

TO YOU!

LEARN TO LIVE!

“Who Hath Ears to Hear . . .
Let Him Hear”

◆ *The Actual Transition . . . Death*

◆ *Smoking . . . and Pounds*

◆ *What Is Neutrality?*

Echoes 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

IF YOU can dream and not make dreams your Master."

In these words Mr. Kipling did not refer to dreams man has during sleep; he referred to day dreams, dreams of the imagination, dreams You dream while wide awake. He referred to that dreaming You do as You sit before your fire on some high mountainous peak overlooking the surrounding vistas, or as You loll on the beach harkening to the sound of restless waves swishing and swashing to the tune of your mental meanderings.

The dreaming Mr. Kipling refers to is the dreaming You do when You imagine the great and popular man You will someday be; or the fascinating, charming, delightful companion You will someday be to some marvelous man.

The dream referred to is the dream You have when You imagine the day You will sit before a grand piano in a crowded auditorium and play wonderful music to an appreciative audience who proclaim You the greatest pianist of the age—or the greatest singer, or actor, or actress.

It is the dream You have when You imagine yourself as the greatest lawyer, with the

*"If You Can Dream And Not Make Dreams
Your Master,
If You Can Think And Not Make Thoughts
Your Aim."*

acknowledgedly finest legal mind of your time; when You stand before the Supreme Court of the United States and concisely state the facts and the justice and the righteousness of your claims which mean so much to humanity and the world; and then when You are acclaimed the legal savior of your fellowmen.

The dreaming has reference to your dream of that great unprecedented operation which You perform to save the life of some sufferer, and for which the world proclaims You the greatest human benefactor.

It is the dream You dream of excelling in baseball, or football, or in aviation, in dancing, in building a home, in becoming and being proclaimed the greatest feminine Intelligence of the age.

It is the dream You have as You vision yourself the little Cinderella girl come to life; as You picture yourself the Prince Charming to the lovely Cinderella.

These are the dreams Mr. Kipling referred to in his poem "If." These are the dreams so well understood by this very human poet. And these are the dreams and visions which add beauty and loveliness to life—as well as inspiration.

Dreams of the past bring comfort to old age.

Dreams of the future give stimulus to youthful ambition.

Dreams and visions unfold the soul's faculty of imagination; imagination is a forerunner of accomplishment.

A life without dreams and visions is a life of dull routine existence. Far better is it to have one's dreams and visions, even though accomplishment and reality are never experienced.

The man or woman who has ceased to have dreams, who has ceased to have visions of better things, finer work, greater accomplishment, is lost, indeed, in the rut of monotony and static existence. He has reached the end of his youth. He has lost the joy of living.

Dreams of accomplishment. Visions of achievement.

Imaginings of the future. Reveries of unfoldment and blossoming.

What a gift has Nature bestowed upon You in enabling You to dream your dreams, see your visions, imagine your future joys, and build your castles of achievement; for always one must dream and believe and have confidence before he can Achieve.

And how grateful should You be to Nature.
But—

"And not make dreams your master," says Mr. Kipling.

Ah, the wisdom, and the depth, and the insight expressed in those words.

Do not make dreams your master.

Therein lies the point of failure in many Individuals. Therein lies the weakness of dreaming—unless the dream is followed by activity, and work.

To dream is the foundation; to work is the superstructure.

To sit and dream without the effort to accomplish is to make dreams your master.

To sit and dream and then activate yourself to work and accomplish, is to make yourself the master.

You can accomplish almost anything You dream if You have within You the thing which says:

"Hold on, when there is nothing in You except the Will which says to them, hold on."

If You have the Will to do, the Courage to Dare, the Perseverance to continue, and the Determination to go on, You can achieve your goal; You can make your dream a reality.

If your perseverance lags, will yourself to go on.

If discouragement overtakes You, throw off the depression by engaging in useful activity.

If You lack sufficient knowledge, pause in your flight and acquire it—then pick up the ends and continue on your way.

If your determination weakens, realize that You continue on after physical death and that You have a future life in which to accomplish your dreams even though You may not succeed in this one lifetime. At least You can get your feet set on the trail which inevitably leads to achievement.

You dream certain dreams and work to accomplish them. Then You discover there are greater dreams to dream, greater heights to scale. Your first dreams visioned only a small mountain to climb; then You found a vastly higher mountain in the background which is far more desirable and more precipitous.

To You this may prove a disappointment, a setback, for perhaps You thought your first dream of the goal envisaged the final achievement. Now You know it did not.

You sit down and take stock. You dream some more, and have visions. Your determination again comes to the rescue, You settle your pack on your back, gather together your resources of energy, vitality, personal effort, and prepare yourself for the long climb to the greater heights which require more careful traveling. You ac-

custom yourself to a more rigid discipline for the curves and obstacles are more subtle and more demanding of your attention. So You travel on, and after a time You find You do not have to travel to the top of your original peak, for You have acquired some knowledge which is of great assistance to You in your climb to the higher peak which is now your goal. You make a shortcut and find a ridge which leads on up to the top of the higher mountain. And what is more, You find the going is no harder than it was to the goal of the lower peak; the only difference is that You must adapt and adjust yourself to the new ideas and concepts involved in the journey to the new goal.

So You dream but do not make dreams your master. You dream and make dreams your servants to help You to the achievements of the goals You desire to reach. You make of your dreams a foundation upon which You build a superstructure of beauty and usefulness.

"If You can think and not make thoughts your aim."

If You can think—

Really now, can You think? Do You think? Mr. Kipling does not accuse You of thinking.

Neither does he accuse You of not thinking.

He merely says—"*If You can think.*"

Thinking requires effort and energy; logical, rational thinking requires knowledge.

Thinking is the power which enables You to rise from one stratum of your evolutionary development to another. You must first think in order to direct your course intelligently; You must first think in order to acquire further knowledge. There is a vast difference between *feeling* You should or should not do a thing, and in thinking, reasoning, and determining to do or not to do a certain thing because it is or is not the right and logical thing to do.

To attain a goal, You dream of it, vision it,

imagine it; then You think over it, ponder on it, rationalize on it, and determine that it is the strongest desire of your life to accomplish it. Then You utilize your effort, energy, strength and intelligence to do it; and if You have sufficient perseverance and determination You eventually succeed.

"... and not make thoughts your aim."

No doubt You have met many Individuals who do just that thing; they make thoughts their aim. They think, and ponder, and figure, and think some more; and there they stop. They do a great deal of thinking, but never accomplish anything more because they make thoughts their aim.

If You think and are satisfied with just thinking, You will never reach a goal.

To think, yes, is wise and wholesome; but to utilize effort, energy, and intelligence to put your thoughts into constructive action is not only wisdom, it is the only way to attain success as a result of your thinking. You can sit and dream; You can dream and think.

And when You have finished dreaming and thinking You have accomplished just that and nothing else—unless You stir yourself and put your dreams and thoughts into action and accomplishment.

Are You going to dream and do nothing?

Are You going to think and take no action?

Are You going to dream of accomplishment and make that dream your master?

Are You going to think of achievement and make those thoughts your aim?

Dream on; have your visions; think your thoughts; and enjoy your ideas.

But whatever You do, do not stop there.

Let action and work follow closely on the heels of your dreams and your thoughts;

Only thus will You reach the goal of your dreams and thoughts.

Tinker Town . . .

Helen Mitchell



Echoes From Tinker Town

Life Speaks of Little Things.

It's the little things I want to know
When my smoke rings make passion glow,
If gold from the sun's crest—
Fame, fortune, my life's quest,
Are sadly wrong and weirdly vain
If my heart knows a silent pain,
If my life's scroll records the tall
Of the little things I've kept from my Soul.

It's the little things I want to do
When my smoke rings make mad dreams true—
Like roses in a fragrant bowl
Beside the whiteness of your bed,—
And quiet listenings to your Soul
When outer attitudes lie dead,
But mad dreams go and smoke rings blow
With the little things still left unsaid.

It's the little things I long to see,
When smoke rings touch eternity,
Like quiet peace in your eyes,
Hushed communion with the dawn—
Dear glimpses of paradise—
Delirious tempest sweetly calm,
And you at rest in my strange breast
But little things are not expressed.

ACROSS the little hills of Hollywood the sun hangs heavy with the bronze touch of mid-winter. And low on the horizon the gray clouds lurk like phantoms of an early dream that crept away from winter sun and hid all sadly in the mists. For so the mind is

The Value of Little Things

weary and the soul is sad at times. And so the Minstrellette wandered over the threaded paths of Tinker Town among the courageous there. For surely the old year is no more nor brought the dreams realized. And truly weary were they, the courageous of Tinker Town, to hoist the bag of burdens on their back and begin the trek down the winding paths of the New Year. So Mitchell, the Minstrellette, looked at the sun and looked at the clouds and saw a beam of light pierce through, like a radium arrow, to the petite city below. A little thing, that arrow, but it punctured a gloomy cloud.

"And so," thought she on the mountain top, "it is not the big things of life that matter so much; it's the little things. For of the little things are the big things assembled."

Turn back the lens and search for the light spots of your life. The little things that hold fast to memory-like foot steps. Remember, wee laddy's first step, Rover bounding to meet you at the gate, the strong step of the doctor bringing hope for a loved one, the light step of your lover on the moonlit veranda, the gentle step of your mother as she slipped through the darkness to tuck the quilt closer, the firm step of your father loaded with goodly fare for the Thanksgiving dinner, the long stride of a comrade across the college campus,

all the little things that make big things look small.

Like the smells clinging still in your nostrils of fields sweet with clover, taffy boiling at the pull, roses from a bridal window, lilies from a silent bed, salt from the first sea trip together, cedar from the big camp fire, little things, like remembered odors, cast a fragrance on the soul.

Then those dear hands that have clasped ours, hands that said, "Courage, I'm here"; "I'll help"; "I love"; "I'm loyal"; "I'm opportunity"; "I'm strong"; "I need you"; "I'll guide you." Hands that remodeled the clay of life ever so little but ever so completely.

And words that flew on the wings of doves or of swords into the recesses of our inner heart. Words that fell like dead birds, that closed forever a door, that burned like a mad fire in the brush and wrought disaster, words that cooled and calmed and revived hope, words that rattled like an empty flagon, words that were weighted with the gold of wisdom, words that rang with the joy of living, words that dripped with the honey of fellowship, words that came simply with a message of love, words that echo in the halls of time.

And so the Minstrellette hoisted her bag of burdens on her shoulder and started down the path of 1936 that leads many and devious ways. For the little things, like an arrow of light from the sun, far outshine the dark clouds on the horizon, for they point the way. Now the Minstrellette must say good-bye. She leaves you for her way leads far apart. God speed you down the New Year and Bless you on the way.

Faith

Eleanor Parker

Night's dense blackness and anguish
Was pierced by a point of light,
The star of faith pointing upward
To guide our steps through the night.

The traveller saw, and it lightened
The weary load on his soul,
So he followed the beacon onward
To the rosy portals of gold.

There he caught a splendid vision
As the gates of dawn unfolded
And the shafts of yellow sunlight
Entered his tired soul.

The faith that came in the darkness
Had given him hope with the morn,
Assurance and courage were added
As he battled on and on.

And his soul sang loud within him
A song of triumph and love,
Strength to reach the goal he strove for
Had come to him from above.



Spontaneity ...

Helen P. Thurman

SPONTANEITY within conformity; spontaneity within conformity." The phrase went over and over again in my mind with the monotony of a phonograph needle caught in a deepened groove. Suggested by a Friend in explaining individuality apparent within the various kingdoms of nature, it had come to have all the value of a measuring stick for me.

Life after all wasn't a series of clean-cut causes and effects. The physicist had blasted that idea and shown us that those active little protons and electrons had a mind all of their own. Given certain conditions they should have reacted in a certain way. But they chose to do a dance of life that savored more of spontaneity than conformity.

"Spontaneity within conformity." Isn't that the ideal toward which the better primary grades are climbing? The discipline of the older schools was a discipline of conformity. Johnny must sit up straight taking like a little man his two ounces of arithmetic together with the prescribed portion of geometry, spelling, "readin' and writin'." A pound or so of strict obedience was thrown in for good measure. Then came the educator with the zeal of a prophet, yearning for the liberation of little Johnny. He was to be freed from inhibitions, and from blighting parental direction. He was to suffer no coercion, but allowed untold latitude for self-expression. And he became a brat. Only just in time was it decided that there were certain rules to the game after all and if all the little Johnnies were to survive, they would have to learn to observe them.

Don't be discouraged if your horoscope

casts you for the role of a misanthrope or if your hereditary gifts are all white elephants. Don't be scared by the man who tells you "that four out of every five have it." Statistics may offer incontestable proof that ninety-eight per cent of college graduates are failures; or that we are entering a cycle of devastating drought; or that we are perpetuating the physically and mentally unfit at a rate destructive to any further civilization. Still—the spontaneity within the individual can push away the barriers of conformity.

But, you argue, he has to be spontaneous within certain limitations. You bet he has if he's going anywhere worthwhile. He has to be deferent to such principles as temperance, self-control, personal responsibility. But he can be even a little nonchalant when making terms with heredity, the stars in their courses, or the ogre of statistics.

It would seem that the Greeks knew a great deal about this business of spontaneity within conformity when they urged the "golden mean" as a way of life. "Nothing too much" was the watchword of their civilization. There was an abundance of creative intellectual effort, but the individual avoided being conspicuous by complying with the rules. The French of Moliere's time were sticklers for conformity. They were so bound by rules of etiquette as to be almost mannikins. We of the twentieth century seem to be capitalizing on spontaneity just now—which will be all to the good if we remember that only the individual who exercises his spontaneity in conformity with the ageless rules of the game will reap the reward of great and abundant living.

Your Struggle . . .



The True Altruist

ALL men and women are struggling for happiness. They all are striving to attain a state wherein they are completely satisfied and contented. Does the Individual Intelligence then cease from effort and stop to enjoy its happiness? Do the two Individuals experience their future happiness in a little world all their own? Do they just let the rest of the world go by?

No, indeed. Inertia in Nature means death, annihilation. This is true just as surely in the realm of Individual Intelligence as it is in the realm of mechanics. When men and women have attained Self-Completion, and been rewarded with Individual Completion, when they have realized the Perfect marriage relation and can enjoy the Love and Happiness for which they have so long striven, Intelligence must still have occupation. It must still have work to do.

When two Individuals have attained Individual Completion and Happiness the exclusive struggle for Self is at an end. At this point in the growth and development of the Individual Intelligence begins the intelligent and purposeful struggle for others. *This is the birthday and the birthplace of true altruism.*

When You Have Reached Happiness Yourself, You Have But One Desire, Intent, and Purpose—To Make Others Happy.

Thenceforward Altruism becomes the normal occupation of the Individual, because the instant he realizes Happiness in the marriage that fulfills Individual Completion, he desires to make *others* happy. He has no sooner reached his own goal than his attention is turned to others. Thenceforward the effort to make others happy becomes his normal occupation. He labors to make others happy, because in this effort for others he finds his own continued happiness and greater Self-Unfoldment.

Altruism is that state of being in which an intelligent Soul increases its happiness through what it may bestow rather than through what it may gain. It is that state in which Desire and Will are united in and concentrated upon giving instead of acquiring. Giving becomes a joy and a privilege. It is neither a duty nor a sacrifice. There is no sacrifice or self-denial in devoting himself to others, for the true altruist. He has reached that fulfillment that enables him to increase his own happiness through service.

How vastly different it is with the Individual who is yet in the midst of the struggle for his own Self-Completion. To him the at-

titude of selfishness is as natural as the altruistic attitude is natural to those who have attained Individual Completion.

He is selfish because he is still seeking for his own personal happiness. He has not yet attained it. He desires it above all things. This desire is so overwhelming that he has no thought of nor consideration for the welfare or happiness of others. As yet, he scarcely knows the meaning of altruism.

Hence, we must not condemn him for his egoistic attitude. It is an effort for him to consider the interests or happiness of others while he is yet in the midst of the search for his own personal happiness. To accuse such an Individual of selfishness would be to surprise him and wound him and, in a sense, to misjudge him. The incompleting Individual, man or woman, is not prepared for altruism.

Until an Individual has attained the goal of his own Self-Completion, it is entirely legitimate for him to give his personal effort very largely to his own personal development and evolutionary unfolding.

But he must not forget that he is, at all times, a member of society and, as such, has responsibilities which he must not evade, ignore, nor avoid.

If he would further his own advancement and best personal interests he must not become so self-centered, so self-absorbed, so selfishly preoccupied as to overlook the responsibilities he owes to his fellows.

While it is true that the attitude of altruism is possible only to those who have accomplished the task of personal Self-Completion, received Nature's reward therefor, which is Individual Completion, and experienced the Happiness of perfect vibratory correspondence with another like entity of opposite polarity—nevertheless it is possible for one who has not achieved perfect Self-Completion to realize that he has responsibilities to his fellows which he must

discharge under the Law of Compensation. Realizing this, his altruism comes in the nature of a duty or a sacrifice or a contribution to his own ethical content. It has not become his actual companion nor does it spring from the unmixed joy of giving. However, it is right that every Individual should know that the shortest and most direct road to the goal of his own Self-Completion, as well as to Individual Completion and Happiness, runs through the sunlit valley of unselfishness beside the still waters of altruistic service.

The conscious knowledge of this great truth should inspire all men and women with a profound reverence for the altruistic principle at the foundation of all social ethics. It should change the focus of their attention from self and selfish personal interest to a cheerful recognition of the obligations they owe their fellows. It should awaken the spirit of kindness, courtesy, consideration, and the desire to serve those who are oppressed by the burdens, the cares, and the sorrows of life.

While it is true that altruism becomes the natural occupation of those who have achieved Self-Completion and Nature's reward therefor — Individual Completion — this fact must not be taken to mean that the Individual is free from altruistic obligations and duties before he reaches that consummation. There is no greater obstruction in the pathway that leads to Self-Completion than pure selfishness.

It is here that the wisdom of Natural Science is able to point the way whereby the Individual may accomplish his own Self-Completion with less personal effort and in less time. Here is the radical point of departure between the philosophy that teaches fulfillment of individual evolution as the accomplishment necessary to the life of true altruism, and the philosophies that give

little importance to the requirements of the Individual.

True altruism does not spring from selfish seclusion, austere celibacy, nor vows of poverty. Rather it overflows from a Soul that has self-sought and self-earned an individual independence and an individual happy love life and therefore is in position to give from the fullness of its own experience to those who have not yet attained the goal.

A Soul who has climbed to the summit, who has reached the goal, who has attained his heart's desire, is the one and only mortal properly equipped to teach Happiness to an ignorant and sorrowing world. He is the only Individual rightly conditioned to furnish both precept and example.

The Individual who is rationally happy has reached the end of personal desire. He has ceased to make demands upon Nature or society for his individual happiness. In this natural cessation of personal demands egoism dies its natural death. It has not been strangled by austerities nor crushed out by religious superstitions nor covered up by social conventions.

The completed Individual has no other choice

of occupation than a work for humanity. It must be remembered that the state of Individual Completion is the state of most intense psychical activity. Intelligence must have occupation. The divine law of labor encloses the completed Individual and urges him to other achievements. Such men and women are alive with splendid enthusiasm and seeing life beyond the narrow limits of self, they map out accomplishments undreamed of by those in the midst of the egoistic struggle for happiness. To such as these, action is necessity, while inertia and idleness are as impossible as egoism and selfishness.

To such as these Altruism is a practical occupation, as well as a recreation and a pleasure. Humanity is their family, the world is their field, and to do good is their religion.

Only such as have reached the stage of Individual Completion are prepared to give themselves wholly and joyously to the task of teaching mankind. The man and woman who together have proven the Law of Love and whose individual happiness is completed in each other, have no other Will nor Desire than Altruism.



Dream Awake

Max Ehrman

After the day's struggle,
There is no freedom like unfettered thoughts,
No sound like the music of silence.
And though behind you
Lies a road of dust and heat,
And before you fear of untried paths;
In this brief hour
You are master of all highways,
And the universe nestles in your soul.
Therefore, in the night,
Sit still awhile and dream awake,
Ere you lie down to sleep,

The Spirit of Music . . .



North American Indian Music

Let Us Harken Again to The Melodies And Rhythms of Our Indian Friends.

Verna B. Richardson

THE American Indian is a past master in the art of producing rhythm and rhythmic effects. While the Negro of the jungle has an extensive knowledge of syncopation, the American Indian has gone much further in his use of more than one rhythm at a time. He has accomplished what no white man has so far been able to do in his simultaneous use of rhythms. One lone Indian can produce four distinct and separate rhythms at once, without slurring any one of them. By actual test this has been proven true. An Indian will chant in one rhythm, shake a rattle in another, beat a tom-tom in another, and dance with bells on his ankles in quite a different rhythm. A white man finds it difficult to deal with more than two rhythms at a time. In fact, I doubt if he can create more than two at any one time. It taxes one's imagination to the breaking point.

For the Indian thus to externalize this rhythmic principle in four directions at once shows that he has aligned his inner forces and brought himself into harmonious accord with the principle of vibratory correspondence. His inner consciousness is aware of the vastness of Nature's sound laboratories and he has found within himself the correspond-

ing capacity for interpretation. When once his spiritual nature is awakened he plumbs the depths until he finds that which he seeks and then makes it his own.

In many of the tribes, when one member seeks to become master of his own forces and thru this mastery to utilize Nature's forces, he seeks first a spiritual vision. In order to do this he goes alone to the mountain top or the forest. There he proceeds to fast and pray for several days and nights. With his prayer chants his only accompaniment is the tom-tom.

When he has so cleansed himself through fasting and separating himself from the thots and vibrations of the others of his tribe, the vision generally finds him on the third night. From this spiritual vision comes added inspiration and it points the way to further accomplishment. If he desires to make this power his own he sometimes leaves home, wife and family for anywhere from three to seven years and lives alone the life of an ascetic. Many of his prayer chants are created while seeking fulfillment of his spiritual aspirations. He calls upon the Great Spirit and upon all of Nature's elements to help him in his search. He recognizes in Nature's forces and throughout the animal kingdom

that which is friendly to him. He finds himself so closely related to Nature's elements that he ceases to fear them. As time goes on and he recognizes the relationship and brotherhood of all things, he becomes part of the whole and attains mastery of his own and Nature's forces. His knowledge and sense of rhythm become even more acute, for by now he has learned to attune himself to and make use of rhythms hitherto unsensed.

In making this spiritual demonstration in some tribes they take the path of black magic, which, as we understand the term, applies to a destructive use of the spiritual principle. Some Indians use both constructive and destructive methods in their control of natural forces, and still others attain a purely constructive spirituality and mastership.

After an Indian has attained his goal of self-mastery, and can demonstrate independently this mastery, he may return home and take up his life among his own family and his tribe once more. He is now recognized as a wise man, and as a consequence of his years of lonely meditation and prayer is able to heal the sick, find lost persons and articles, and often to foresee the future. He has the ability either to put a curse upon an enemy or to free him from a curse. In other words, he has learned how to "kill or cure." This so-called phenomenon among the Indians is a common occurrence. They recognize the Great Spiritual Intelligence and they live in much closer contact with the spiritual principle than is suspected by white people who only hear and know of the primitive savagery of some of the tribes. This primitive urge is stronger in some tribes than others and is considered no less a sign of strength and prowess among the Indians than is the modern war spirit among our present day so-called civilization. The difference being the personal strength and fearlessness of the Indian who depended entirely upon his own individual powers and ingenuity, as against the modern warrior who seeks to annihilate thousands of

his fellows by means of mechanical and chemical devices from which forces his strength is borrowed.

As with the modern warrior so with the Indian and his dependence upon the throbbing drums to heat his blood to the boiling point. The modern warrior goes forth to war with drums plus bands. The Indian chanted, danced, and beat the drums. Certain monotonous rhythms, if continued long enough, will create the desire to kill.

As for the spiritual side of the Indian and his music, besides the war song and the love song, there were his prayer chants. With the differing melodies was used a different and varied rhythm. Those who have witnessed the prayer for rain or the prayer for good crops have been astonished at the seemingly immediate effects of these prayer chants and dances. For all we know the inevitable result of the rain chants and dances has been to bring rain. The tom-tom is the invariable accompaniment to every song and every dance. The Indian relies upon its influence to aid him in bringing the desired results.

His melodies generally start at a high falsetto pitch and end in the lower register. This is not always the case but is more often so. The lullaby is pitched more nearly in the middle register and is an even, monotonous rhythm that naturally induces drowsiness. The words are not many but the thot is repeated over and over until sleep comes.

With the love song the Indian more often uses the reed flute to express his emotions and convey his message. He sometimes chants and dances his love theme also. When he is alone in the forest he expresses his joys and his sorrows with his beloved flute. He translates the bird call and the waterfall and sings his songs of Nature and his love. It is a very common sight and sound to see and hear some aged Indian sitting alone in his doorway softly beating his tom-tom while he sings his tribal songs to himself, no doubt bringing

back the visions of young manhood and all that life meant to him.

In their natural habitat and living away from the influence of the white man and his ways the Indians kept their songs, chants and dances sacred to the purposes for which they were created. They would not sing or perform these ceremonials out of season or for any other reason than the fact that it was the proper time and place for them.

Today it is possible to obtain some of these ceremonial chants but not very easily. The Indian mistrusts the white man, as well he may, and it is only to the "friend of the Indian" that these sacred ceremonials are imparted. It would take many volumes to write all of the fascinating and interesting things connected with Indian life and lore. So much has been lost because the modern Indian youth is steadily growing away from the old ways and customs of his people and the older Indians have almost ceased to impart the ancient knowledge that used to be handed down from father to son thru many generations.

The philosophy of the Indians is most interesting and of a very high order of understanding. Its esoteric meaning is only understood by the few and the initiated. The mystic magic of the drum and tom-tom cast their weird and mighty spell and become the universal background of all ceremonials. Theirs is a language understood by the few but felt as a recognized influence by the many.

Thus we follow the trail of the drum.



Whither? Why?

A Seeker

HE had journeyed far and was weary. His load, like Christian's of old, was increasingly heavy.

He longed to be free of his burden. In his present weariness, it chafed his flesh and irritated his spirit. There were times when the thongs which bound it to him cut into his flesh. Recalling the long way he had come, he could not see where he might have lightened it at any point of the journey. There was no one, he knew, to help him carry it. It was his burden. His fellow travelers seemed to be weighted as heavily, or more so, than he.

He had tried to lighten the loads of some of these. Many had seemed indifferent; some had been disdainfully resentful of his proffer of aid. Others had seemed to be so bound to their packs, that no hand, however friendly, could move them from their backs. Others still appeared strangely unaware of any weight upon their shoulders, and had turned lightly off the main highway to play among the cool and shady dells with which each side of the road was so plentifully lined.

But now, as he sat him wearily down at the forks of the road, he thought how pitifully little he had been able to do. And his heart, like the load on his back, was very heavy.

"Why?" he asked himself, and "Whither?"

He thought, when he began the long climb, that he had the answer. But if he had, somewhere along the road he had lost it. He was too weary now to think where. He could only ask himself why he had kept so doggedly on his way.

He looked back over the route he had taken. There had been a goodly company when the journey was begun. Now he was alone. And he was lonely. For adown the road he could glimpse a straggler here and there emerging from the pleasant by-paths to begin again the struggle upward.

"Were they wise?" he pondered. And his eyes turned in mute longing to the other fork of the road whereon he sat. His load would be lighter should he follow that gently descending path into the grateful cool of trees and green grasses. There would be much company that way, too.

Two gay fellows passed him, colling as they turned into the left fork of the road, "Hail, Comrade! Best join us. The way ahead is steep, the weather rough, and the wind in your face all the way."

His heart leaped for a moment in assent, then sank again in leaden despair. Worriedly, he passed a weary hand across his brow, as his mind wrestled onew with his problem—"Why? Whither?"

High above a single shaft of light flashed across the horizon. And was gone!

His eyes lifted and seemed to catch and hold some of the lingering reflection of that light.

"Faith!" he whispered in wondering humility.

On the instant he arose. A song of joy was on his lips. Quickly he adjusted his burden and began again to climb.

He knew, now, whatever road his comrades took, **He** must be up and on his way.

The World Moves Along...

J. W. Norwood

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

From the condition of the iris and the lens of the human eye, much can be learned of the probable expectancy of life. Here the most sensitive nerve ends are found and some physicians claim the eye filaments record accurately the health condition of each organ. Dr. Felix Bernstein, German savant, after researches at German and American scientific institutions, concluded that the natural span of life can be foretold from the eye. He secured data on many thousands of cases. Life insurance companies may in the future, supplement their calculations on life expectancy derived from "experience tables" and from family history of inherited tendencies, by what the insured person's eye tells.

Of great significance, therefore, is the influence this new knowledge may have on the individual concerned, when he learns that his own behavior may be responsible for many "runs on the bank" of his own life period! "It is bound to have a wholesale effect on man's ethical conduct, and general outlook on life" suggests a news writer. Man's psychological reaction to his physician's diagnosis, once the new discoveries are accepted by science, will be most interesting. For, science having peered through the windows of the Soul will continue to be curious about what it sees of the house that Soul or Man lives in, the condition he maintains within it, and probe further into causes and effects due to lack of self control. It is even possible that future "orthodox" physicians will prescribe for psychological ills as well as mental and physical, and not leave all this to the psychiatrist, the alienist or the priest.

CAN THE BLIND "SEE"?

Mr. Ripley, who specializes in the **unusual**, says: "**A blind man 'sees' in his dreams.**"

If this statement were confirmed by psychologists and those born blind that have never seen the faintest ray of light it might have an important bearing on the question: **Is there a separate soul, dwelling in the brain of man, where the afferent nerves terminate and bring impressions from the outside world? Does a spirit completely independent of the body reside in man's skull?**

If man's thinking apparatus, never in this life having seen any image or ray of light coming over the optic nerve, can "see" in dreams, that might mean that the spirit must have "seen things" elsewhere before moving into a skull with blind eyes. It might add scientific confirmation to Wordsworth's lines:

**"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."**

(Arthur Brisbane, in "Today")

Mr. Brisbane asks the questions. Natural Science answers them for him by stating "Yes! There is a separate Soul and a 'spirit' completely independent of the physical body."

Mr. Brisbane says it "might mean that the spirit must have 'seen things' elsewhere before moving into the skull with blind eyes." Natural Science tells us that reincarnation is a fact—which answers that question and definitely confirms Wordsworth's lines.

CATHOLICS CONFIRM 225 CCC YOUTHS

With more than 2000 ranking officers of the United States army and civilian conservation corps workers in attendance, 225 CCC youths were confirmed in the Catholic faith today by the Most Rev. John J. Cantwell, bishop of Los Angeles and San Diego, at St. Andrews church, Pasadena.

The impressive ceremony, which began when the CCC members marched from the national guard armory in Pasadena to the church was featured by a mass pledge of loyalty to the flag and for clean speech.

The uniformed CCC youths were headed by the Sixty-third coast artillery band from Fort MacArthur as they marched to the church. In line were the cross bearer, two flag bearers, altar boys and boy choristers of St. Andrews, the candidates for confirmation, six officers of the United States medical corps who acted as sponsors for the candidates, and 2000 CCC members most of whom already had been confirmed.

Dignitaries of the United States army in the area of the 22 CCC camps from which the candidates had been drawn were among the guests at the ceremony.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the assemblage sang the national anthem and later was blessed by the bishop.

(L. A. Herald and Express)

DIVORCE IN SWEDEN

Mme. Sonja Branting, daughter of the late Prime Minister of Sweden, and mediator in the domestic relations court at Stockholm, made the following statement upon her arrival in this country to study divorce and juvenile courts:

"In my work at Stockholm I am particularly interested in effecting a compromise between couples who seek to separate.

"In Sweden it is easier to get a divorce than in America. You don't need any particular grounds except that you are not getting along amicably with your spouse.

"If both parties or one insists upon divorce, our facts are filed with the court and the divorce is granted."

In this regard, it seems that Sweden has stepped to the forefront of America, where divorce mostly is obtained only after considerable publicity, scandal, and mud-slinging. With Sweden setting the example, perhaps America will look to her laurels.

Your Morals...



What Principle Involved?

IF THE following question is of interest and within the scope of *To You*, couldn't it be elucidated by the School in an article?

Which principles are involved in gift and inheritance? Which are the responsibilities of donator and receiver?

I have personally drawn the following conclusions:

If a person *gives* me something (money, estate, etc.) as a gift, and I receive it, the law of compensation will demand (3-XVII, XVIII, *Self-Unfoldment* I, Chap. IV):

- 1). That I repay him in kind, or,
- 2). In another way, in personal service, in gratitude and kindness, etc. (he will presumably prefer the last), or,
- 3). If I am quite unable to pay him, I will have to repay my debt to somebody else in kind or in another way to the same value under the law.

But I am free to receive or reject the gift, free to take the responsibility of the gift or not.

If I inherit something, it is a gift under condition (3) above. I am quite unable (in the present incarnation at any rate) to repay

A Communication From Denmark.

personally to the donator. But the law of compensation is involved, if I receive the inheritance. That is, I can:

- a) Give away the inheritance and thereby become free of its responsibility (3-384-5 seems to indicate this) or
- b) Administrate the gift constructively and pay my debt by the personal effort I give to this work, and I should be morally right to use even the whole of the inheritance in this way. In this case too, I should think it constructive to receive from the gift such personal comforts, that are not excessive, (if one car could carry me around in my work and time of amusement, I couldn't constructively be the owner of say five autos; if I could be decently dressed for my social standard by having three dresses, I shouldn't have twelve, etc.) But besides legitimate personal use, I should have to administer the gift for the benefit of others to the best of my knowledge. Or,
- c) I can by my death give away to my successors an inheritance as great as that which I have received; but even in this case I should think I have the responsibility to administer the in-

heritance constructively as long as I am alive and in possession of it.

But I am anyway free to receive or reject the inheritance.

One person gets a chance of evolution by taking up the burden and responsibility of a gift or an inheritance which gives him work and compels him to live in places and among people with whom he has not yet finished his experiences at his present state of evolution. Another person would profit in his evolution by rejecting the inheritance, and for him it would represent a temptation.

Now the question arises: are we allowed, through inheritances, gifts, etc., to present other individuals with the possible temptations which the inheritance eventually embodies for them and which they perhaps are not sufficiently evolved to resist? I do not here think of gifts or inheritance that would just relieve misery or help in need, but that which gives that which is superfluous and perhaps will place the individual in a position where he needs not work.

Present laws in this country bind you in such a way, that your children at your death are entitled to two-thirds of your possessions, and you cannot alter this by a will. But should we prefer a social order, where there was a fixed maximum for the amount of inheritance or where all possessions at death went to the state, and where every individual at birth re-

ceived the same amount of possessions from the state? That is a question.

Personally I should think that becoming a gift or an inheritance and getting the chance of receiving or rejecting it, of using it constructively or destructively, affords the receiver a great chance of evolution, which the social order must not take away. Even if the receiver fails to choose the right way, he will get his experience anyhow, and the donator cannot be responsible for his failure.—But I am not quite sure, and should be glad to see the principles involved elucidated.

I will too take this opportunity of sending you my best wishes for a happy Christmas and a lucky New Year for you all and your beneficent work. I have really received more from you than words can tell; here the law of compensation is surely involved, and I should gladly pay "in kind," but that is far outside my reach. I can but pay through the personal effort to try to live according to the moral principles I have drawn from your books, and so I am trying to do. And I hope in the long future to get the chance of further paying by giving to others, as I have received myself.

Yours sincerely,
(signed) Marie Antoinette v. Lowzow.

(This letter will be answered in an article next month.)



Have We Met Before? . . .



Jackie Hunter

I WOULD like to tell of a personal experience and reaction that may be of interest in the study of reincarnation, humanity and vibrations.

They have been having the reunion of the Confederate Veterans here to the accompaniment of many drums, horns, etc.—the U. S. Marine Band being a chief attraction.

I was sitting in the lounge in the rear lobby of the Amarillo Hotel with an acquaintance. A little figure in a grey uniform entered the lobby. Grey bobbed hair, wavy, and shoulder length, hung from beneath a felt hat bearing the insigna of the Confederate army. The uniform also bore the same insigna; but instead of trousers, a skirt covered the limbs that wavered somewhat as they advanced. This little figure braced itself and took a couple of short turns up and down the lobby, as tho impelled and propelled by an indominate will in a structure too frail to go forth on its own power. Then she seated herself.

I said to the woman with me, "I should like to speak to her." She said that I didn't know whether it was a man or a woman. I said, "No doubt she is a Confederate nurse," while something inside me was much displeased at the attitude of my companion and her small talk, to which I was trying to re-

spond politely while watching the little grey figure. I felt the same resentment one would feel if someone spoke lightly of his mother.

We arose to go and I said, "I wish to speak to her."

The companion said, "There is someone with her now." (A man had sat down beside her.)

I said, "I *must* speak to her."

I went to her and we introduced ourselves telling of where our homes were, etc. She verified the fact that she was a Confederate nurse. Her mind seemed active and intelligent and with great strength of purpose back of it. I did not realize until starting to say goodbye, that all the while I had been holding her hand and she mine; but I had the strangest sensation when she placed that frail, soft, little hand in mine—as though we belonged, and there was something sacred mixed up in the relationship.

The person with me was showing signs of impatience and had not come near the little grey lady. I was disliking this, while knowing I must go in courtesy to both. I wanted to stay and hear that gentle voice going on and on. I felt she had things to say to me, of vital importance to us both. In those few moments she had become someone very precious to me. I wanted to protect her and stand

Do You Know What Happens When You Die?



The Actual Transition

The Valley of The Shadow May Be Likened Unto An Eclipse of The Sun. The Transition Itself Is The Great Leveller, The Great Equalizer, The Great Experience.

MEN AND women toy, play, and frolic with death constantly without realizing it. They over-eat, over-drink, over-work, and otherwise over-indulge, which brings them face to face with death. Or they enter an automobile lightheartedly and perhaps half-intoxicated either with drink or with emotions; and suddenly an accident occurs which hurls them into the spiritual world, of which they know little or nothing.

Unexpected death takes place daily, among the young and the old alike. Young, vigorous human beings dreaming of the many wonderful things they are going to accomplish in life, are hurled into the spiritual world almost instantly and unwarned, and are compelled to make the transition when they would much prefer to remain here.

In such cases it is almost impossible for the Individual to realize that he is dead. Rescuers rush to him immediately, to give first aid, and hear the same old query: "Where am I?" The Individual is told that he is dead. He exclaims that he is not dead, that he is alive—very much alive. The spiritual Helpers agree to that, but inform him that so far as the physical world is concerned, he is dead. Then he says: "I

am considered dead? That is impossible. I will go to my friends and relatives and show them I am not dead." The Spiritual Friends try to remonstrate with him and endeavor to help him on his way, but he will not listen; he proceeds to his friends, followed by the Helpers who are interested in his welfare.

He finds his relatives and friends grieving over his body. He tries to penetrate their consciousnesses to assure them he is still alive. He can see and hear them, but they cannot see and hear him. He struggles to assure them until he becomes exhausted with the effort and discouraged with the futility. Then he is compelled to give up, realizing that the physical people are not in attune or accord with the world in which he is now living. Sorrowfully and saddened he is led away to rest and recuperate among those who understand his grief.

This same experience has taken place century after century. Those who have made the transition from the physical to the spiritual world, have attempted to tell their relatives and friends that they are still alive. Some have succeeded; but when the experience is retold, few listen and believe. Some

scientists call it hallucination; others call it imagination; still others call it insanity. Many of those who courageously proclaim their experiences to the world are discredited by their fellowmen.

So humanity travels the road towards the actual transition, day after day, year after year. The potentate and the peasant, the illiterate and the intellectual, the wise and the ignorant all slowly wend their way along the inevitable road which leads to the transition between the two worlds of life and matter—the great experience of physical death.

Each Individual is particularly concerned with Death. Some are more so than others. Perhaps You are extremely concerned about it. You are fearful. You have been told that the flesh is sinful. You have been exhorted that You are doomed. You have been frightened almost to distraction in your youth by being told that death is the most horrible experience in the world and that life hereafter is fearful and terrible for all but those who are “pure in heart.” You know that You are not that, for You have done things You know were not right. You know You are not prepared to occupy a seat on the right hand nor even on the left hand of God, or in fact, any seat near Him. So what are You to do? Burn forever in a brimstone pit. Is there any wonder that You fear death?

The majority of people live moderately moral lives. They commit some sins, and do some things that are not just moral; but in the largest number of cases these are done ignorantly; probably their motive and intent and purpose were right; and in such case they have no cause to fear the transition from this world to the next.

Those who knowingly and intentionally commit sin after sin, immorality after immorality, and do it with the deliberate motive and purpose of so doing, are justly entitled

to their fear of death and their reluctance to make their transition, for they will pass into a realm over there where their lives will be entangled and enmeshed with others of their same kind and caliber—which is not pleasant to anticipate.

This realm is not one to entice You who are struggling to improve yourselves. It is the realm of the Magnetic Field wherein earth-bound Souls reside. It is not a particularly pleasant place to call home, although it is inhabited by all types and kinds of Intelligences, from the illiterate to the highly intellectual.

The transition called Death is the great leveler. When it occurs the Law of Gravity operates and each Individual sinks or rises to the natural habitat which he has earned. The transition itself is simple, it is painless. There may be pain in the physical body caused by disease or accident, there may be concern in the Soul because of uncertainty and fear, but there is no pain resulting from the actual separation of the physical and spiritual bodies.

The separation of the Spiritual from the Physical body—except in cases of accident causing instant death—is gradual, often requiring several minutes from the time actual dissolution begins.

The Spiritual Body starts slowly to ascend lengthwise of the Physical Body. The movement is always from feet to head. As a result, the head and shoulders of the Spiritual Body slowly begin to emerge above the head and shoulders of the Physical Body.

At first the movement is very slow, but the further the Spiritual Body emerges above the Physical Body the greater its freedom from the physical and the more rapid is the rate of movement.

As a result of this remarkable provision of Nature the Spiritual Body would appear to “crawl out of” the Physical; and to

those who are able to make the transit consciously the sensation of separation exactly coincides with the phenomenon, in that there is a distinct sensation of leaving the Physical Body through the head. There is also the sensation of movement upward (or outward) in a line with the axis of the body.

In this manner the transition called Death takes place, simply and painlessly.

What happens *after* You die depends upon the life You have lived here in the physical world, for You are still just You.

You are no more moral and no more immoral. You possess no more or greater knowledge, except that added through the experience of physical death.

The Law of Gravity carries You to the plane of spiritual activity which harmonizes with your degree of development.

In whichever plane You may be assigned under the universal Law of Gravity, You will find friends joyously waiting to welcome You.

Your adjustment to your new environment can be made quickly and easily, or You may retard it, dependent upon your own attitude and your ability to adapt yourself to the new conditions.

So there is nothing for You to worry about or fear. Keep your mind free and open to meet whatever conditions You may find upon your arrival, be willing to meet the conditions graciously and gratefully, and You will soon find yourself comfortably at ease in a finer world of greater possibilities and enjoyments.

If You are disappointed over there in not finding conditions as You picture them, and become irritable and complaining and cantankerous, You will retard your comfort and adjustment.

If You have not succeeded in controlling your appetites, passions, emotions, and impuls-

es in the physical world, and desire to continue indulging them over there, You may prolong your adjustment to the new conditions, for You may find yourself deprived of some of the ways and means of self-indulgence over there. But if You desire to practice self-control over them in your new environment, You have nothing to fear—You will do it, if You keep at the work long enough.

Your growth and development can continue on in the spiritual world. If they cease, it is of your own free will and volition—it is no one else's fault.

Work never ceases. There is always work to be done, for others as well as for oneself. There are always various endeavors to follow. And this is true, regardless of the statements of people who believe that man can live and progress without work.

If You are indolent when You arrive in the spiritual world, You may find a way to avoid work and remain static, the same as You find people who do so in the physical world. But if You are industrious and progressive, You will find plenty of opportunity to work and make headway.

To progress in either world, it is necessary for You to put forth personal effort and expend personal energy. And regardless of what kind of work You may do, there is always much to be learned, and progress to be made.

To spend all one's time learning from books is not necessarily progress. Progress comes from the use made of the knowledge one has gained. If You gain more knowledge than You can put into practice, it is not of a great deal of value to You.

The Magnetic Field contains many Individuals who have devoted their physical lives to the acquirement of book learning, but who have failed to utilize it in the living of their lives.

The first Spiritual Planes contain many Individuals who may be less intellectual than

many of those in the Magnetic Field, but who have been able to apply practically the knowledge they have garnered.

You who are living your lives to the best of your ability, understanding, and knowledge, need have no fear of the transition which takes You through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. You have nothing to fear. Death is but a shadow.

The Valley of the Shadow of Death may be likened to an eclipse of the sun. As the moon passes between the earth and the sun, the shadow slowly passes over the earth and darkness results for a short period of time. Gradually the shadow disappears, the sun shines again, and all is bright and clear as before the moon interfered.

So it is with Death. In the transition, a gulf of darkness arises and obscures the vision; but soon this is passed and the beautiful bright light of the Spiritual World is seen, lighting the Path of Life and Accomplishment.

In olden days, the mass of people became

frightened at an eclipse of the sun and feared that the end of life had come.

In present days, as well as olden ones, the mass of people become frightened at the approach of death and fear that the end of life has come.

But as science has explained the phenomenon of a sun eclipse and thus removed the fear from the souls of men concerning it, so Natural Science explains the phenomenon of the transition called Death and the passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and thus eventually will remove from the souls of men the fear concerning it.

What Happens When You Die is but a natural, normal process of Nature. You have nothing to fear. You have nothing to dread. Beyond the Shadow of Death is the bright Sunlight of Life;

And loving Friends to greet You.

There is no Death; what seems so is Transition.



What The Spirit Sayeth of The Body

Look not upon this vacant house with grief and tear-dimmed eyes;
Nor fear for him who once lived here, the Soul who never dies.
But rather say, he whom I knew has moved to other spheres
And left this house to crumble down within the coming years.

This body once was full of life, and moved at his command,
But now the Soul has moved outside, it cannot raise a hand.
So think of me, the one you knew, who talked and saw and heard; ~
And not this corpse I've laid aside, who never said a word.

Just think of him who laughed and swore with his body, once his own,
And then apply this to thyself, and try to drive it home.
If man could live beyond the flesh which crumbles and decays,
He must search out that part of self which knows no end of days.

For when we lay this body down to moulder into dust,
We should be free to travel on, and not around it lust.
For any Soul to rise above the earth-bound sphere of life,
He must define the mortal part, and see the inner light.

Don't say, "I am gone, not to return"; just say, "I am close at hand";
For if thy inner sense was keen, you could behold the man.
For I am very much alive, with all my mind and heart;
For this is only flesh and blood, when mind and Soul depart.
(Author unknown)

Those Who Bear Witness . . .

Eola W. Hoswell



A Dream and the Reality

MANY years ago I dreamed a dream. (Or was it a spiritual experience?)

I was standing out in the grounds of a large old estate. A number of persons were there and we were chatting in a friendly, social way. A short distance from where we were standing, was a large pool of water; the edges of which were built up with stones, covered with vines and flowers.

Something attracted our attention to the pool, toward which we all looked, and to our horror saw, climbing slowly up out of the water, an enormous black snake.

As the others saw it, they turned away in terror and disappeared. I was left alone.

That huge, fearful looking creature came directly (as though intentionally) toward me.

I was barefooted and as it approached me, I said, "I know what you want and you shall have it, my life blood." I stretched out the foot, it attached itself and began drinking the blood. I talked to it all the while, in this manner:

"You are my brother and are entitled to what I can give; it is your portion. We are from the same source and go to the same goal and I now declare: 'There is no longer any enmity between us.' You are one with me, I am one with you.

"I now establish between thee and me, the long-lost heritage of our ancient estate—Brotherhood. I love you, I love you and I share my highest with you."

In this spirit and in this attitude I gave.

As it drank and drank of the blood, its color began slowly to change from black to a lighter tone; gradually it grew lighter and lighter, to the softest gray.

I seemed to sense from it a feeling of relaxing, a letting-go, as it were. It grew more and more etherial and finally floated away in thin mist into complete nothingness. There had been a yielding up of all animosity and against-ness. Leaving me with a feeling of quiet, great peace—as one realizes, when she has rightly met an opportunity. In that sensation of perfect rest I awoke.

Many would call this a crazy dream or "Mysticism," which is worse. To me it had significance, though at the time I could not tell what or why. In the dream I had spoken high, brave words, while in reality, did such an experience really occur, I should be frightened to death, or disappear as the others had done.

I had learned to use words rather carefully, having found we are often called upon to prove our words. So, in pondering over any possible meaning the experience might hold

for me, there arose the conviction that a mental and moral house-cleaning was called for; that the within of me should be brought to more nearly correspond to the tolerance and understanding of the vision.

Something to be overcome and wrought into constructive value. To this conviction was added the feeling that sometime there would come to me an experience that would complement, complete and fulfill the other, as a valuable lesson I needed to learn; and one which Nature had to teach me.

For some time the episode lingered in memory, but finally fell away from attention, and was as though forgotten.

Some years after the above dream, I was in Michigan with a group of Social Settlement children for the Summer Camp vacation. The Camp was on the shore of Lake Michigan. The workers boarded in the town of Saugatuck, between which and the Camp was a walk through the woods.

The path was very narrow; on one side the ground arose sheer up, steep like the side of a mountain, thickly wooded with huge old trees. The other side of the path went down just as sheer and steep into the marsh and water.

One day a friend and I were on the way to Camp, walking over this path. She was back of me. We each discovered about the same time, lying across the path ahead of us, the same enormous black snake of the dream.

She gave an unearthly cry, turned back and fled as fast as she could run. I said to myself: "I don't know what I will do, *but I know I won't run.*"

I stooped down and rustled the leaves and twigs, thinking to startle it away. It did startle it, but instead of going away, it turned directly toward me; came to within a few feet, stood up, and most viciously thrust its tongue out at me.

Here I lost all thought, plan, purpose or volition; just stood and faced it and looked

squarely into its awful face. So far as I know, I had absolutely nothing whatever to do with what followed.

I began to sing, an old "Truth Song":

"God is Love, that Love surrounds us,
In that Love we safely dwell;
'Tis within, around, about us
God is Love and all is well."

Several times I sang it through, my eyes never wavering from the snake's eyes.

That was all; it quietly relaxed, perfectly unconcerned, and crawled down the bank. And I was there on the path alone.

Magnetic Connection

M. C. B.

One day my mother, an old friend, and I were having luncheon at home (in New York State). I was sitting at one end of the table facing the double door leading out of the dining room. It had portieres. Something drew my attention to an empty chair. On looking up I saw the hazy form of an old friend who had been dead some years, apparently trying to draw my attention to something behind him.

Then I saw a form coming from behind the portieres and the lovely, smiling face of a dear old lady supposed to be alive in Texas at the time. In her hand was a letter from my mother which she had received that day. We heard next day that she had passed away suddenly in the night.

A case of magnetic connection, was it not? As the bond between our families was that of an old friendship which had not been very closely kept, it must have been due to the letter connection that she came to us.

"Who Hath Ears to Hear ... Let Him Hear"



Henry Stockbridge

THERE are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

The usually retiring Alexis Carrel borrows this phrase from "Hamlet" as his text, and in the book and interview he exhorts science to devote itself to a study of man. Dr. Carrel, whose remarkable feats in the field of surgery have been dealt with before in these columns, advocates the establishment of a scientific institute whose purpose would be to reveal man as a unit, with the physical and metaphysical as one.

"Perhaps of more immediate and general interest is Dr. Carrel's announcement that he had proved conclusively by experiment that every human is endowed with telepathic power, and that some of us possess weird powers of telepathy and clairvoyance.

"Dr. Carrel mentions the fact that his fellow countryman, Professor Charles Richet, of the University of Paris, was the first physiologist to accept telepathy as the *sixth sense*.

"Professor Richet said that he had proved to his own satisfaction and could prove to others that for the knowledge of reality there were *other channels* than the *sensory* and *normal channels*.

"In 1925 Earl Balfour, the distinguished British statesman, participated in a long series of experiments with Sir Gilbert Murray, famous scholar; Sir Oliver Lodge, the physicist, and others, in which they sought scientific proof of telepathy.

"Of these tests the Earl of Balfour said:

"'No extension of our knowledge of sight and hearing is going to throw the smallest light on these strange phenomena. What I urge everybody to remember is that these experiments conclusively prove that there is a wholly *unknown method of traversing space between two conscious organisms*.'"

(Edwin C. Hill's "Human Side of the News" in the *L. A. Herald and Express*.)

"What is thought, that strange being which lives in the depths of ourselves without consuming a measurable amount of energy? Is it related to known forms of energy? Could it be a constituent of our universe ignored by physicists but infinitely more important than light? The mind is hidden within living matter, completely neglected by the physiologists and economists, almost unnoticed by physicians. And yet thought is the most colossal power of the world."

(Alexis Carrel, in *Man, The Unknown*.)

"*Thought is a force*; or, at least, it involves the exercise of a force. This means that each and every thought the mind formulates, sets in motion the etheric substance of the universe.

"This thought-force, when not definitely directed by the thinker, radiates in all directions from the center of thought, just as do the etheric and atmospheric waves radiate in all directions from one of our modern radio stations. But the direction of their travel is absolutely within the control of the thinker, so that he may direct them into definite currents, as he wills.

* * * * *

"Thought is not only a mere force; it is a force that is set in motion by the *Soul* of the thinker. The *Soul* impulse — or *psychic* force—carries through *all* of the planes of matter, and can be caught and understood by all who are sensitive enough to respond to it. The physical words, which are but a crude clothing of the soul impulse, carry solely upon the physical plane—and often but a very short distance even there. They can be heard only by those who are equipped with a physical ear and a physical brain; for these are the physical instruments for the transmission and the reception of purely physical sounds from one individual to another on the earth plane.

"Thought is simply an impulse, propelled from the individual mind through the power of his own Will and, when it reaches the thought receiver of another Soul, that other Soul registers the exact impulse of the mind, or Soul, of the sender. In this case it is not expressed in words at all, but is merely an *impulse of the Soul*. It is something more than what we generally term "Thought Transference" or "Telepathy," as we know of these methods at the present time. The important distinction lies in this: In the process of telepathy, the sender endeavors to transmit some definite statement expressed

mentally or otherwise in definite words. This is not always true, but it is the more frequent method employed.

"In the *Language of Impulse*, however, there is no effort to transmit any message expressed in words. On the other hand, it consists of an impulse of the Soul which the sender desires to transmit to another individual Soul. It may be, and often is, but a very definite desire or a very definite sense experience. The sender realizes in himself the exact impulse that would express the meaning he desires to transmit. Then by the power of his Will, fixed upon the receiver, he gives the propelling power which transmits that impulse as a definite experience. The receiver gets it, not as a spoken message, but as an exact experience which is being realized in the Soul of the sender at the time.

"Every thought expressed in physical words is an impulse of the Soul and, as such, is also expressed at the same time, and by the same impulse, in spiritual words. You will better understand just what this means, if you will bear in mind the scientific fact that the impulse of *speech* is an impulse of the *Soul*. It expresses itself through both the physical channels and the spiritual at the same time—*provided* both sense channels are open and active.

* * * * *

"Also bear in mind that man has a physical body with five physical channels of sense and a spiritual body with five spiritual channels of sense; that through its five physical sense channels the individual consciousness is aware of the existence of the world of physical nature, and through its five spiritual sense channels it may become aware of spiritual nature.

* * * * *

"The Soul, which is back of both our material bodies, and expresses itself through them, sends its impulse of speech through the sense channels of both bodies. Therefore, when both channels of sense are open and

clear, each receives and registers every *Soul impulse* at the same time.

"There are a few on the earth plane who are able to transmit and to receive *Soul* impulses of thought. They do this, however, independently of their physical bodies or physical organs of sense.

"It is possible to receive a telepathic message from one beyond the magnetic field, by one who is fully awake upon the physical plane.

"This does not mean, however, that all individuals upon the earth plane are sufficiently developed to receive such messages. It refers only to those who are."

(J. E. Richardson, TK, in *The Great Known*)

* * * * *

Perhaps this will be more fully understood if I give you a definite demonstration of just what this means. From "Scalers of the Wall," a detailed report of a test in the telepathic field which was published in the December issue, I will quote the test itself—as the foregoing explanation of this article, "Who Hath Ears to Hear, Let Him Hear," covers, and was in fact, a part of the one and the same test—which follows:

"Far off somewhere there was music—there was always music—but this music was personal to him.

"The wind in the trees, he thought, or the crickets in the grass.

"Faintly at first, but gradually getting nearer—he could hear a melody, distinct from the universal harmony which surrounded him—and there were words.

"He listened!

"Someone was singing!

"A fragment of song that lost itself on the passing breeze.

"Out of the silence it came again—clear—distinct, and close beside him. And as his mind registered the melody, he called across the intervening space to her, the words that came with it.

"Wind of the night, take me with you,
Back to her side for one last look of love!
Trail through the grass now wet with dew,
Where last we stood alone with God above."

Now, by the processes of elimination which shaped the ant to its environment and man to captaincy of the vertebrates, we will take this portion of the test apart—and we have—briefly, a man in love. From somewhere, and from some individual out in space, his spiritual sense of hearing "picked up" the words and music of a song.

Impulsively, he in turn relayed the *words* of the song—aloud—definitely directing their travel to the girl he loved.

Three days later when she joined him they found that in her reaction to his call a strange thing had occurred: Following is a record of her part of the demonstration:

"Moved by a sudden thought she took a half sheet of note paper from one of her books which was lying on a chair—

"I heard your song the other night,' she said, 'and dear, it thrilled me so I could hardly write the words, but I got most of them. I muffed part of a line about some grass but here is almost all of it.'"

"Wind of the night take me with you,
Back to her side for one last look of love,'—
"Now comes something about 'wet grass,' she said.

"Trail through the grass now wet with dew,'" he prompted her.

"Yes, that is the line. I could not get it. I was also *listening to the music*.

"Then she went on—

"Where last we stood alone with God above.'"

This, in simple language, means that while He spoke *only* the *words* of the song, She heard the words (which she recorded), and *also* the *music*; but in addition she clearly saw the to him *invisible*, *individual* who sang the song to him.

"But man diffuses through space in a still more positive way. In telepathic phenomena, he instantaneously sends out a part of himself, a sort of emanation, which joins a far-away relative or friend. He thus expands to great distances. He may cross oceans and continents in a time too short to be estimated. He is capable of finding in the midst of a crowd the person whom he must meet. Then he communicates to this person certain knowledge. He can also discover in the immensity and confusion of a modern city the house, the room of the individual whom he seeks, although acquainted neither with him nor his surroundings. Those endowed with this form of activity behave like extensible beings, amebas of a strange kind, capable of sending pseudopods to prodigious distances.

* * * * *

"Thought seems to be transmitted, like electromagnetic waves, from one region of space to another. We do not know its velocity. So far, it has not been possible to measure the speed of telepathic communications. Neither biologists, physicists, nor astronomers have taken into account the existence of metaphysical phenomena. Telepathy, however, is a primary datum of observation. If, some day, thought should be found to travel through space as light does, our theories about the constitution of the universe would have to be modified. But it is not sure that the telepathic phenomena are due to the transmission of a physical agent. Possibly there is no spatial contact between in-

dividuals who are in communication. In fact, we know that mind is not entirely described within the four dimensions of the physical continuum. It is situated simultaneously within the material universe and elsewhere. It may insert itself into the cerebral cells and stretch outside space and time, like an alga, which fastens to a rock and lets its tendrils drift out into the mystery of the ocean. We are totally ignorant of the realities that lie outside space and time. We may suppose that a telepathic communication is an encounter, beyond the four dimensions of our universe, between the immaterial parts of two minds. But it is more convenient to consider these phenomena as being brought about by the expansion of the individual into space.

* * * * *

"Between certain individuals and nature there are subtle and obscure relations. Such men are able to spread across space and time and to grasp concrete reality. They seem to escape from themselves, and also from the physical continuum. Sometimes they project their tentacles in vain beyond the frontiers of the material world, and they bring back nothing of importance. But, like the great prophets of science, art, and religion, they often succeed in apprehending in the abysses of the unknown, elusive and sublime beings called mathematical abstractions, Platonic Ideas, absolute beauty, God."

(Alexis Carrel in *Man—The Unknown*.)

"WHO HATH EARS TO HEAR—LET HIM HEAR."



Art, the Uplifter



BYZANCE

Jan Coray

AT THE dawn of the Christian era in the Oriental countries where Greek civilization had dominated for centuries past, art was in a state of decadence. With the establishment of the new Christian religion came a need for something different. From the expression of Pagan worship, and in Byzance under Constantine's rule a new epoch in art was created.

In the midst of the brilliant Roman civilization appears Christianity with its disdain of the purely physical emphasis of the human form which had been the worship of the Greco-Roman ideal.

The new Christian civilization developed the new art as an expression of the Christian Church, and the very intellectual criticism which was brought to bear upon the classical form kept the Byzantine art from being a mere copy. It represents the first mature Christian style, and it was born out of diverse elements, a result of the classical ideal combined with the Asiatic influence. It may be called the Orientalization of Roman art, the Orient returning, as it were, to its own inspiration after the fall of Rome.

When Constantine founded the new Rome by the Black Sea, art was still classical in the main, although even it was beginning to gath-

er some of the elements which were to transform its aspect. In the fourth century a great change was accomplished in the history of Christianity. From a state of persecution it entered into the Imperial favor. This great event influenced the new art, and then it began truly to bloom. Everywhere new churches were built, newer and richer in form.

The year 450 is approximately the beginning of the true Byzantine art, and its development lasted one thousand years, until the Moslem conquest. This millenium is divided into three marked periods. The first is noted by the great iconoclastic schism and the second by the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders. The first epoch reached its culmination under Justinian and declined with the fortunes of the empire. Then it revived and attained a new apex from the tenth to the twelfth century, showing especially then the results of the Orientalizing influence. In this third period the return of the Western influence can be noticed; however, it was not strong enough to change the essentially Oriental contributions.

In the architecture of Byzance continuous influence from the East is shown in the fashion of decorating the external brick walls of many of the churches with a type of similar

decorations found in many Persian buildings. However, the domes and vaults of the exterior were covered with lead and tiling of the Roman variety.

The interior surfaces were decorated with paintings and a profusion of magnificent mosaics were made use of to adorn the churches and palaces. Of itself, mosaic is a more magnificent type of mural painting and its designs follow the same laws. They achieve a more splendid effect. One of the greatest charms of Byzantine art is the depicting of an entire story with a series of paintings and mosaics covering the entire interior of buildings. The plastic art under the new conditions withered away for the imagery. The new and intense sort of Christianity did not encourage the solid form, and even the coins and medallions of the best epoch of Byzantine art show the deep abyss separating its sculptural art from the classical example.

Although the art of Byzance has been criticized for a certain rigidity of line it was the best effort of a people getting away from what had become during the Roman decadence the slough of materialism of an old regime. They interpreted their feelings in a new way, lifted as they were by their enthusiasm and inspired by the same mysterious forces which inspire all creative efforts of mankind. We cannot remain immune to the witchery of their splendid basilicas, of which St. Sophia remained one of the finest examples. The artists of the period had something to say, which is a vital thing, and they said it in their own way, clearly and beautifully. In so far as it represented the new ideal, their art was good, for art consists first of observing facts, and then of making these facts manifest in human design. The unity of the two is always great.

Cathedral

Elisabeth Mason

For many months the stones we've drugg—
For many months.
And watched the blood ooze from each finger-tip—
Without a tear.
We'd give our very lives to build this temple—
What's blood upon a finger?

Four moons must fade
(for even moonlight watched our play like
spiders on a wall)
Before the scaffolding high
Will reach the facaded gold,
And no more will the lovely dew
Brood like stars upon the floor.

The four moons went before we knew
And four walls white rose bare and still.
The light that filtered for a mile
Grew strange and sifting slow;
As if 'twas filled with sun
As if 'twas filled with snow.

And four moons went
But only in our braken hands
Was flowered a tremble for the thing we'd done.

"Right here, we'll build the altar, boys."
The other men?
Our work was done.
We walked beyond the sill—
Nor did we ever enter in.
No altars do we need
No song, no prayer—
We builders to the sun.



Are You Word Shy? . . .



What Is Neutrality?

ONE hears much these days about "neutrality"; sometimes it is considered ennobling, other times it is considered an indication of weakness and as demanding of too great a price.

The word is derived from the word "neuter," meaning:

a. 1. *Gram.* (a) Of neither masculine or feminine gender. (b) Neither active nor passive.

n. 2. A person who takes no part in a contest or controversy; one who is neutral. *Specif.* (cap.) *Amer. Hist.*, one of a tribe of Iroquoian Indians formerly dwelling along the northern shores of Lake Erie. They were called the *Neutral Nation* by the French, because of neutrality in the war between the Iroquois and the Hurons. They were destroyed by the Iroquois in 1651.

Neutral; a. 1. Not engaged on either side; not taking part with or assisting either of two or more contending parties; specif., of a state or power, lending no active assistance to either or any belligerent.

2. Of or pertaining to a neutral state or power; not involved in hostilities.

3. Neither one thing nor the other; belonging to neither of two, usually opposed or

Neutrality, Like Peace, Has Its Price Which Must Be Paid By Individuals As Well As Nations.

contrasted, classes; not decided or pronounced as to characteristics; middling; indifferent; as, a *neutral* character without marked virtues or vices; a *neutral* life; *neutral* expression.

n. 1. A person, party, vessel, or nation that takes, or belongs to one who takes, no part in a contest between others.

Neutrality; n. 2. Quality or state of being neutral; the condition of being uninvolved in contests or controversies between others; state of refraining from taking part on either side; specif., *Internat. Law*, the condition of a state or government which refrains from taking part, directly or indirectly, in a war between other powers. The right to observe neutrality and the name *neutrality* are both comparatively modern, all persons anciently having been considered as friends or foes.

4. Quality or state of being neither in one class or category nor in another; indifference in quality. (Webster's Dictionary)

In view of these definitions, how many Individuals, peoples, or countries are there, do You think, who actually are neutral, or who would maintain neutrality under any and all circumstances?

There is perhaps no person who is truly "neu-

tral in heart" on the majority of subjects which are agitating the world today. Neutrality is like the word "peace"—it can be had only at a price. The Iroquois tribe of Indians which remained neutral in the war between the Iroquois and the Hurons paid their price for neutrality by being destroyed by the other Iroquois tribes.

Self-preservation is the first Law of Life, whether the life be of an Individual or of a nation. No person or nation can constructively remain *neutral* in a matter of self-preservation.

Neither can an Individual or a nation remain neutral, constructively, when some of the fundamental principles upon which its life is based, are violated by others who have no respect for these principles.

There are basic principles for which no man or nation need be ashamed to die, or go down to defeat. Far nobler is it for the nation to meet such defeat or death in fighting for a principle than it is to stand by, in neutral attitude, and see the principle violated or ignored.

In ancient times there was no such thing as neutrality; all persons, or nations, were considered as friends or foes. Essentially, this is true today; neutrality is a superficial cloak, covering friendship or enmity.

When You see a man abusing or beating a horse or a pet, do You stand neutrally by and consider the affair no concern of yours? Do You maintain an absolutely indifferent attitude throughout the procedure? If You are a normal human being You interfere in an endeavor to stop the abuse, even though You know You may bring injury to yourself. Few people in such case, will stand by on the idea of neutrality and by their indifference make themselves a party to the injustice.

When You see a big brute of a man beating

his defenseless child, You hardly stand by, in neutral attitude, and watch the procedure. You stop the cruelty. You *could* remain neutral, but You do not. That is not the kind of neutrality that appeals to You.

Nations sometimes find themselves in the same positions as Individuals. They see the brute nations abusing and beating weaker and defenseless nations, who are powerless to save themselves from destruction. Oftentimes the outside nations interfere to stop the injustice on the same grounds and principles as do Individuals in similar cases. Neutrality is not their idea of constructive behavior.

There is an intelligent, educated, cultured woman who declares herself a pacifist. She is opposed to dissention, to war, to fighting; yet in her everyday life, among her fellow-men she is anything but a pacifist. She is ever ready to throw down the gauntlet in defense of Truth and Fundamental Principles; she is always ready to take positive action on the side of that which she considers to be Right. In matters of *principle* she is neither neutral nor pacifistic. She desires *peace*, she is peace-loving to her inmost depths; yet she admittedly is willing to pay the price for her peace; she is willing to take positive action to obtain it. When her peace is at stake, she is anything but *neutral*.

During prohibition days, a bootlegger rented a house in a respectable residential district. He sold bootleg liquor to men and women who trekked to his doorstep night and day. From time to time quarrelling and fighting could be heard in the house, but the respectable neighbors held off in neutrality, recognizing the home rights of the belligerent persons. This continued for some time. One morning, around two o'clock, cursing and swearing, blows and the

noise of hurled furniture were heard emanating from the house. Neighbors remained neutral in action. They heard the cries, but did nothing.

Finally the fighters came out on the street to continue the fight. It seemed the one man did not want to fight, but a third and a small woman kept urging them on, inciting the larger man so the smaller one had to fight in self-defense. He was worn and defeated, bruised and bleeding. But still the fighting continued.

And still the neighbors remained neutral in their homes, watching the cruelty and fighting. At last one neighbor, with a sense of sympathy and justice, and realizing neutrality was no longer constructive, started to call the police; but in the meantime a large, heavily-built neighbor, after telephoning the police, came out, interfered, and stopped the fighting. Neutrality meant nothing to him. Here was a brutal fight, and he proceeded to stop it.

The smaller man was taken away in a car; then the man and the woman began giving orders to the bootlegger, telling him what to do and how to do it, until the bootlegger turned on the man and began fighting him. Again the husky neighbor stepped in and stopped the fight—dominating the situation until the police arrived and took charge of affairs.

Was the neighbor justified in abandoning neutrality? What would You have done in a similar situation?

People are clamoring for the United States to remain always a neutral nation—apparently without regard for situations and conditions. They want peace. They desire it through maintaining neutrality with all other nations.

It cannot be done. If certain circumstances arise, the United States must take positive action in self-defense and in the defense of other nations. Surely no one, with the in-

terests of their country at heart, would have the United States maintain neutrality at the price paid by the Iroquois tribe of Indians.

Russia is pointed to as an example of a neutral, pacifistic nation. Is she? Witness the publicity, the pictures, the stories being given to the world relative to her five million armed *women*, trained and disciplined to fight in war. Her desire may be to remain neutral and pacifistic; but she is taking no chance of being caught unawares and unprepared to defend herself against warring nations and intrusions. How long she will remain neutral and pacifistic when her rights are overstepped, remains to be seen.

Various cults and organizations are flooding the country with peace invocations, asking the people to join with them in daily sending forth these thoughts and words into the ether, that the thoughts of peace may be broadcast over the earth and influence the world toward peace. No doubt many thousands of sincere people, desiring peace, are joining in this crusade. No doubt many more thousands are mouthing the words, daily, not thinking or knowing what they are doing, or why. The idea sounds good, and they have joined in it.

The peace idea is broadcast; but who picks up the message?

On the radio a peace message is broadcast; but who listens to it? Those people who are in sympathy with it and desire it; not those who are in sympathy with a fight and are looking for one; not those who are instigating war and promoting it for selfish purposes.

The mental peace broadcast will reach those who are attuned to that vibration; it will not affect the war-seeking people who are attuned to a vastly different wave length.

The peace invocations will lull to sleep many righteous, sincere people whose desire it

is to fight for Principle and Right, even though it may mean death. It will provide a smoke-screen for the selfish, warring peoples and nations whose desire it is to propagate war at the expense of the unprepared and unwarned.

Today peace is at stake—in the lives of Nations as well as Individuals.

Neutrality cannot be maintained.

As in the days of yore, Individuals and Nations will be considered either friends or foes; the choice rests with them.

Either they will choose to struggle up the stream with the Constructive Forces, or they will choose to drift downstream with the Destructive Forces.

They cannot constructively stand neutral in the midst of the stream of present day conditions, situations, and circumstances.

"Bugs" Baer, in his column recently, expressed his views on neutrality something like this: A country that remains neutral in a world war is like a gingerbread man at a birthday party.



The Funny Side of Life

J. W. Norwood

Some dear friends sent me an unusual Christmas-New Year greeting commending that outlook on life that sees the humor in things—or, as they put it, "The Spirit of Fun."

Immediately the vision of various philosophical and serious minded friends arose before me. They were analyzing and defining the word Fun; assembling irrefutable data besprinkled with ancient and modern (but not too modern) citations from authority, to prove some point or other about Fun and its usefulness (or otherwise) in the economy of human life.

Now why did that happen?

With my mouth wide open in wonderment at the vision, I very nearly forgot the courtesies due an intimate friend visiting me—no less than this same "Spirit of Fun" so unreservedly recommended to my hospitality by my dear friends. Quickly I turned to call his attention to the mirage, but he had vanished. Not interested in being psychoanalyzed, I suppose.

At any rate, I found him later at quite a distance playing with some little children an exceedingly silly game for any grown up to indulge in. He had no special dignity among those children, but how they seemed to love him. I asked them why they played such a nonsensical game and they said "This is Fun." So, I found, it really was. I had to join in the play or lose my friend, the Spirit.

Afterward, with my ruffled dignity somewhat reasserting itself, I ventured to ask him why, and he replied softly, with a twinkle in his eye as he faded away—"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

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 unsigned letters will be published, but names will be withheld if requested.

WHAT NOW?

I found the following letter in the **Vox Pop** of an October 1935 issue of **Liberty** magazine, and thought you might be interested in it, in connection with the article "Conscience Salving" in the October issue of **TO YOU**.

"AN INDIAN GERTRUDE STEIN?"

"Knoxville, Tenn.—Could you write a poem with only two words in it? Here's one that was written by an American Indian:

Go on, go on, go on.

Go on, go on, go on,

Go on, go on, go on, go on,

Go on, go on, go on.

"Pretty good advice—that is, if you are on the right track. R. W. McAnally."

I also found in Baird T. Spaulding's volume three, "Teachings of the Masters of the Far East," on page 33 the following:

"God says to your soul, 'GO ON!
GO ON! GO ON! GO ON!'"

For one who has read and studied all of the books and writings of J. E. Richardson TK, to find his poem, "GO ON" used by others, in one case not even quoted, and in neither case the correct acknowledgment given, is, to say the least, enough to arouse one's righteous indignation.

I wonder why the two people who used this poem, one giving credit to an American Indian, and the other to God, did this? This is going from the sublime to the ridiculous. While TK isn't a God, no more is he an Indian.

I was taught to have little respect for "literary pirates" in my early elementary school days. A child who would take another's writings and not give credit or admit that he did not know the author was almost driven from the classroom by the disgust of his fellow school mates. I suppose as a result of that training, I get very indignant over the using of another's work without giving credit.

Los Angeles, California

Henrietta Marsing

A FINISHED BOOK.

The year 1935 is a finished book. It is laid away on the shelf, there to gather dust while time marches on. It was, as others have been, a faithful servant to man, a teacher of principles—if one was of a type who could read the symbols of daily activities of men, women, and children.

Twelve beautiful issues of "To You" came to me during the year that has made its exit.

Many are they who received the same twelve issues. How

many of us will place these on the shelf, these great teachers of principles, and allow the dust to gather on them; the spiders a prison to spin about them? How many of us will grope in the darkness while twelve lamps for lighting the way toward happiness lie on the shelf, hidden in dust and cobwebs?

Another year has begun. Another step in some direction, of which there are only two—forward and backward. Will the readers of the magazine pause in the daily routine for a moment to make certain they are going ahead?

Many more issues are forthcoming to be used as a supplement to those we already have. Beautiful thoughts and well chosen words will be upon the pages—there to lead us out of darkness and into light.

Best wishes to all for the New Year.

Laamis, Neb.

Q. Neil Johnson

PEOPLE GETTING BETTER?

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for the help you have given me during the year. I could end this letter with that sentence, because to go on page on page would still find me helpless to convey to you what your well timed messages and the copies of the magazine have meant to me.

After I wrote last May, I realized there still was much ground to be tilled. It was, of course, not the first realization of that fact; but many of us are constituted in such way that sudden urges of confidence obscure for the moment our present limitations.

Nor do I mean to strike a discouraging note by that statement. I use "present limitations" as I conceive it to be used by the School—a scientific fact to be reckoned with but not a monster to cower before. The year has not been without development. This progress has, I feel, been along the line of gaining a clearer conception of, and harmony with, the spirit of the work.

Can it be that people are getting better? So many of those I meet seem to be exemplifying in their lives the principles elucidated by Natural Science, that if I were to mention the School in their presence I should not be surprised at an answer showing recognition. Yet, many of these, undoubtedly, know nothing of the School as such. Or is it that I have changed and have obtained a keener and more sympathetic appreciation of the virtues of others? Honestly I don't know, but I suspect it is a combination of the two.

The recent years of financial difficulties certainly have not been without their recompense in a greater appreciation of spiritual values on the part of many people. Among these with whom I associate daily I detect a decided liberal ten-

dency, in many cases, as opposed to so-called orthodoxy.

So much for that. On the other side of the ledger: I smoke too much, eat too much, and drink too much. The drinking does not bother me greatly, however. Its attraction is dying a slow death and is kept alive mainly by the hypodermics of social custom.

Possibly I presume on your patience to enter a discussion of my personal habits and reactions. But the urge to express oneself is sometimes overpowering, and since it is not always wise to talk too much in one's immediate circle, what better than to pick an audience shielded by the expanse of many miles?

I have sat down and typed off two or three letters to you which I have never mailed. In them I have asked questions—questions which could wait or to which, on second thought, I could find the answers independently. For instance, there was one about vibration and another about light waves. I had found difficulty understanding the concepts of physical science regarding these phenomena. A little research supplied the missing data.

To help us to stand on our own feet is, I take it, one of the objectives of the School. Should you hear from me infrequently, it will not be that in the meantime I have lost interest, but rather that I hesitate to encroach on your time. Certainly you give generously of that, and I already have extended this letter beyond a decent recognition of the demands made upon you.

Again let me thank you for your inspiration and your help,
Wyoming
Sincere Reader.

COLOR SCHEME DELIGHTS.

I want to tell you, at this time, how much I prize "To You," and how much the beautiful color scheme delights my senses. I think I have never seen such fine color combinations for a book to have for a dress. I love them all.

This seems an opportunity for me to ask a question and I hope it may be important enough to appear in the magazine. We think about being able to do things, to support ourselves, the opportunity comes and we decline. We do not want it that way. Am I to decree how I should receive it?

What is the difference between "thinking" and "prayer"? Our lives are the result of our thoughts. Then we should think out our problems and prayer should be an extremity. Not so?

Los Angeles, Calif.

Gertrude I. Mitchell

RECEIVING AND GIVING.

It is good that we have a time that everybody feels free to give vent to the desire for giving and receiving. At this time we feel especially privileged and at liberty to enjoy them. Each one is limited in the individual capacity to enjoy but the special occasion is available to all. There are those who enjoy the receiving much more than the giving and there are those who enjoy the giving equally as well as the receiving. And there are those whose greatest pleasures come from the giving.

There are those who look up to the average person with envy and strive to gain a like position in life. There are those who look down on the average person and the struggling masses with sympathy and who strive to lend a helping hand.

Among a good many people it is a well-known fact that he who pulls a cow out of a mudhole must run for his life. But the poor cow enjoys very few other privileges. Like this I think when I think of the great Souls who have in the past, and also today, kept the light of Truth burning that we may follow the narrow way of life.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Perry Robb

A POSTSCRIPT.

Dear Friends, You may consider this a postscript to my recent message. I feel guilty about taking more of your time, and yet I feel that you may be interested in what I want to say. Often I feel strong impulses to express my appreciation of certain articles in the magazine, but upon due reflection I usually come to the conclusion that it is not right to take your time unless I can state my message so clearly that it will correctly and fully convey my meaning and so beautifully that it will be a pleasure to read it. I regret that I have always found it hard to express myself, and I am overcoming this difficulty but slowly. So much for the introduction. Now to my main message:

The morning after I had penned and mailed my recent letter to you, I had the pleasure of receiving the December issue. When I sat down that evening to read the first article (I always begin with that, because it seems to have a fundamental, essential, constructive effect upon me, that is to say, it helps in a general way to correct or improve my attitude toward current problems), I could hardly believe my eyes when I found another one of those instances of which I have once before written, viz., that the thought processes that had taken place in my mind for several weeks while planning to send you a brief message, were reflections of your beautiful, helpful discourse on the subject of prayer. I believe I understand more and more that you are helping humanity not only by your publications but by the powerfully constructive thoughts which you radiate.

May I explain a little more fully what I experienced? (And if you should feel that some of my conclusions are wrong or that it possibly is not a sign of growth but of weakness on my part that I somehow seem to "catch" or receive some of the good thoughts you send out **before they reach me on paper**, that is, without realizing that I have been receiving help, in that case, would you please correct me?) A few years ago I read several times the beautiful little book "Who Answers Prayer?" It was very stimulating, but it provoked thought; if I may put it that way, it left much for the reader to supply, as, I believe, a work of art should do.—I used to wonder whether that was intended.—Consequently, I had to do a great deal of reasoning and experimenting on the subject. At one stage of my progress I had reached a tentative conclusion to the effect that it would be most ethical never to pray at all, or only on very rare occasions, so as not to disturb the Friends in the great Beyond.

In time I succeeded in solving the problem quite to my satisfaction. Now, the remarkable thing that I experienced is this: For more than a week I had been wanting to write you another note to let you know I was recovering nicely from the recent illness. While waiting for an hour of leisure to pen my message, I used to plan at odd moments how I could best formulate my message briefly and yet adequately. In doing so I tried to take a mental inventory of the progress

I have made as a result of your teachings, and finally decided that my progress could best be summed up in what I had learned about prayer. Imagine my joy when the next day brought me a confirmation from headquarters, so to speak, concerning the correctness of my own recently acquired concept of what prayer means! I am very glad you brought out so clearly the point that destructive prayers may be answered too. I had intuitively felt this and had guarded against it, but until now I did not know that it is a known fact that destructive powers can actually work that way.

If, as it seems to me, my own mental reviewing of the subject of prayer was in some way influenced by your work on the publication of that article, if constructive thought is capable of such results, how great is our responsibility in this direction! And how often have I failed to live up to my responsibility! At present my hardest lesson seems to be **tolerance**. Again and again I find myself finding fault with people for doing things that only a few years ago I used to do myself!

In conclusion I wish to mention a department of the magazine that is always very much welcomed by me: it is the section "To Your Health." Here, as in the articles on ethical education, one may in time, after watchful experimentation, reach some of those conclusions for oneself, but even in that event, it is a great satisfaction to know that one's conclusions are backed up by science. I used to wonder where one could get such information. I have found all the Violet Ultra articles very helpful.

Madison, Wis.

Gertrude Krafft.

SCALERS OF THE WALL.

Was much interested in the article about seeing with the mind (Scalars of the Wall) or "Do people see without eyes?" Having seen with the mind alone or the eyes of the mind, on several occasions, I really know it is true and can be done. I once saw a child this way and later verified it by photograph; it was just the same, even to the haircut.

If anyone who understands the process of just how this is done would explain it, I am sure it would be welcomed by those who have had these experiences without knowing what takes place in the process. Speaking of the vision that comes when wide awake and fully conscious, and also of those that come when one is just awakening from sleep. At such times one is awake, but with the mind not yet absorbed by the thoughts of the day.

Kansas City, Mo.

J. M. H.

NOT A CRITIC, BUT—

Words cannot describe the comfort, help and knowledge I derive from the magazine. I am not a critic and therefore cannot analyze the different articles, but to me they are all good, constructive and helpful.

I do not know anything about music, but those wonderful articles on the "Spirit of Music" by that progressively intelligent soul, Verna Richardson, are certainly an eyeopener to me and have taught me more about music than I before thought possible. When she writes she most certainly is master of her subject.

I think the articles "Bear Witness" are important as proving by corroborative evidence the truth taught by all the Masters, ancient and modern, that there is no death; that

life cannot be destroyed; that we live one life in two worlds; and that Nature's one great purpose if we will work with her Constructive Principle is to make us supremely happy now and always.

Los Angeles, Calif.

F. B.

"THERE ARE NO DEAD."

I am interested in the personal spiritual experience "There Are No Dead" of Mrs. Enid Smith, of the Texas Wesleyan College. Here is another personal experience of an educated, progressive, intelligent woman of the most vital and important question in the world today—the continuity of life—and yet the teachers (?) of religion turn her down flat. Well, the religious professors may turn her down but the publication of her experience will set some progressive minds thinking and they will want to know more. I am glad this noble lady had the courage of her convictions to state her experience. She is not only right but she has done her duty. As we understand, our task here in the kindergarten of life is to obtain experience and knowledge and that in accord with Nature's constructive principle. We are bound where it is possible and without being dogmatic, of course, (we will leave that to the teachers of religion) to impart that knowledge to others. Mrs. Smith has done the only thing that a progressive soul could do. As the saying is: the more we give, the more we shall receive; which relates to knowledge of course. We can give out all the knowledge we have to help others and yet retain all our knowledge and our minds are made receptive to receive more. So I say to Mrs. Smith—"Bravo, dear lady. The knowledge you have gained by your experience is of more value to you than all the wealth of the Indies; and though those bigotted, ignorant professors may temporarily embarrass you, you have done your duty, and somehow, somewhere you will surely receive Nature's reward."

I believe if everybody who has these personal experiences (where it is possible) and there are thousands of them in the world today—would have the courage to state them, it would set a good many people thinking and inquiring. They cannot burn us all at the stake or put us all in the insane asylums today; there are too many of us. And I think a greater knowledge of this great truth would tend to put a broke on that powerful octopus of Black Magic whose headquarters are in Rome and whose tentacles reach throughout the world.

It is claimed that religion, the churches, are falling back, and no longer attract people as they used to. Of course they are. People are becoming too intelligent and skeptical to believe a good deal of the theology of today; today we want to **know**. Sure the churches are dying; but I doubt very much whether or not true religion is. By religion I mean the "living of a life." There are untold thousands of people today who never enter a church but yet are living good, honest, upright lives just as good and in many cases better, than the average church-goer, and getting more fun out of it. I have never lost my faith in humanity, and I believe that in spite of all the moral depravity, crime, murder, political thievery that we have today, the world as a whole is getting better. Our notice, of course, is called more particularly to the gangsters, murderers, political parasites, etc., but think of the millions of upright, benevolent, philanthropic people in the world whose one great aim seems to be to lead

a good, happy, useful, fun-loving life and yet to do all the good they possibly can.

Some people say we ought to have a new religion. Instead of a new religion, it is my opinion (if it were possible) that the best thing to do would be to abolish all religion (churches, I mean) and in its place substitute Science. Of course that is not possible at the present time. By science I mean physical, metaphysical, spiritual and psychical. Science that is "knowledge of the facts of Nature" and truth that is the relation these facts sustain to each other and ourselves. Anything that is not a fact of nature of course is no good to us. So I claim that all we need is a knowledge of the facts of Nature as they are revealed. I must admit that Nature has given us a pretty hard task in life, and no matter how determined we are, we will often take a step backward, but with our faculty of desire and our indomitable power of will, for every step we take backward we can perhaps take two steps, or at least a step-and-a-half forward again.

Natural Science is all we need to help us lead good, happy, useful, prosperous lives. And if we want to call that Religion, then I say Science is the grandest religion and philosophy.

Let us bear in mind the words of that noble soul Thomas Paine who said, "The world is my country. To do good is my religion."

Los Angeles, Calif.

Frederic A. Boswell

AN INSPIRATION RECEIVED.

Your article "The Last Breath" inspired me to write the inclosed. I enjoy the articles in the magazine very much, especially the scientific and psychological ones, like "Those Who Bear Witness" in the November number, and others of their kind in December and other numbers. I hope my little article may meet with your approval.

Anthony, Kansas

Louis M. Gray

VISION BROADENING.

Happy New Year to all the workers for constructive principles. May the New Year bring greater joy and increased influence.

Daily the Great Work comes to mean more and more to me. As I make an attempt to Live a Life, the teachings and principles become clearer and more beautiful to me. Even the vision is broadening of life's meaning and of human relationships.

The magazine is a great help, as it explains and comments on the different aspects of the Work. I especially like the "Word Shy" articles.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Margaret Summerhays

A THOUGHT.

Last night I was reading in the paper the list of the hundred neediest families. Am I a normal human being to feel some of these folks have no right to bring these little souls into the world in such environments? Is that the right at-

titude, or should they come for experience regardless of environment? But the old people tear at my heart strings. Most everyone with a spark of decency is willing to help a child, but those who have outlived their usefulness and sometimes spent their all raising families and helping others, are now without funds, hunting work almost uselessly, since few want them, preferring younger people and more active; these old people, really old and those just past the employment age, are to me the tragedy and disgrace of our nation.

And one dare not think of the time when he too may enter the ranks of the unwanted, helpless old folks.

While it is true that youth goes forward and age has its day and is almost ready to make the transition, it is also true that age has its dignity and pride and wants to be self-sustaining and independent. Most of them have spent a lifetime helping others, so it is not easy to ask for help. My idea of a Big and Beautiful Christmas would be for everyone without dependents of their own and who need every penny they can spare, to adopt an old couple or a person and keep them from then on. It is believed they would more than pay for the care by their nice companionship, their wisdom, etc.

Or, I might suggest it as something nice to start the New Year with—an adopted couple, or one alone. Personally, if possible I would like having a dear little old lady sitting about racking and knitting, a sweet old man telling me of what he had learned on his journey through life. But being unable to do enough for the sweet one who reared me, it is just like a kid thinking how nice it would be if Santa Claus brought it just what it wanted.

Would we dare start a campaign for all able to do so to adopt some old couple, or person, either in their home or out of it? Some needy old folks who would like having someone interested in them again as they go down the years that are shadowed by being unwanted and unable to do anything about their physical needs? Wouldn't it be the next best thing to a pension?

Amarillo, Texas

Shireen

THE MORE, THE WORSE.

The more I think and read, the more distant seems my Goal. It is like trying to reach Shasta from a plain, finding that we must climb and descend ridge after ridge before the height may be reached!

I like the new writers of the magazine. I especially like the piquant touch given by the "minstrellette" to the everyday things along her way. I also like the expressions of opinions on events such as "Chloroform or Cancer" article. Such articles help one to a true orientation when meeting personal problems.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Estella Falla

APPRECIATION.

Thank you for the copy of "To You" with my verses on "Fairies and Stars." The magazine gets better and better and is one that can always be put aside to read and re-read.

Lexington, Ky.

Eleanor P. Hopkins

Now what do YOU think?

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TO YOU!

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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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The Spirit of Fun



DEEP DOWN WITHIN THE INMOST SOUL OF EVERY HUMAN INDIVIDUAL, REGARDLESS OF SEX, CONDITION, OR RACE; WHETHER YOUTHFUL, MATURE, OR AGED; WHETHER THE DOMINANT NOTE OF LIFE BE TRAGEDY, MELODRAMA, OR COMEDY; THERE EXISTS AN ESSENTIAL SPIRIT OF MIRTHFULNESS, OF NONSENSE, OF FUN.

THIS FUNDAMENTAL SPIRIT OF FUN CONSTITUTES THE OVERFLOW OR THE UNDERTOW OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL HUMAN LIFE. IT IS WHOLESOME, HEALTHFUL, UPLIFTING, SUSTAINING, AND CONSTRUCTIVE.

IT IS A TONIC TO THE MORBID, A VENT TO THE HAPPY. IT PRESERVES THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH IN THE HEART OF THE AGED. IT GIVES TO THE FINGER OF TIME A MAGIC SPELL THAT REMOVES FROM THE FACE OF SORROW THE LINES OF CARE. IT UPLIFTS THE DESPAIRING FROM THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND, AND MAKES FRIENDS OF THE PESSIMIST AND THE OPTIMIST.

IT LIMNS EVERY CLOUD OF SADNESS AND GLOOM WITH A TOUCH OF SHIMMERING SILVER, AND ITS GLAD PRESENCE IN THE HUMAN SOUL MARKS THE WAY OF HEALTH TO BOTH BODY AND MIND. IT IS THE LIVING SYMBOL OF HUMAN SANITY, AND INSPIRES FAITH IN THE THINGS THAT ARE AND HOPE IN THE THINGS TO COME. IT IS AN UPLIFTING AND INSPIRING INFLUENCE AMONG ALL MANKIND.

MAY THE SPIRIT OF FUN ABIDE WITH YOU
THROUGHOUT THE DAYS, AND THE MONTHS, AND THE
YEARS, AND THE INCARNATIONS.

