it in a constructive manner and by a constructive means and method rather than through the use of a destructive process and the enslaving of others.

This fact, of itself, seems to indicate that the story is but a bait to hook the subject and the hypnotist; a web spun to enmesh the

two physical people more completely in the destructive process.

In their desire to render service and do "good," some people become confused in differentiating between right and wrong. They seem to think that as long as their motive is to "do right" they can do no wrong.

This is fallacy. With the loftiest desires and motives, one can do absolutely immoral things. And he is bound by the moral law, to the degree of his knowledge, just as surely as is the man who deliberately does immoral acts.

When an Individual becomes a party to a destructive act in order to accomplish a constructive result, as the hypnotist is resorting to the destructive process of hypnotizing his subject, in order to free the earthbound souls, he is bound by the moral law of Nature and must suffer the penalties of violation under the Law of Compensation until he learns the destructiveness of his acts and makes recompense for them.

If the hypnotist and his subject should succeed in locating the hidden treasure, and thus free the earthbound people from guarding over it, they would be freeing them only further to enslave them. They still would be bound by a debt to the physically embodied hypnotist and subject for enmeshing them in the deadly web of the hypnotic process.

The earthbound spirits are admittedly immoral people, having stolen the money. They are bound by their past immorality. There is one way for them to rise above their immorality and enslavement—that is for them to turn about face and start on the road of moral living. If they do not know the moral laws, there are plenty of avenues open to them in the spiritual world whereby they can learn them. If they are in need of help to free themselves, there are innum-

erable qualified people in the realm of the spiritual world eager and ready to help them by constructive means.

Morality is an achievement gained by the Individual. After having achieved it, he must align his daily and hourly life with it and by it. Only then can he be *free* in the full sense of the word. Only then can he "rise to a higher sphere and enjoy freedom and happiness."

No man or woman is expected or obligated to enslave himself in order to help another. No person is required by Nature to enmesh himself in destructive means and methods in order to free an earthbound soul.

If one can help to release an earthbound spir-

it by constructive means and himself remain moral in doing so, then is he accomplishing something worth while. Then is he rendering *real service*. But if he practices immoral means and methods and thereby becomes a victim of the destructive principle, he is setting a poor example for the other victims of the same principle whom he is endeavoring to free.

No. If one cannot constructively assist another to free himself from slavery under the destructive principle, without himself becoming bound by it, then by all means is it better to leave the earthbound souls in their present conditions until someone better qualified can render the service.



Cheer Up, Comrade

John L. Billups

Have you lost your way in the game of Life?

Are you wearied and worried with the pain and strife?

Does the world seem wrong and the Way unplain?

Cheer up, Comrade. The sun will shine again.

Are you lonely, forsoken, unhoppy and blue?

Does the sunrise lock its old zest for you?

Are you tired of the struggle and wearied of the strain?

Cheer up, Comrade. The lark will sing again.

Does trouble seem to have his aggrovoting way

And mock and laugh the whole long day?

Has the sunshine gone and left only the rain?

Cheer up, Comrade. You'll smile again.

Have the bright clouds flown and left only the storm?

Have the shodows of life left you sad and forlorn?

Has old Man Fate left the chaff and naught of grain?

Cheer up, Comrade. The skies are blue again.

Has the road seemed rocky, and rough, and grim?

Have you lost a Friend and felt slander's murky grin?

Have you known the loss of Hope and the grip of Despair?

Cheer up, Comrade. A song is in the air.

For behind the misty clouds the sunny skies are blue.

From your Trials and Tribulations comes Hoppiness for you.

When you've solved your every problem and lifted every ban

You'll view the bockword path of Life a bigger, better mon.

What Do You Think?

This is a column of individual opinions. In order that as many letters as possible may be published, contributions should be about 200 words. No unaligned letters will be published, but names will be withheld if requested.

DR. RILEY ANSWERS

R. F., Los Angeles:

Yours is a fair question and calls for a frank and fair answer.

The article in question was intended as a brief presentation of an abstract principle, and, as yet must be considered as theory. Until physical science evolves a method of recording and measuring energy of "no known wave length" questions pertaining to this type of energy must remain in the theoretical class.

However, recent developments point to the possibility that in the near future, this type of energy will be better understood.

You ask whether the application of heat does not affect the molecular motion rather than the atomic. If we accept the electronic theory it is evident that atomic activity precedes molecular activity, and that anything that changes atomic activity must first change electronic activity, all substance thus being reduced in the final analysis to matter in motion, and to carry it further, all matter reduced to positive and negative energy.

It would appear that after the vibratory activity of a food is changed by the application of heat, the cooling to body temperature does not produce any further change. However this would not apply to frozen foods. Many are of the opinion that foods are best suited for body consumption if injected at tepid temperature, avoiding any extreme of heat and cold.

V. B. R.—Pasadena

Thanks for the nice comment. Your knowledge of music, harmony and balance makes it very easy for you to correlate the various manifestations of the one great principle.

V. P. O.—Tranquility, Calif.

Somehow or other I feel that I am well acquainted with this fine little lady, and I am sure that she has no trouble at all in keeping her vibrations normalized to the point that she can bring the carrot, celery, tomato, and parsley to a passive state where they will do exactly what she tells them.

I really do not feel that she should have any hesitancy in eating crab just because it happens to be her sign in the heavens, particularly if it be a male crab of legal size when gathered, and not having been in cold storage too long after being separated from its natural environment. Of course I could not follow this advice myself, as I find upon consulting my trusty astronomical chart that I was born under the sign "Virgo."

Dr. F. W. Riley.

A NOTE OF GRATITUDE.

It's a clear and beautiful Indian-summer Sabbath; a veritable song of praise to the Great Creative Intelligence. May I add my note of gratitude to that of the many worshippers by saying "thank you" to the Friends who have helped me so many times in the past and who are a source of inspiration to thousands of individuals striving to "live the life."

Price, Utah

Mrs. Neil Thurman.

"IT HURTS."

When Natural Science came to me, I was (I suppose like so many others) grasping for the truth. When the message came to me it was so good that I went through regular antics. I wanted to shout it from the housetops. As time went on, I went through the routine, as others have done before me. I had to learn by experience.

Throughout all though, I have felt that I have had an invisible ally. Times without number when I have been stumped by a problem, after I have done my best to solve it, and failed, the answer has come to me. Usually the answer came through the magazine.

This has happened to me so often (without a single failure) that I must class it with the chemical formulas. The magazine also relates cases like mine in nearly every issue. To me there is but one answer: My "Spiritual Adviser" (Guardian Angel). I believe someone on the spiritual plane has read my thought impulse and transmitted it to The School. The Great School has then answered my question. If this is not true, how else could it happen, unless TK received the thought impulse?

The latest example of this came in the October issue, under the editorial "Conscience Solving." It has never seemed just right to me to pretend to belong to a religious organization and at the same time abhor the principles it stands for. Neither did it seem right to teach the Philosophy of Individual Life as my own philosophy. It seemed to me it would be better to say nothing at all and quit going to church.

Whether I was right or wrong in my deductions, "Conscience Solving" solved my problem. The questions in my own mind were answered as clearly as if I had asked the questions personally and had them answered personally. I can think of no better physical testimony of a spiritual fact than the above. Any formula which always brings the same result must be true.

I now own most of the books of the Harmonic Series. They are priceless to me. The magazine is Great. I would rather lose a good many meals than any or all of them.

I trust I have not been a bore to you? I love the Work so much it almost hurts. I am ready to "stand up and be counted," as a student, believer and supporter. I am perhaps not worthy to be an accredited student, but I am improving and I can be a believer and supporter anyway.

I am enclosing a copy of an old newspaper clipping. The author is unknown to me, but I am sure he would be proud to see it in "To You" if you think it is worthy.

Roosevelt, Utah

S. H. S——

TO HELEN, OF TINKER TOWN.

We liked the article about the dog—and the dog's prayer. We think it would be nice if Helen of Tinker Town could find something to say in memory of Jean Eagles and Theodore Roberts and beautiful Barbaro Lamar. For who like Jean ever put so much into a single moment of acting? Couldn't there be a memory page just once for some of these?

Kansas City Mo,

Mrs. J. M——

THIS SIDE OF PARADISE.

Why wouldn't it be nice if the students and readers could know each other and perhaps wear some little emblem as the Masons do, for recognition? It would enable many of us to have companionship among those trying to live constructive lives. Perhaps we could help each other; for no doubt most of us have experienced being in social gatherings and hoving others try to force their wishes upon us, regardless of our choice in the matter, and being slightly "offended" when refused. There is much could be said on this subject. It seems difficult to find social groups and gatherings where one may enjoy dancing and be gay without the inclusion of things that are not in keeping with the teachings of morality. It would be nice to belong to, or mingle with a group of people, each with a high moral standard, yet hoving a sense of humor and wanting to be exactly fair in every detail to their associates. Where no one did those small things whereby someone's pleasure is spoiled, tried to force cocktails upon you against your will, expect you to laugh at risique jokes, and flirt more or less, or like such attentions, from the mates and sweethearts of others; where no one considered love-making and polite lies and flattery a necessary part of the evening's entertainment and social code.

But perhaps that would be too much to expect—this side of Paradise.

Amarillo, Texas

J. M. H.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE:

How about applying "The Pot Calling the Kettle Black" to the League of Nations and Italy? Britain has been called the most gluttonous nation on earth and has gobbled up Mother India and many lesser lands. We read of the cruelty and abuse of British soldiers to the sensitive Indian people. Of pushings and kickings out of the way and verbal abuse to these people in their own land. Britain must have recently gotten baptised in the River Jordan and be feeling sort of "holier than thou" in consequence; but we haven't noticed any accounts of giving back territory. The Italians born upon this plane are surely entitled to space to breathe in and make homes. Too bad they couldn't purchase it instead of

murdering to get it. The so-called uncivilized ruler of the black people has shown a very Christian spirit in dealing with the intruders and their ambassador. Perhaps a raw meat feast would be good for the Italian Premier.

I liked very much the poem "Example," and kept saying "yes, yes" to the one about "The Wind." Also like "Word Shy" most always very much. This time it is very interesting, also "Cancer or Chloroform" and the other editorials. Page 334—"Until he is capable of reaching Nature's stonard, she does not punish the individual for his lack of cooperation with her." How seriously true this is. How we come to know that each tiny thing we do or do not do is of great importance, and so great a responsibility to keep all the moral principles before the eyes of the mind all the time. Then comes the time when one can see without trying, the law of consequence operating in his own life and startling one with the knowledge of how great is his responsibility. Sometimes when others do annoying things, I think—"Well, I have so much and they have so little, how patient and kind I should be; for perhaps the thing so annoying to me is their outlet and pleasure, with no better pattern to build upon. Perhaps that soul is lonely inside, too, and that is all he knows to do to try and relieve the loneliness."

The Philosophy of Individual Life opens up new channels to a soul and lays waste and barren so many of the old pleasures.

Kansas City, Mo.

J. M. Hunter

VIOLET ULTRA

Your articles on Sinus trouble were particularly interesting to me. So many of my friends have had sinus infections in varying degrees of intensity and have tried the whole gamut of "cures" from mild treatments to severe operations. Most of them still suffer painful and periodic attacks. The idea that the suffering is caused from a generally unhealthy and clogged system seems to be a new point of attack.

I am wondering if the cose of tonsils is analogous to that of the sinus cavities. By an elimination of poisons from a clogged system can diseased tonsils eventually be drained of their infection and returned to a healthy condition; or is it necessary in the interests of good health to have them removed?

If you feel that discussion of this question would be of interest to a sufficiently large number of people, I would appreciate very much having you discuss it in the pages of "To You." Thank you for your many helpful articles in the past.

Helper, Utah

Helen P. T——

TWO LESSONS LEARNED

I am sorry that I am not able to give a more definite account of what I recently experienced concerning the spiritual side of life; the more so, as I have often been benefited by reading the articles of "Those Who Bear Witness" in your magazine. I should be glad to contribute my share if my experiences had been of such a nature as to be convincing to others besides myself, but that is not the case. During the past few years the greatest benefit I had received from my study of Natural Science was perhaps—to sum it up briefly—the understanding how to pray. I believe I can truthfully say,

I do not recall a single time (within the last few years) that a prayer of mine has not been answered; and often the answers come instantaneously.

But my recent further insight into the spiritual life was of a different character. I constantly felt the presence of friends who were rendering helpful services. (I could not see these friends, because I have not yet developed my spiritual senses.) On one occasion I heard them, and one of them explained to me that what I heard were directions on the spiritual side of life.

Two lessons were strongly impressed upon me during this time: 1. That service to others does not necessarily mean that we make sacrifices or deprive ourselves; it means, first of all, that we create harmony and radiate constructive currents in all our contacts. It seems that beginners in the attempt to live altruistically often make the mistake of taking the martyr attitude. 2. The second lesson is harder to sum up in a few words—and perhaps I have not thoroughly learned it even now. It is the realization that we must not blame others for disastrous consequences if we have not been able to muster the necessary moral courage to stand up for our own rights.

Upon the many things that have been helpful to me in your magazine, I hope to touch another time. As soon as my time permits I shall see what I can do about writing up matters of general interest concerning the research work of the institution for which I work (in the capacity of translator).

Madison, Wis.

Gertrude Krafft.

JOHN KIRK'S ARTICLE

Might I mention that in my humble opinion the magazine is showing general improvement with each issue? I "liked" muchly the article by John Kirk. It conveyed to me a sincere statement of actual **Fact**; it had the ring of sound actual realization and was no doubt to many even more interesting than to me, simply because all such is no novelty nor strange to me, as it is quite in line with so many similar occurrences which I understand and find myself completely in harmony with.

It is not a habit or "bug" of mine to be a researcher after any unusual phenomena. It never was a weakness of mine to want to see phenomena of any unusual kind; therefore, all such articles as John Kirk's have no more appeal to me than any other **statement of fact** which is accepted at its face value and subjected to my present limitations of reason and personal knowledge. Of course, it was interesting, and I did enjoy reading it very much.

Oakland, Calif.

An Engineer

THE ARTICLES ON ART.

Being interested in the subject of Art, I have been much interested in the history of it as it has appeared each month. The articles are written so concisely and clearly, and such knowledge and understanding are evident throughout that it is a pleasure to read them. There is only one thing missing: In the beginning Miss Coray interspersed a thread of philosophy and a trace of psychology which added much for me and no doubt for other readers who are interested in Art from the philosophical and psychological viewpoint. In the later articles this phase of the subject has not been included,

and I miss it. I wish Miss Coray could go back to this way of writing and carry that golden thread throughout her articles. I believe it would add considerable interest for the readers of this type of magazine. The articles are fine as they are; but the added touch of philosophy makes them better.

Chicago, Ill.

A. M. S.

A LIFE-SAVER

I would like to tell you how I come in contact with the literature of the Great School. It seems to me that it proves, to some extent anyway, that there is a Great Law of Compensation and that when we are ready for another step, or more information on what we need most, a way will be provided for us to take that step or get that information.

More than four years ago I had reached a point where I had lost faith in just about everything. I knew I needed something but didn't know what it was. I was in the habit of borrowing books from the City Library here. One day, while there, I saw the book "Self-Unfoldingment." I brought it home and it so appealed to me that I borrowed "The Great Known." I borrowed, and read many times, the Harmonic Series. Finally I bought "Self-Unfoldingment" and later received a complimentary copy of the magazine, and since have been a regular subscriber, and hope to always be. It always helps me solve my most pressing problems at the right time. I finally bought the rest of the Harmonic Books.

Very often I have mentioned Natural Science to friends but always got "the cold shoulder." About a month ago I felt that I must get in touch with someone here that reads the Books and I did. I became acquainted with a lady who has been a student for several years and she has taken a part of the instruction. She has loaned me her old numbers of "The Great Work in America." They have been very interesting and enlightening. They make me feel a little closer to the School. The two interviews I have had with her have meant a great deal to me.

I want to express my appreciation to all for the **truly great work you are doing.**

W. Asheville, N. C.

H. E. Breedlove

LONG-LOST FRIENDS.

As a reader and student of your School, I send you greetings in the spirit of The Great Work. I have been longing and longing for some word from you with reference to the Great Work in which you are engaged. My (our) hearts are very much set for the continuance of the Work and School. The Harmonic Series have laid a foundation for Truth which nothing can upset.

My wife and I, in our work and lectures, bring in the truth of the Philosophy as far as we possibly can. Incidentally, we are working in the Methodist Episcopal Church, but our thinking and our goals far transcend its boundaries.

So great has been the benefit we have derived from the study of the Harmonic Series that it would afford us deep satisfaction to be of any service in promoting the continuance and success of the Great Work.

Yours in the fellowship of Light,

Bluff Springs, Ill.

Rev. (G Mrs.) A. E. A.—Ph. D.

RICH.

Today I have practically no income, but I want to say that with the knowledge and comfort that I get from the School and the magazine "To You," I am rich beyond compare.

Los Angeles, Calif. F. A. Boswell

PRAYER.

Have thought much about the request in the last copy of "To You" for an article on prayer. So much may be said on this all-important subject. From my own experience I have come to the conclusion that in the last analysis prayer is something to be rather than something to say or do. An attitude of soul. And when it is truly attained there is no more question as to its being answered than there is of the sun rising in the morning. One might almost say that the prayer and the answer are one.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Ethel I. Rotliff.

INTERESTING

Verna Richardson's articles on music are to me particularly interesting. She understands her rhythm significations. Plato, speaking through Socrates in "The Republic" says—"our guardians must lay the foundations of their fortress (meaning the State which Plato contemplated) in music."

He goes on to bemoan the spirit of license which creeps in "were it not that little by little this spirit of license, finding a home, imperceptibly penetrates into manners and customs; whence, issuing with greater force, it invades contracts between man and man, and from contracts goes on to laws and constitutions, in utter recklessness, ending at last, Socrates, by an overthrow of all rights, private as well as public."

Socrates was speaking specifically and definitely about the corrupting influence of the wrong kind of music upon the youth of any civilization.

I hope "Verna" writes some more along these lines.

Dr. Riley's articles are interesting, too. In fact, the whole magazine is interesting.

Philodelphihi, Pa.

Mrs. J. B.—

TRANSMUTATION.

I inclose a clipping on transmutation, telling of a synthetic diamond made in the laboratory. You know that it was demonstrated at the Curie-Joliot laboratory a year or two ago. I wish there might be an article giving dates of demonstrations of facts stated in the Harmonic Books to be facts, together with the dates of their first publication by "TK." I'd like to send such an article to a friend who implied doubt of his claims. Perhaps Mr. Norwood would write such an article.

Work on the manufacture of gold was mentioned over the radio just now. The problem now is to reduce the cost. When science does that, the speaker said, the whole world

will be affected as to monetary systems. As "TK." said long ago.

Asheville, N. C.

C. C.

FROM A "NATUROLOGIST."

Was mighty glad to receive the copy of the magazine. It recalled "happier" days. That is the first copy of the new magazine I have seen, and I hope to be able to send in my subscription by the first.

Have had one hell-of-a-detour since discontinuing my lessons on the Philosophy. Nearly every cult, creed, and ism has given me a kindly (?) lift, in their own peculiar way. Frankly, I am cut, scarred and bleeding—like a little Irish-Grey ban-tam rooster who has passed through a battle-royal with seven big Plymouth Racks. But regardless, I'm happy; and I feel I had it coming to me before I could learn the big lesson, TO COMPENSATE! Dumb Dora? Sure; I am her twin brother.

Your article on Health Temperance, page 365, is excellent. Gee, but it has taken me a long time to understand temperance and moderation.

Fort Stockton, Texas Dr. Jimmie O'C—, Naturologist.

P.S. How do you like the sound of that word, "Naturalogist"? Genesis 1-1, you know, "Heavenly" lows and "Earthly" lows.

MORE ABOUT DR. RILEY'S ARTICLE

Say, friends, I enjoyed V.P.O.'s letter commenting on Dr. Riley's article on foods. It's much the reaction of my wife and myself. The article was very interesting and enlightening but I'm afraid just a wee bit over our heads. Please reach high and bring it down to us, Doctor. Mrs. B. called my attention to the article and when I read it I asked her if she knew just when she had cooked things until they had reached the proper harmonic with the raw product and just how many octaves higher it was, anyway. She said she certainly did not but that any good cook knew when food was properly cooked and rightly prepared. Well, I guess it is clear above the heads of us mere men.

Returning to V. P. O.; if she happens to be Verna B. Richardson we should certainly have articles from her on other subjects besides music. Much as we enjoy the music articles I'm sure such refreshing humor should not be lost to the world. And if she isn't Verna B. then there is all the more reason why we should hear more from her.

Your editorial on prayer is much appreciated. It confirms some ideas and clarifies or changes others.

And now I wonder if you will be kind enough to continue my worn-out subscription to "To You." I can't raise the price at present but am sure I can within the next two or three months. Still hopeful, you see. Gosh, but it dies hard, doesn't it.

Californio.

John B.—

Now what do YOU Think?

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of
Natural Science

and

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Individual Life



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TO YOU!

What It Means To You



To You is a magazine for progressive thinkers of the age. It contains information that may be of benefit in solving the many problems that bar your way to Happiness. It is intimate; it is personal; it digs deep into the realm of your Intelligence and searches out the inherent characteristics and idiosyncrasies, the false ideas and concepts, the secret ambitions and ideals, that You may know yourself as You really are, stripped of all glamour and superficiality. It searches into your very Soul and lays bare for your inspection the hidden powers and potentialities which You possess and which You can use in attaining your ideals, aspirations, and worthy goals. It presents Nature's universal, fundamental laws and principles in their relation to You, an Individual Intelligence, that You may learn to live your life fully and freely and helpfully, and derive the greatest possible pleasure therefrom, without constraint, inhibitions, or suppressions. It is philosophical, psychological, and scientific. It is For You, About You, and *To You!*

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To All ... Good Will

Dr. Charles O. Lowry



All the pothos of the ages burst forth from heav'n, that
Christmas night,
When the star-lit roads led into Bethlehem;
And the majesty of Kingly courts proclaimed the
birth of Christ
And the wise men brought gifts of diadem,
Though the myrrh and incense, fragrant, showed the
wonder wealth would share,
As they wandered to Him over vale and hill,
In the manger,—though so humble—there was love
for all mankind,
For the angels sang of "Peace,—to all,
Good Will!"

All the beauty of His teaching came from Heav'n
that Christmas night,
And a requiem was sung to God, on high;
All the symphonies of carolers proclaimed the
heart of Christ
And sweet sympathy will soothe each wanting cry.
All the world, in joy and gladness, has the spirit
of the Christ
And emotions of the Soul are made to thrill;
We will laud the thought of Giving—and we'll reach
out in our love,
And like ongles, sing of Peace, to all,
Good Will.

All the sweetness of Redemption came from heav'n
that Christmas night,
When the Father thus fulfilled all prophecy;
And the tenderness of Deity proclaimed the Gift of Christ—
For 'tis Love that God has for humanity.
Though Rebellion spurns the offer,—and though hatred
none would spare,
When He offered treasures which their lives would fill,
From the manger comes this pleading:
Send your gifts where there is need,
And you'll sing the Song of Peace—to all—
Good Will.