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SCIENCE

YOU!

*A MAGAZINE... that Develops and Enhances
the Art of Living Here and Hereafter*

THE GREAT HIGHWAY

(New Editorial Series)

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DEATH IS DEAD

Life Here and Hereafter Has A Common Development

TO YOU!

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

Volume Three

March, 1936

Number One

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Articles appearing under the names of individuals express the opinions or convictions of the writers but not necessarily those of Natural Science.

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To You...



JUST YOU

Clinging Vines

A VINE is any plant whose stem requires support and which grows and climbs by means of tendrils which cling to something stationary and strong.

There is a species of vine which cannot live except in, on, or with some other living organism at whose expense it obtains its sustenance and life. It is known as a parasite. Also as a "clinging" vine.

These clinging vines eventually smother and kill the sturdy pillar to which they cling. They deplete it of its sap and vitality, until it is unable to sustain itself, and dies as a result of depletion and demagnetization.

The sturdy oak tree grows, develops, and unfolds according to the law of its being until it becomes a monument of strength, power, and beauty. It becomes a giant among the other trees of the forest. It sustains itself. It is a silent witness of the grandeur, the majesty, and the greatness of the Great Creative Intelligence who gave it life.

Along comes a little bird who drops a seed at its roots; or along comes a gentle wind which wafts a tendril of the clinging vine at its base. The seed begins to grow, or the tendril begins to take root. In due course of time, a clinging vine has sprout-

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Some Humans Are Like Some Vines—They Live And Grow Only by Clinging To And Twining About Something Sturdier Than Themselves.

ed, and its tendrils become attached to the bark of the oak, upon which it begins to feed. By means of absorption of the vitality, magnetism, and life-giving qualities of the sturdy oak, it grows and waxes strong, gradually creeping over the trunk of the tree, spreading out over its branches, and enmeshing its very foliage. And as the years pass by, it so envelops, encumbers, entangles the poor oak that it finds difficulty in breathing of Nature's pure air and slowly but surely begins to deteriorate and finally die.

Then, in all its vanity, the clinging vine looks out at the world and says: "Look at me. See what I have done. I am the oak."

There is a species of Individuals who do as the clinging vine; they put forth tendrils by means of which they cling to and twine about sturdier Individuals, or perhaps organizations, and obtain their growth and development only as a result of the association. Of course, in the human kingdom there are various types of "clingers."

There are the tender, super-feminine types of women who cling to their sturdier lovers and become dependent upon them for their very lives and existences.

There are the great captains of industry who cling to old, worn-out orthodox ideas and concepts and sustain themselves on their basis, fearful of breaking loose for lack of ability to stand strong without them.

There are the physically weak types, clinging to and sapping the lives and vital energies of the stronger physical types.

There are the weak-willed Individuals clinging to and twining about the strong-willed ones, depending on them for moral support and stamina to sustain them through the various trials and tribulations of life.

There are the morally weak men and women who cannot exist without the sustaining force and power of a moral giant, a Wise Man and a Master, to point the Way of Truth and the Pathway of Life for them. When they find such a Man of Power, they cling to him, twine about him, sink their sapping tendrils into his very Soul and drain him of his strength and vitality until he is depleted and exhausted. When this is culminated, then the parasitical vines in all their glory look about them and say: "Lo and Behold! I am the Way, I am the Truth." They may be the "way," but they stifle and smother Truth for the world.

There have been great men in the past whose lives and humanitarian efforts have been stifled, smothered, and killed because the clinging vines have sapped the strength from their teachings, until the Truth which they taught became distorted beyond recognition.

The moss saps the life of the giant boulder upon which it feeds. It clings to, grows about the great boulder, until the latter is lost to view. But does the moss represent that which the boulder represented? Can it ever be the same as the boulder?

Some humans feel it is necessary for them to cling to certain ideas and concepts, true or false, that they may be sustained. These

specific ideas and concepts may be represented in an Individual or in an organization. Let come what may, they cling, and remain attached. Some Individuals and some organizations cater to this type of followers. They, in turn, depend upon the clinging vines for their sustenance, as the clinging vines depend upon them for sustenance. Neither can exist without the other. Neither can stand without the support of the other. Because of this, each is a detriment to the welfare of the other.

Some there are who claim that clinging vines are always loyal by nature. This is not so. True loyalty is based upon independence and freedom, upon strength and vitality. When one knows the Truth and is free by grace of it, he is loyal through strength and power. When one clings to a representative of Truth and is held to it through fear and instability, he may be loyal — but only through weakness and inefficiency.

It was the clinging vines who destroyed the Great Teacher two thousand years ago. Had they been free and independent, had they known the Truth and been loyal to it, they would have protected Him and stood staunch and strong by Him.

But have You noticed how often the clinging vines in the human kingdom turn and rend the very ones to whom they clung the tightest and sapped the hardest?

The vine which saps the life of the giant oak can live and thrive so long as the oak lives and thrives; but let the oak die, and soon thereafter the vine loses strength and eventually dies, or finds another nearby oak to cling to.

So it has been with the giants of Truth throughout the past. The hangers-on have lived and thrived while the giant lived and gave of his knowledge and strength. But immediately the giant of Truth died, just so soon did the clinging vines seek other giants upon whom they could feed and thrive. Of themselves, they could not exist.

Whole civilizations, in the past, have been destroyed by the parasitical, human clinging vines, who sapped the very life blood of the civilization.

There are many clinging vines today, many sappers of Truth's strength and vitality. There are just as many who are profiting from them. All these are so smothering and enmeshing Truth and Facts as to make it difficult for humanity to see and recognize them in their purity.

The boulder of Truth is so covered with the growth of moss that it is necessary to denude it of the parasite before it can be recognized as a living, vital thing.

There are people in high positions who apparently are free, independent thinkers, with their actions under their own control. In some things they are; in others they are but clinging vines — clinging to worn-out customs, fallacies, conventions, religious teachings, many of which have been proven false, without foundation in fact. Yet Individuals look to them for guidance, for support, for strength, and for uplift.

Are You a clinging vine? If so, how long are You going to remain so?

If You are a wife, clinging to your husband and twining yourself about his strength until You are stifling him, and retarding your

own growth and development, release your hold, free your tendrils.

If You are a son, clinging to the force and power of your father, or your mother, tear yourself loose and learn to exist by virtue of your own strength.

If You are a parent, clinging to your children, sapping their youth and vitality in order to sustain yourself, consider their welfare, free them from your tendrils.

If You are a man, holding fast to the conventions, methods, ideas of the past, break yourself away from them; be free to accept the new and live by it.

If You are an unstable human being, living and existing on the strength and force of some teacher, preacher, or organization, unleash your tie, build your own strength, stand on your own foundation.

Whoever You may be, wherever You may go — search for Truth, pure and undiluted. Cling no more to fallacies, dead creeds, orthodox dogmas, wobbly conventions, and false gods.

Find yourself the fertile soil of Truth wherein You may sink deep your roots, send forth your sturdy shoots, grow your strong and sturdy trunk, and become representative, as does the oak, of the majesty, the power, the greatness, and the glory of the Great Creative Intelligence who has given You life.

The Grand Guinol and Georges Renevant

Sandra Sudden

GORGES RENEVANT, the pulse and heart beat of the Grand Guinol Theatre of New York's famous Greenwich Village is in Hollywood doing things in his own cameo way on a big canvas. Grand Guinol means to the uninitiated "The Great Punch and Judy Show." Picture a theatre, simple in design, intimate in scope, and magical in atmosphere. That is the Grand Guinol, which was originally built by Miss Borden to be the testing plant for her fine operatic voice. And here Renevant, a great personality who looks upon life with very wise eyes, established one of the most unique organizations of New York's theatrical phantasma.

"Life is more or less of a big Punch and Judy Show," mused Georges Renevant as he narrowed his eyes to cut out the little light of a rain-befogged day. He is able to see distinctly only on brilliant sun-lit days. Yet those courageous eyes have read and discovered many New York hits and famous artists. To my questioning glance on the occasion of his remark he explained: "Punch and Judy are consistent actors. They play the part that they are supposed to play, with reality. They do not attempt to play a part beyond them. They have so much capacity, know it, and are satisfied."



GEORGES RENEVANT

Strangely, an advocate of the Modern Theatre, Mr. Renevant established the Modern Theatre movement at Carnegie Hall and proved his theories successfully at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences with many outstanding successes. He is repeating the experiment in Hollywood in a modern workshop which carries the banner "The Modern Theatre."

Tall in stature, hair wind-blown, eyes like distant lights, voice soft, resonant, Georges Renevant intrigues the fancy and creates intelligent dreaming. Little marvel that the fine drama "Napoleon and the Barber" saw the light from a cold manuscript to a vital New York success under Renevant's guidance.

ance. Or that Helen Morgan rose from a night club entertainer to Ziegfeld's Follies, because a great towering figure stood over her for eight weeks drilling, drilling, kindly, firmly, faithfully, until she scored a hit in her first role, that of the Marchioness in Louis Parker's "Minuet." Her name appeared on the program backwards, Nolleh Nagrom, because she was so afraid of her first stage appearance. But her master did not fear. He knew. And he was right. So has been the story of the many who found their way to his teaching.

Georges Renevant was born in Paris, France. In fact, he did not come to America until 1917. His first stage appearance was in his father's arms at the age of two months. His father, whose stage *nom de plume* was Georges Rey, starred in the famous melodrama of the French, "Le Bassu." No one in the company had ever dared take the stage from the great star Rey, but young Georges lifted his lusty cries and demanded audience. When he was still a mere child his father placed him under the tutorage of the French master of drama, Georges Conchlon. At the Theatre Odeon he played children's parts, boys' and girls' alike, until he was ten years of age. Then in 1917 he began his theatrical career on the Great White Way at the New York French Theatre. Since fate is ever stranger than logical, an ordeal led him two years later to stardom on Broadway. At the French Theatre in Philadelphia a leading man suddenly took the proverbial French leave. Renevant was rushed from New York to make the show. He protested violently but to no avail. The show must go on and he must read the leading role. He suffered terrific pain in the brief moments he had to scan the lines, then he went on and played the part reading from a cue sheet.

Two years later he had mastered English and sought a part from the husband of Mrs. Fiske. A young man was ushered in ahead of him and his heart sank. Surely that hand-

some man would get the part. But no — he was cast.

At rehearsal the same handsome young man was present and Renevant recounted his fear of losing the part to him. The man laughed, "Why, I am the author. Two years ago I heard you read a part in a French play in Philadelphia. Sir, you read your part better than the cast played theirs. I have been hunting you ever since." Thus Renevant played the lead opposite Mrs. Fiske in "Miss Nelly of New Orleans."

Nor is he unknown to the picture public. His "Rio Rita" portrayal and "East of Borneo" roles are memorable.

"The stage today is sick, not dying," avows Renevant. "This same condition existed in other centuries past. We are going through a period of decadence because of a lack of good actors and authors. The actors are mostly responsible. They are typed. The producer does not type them. They type themselves by being exactly the same; by being their own personality in every part. The teacher who tells a neophyte, 'Be natural, be yourself,' commits a psychological error. The great actor is not himself in a part, but is what appears to be himself. There is a ratio of five good actors to every hundred. These five are hoboes, kings, merchants, derelicts, or any other part, yet different people in each part, but still maintaining that apparent naturalness."

Georges Renevant is a firm believer that actors are born to their life work but no actor ever became great by just walking the boards. They must develop through training and the study of life with the cameo perfection of the finished violinist. When asked what he believed to be the original essentials Renevant unhesitatingly replied, "A great heart. Study of human nature. Ability to lose personality to the reaction of certain situations. There is no limit of age to this type of artist. They live on forever because the public has never seen them the same twice. Examine the art-

istry of Duse, Bernhardt, or any lasting career of note."

Nor did the author escape analysis. "The author today lacks the bulwark of great knowledge, research, culture and humanity. Everybody has a plot. But few have lines the actor can say. Rare the author who can delve deeply into character."

It was further interesting to ascertain his views on staging. He affirms that the theatre should be simple and comfortable, the scenery unobtrusive, to be admired a moment and then forgotten, the costuming should follow the same artistic merging to form a completely natural background for the play. Nothing should be permitted to detract from the acting or the play.

Mr. Georges Renevant's theatre will be a monument to Hollywood under his able hands. In his own words, "The greatest thing in life, the spirit of joy, is to achieve success for others. There is nothing so hollow as to sit in your room alone with your own success. But to glow with the thrill of another's success and be able to say in moments of solitude, 'I did that for them' or 'I helped them through my knowledge and experience' — ah — that is rich in mental friendships — that reaches the very soul."

As the writer rose to go she noted that the busy creative hands of a master in our modern world had been molding a bit of clay on the end of his pencil as he talked. The bit of clay was the head of a youth touched with a gleam of inspiration from the guiding hands of a man worth knowing.



To Your Health...

Tonsils

Violet Ultra

Tonsils are small glandular organs located on either side of the human throat. By some medical men they are considered, like the innocent appendix, to be vestigial; but among modern thinkers they are recognized as being vital, essential parts of the human anatomy, complete in their own right and performing their own individual function, according to the Great Plan. Just **what** specific work they do medical science does not claim to know. One well-learned naturalist was convinced they act as sieves, or strainers, to help filter the air before it is taken into the lungs. Whatever their specific function, suffice it to know that they are necessary equipment in the physical organism, as are **all** other parts and pieces of the human body.

When the system is functioning normally, the tonsils are quiet, efficient workers, performing their natural duties. When the system becomes overloaded with toxic material, the tonsils sometimes are used as storage houses, to store away the excess toxins until they can be eliminated. (In different individuals, various body parts are used for this purpose, sometimes sinuses, ears, eyes, tonsils, etc.). When this occurs the tonsils become congested, inflamed, sore — calling out for relief from the extra burden, and help to eliminate it.

The ordinary case of acute tonsillitis is nothing more or less than a fever, chills, aches, and pains are usually present, but this is due to the acute condition in the system which is endeavoring to rid itself, and the overloaded tonsils, of the toxic burden. Proper care and elimination relieves the system and cleanses the tonsils.

Often repeated irritations and acute overloadings, unless properly treated, result in a weakening of the tonsillar tissue and an eventual destruction of it. When the tissue has been deteriorated, removal of the organs sometimes is beneficial. But in the great majority of cases this is unnecessary — if the individual has the will and desire to save and maintain them for his future benefit.

Inflamed, diseased tonsils are a symptom of systemic distress. When they call out for help, begin a general housecleaning of the body. Clear the main traffic channels, the elimination may be accelerated. If fever and chills accompany the distress, apply a cold body pack or use cold water sponge baths until the fever is reduced. Lighten the diet to fruit juices and water. Place a cold pack about the throat, changing it when it becomes hot and dry — but using only cold water from the faucet, never ice. Gargle frequently with salt water.

If the condition has been allowed to accumulate until the system seeks surcease in a case of acute tonsillitis, several days' treatment may be necessary to conduct the cleansing process. But in the ordinary case of "sore throat," or "swollen tonsils," the elimination of a meal or two, the drinking of plenty of water, a colonic flushing or two, and a cold throat pack applied for a few hours, will relieve the discomfort and avoid further difficulty.

Your Morals ...



The Principles Involved

THE general analysis contained in the Denmark letter, last month, concerning gifts and inheritances, seems to cover the subject quite adequately. The writer has conveyed a very clear idea of the subject.

There is not a great deal more to be said concerning it; but perhaps a few added ideas may help to clarify and elucidate the subject matter for other readers who may be interested.

Gifts and inheritances involve the two-fold act of Receiving and Giving.

A Gift is anything that is voluntarily transferred from one person to another without compensation.

An Inheritance is the acquisition of property by one person as heir to another — ownership which passes by descent.

What are the principles involved in both gifts and inheritances?

The principle of *Compensation* (Receiving and Giving), and the principle of *Right Use*.

Receiving and Giving — Compensation — the simplest of Nature's Principles yet one so little recognized and applied in the human kingdom.

An Answer to Last Month's Communication

From Denmark Concerning Gifts

And Inheritances

Each Individual receives his *first* gift and inheritance from God, or Nature, or The Great Creative Intelligence — the gift, or attribute, which makes it possible for him to receive and have experiences which later constitute his personal knowledge of Nature and Nature's Laws. Nature is the donor; Man is the recipient.

But in order to enable Man to keep a balance in his account, God, or Nature, also endowed Man with a power of Will with which he can make himself also a donor, as well as a receiver.

Nature gives to Man; Man, in turn, gives to his fellowman. Man cannot give to God, or Nature, direct; he can give, in kind or equivalent, to his fellowman, and in this manner maintain a balance in his account with Nature.

No one can give more than he possesses at any given time. What Man gives, he has already received from Nature. He is both recipient and inheritor.

He can give of his knowledge and service, and have left as much as, or more than, he has given. But this does not apply to material things. When they are given, the storehouse is left emptier.

The same principle is back of Man's gifts to Man which is back of Nature's gifts to

Man. Man, in giving to Man, is making the effort to balance his account with Nature, whether or not he recognizes it.

There are times when gifts are forced upon people who would much prefer not to receive them, but conditions and circumstances are such that it is difficult for them to refuse. They do not desire to assume the obligation which accompanies the gift and which seems to penetrate and permeate it.

A gift necessarily obligates the recipient to make right use of it.

If your friend gives You a flower and You receive it, You are obligated to care for that flower, to place it in water, to keep the water fresh until the flower withers and, through Nature's processes, dies.

If some friend gives You a sum of money, large or small, the same obligation is involved — You must make *right use* of the money to the best of your knowledge and ability at any given time.

This applies to stocks and bonds, lands and estates, jewels and valuables of any and all kinds.

If the Gift becomes a burden to You after You have received it, and You feel the need of freeing yourself from the obligation, or feel that You are not qualified to make right use of it, it is then your privilege to return the gift to the donor, or if he does not desire it, then to dispose of it to some person, or worthy organization, who is qualified and desirous of making right use of it.

Anyone can make a gift, and anyone can receive a gift.

But with an inheritance a different angle is present.

A parent, or relative, passes to the next world and leaves You a sum of money, or estates, or other valuables. You are the inheritor, and there is no way by which You can reject or refuse it. It is not a gift, voluntar-

ily transferred and received. It is yours by right of inheritance, passed on to You by descent.

For instance, your ancestors, for generations back, have had red hair. You inherit it; it is your inheritance. You have no way of rejecting or refusing it. You may dye it or bleach it and change it, but the red hair still is your inheritance.

You inherit certain family traits and characteristics. These are yours, by right of inheritance. You cannot refuse them, for they are not a "gift."

You inherit monies, estates, valuables. They are yours by right of inheritance. You cannot reject or refuse them; You can only accept them — *then*, if You feel You are not qualified to make *right use* of them, You have the right to dispose of them as You deem best, in your good judgement at the time.

The inheritance is yours to do with as You please. You can squander it, You can use it to help accumulate more to leave to your heirs when You die; but regardless of how You use it, the obligation still remains to make *right use* of it.

Laws regarding inheritance vary in different countries. These laws are an attempt on the part of the citizens of the country to protect the offspring.

Fathers and mothers and relatives sometimes become annoyed and angry because their offspring desire to live their own lives in their own way, rather than live as the parents wish them to. The parents become incensed to the extent of forgetting their obligation to the children, and cut them off from any inheritance.

Marrying the wrong girl or the wrong man often is sufficient cause in the eyes of parents to cut off their offspring without inheritance. Many times this is used as a whip to drive the offspring into marriage according to the parents' wishes and de-

sires rather than those of the child himself. It frequently is the cause of wrecked lives.

Children are justified in inheriting at least a portion of their parents' estates and holdings. A child who has been reared and educated with the expectation of receiving an inheritance from its parents is justified in expecting the fulfillment of the promise. When a child is brought up with this idea, then because it desires to live its own life as it thinks best, rather than as the parents think, to cut him off from the inheritance is an injustice.

This is because such children are reared to a certain social standard, they usually are educated, but not in a practical manner to enable them to earn an independent livelihood. They, like most children, usually have their own ideas of things, which sometimes coincide with the parents', sometimes not.

The children of poor parents generally are raised with the understanding that they are to work and earn their own livelihood and social standing in society. Some even must work for their own education. But these children, from early childhood, are mentally adjusted to the conditions which they may encounter. They are prepared for their future lives and activities.

Not so the children reared to expect vast estates and inheritances. Their mental processes are usually attuned to a certain condition of life. When suddenly they find themselves cut off without that which they have been reared to expect will take care of their livelihood, their mental processes are in chaos; they are left without anchor. Some are strong enough to adjust themselves to the unexpected condition and make their own way. Others cannot muster the courage and strength to go on their own, and fall by the wayside. Others go to court to fight for their "rights," which usually are acceded by the courts — at least

sufficient of the inheritance to provide a livelihood.

Parents, on the other hand, certainly are justified in disposing of their estates, earnings, and savings as they see fit and proper. If they have striven and worked hard to accumulate an estate, and feel assured that the estate will be destructively used by the children or rightful heirs, it unquestionably is their right and privilege to dispose of it to others whom they can trust to make right use of it.

However, before doing this, it would be well for them to consider to just what extent they have been responsible for encouraging their children to depend upon the estate for their future livelihood, and to what extent they have been guilty of making the children dependents. At least sufficient of the estate should be left to them to protect them against poverty until such time as they can become self-sustaining and independent.

The use a child makes of a gift or an inheritance designates whether it is an asset or a liability to him. If he rightly uses it, it is an asset; if wrongly used, it becomes a liability. The right use of a thing liquidates any liability connected with it, under the Law of Compensation. The wrong use creates a liability which must be compensated.

The question is asked, would it be wise if all possessions went to the state and every Individual at birth received the same amount of possessions from the state.

This answer is an involved and difficult one. If this were done, it would involve an attempt to regulate and legislate the morals of the Individuals. And morals cannot constructively be regulated by state or legislation.

At the present state of evolution of the human family, it would seem the better way is for

the Individual to handle his own estate. That is, so long as Nature sees fit to mix the good with the bad, the moral with the immoral, on the earth plane, and so long as it seems apparent that Individuals are here to gain in knowledge and experience in order that they may make evolutionary progress, it would seem wiser for Individuals to assume the responsibility for their own accumulated wealth.

If all the wealth were placed in the hands of the state, it would constitute but another tremendous temptation for the dishonest, selfish, greedy Individuals to gain control of it and through it, to control the lives and educational advantages of the citizens.

Receiving and Giving. Compensation. Balance.

The Individual whose life is unbalanced by constant *receiving* cannot progress in his evolutionary journey. He does not make *right use* of that which he receives, for he is so busy receiving, he finds little time or opportunity for *giving*.

Neither can the Individual whose life is unbalanced by constant *giving*, make rapid evolutionary progress. He is so busy *giv-*

ing that he has little time or opportunity to *receive* that which is essential to his growth and unfoldment.

The higher the evolution of an Intelligence, the greater is his desire to *give* in order to balance his scales with Nature. The urge to compensate Nature seems to become predominant as the Individual evolves to higher realms, and higher, until eventually his aim and desire are to balance his account and keep it balanced, by giving of his knowledge and service to humanity. But as he *gives* he also is willing to *receive*.

When this is understood, there is no puzzle connected with the lives of the Great and Wise ones, as the Master Jesus. He gave and he received. That was his only occupation in life.

His one great desire was to Give, knowing that in giving, he also was receiving, and thus was constantly maintaining balance in his account with God, or Nature, or The Great Creative Intelligence. He gave of his knowledge, and as he gave, so did he receive. His storehouse became not exhausted, but increased.



The Gardener's Mistake

Clara Lund

I gazed upon the lily, stately tall and spotlessly white. I noted the long smooth stems so free from thistles and briars, which held up this unthawed flower of chastity. Its cold perfection chilled; its serenity was like an icicle curded by the frost from the purest snow. Dare I touch it? As I bent over it, no perfume sent up its aroma sweet. It bore my scrutiny well, for was it not the emblem of PURITY?

I turned to look at the blushing rose, all her loveliness born upon a thorn. What warmth, what color, what fragrance! You may break or shatter the vase if you will but the scent of the rose still lingers. Its fire kindles the pulse, its flushing petals distill a healing balm, it is worshipped and adored, yet droops in a day. From her crimson heart we must turn away, for is she not the emblem of PASSION?

The gardener must have made some mistake! Could God have created a flower so cold, to be warmly embraced, and a blossom so glowing with life, to be chilled?

The Spirit of Music . . .



American Indian Progress and Artistic Achievement

Verna B. Richardson

LET us summarize for a moment and note the trend of American Indian development and see how the Indian adapts himself to present conditions and modern musical expression.

Starting with the drum or tom-tom, the Indian became adept in his use and understanding of rhythm and rhythmic effects. He made several different kinds and shapes of drums, most of which he decorated with signs and symbols, feathers and beads. One of these was a small flat tom-tom with calfskin stretched across one side only and strips of rawhide thongs on the under side, which he gripped with his fingers. This drum he used when either singing or dancing, because he could accompany himself with it. The water drum I mentioned in a former article, made of clay partially filled with water and with the skin stretched over the top and having a carrying power superior to the larger drums, is very small in comparison. The vibration of this very unique instrument extends to great distances, being heard for several miles and I imagine must have been used to signal and send messages to Indians at far distant places, for it was not used in the ordinary way.

The large barrel-shaped drums that sat on

the ground were used in ceremonial and social dances where groups were in motion. Generally the one who beat the drum also sang the song to which they danced. Sometimes several people would sing at the same time and as the dancers wearied, would change about and take their places.

There is something in the Indian dances coupled with the drum beats that compels attention. It is a thrilling sight to watch them interpret in rhythm, the story of the birds of the air and the various woodland animals. Take the Eagle dance as an example. They have real eagle wings which are attached to the arms, and their head dress is fashioned of feathers and gives the impression of a bird of prey. They even fasten tail feathers to their backs.

The chants and drums commence and the eagles step forth, slowly circling about, wings outstretched, beaks pointing earthward as they look for prey. The rhythm of the song grows faster and the steps of the dance become more intricate. The marvel to me has always been that as the drum rhythms change or suddenly stop, so also the dancers with absolute exactness, pause or change tempo, following the dictates of song and drum. No one seeing this could fail to grasp its meaning.

The Indian in his portrayal of the elements and forces of Nature is true to his own inner conviction and instinct. He is a close observer of all that goes on about him. He is one with Nature, his keen eye missing nothing and his every sense alert to catch the slightest sound or movement. That which he learns he never forgets. There is no better guide nor better scout than the American Indian, as his record in the last great war has shown.

In former years, before the white man's conquest of the Indian, he went to war and, if victorious, upon his return, he and the whole tribe made great celebration with the Victory dance. This dance is sometimes erroneously called the war dance. The song is always most exciting and jubilant and the drums send the blood coursing thru the veins of the listener. It is almost impossible for the onlooker to keep from responding to the rhythm of the song and dance. The Indian, by use of tom-tom, voice, and bodily motion was able to externalize his joyous emotions upon the victorious conquest of his enemy. This outward expression of joy and elation was transmitted thru chant and dance to the whole tribe and they all vibrated in unison to it, men, women and children alike.

To those of us who still carry with us a sympathetic understanding of the Indian and his ritualistic practices and observances, the thrill of watching and listening to the ceremonials is something beyond description. There is something so magnificently primitive and yet withal, so intensely spiritual in meaning and interpretation of these wonderful dances, songs and ceremonials that one who is in the least attuned to, or one who is able to become *en rapport* with these rhythms, experiences an elation that runs the gamut of the most intense feeling. One cannot look on unmoved, and the spiritual phases of this contact remain forever in one's consciousness and memory. Those of the white race who have been in sympathy with the Indian and his philosophy and have gained his confidence

have, on rare occasions, been allowed to witness some of the most sacred rites and ceremonies; but these instances have been few and far between.

The tribal music of the Ojibways, or Chipewas as they are sometimes called, is quite different from the western tribal music. It partakes of a sweetness and spiritual quality and a more definite melodic feeling. Some of their songs are pure bits of comedy and others lyrical love melodies. They sing several lullabies that are perfect gems and some drinking songs that are dramatically realistic. A splendid authority on this particular tribe and its music is Burton, who has made a thorough study of their forms and rhythms.

Nearly all Indians, even tho of different tribes or clans, are gifted with an understanding of dramatic values. Because of this ability to absorb thru close scrutiny, the habits and manners of all living creatures, they can impersonate in character whatever they see or hear.

I was privileged to witness by campfire, the entire play of Hiawatha as given by the Ojibways in northern Michigan one summer. It was a beautiful rendition and perfectly done. At the very last of the play, where Hiawatha "goes upon a journey" to the spirit land, he "stood with paddle raised" as he and his canoe vanished into the darkness and was seen no more. The sonorous and dignified death chant, coupled with the dramatic effect achieved in conjunction with the natural setting of both land and water was an impressive and beautiful experience and one never to be forgotten for its artistic perfection.

The Indian is keen in his appreciation of dramatic incidents and action. He has dignity and poise for he has learned the secret of directing his own forces. His quiet and intense contemplation of all the things he comes in contact with in Nature and the people around and about him has taught much that is not written in books. In his natural and simple mode of life and existence, he ha

tuned in, as it were, to light, color and sound waves emanating from the spiritual realm. When he sings, he feels that which he pictures in song. When he paints in the sands, he feels the things he reveals thru this medium. He says little and observes much. Being more or less of an idealistic turn of mind, loving the beauty in Nature, loving his music and his dancing, he is influenced by the rhythmic spell of the universe.

Those of the various tribes of Indians who have courageously faced life amid the white man's world and have left their life of restricted effort and incarceration on the reservation, have developed by leaps and bounds. Some, of course, have fallen into wrong hands and have become lost in the savage and brutal undercurrent of the white man's world. But others have sought and found an outlet for their arts and crafts. Their love of color and the artistry they display in the baskets, pottery, rugs and silver craft, and even in their more modern expression of their arts, shows a depth of thought, understanding and appreciation of the spiritual and esthetic side of life, far in advance of some of their more book-learned brothers of other races. Their symbols, while very simple, express a purity of thought and a directness that leads one to the very heart of the things they wish to portray.

Their keen and perfect understanding of melody and rhythm makes it very easy for them to acquire further knowledge in the realm of music and art. Those Indians who have had the advantage of study with the white man for instructor have surpassed in many cases the teacher himself. They have naturally good voices when trained and when their natural dramatic talent is brought into play, they become great actors and artistically finished musicians. Their native ability to observe and absorb has carried them far in the realm of the arts. In many respects the


white man may well sit at the Indians' feet and learn things of which he is totally unaware and in total ignorance. But the Indian has learned thru bitter experience that silence is golden where his white brother is concerned. He is reticent until he knows your worth and the measure of your loyalty and when once he has determined your trustworthiness and decides in your favor, he unfolds and radiates a spirit of friendliness and humor hitherto unguessed and unknown. Believe it or not, the Indian has a keen sense of humor and loves a good laugh as well as his less self-contained white brother.

When given an opportunity for advancement in collegiate study the Indian invariably stands at the top. What he learns he remembers and for this reason, besides his own native talent and worth, becomes a worthy citizen and one of whom to be proud.

I cannot close this article without voicing the oft-repeated plea to the white man, that he follow and grant the old Indian's prayer to the Great White Father and "set his people free." They do not need the white man's espionage to advance them or protect them. They will only advance and progress by being liberated from the jail system imposed upon them by the Indian Bureau at Washington.

No child, however bright, can learn to walk until he is placed upon his own feet and learns to take the steps for himself. To deprive a person of his liberty, saps his vital forces and makes of him a weakling. The Indian is not a natural weakling but instead, is possessed of extraordinary power, mentally, physically and spiritually. My earnest hope is that he may be set free to take his place in the modern world of men and carve his name upon the tablets of fame in the field both of art and music. He has much to give us.

Do You Know What Happens When You Die?



Achievement . . . Physical and Spiritual

AS AN Individual enters the Spiritual life after having passed through the transition of Death, he finds himself in a new environment, a new atmosphere, varied conditions, and new, as well as old, associates to meet and greet him. He may feel like a stranger in a strange land; he may feel perfectly "at home," dependent upon his previous knowledge of life after death and his information concerning the spiritual world. It may take him hours, days, or even months, to become adjusted to the new conditions and environment — also dependent upon his realization of the transition he has made, and the situations he would encounter. But sooner or later he makes the adjustment and begins to live his life there.

In making the adjustment, he soon learns that the same Principles of Nature apply to life and living there as surely as they apply in the physical world. Certain things he must do to progress; certain laws he must follow to achieve. And once this realization comes to him, then is he on his way to further pleasure and satisfaction gained through achievement of a given goal.

In order that one's entrance into the spiritual

*There Is No Mystery About The Transition
of Death. Progress And Accomplishment
Continue On.*

world and conditions may be facilitated and his adjustment made easier, it is well for him to learn more, while yet in the physical world, concerning his life and living when he reaches the other world. This accomplishment is well worth his time and effort — what he does not learn here he will have to learn there.

In all the realms of life and living — physical, spiritual, mental, moral, or psychological — if one wishes to achieve, to accomplish, a given thing, he first must establish the fact of that thing in his own mind and consciousness; then he must maintain the consciousness of it, and also sustain it; and finally he must make the consciousness of it a definite part of himself, until it is accomplished.

For instance: You desire to achieve Self-Control. You desire to bring every appetite, passion, emotion, impulse, and desire under the direct control of your Will Power. What must You do?

You must practice restraint of these various activities of your Soul — as an athlete practices physical exercises which bring his physical nerves and muscles under the domination of his Will Power. Thus You

prove to yourself, over and over, that You are master of your various psychic activities. You thus establish in your own mind and consciousness that these are under your own domination and restraining power.

After frequent repetition, and in due course of time, your restraint of these activities becomes an established fact. Then it becomes a personal attainment. Finally it becomes a permanent internal state of being. And Self-Control becomes an essential part of You; a fixed characteristic; something that is always with You, under any and all conditions.

You express it in all your life and living here. Then when You make the transition to the higher realms, You express it there to the exact extent that You expressed it here.

If You desire to invent an engine, You first get the concept established in your consciousness. Then You maintain that concept against all obstacles and failures. You work on the concept and idea, trying it out in various ways, until it is developed. From here on You demonstrate it over and over, again and again, until it becomes a permanent, completed thing.

If You have a concept and fail to make it an established fact, it will never develop into an actual accomplishment. If You try to develop the idea, fail a time or two and cease trying to accomplish it, You will never arrive at a fruition. If You succeed once or twice, or several times, but stop working before You make it a permanent, completed engine, You fail to achieve your end.

But if You definitely establish the concept in your mind and consciousness; if You are capable of maintaining that concept over a given period and through all trials and failures and tribulations; then, with the expenditure of the necessary effort and energy, persistence, and determination, You are sure to make the completed engine.

This same basic principle is involved in all accomplishment and achievement. It applies to writing, painting, farming, and housekeeping. It applies to the attainment of a knowledge of the Spiritual World and Life after the transition called Death.

If You desire to prove for yourself that Life continues on, You first establish in your own mind and consciousness the fact that there is a spiritual world; then You hold that concept until You are able to bring your spiritual body and sense channels under the direct domination of your own Will — until control of your spiritual organism becomes a personal attainment; then You not only *attain* that state and condition, but You *sustain* it, until the knowledge becomes a part of *You* — a permanent asset of your Intelligence.

It sounds simple, does it not?

It is simple. It is so simple that most Individuals entirely overlook it. In their search for Truth, they walk right over the Truth lying there in front of them, visible to all "who have eyes to see."

There is the old story of hiding a thing in the open so thieves will not find it; they will look in the secret places.

Nature has set the example by placing her truths and principles in the open that all may find them, who will. But most Individuals are so busy searching for the mysterious, mystifying, intriguing, and fascinating things that they entirely overlook the evident facts and truths.

Perhaps the Great Creative Intelligence knew exactly what method to use in protecting the Truth against "cowans and eavesdroppers."

There are many people who much prefer to think of all life, both here and hereafter, as something mysterious and unfathomable, rather than to think of it as something tangible and practical; they prefer to think of themselves and other people as indefinite

beings rather than as human Individual Intelligences capable of learning, understanding, and applying Nature's Laws and Principles.

A point is reached in every Individual's development where he craves and seeks mystery and mysticism. He is not interested in life, either in the physical or in the spiritual, unless it is clothed in mystery. Logical or illogical conclusions matter not so much, so long as the idea is enveloped in a labyrinth of mystery and mysticism.

So, in many cases, the knowledge of a spiritual world and spiritual people must be enveloped in a veil of haziness and fog before such Individuals are interested in seeking and attaining it.

As an Individual establishes Self-Control over a certain characteristic, then maintains that Self-Control until the characteristic becomes an accomplished development under any and all circumstances and conditions, so by the same method can he establish the fact of a spiritual life and maintain and sustain that fact in his consciousness until the spiritual world becomes a living reality to him.

He may not be able to accomplish this during his physical lifetime; but his efforts at doing so will help to remove the mystifying, mysterious ideas and concepts he may have about it, and his consciousness of the spiritual world and life will become so much a part of him that when he finally makes the transition from here to there, he will feel "at home" and will be able to make his adjustment to conditions and circumstances

with far greater ease and facility, and in much less time.

There are no mysteries in Nature. Nothing in the physical world is a mystery, and neither is anything in the spiritual world a mystery. There are undiscovered facts and truths in both worlds, but no mysteries; for what appears to be mysterious, only appears so because of ignorance of facts. As soon as truths are uncovered and discovered, what appeared to an Individual to be a mystery, becomes knowledge.

The spiritual world is a reality. Before one makes the transition called Death, it may appear to be a mystery. It may seem mysterious and mystifying. But the fact is self-evident; and once the transition is made, all sense of mystery becomes dispelled. Life after Death becomes as clearly and naturally a *fact* to the Individual as the physical world has been a fact.

To establish, to maintain, to accomplish. In whatever realm You are functioning, these three steps are essential to achievement.

If You logically follow these steps and apply the basic principle at their foundation to the acquisition of spiritual knowledge, You will make easier the actual transition from this world to the other.

Then when You arrive over there, follow these same steps, apply the same basic principle —

And You will accomplish your goal in that Life, as You have achieved various goals in this Life.

The Evolution of the American Ideal ...



Joseph A. Sadony

WE MAY trace and measure man's spiritual progress by symptoms which begin with the first stirrings of Desire which is the seed implanted by God in the instincts of the flesh. For desire gives birth to hope; hope to faith; faith to intuition; intuition to belief. And what is belief but the knowledge of the heart, the voice of the immortal soul, the root of all religion. But the mind of man still doubts; hence gives birth to reason in order to believe what he fears to doubt. Thus science is born of what it is disposed in its adolescence to deny. Slowly but surely, however, it builds the material foundation for the Mansion not made by human hands which has belonged to Religion from the beginning.

Thus is Desire the root of all History. Its first sprout is material desire; its law, self-preservation; its fruit, to live and let live. Its second shoot is desire of the mind for knowledge; the awakened curiosity to seek for truth; its law is soul-preservation, awakening the first hope of eternal life. Its fruit is to live and learn. Its third shoot is spiritual desire; its law, race-preservation; its fruit, to live and help live.

Thus is life created by the instinct of the flesh in the Kingdom of Nature, preserved by the knowledge of the mind in the Kingdom of Man, and transformed by the wisdom of the soul through intuition and inspiration into the mastership which claims its heritage of Immortality by reflecting and at last embodying the Kingdom of God with its guarantee of everlasting life. Upon this scale may be marked the position of mankind in any epoch of history, as well as the position of any individual or nation that may be the object of study.

Here now in America we face special conditions and opportunities that do not appear to have been previously exemplified in history. We are challenged by their portent. We want to know what they mean. We need to know where we stand in the great onward sweep of life. The hour has come for us to reconsider the evidence of our heritage.

America, as the world's Younger Generation is embodied in a powerful nation that has been the vanguard of the world's progress for the greater part of two centuries. She has constituted in herself the keystone of the Bridge to a new era. This trigonic emblem of security is composed of the triune ideal of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." These we will

find to be the synthesis of the fruits of the three sprouts of Desire: physical, mental and spiritual.

America was born in a battle for Liberty; later shed the life's blood of her children in a civil war to preserve it by the establishment of Equality (of opportunity). Now Liberty and Equality may be permanently safeguarded as principles of self-government only by the uniting and transforming power of Fraternity which is the manifestation of spiritual forces operating through the human soul. These forces are awakened periodically by war, struggle, depression, and suffering as the larger cycle of spiritual seasons makes its rounds of religious, materialistic, psychic and synthetic epochs.

No nation has hewn for itself a worthy place in history which has not given birth in its own soil to the flame and the fuel for its own faith. It is the thought for tomorrow that shapes great nations, not brute force; and no civilization has met with ought but decline and extinction of its glories that has been founded upon the traditions and authority of the Past.

To understand and appreciate our present condition and opportunities in America, it is necessary to go back to ages when brute force held sway in the hands of men whose minds were almost entirely under the domination of selfish, animal desires. It was the dark night of the human soul when the only justice was patterned after the laws of nature, and the spiritual laws of a higher kingdom had not yet taken root in the life of our present civilization.

Human liberty was unknown; equality inconceivable; fraternity impossible save in small groups under cover of the night. Is it unreasonable to believe, if with rational mind we grant the premise of a God, that this was the dark hour for Him to tip the scale and turn that tide? The future had no voice. The past was monarch of the present. The law said, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." What is that but revenge? It means, "Do unto others as ye HAVE been done by."

Then when a Man appeared on the shore of the Sea of Galilee and drew the line forever between the Kingdom of Nature and the Kingdom of God, there is only one conclusion to draw, if we grant the premise. But let us hear what He

said when He drew that first line between the voice of instinct and the still, small voice of the soul through intuition. He pointed to the future instead of the past. He said, "Do unto others as ye WOULD be done by." "Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord."

And what was the sum and substance of His message? He presented mankind with a compass of three commandments, to point the way from the Kingdom of Nature through the Kingdom of Man to the Kingdom of God. For the positive point of the arrow, pointing "north" into the future He said, "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you." He interpreted it, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." For the south pole of the compass He summed up all the negative commandments into one, the seed and epitome of the ten, "Thou shalt not covet." And as the third commandment, the foundation of His teachings, the fulcrum which supports and includes and upon which swings the other two, pointed to our Destiny, it was "Love ye one another."

It was the great blot upon the earth, the stain of tyranny in the name of monarchy, and all too often of God, that there was not a nation in the world where these three simple commandments of the Christ were practiced, or could be lived without persecution and martyrdom. Again then, in the face of the evidence, is it not in accord with human logic and reason to believe, if we grant the premise of an Almighty God, that His influence in human affairs would be toward the establishment of a nation embracing conditions which would permit and encourage the fulfillment for man's own sake, of the commandments essential for his own freedom and self-government. In no other way is it conceivable how man could be rescued from blind slavery to the material laws of which he was designed to be the master as inheritor of the earth.

And what are the principles conducive to obedience to these commandments of the Christ? Are they not Liberty, the preservation of which demands that we "shall not covet"; Equality, the preservation of which demands that we "do unto others as we would have them do unto us"; and Fraternity, the establishment of which is impossible unless we "love one another"?

By a direct chain of events that reveals a thrilling continuity as of a Hand Invisible, we may trace through twenty centuries the influence which, beginning with the life of Christ at last bestowed upon us, a portion of the human race, the bulk of a fertile continent and a constitution, both written and unwritten, incorporating principles which are our's for all time if we but live the Christian life so perfectly calculated to preserve them, as it conceived and embodied them. History reveals America as the first blossom, the first birth of a nation, hers the promise of the first unadulterated fruit of susceptibility to the same "Influence," whatever it may have been, which was responsible for the teachings of Christ. Hers from the beginning has been the responsibility of setting an example worthy of such auspices before the nations of the world.

Lest we forget this in the clouds and struggles of the hour, let us keep it ever in the background of our thoughts, again recalling the solemn realizations of those men who laid the cornerstone of Independence in the name of God.

"The station which we occupy among the nations of the earth," said Thomas Jefferson, "is honorable, but awful. Trusted with the destinies of this solitary republic of the world, the only monument of human rights and the sole depository of the sacred fire of freedom and self-government,

from hence it is to be lighted up in other regions of the earth, if other regions of the earth ever become susceptible to its benign influence. Nor are we acting for ourselves alone, but for the whole human race. The eyes of suffering humanity are fixed on us with anxiety as their only hope; and on such a theatre, for such a cause, we must suppress all smaller passions and local considerations."

* * *

Examination of the facts and forces underlying the history of the past two thousand years reveals America as the theme, the subject and the fruition of one of the greatest dramas of the ages. The human need for a nation embodying principles which permit the continuation of spiritual progress without continued martyrdom of its instruments was the underlying cause which led to the colonization of America by men seeking religious freedom. Theirs the spirit, not those who came seeking wealth and adventure, that was back of the Declaration of Independence. America was the hope of men, women and children who prayed to their God, "Thy Kingdom come, on earth as it is in heaven!"

Have we departed from the trails blazed by our forefathers toward those ideals? Certainly we have reached a point where we must re-establish our faiths and premises. There comes a moment in every crucible of the chemist when his experiment succeeds or fails. And so we may expect it in the crucible of a nation into which the world and all its peoples have poured their blood, their faiths, their hopes and fears.

The fate of America is the fate of all mankind. If we prove incapable of the self-government which not only permits but encourages spiritual as well as material progress, we demonstrate that mankind is still unfit for the recipience and embodiment of spiritual laws without which the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is but an empty phrase. We shall then continue to have wars and depressions beyond human control, which are but symptoms of spiritual ferment, the secondary evolution which disintegrates impurities and demonstrates the survival only of the "fit." This is no longer the survival merely of the physically fit, nor the intellectually fit. The one succumbs to the other as life evolves, until at last all give way to the intuitively fit. No nation has ever, nor can it ever survive unless it establish and maintain conditions which can now be apprehended scientifically, but which in past ages were recognized by religion alone, which embodied them in the "Will and Commandments of God."

Again the hearts of men, after chastening by war and depression, stir in the birth-pangs of a spiritual revival. We face an Age of Intuition to which religion has led us. Science has brought us to the verge of an Age of Forethought. Biology faces a "Nerve Age" in which men's mental susceptibility as a "human radio" will become an established scientific fact. The existence of an Almighty God and the reality and Immortality of the human soul will receive the same recognition scientifically as electricity, which though still a mystery, has been accepted, captured and named because of its invisible phenomena and practical use. Whatever may be the name or nature of the Great Unknown, and the invisible forces which produce the phenomena of life, of intellect and of the coherence and continuity of purpose evident in evolutionary processes and historic progress, it will receive scientific recognition in its relationship to the individual mind that succeeds in establishing receptivity and maintaining attunement with it.

* * *

America, though we are apt to forget it, is rich in prophets. It was foreseen by prophets; it was founded and expanded by prophets. Now it will go the way of all flesh and the civilizations of past history if it is not controlled and kept alive by prophets as a nation of forward-looking men.

The men who composed and signed and upheld the Declaration of Independence realized the responsibility involved, and that the eyes of the nations were upon them. Jefferson voiced this by saying: "The last hope of human liberty in this world rests on us. We ought, for so dear a State, to sacrifice every attachment, every enemy."

Upon us also the last hope of human equality (of opportunity) is made possible only if we do not covet, and if we do unto others as we would be done by. If we fail now, we know the cause. The nations of the world poured into our veins their seekers for gold as well as freedom. How many can say that they have not coveted wealth? History teaches us the uniform lesson of all the ages, the story of Babylon, Egypt and Rome; the cycle of Industry, wealth, corruption, decay, ruin. From a Republic into the hands of Caesar, an empire again.

America has had many prophets to tell us that material glories are likely to blind us to our true and higher destinies. "Make New York a second Carthage, Philadelphia a second Antioch, Chicago a second Babylon, and Washington a second Rome, and we simply repeat the old achievements which ended in dismal failure. There is no reason, drawn from human experience, why this country should escape the fate of all other nations, not in the extinction of their population, but in the

extinction of their glories - unless spiritual forces shall arise which will counteract the downward tendency in morals and spiritual life. If America has a great mission to fulfill she must put forth those agencies and proclaim those ideas which elevate the soul, and which will save other nations also." So we are told by the men whose life's blood has fed the roots of the American Ideal.

Our third and last crisis is at hand. The foundation of theocracy is the perfection of self-government. We rise or fall as the embodiment of the Christian message, with our success or failure to complete the trigon of worthy self-government by the infusion of the third and last commandment of the Fraternal Principle. This, and only this, will loose the spiritual forces, the strength of spiritual union that can hold America from a premature decline. For in this is the "power of the word of God," and the commandment was "Love ye one another."

Created in the name of Liberty; preserved in the name of Equality; may we be transformed in the name of Fraternity; then may the great God look down upon our future children and say, as we trust He may also say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servants. These are my children, and this is the seed of my Kingdom for which they have long asked. And I am well pleased."

Lest we forget this, let us remember that to the hour of the crucifixion we, here in America, by a direct chain of events, owe our Heritage and, if we will make it so, our material destiny, as well as our hope for Eternal life.

(Reprinted from "The Whisper")



A Little Black Beauty

J. K. Poyas

Some years ago, while working for the Santa Fe Railroad at Needles, California, I was crossing the maze of tracks in the yard, when I encountered a flock of about five hundred blackbirds. As I approached, all took to wing, except one large black male and truly he was a "black beauty."

He did not move as I drew near, but sat there looking straight into my eyes. I walked up to him, reached down and picked him up and said: "Well, my black beauty, what is your trouble?"

I turned him over on his back in my left hand and found his legs drawn tightly together with horse hair. His toes were also enmeshed.

I took a small pair of scissors from my pocket and clipped the hairs, then massaged his legs and toes. At no time did I hold him tight enough to prevent his escape, had he made the effort, but he just lay in my hand and never batted an eye, all the time looking at me.

I sat him upright in my left hand and stroked him with my right and told him he was free and could go now, and that he would be all right. As he straightened up in my hand, I extended my arm full length and said: "Now, you black beauty, you are free," and, like a flash, he was gone.

Women's Reaction to Changing Living Conditions . . .



Florence Austin Chase

CASTING my mind back over events which have taken place during the past twenty or more years, I am brought face to face with the fact that women have been more affected by the changing conditions than any one else.

Living conditions have changed slowly but steadily ever since our Colonial days. Each advance step has been to lighten, in some measure at least, the work of the household, thereby making life a little easier for women.

During my more than twenty years work for and with women in all parts of the country as a lecturer on the subject of "Better Homes — Better Foods — Better Living" I have found women's reaction to these changing conditions very stimulating. Intelligent women everywhere are alive to the every-day needs and are constantly searching for the worth-while things.

With the lightened daily household tasks brought about by our Better Homes of today, has come additional time for real rest and comfort, together with more time for individual advancement along cultural and spiritual lines. The numerous study clubs existent today bear witness to the fact that women are taking advantage of this extra time to improve their knowledge of a variety of subjects.

Statistics clearly show that better health

among all classes of our people has come during the last few years. This is clearly the result of the whole-hearted support given by our women to the study (and practice) of hygiene and the proper foods for each individual member of their families.

"Better Living" comes only with the realization that with Better Homes and Better Foods there must also be a spirit of tolerance, helpfulness and cheerfulness. With the cultivation of these three attributes will come a harmonious, happy home-life.

Through my contacts with many women during my lecture periods, and through my bulky daily mail, I am led to believe that intelligent women are reacting to the changing conditions of thinking (or attitude of Soul toward the problems of life) just as heartily as they have toward the changing conditions of living. This must necessarily be so, for it is a subject each can prove for herself. Women are using their intelligence in the acceptance of all changes.

It is generally conceded that women are more emotional than men, but, in the final analysis, I believe it will be found that women are just as discriminating as men. They may be swayed for the moment by flowery speech or beautiful word pictures, but later calm judgment helps them discern the real worth of the subject, and if "Truth" be there it will be revealed.

The Great Highway ...



IF YOU were setting out on a journey, and you were not familiar with the road, nor acquainted with the numerous and oftentimes difficult obstacles to be met and overcome, what would you do?

If you are an intelligent individual, and have even good average sense, you would go to some friend who has been over the road, who has traveled every foot of it, and who knows every obstacle, exactly where you will encounter it, and how is the easiest and best way to overcome it, or get around it.

You would ask him to give you every bit of information he possesses that will be of help to you in making the journey as easy and free from hardships, and as full of pleasure and happiness as possible, would you not?

Maybe you would and maybe you wouldn't; but you will have to admit that a definite knowledge of the road, in advance, which you must travel, would save you an immense amount of trouble, anxiety, hardship and *possible unhappiness*.

If you had a map, or chart, showing the road from its beginning to its end, with every turn and twist, every steep and dangerous grade or hill, every wash-out, every rough and rocky stretch, every quagmire, every bit of beautiful scenery, every refreshing spring of cool water, every lovely camping place, and every suggestion that would enable you to get added pleasure, less hardship, greater joy and happiness out of the journey; you will have to admit that if you made a botch of the trip, and suffered all

Marriage Is Nature's Constructive Contribution to The Race.

manner of hardship and unhappiness, it would be *your own fault*.

If you were so conceited and egotistical that you thought you knew more than all the people who had actually been over the road, and knew it from one end to another; and you deliberately preferred to go it alone, just because you were too vain and conceited to profit by the knowledge of others, you would be the first to call yourself a conceited individual, undeserving the kindly consideration of your fellows.

The Road upon which every married couple must enter begins at the marriage altar, the moment the minister, or other legal authority, utters the magic words—*"I pronounce you husband and wife."* It might, appropriately, be named *"The Great Highway."*

It is the same Road over which every married couple has traveled, or started to travel, from the days of Adam and Eve, to the present time. It runs all the way, from the "Garden of Eden," in the year One, past the door of every married couple. If usage ever established a "Highway," then the name—*The Great Highway*—is fitting. Since it is the only Road over which married couples can travel together, it is likely to be a most popular "Highway," throughout many thousands of years to come.

You who travel the Road, now and in the years to come, will do well to make a complete chart, or diagram, of this Grand Highway, and erect guideposts at the important crossings, as far as this may be possible, so that your children may know some-

thing of the Way before they start on it, and will have no excuse for "getting lost"—which they can never charge to anyone's fault but their own.

There is only one condition then that might excuse them. That is the possible fact that they are *blind* — physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, and psychically.

In this event, they never should be permitted to start on so important and difficult a journey; for they never would get safely to the first guidepost. They would surely stumble over the first cliff by the side of the Highway, and break their necks and all their bones on the boulders of Destruction in the Canyon of Despair, below.

A Boy and Girl — a Man and Woman — in the natural course of human events, meet, get acquainted, become close friends, develop into sweethearts, evolve into fiancées, and ultimately mature into Husband and Wife. They enter upon the *Great Highway* of married life, and attain either Domestic Felicity, or Domestic Infelicity.

It is astonishing that these two possible destinations represent the opposite poles of human Happiness and rapturous Enchantment, on the one hand, and deepest Sorrow and extreme affliction on the other.

From the viewpoint of domestic Happiness, or Felicity, the Great Highway of married life becomes a journey of endless delights and unalloyed satisfactions. From this viewpoint the whole world takes on the most delicate and variegated shades of radiant beauty; and all along the way the scenic loveliness is so perfect that it satisfies every artistic demand of the Soul. In truth, it is held that Nature has no richer reward to offer men and women for obedience to her Constructive Principle, than the crowning Happiness they derive from the perfect marriage relation.

But, from the viewpoint of domestic Infelicity and Uuhappiness, the Great Highway

of domestic life becomes a journey of endless sorrow, disappointment, affliction, misery, suffering, degradation and failure. The whole world takes on the various shades of murky darkness, dismal dreariness, funereal melancholy, sombre dread, heart-hunger, lowering depression, and gloomy foreboding. There is no "silver lining" to the cheerless clouds of depression that enshroud the despondent Soul.

And this is held to be the severest penalty which Nature demands of men and women who wilfully align themselves with the Destructive Principle in the marriage relation. Can you think of anything more dreadful than the inevitable prospect which such an alignment unavoidably and necessarily brings into the lives of those who travel this way?

These inevitable results must make absolutely clear to every sane man and woman the vital importance of using every bit of knowledge it is possible to obtain that will enable men and women to approach the marriage altar in a manner and under conditions that will absolutely insure their domestic felicity, and make impossible their domestic infelicity and wretchedness.

However venturesome, risky, and dangerous this approach may seem to be, there is sufficient definite knowledge already within the easy reach of every man and every woman, to enable them to follow the constructive path of complete Felicity, and avoid the destructive path of unhappiness and misery. It is only a question of whether they value their own contentment and satisfaction sufficiently to reach out and gather the knowledge and then make a right use of it; or whether they are too indolent and too indifferent to make the effort.

It is absolutely certain that those who do value their domestic contentment sufficiently to make the necessary effort (and it does not require a very great effort) will inev

itably receive their reward of Happiness, direct from the hand of Nature, as surely and inevitably as the day follows the night.

If this be true (and it is absolutely so) then do people not waste a good deal of sympathy on those unhappy married couples who are too indolent, too negligent, and too perverse to make the necessary effort to guard the supreme treasure of their own Happiness?

In truth, so vital is the inevitable result to every married couple, as well as every engaged couple who finally become married, that those who refuse, fail, or neglect to make every intelligent effort, within their powers, to acquire the knowledge necessary to keep their feet in the constructive pathway of domestic felicity, should not expect to have the sympathy of their fellows, when they lose their way.

It is inevitable, in the solution of this problem, that eternal vigilance is the price of Happiness; but, inasmuch as Happiness is the most valuable jewel in the crown of human achievement, is it not well worth the Price? Certainly — even though that vigilance should begin at the very beginning of the Individual Search for Happiness.

Examine the lines of approach, the various paths of life along which men and women start out in their individual search for Happiness. Here you may be able to discover some important items of knowledge.

No two Individuals were ever born under exactly the same conditions of life; hence, no two Individuals ever entered upon the preliminary pathway of life from precisely the same point or at the same angle. This is because no two people ever were the same in their essential characters. And this is all because of the principle of "Individuality" in human nature. This is that definite and specific provision of Nature (or God) which clearly differentiates each and every human being from each and

every other human being, in all the world and throughout all time.

To the limited intelligence of mankind, it would seem virtually, if not entirely impossible, that among all the millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions, etc., of human entities — and as many more as the human mind can conceive — no two such Individuals are now, or ever have been, the same. Nevertheless, Natural Science states that this is a literal fact, and that it is due to Nature's Universal Principle of *Individuality*, which enables Nature (or the God of Nature) to differentiate each and every male, or female, of the human species, from each and every other male or female of the same species, in all the world, or in all the greater Universe.

And strange as this may appear, it is just as true of twins, triplets, quadruplets, and quintuplets, as it is of other Individuals. A mother generally has no difficulty in differentiating between the individuals of these exceptional births. And she is able to do this solely on the basis of their purely physical characteristics.

But each Individual has not only a physical individuality, but also a *spiritual* individuality, and likewise a *psychic* individuality; and there are equally as many points of differentiation in the spiritual individuality, and in the psychic individuality, as there are in the physical individuality.

From the complex view of man as a threefold Individual, it can be understood and appreciated that the possibilities of differentiation are virtually infinite.

Applying this stupendous and, humanly speaking, almost incomprehensible fact of Nature to the various activities of Individual Human Life, it will not be difficult to understand the further fact, that the preliminary paths of individual human life are equally different and equally diverse.

Therefore, it is necessary to recognize the

great fact that no two women ever have approached, or ever will approach, the marriage altar (where the *Great Highway* of domestic life begins), from exactly the same direction, nor along the same identical trail. It is equally true that no two men ever have approached, nor ever will approach, the marriage altar from precisely the same direction, nor along exactly the same path.

Pass over that part of the Road which covers the first meeting, the getting acquainted, (so-called), the development of friendly relations, the beginning of the romance, the mutual fascination, the "falling in love," and take up the story at the beginning of real courtship:

It may be that the two who have come to this delectable milepost, have been living in a state of felicity (generally called "bliss"), for several weeks or even months — though it may be only a very few days.

They have found in each other's presence the most intense, joyous, and seductive thrill of which the human entity is capable. It is quite beyond mere human understanding. It is something that seems to transcend every other experience of human life.

They cannot explain it. They cannot even analyze it. In fact, they don't *want* to. They just surrender themselves to it and *live in it*. They permit themselves to revel in it, because of its seductive and overwhelming pleasure.

They are quite sure that no other human being ever has had quite the same experience. No other ever tasted quite this intensity of sweetness, sensed quite this degree of romantic mystery, enjoyed quite this mystical charm, nor thrilled with quite this superlative degree of idealistic Happiness.

They probably well remember the first meeting, the introduction, the first hand clasp, and the magnetic thrill that followed; the romance of the growing friendship, the mutual fascination, and especially the time he

first told her that he loved her. He told her then, with the most charming sincerity that he loved her better than any other girl in *all the world*, then he took her in his arms and her lips met his, in a kiss that was simply the quintessence of all things sweet, beautiful, thrilling, and lovely. It was the very nectar of romantic loveliness. To her then consciousness, nothing could transcend it. He asked Her, of all the girls in the world, to become his wife; and, to save her life, she could not refuse him. He slipped the engagement ring on her finger, kissed it for good luck, and they became "brothered."

From that time forward, between kisses, the two began to plan for the day when they would enter hand in hand, upon the most important journey of human life — the *Great Highway of Domestic Felicity*.

It is the most important and the most momentous journey, because (in their minds at that time) it was going to be the most beautiful, perfect, ideal, romantic, and joyously thrilling journey two human creatures ever entered upon. They never realized, at that time, however, that it might prove to be the most unlovely, defective, meaningless, unromantic, disappointing, and altogether miserable journey it is possible for the human mind ever to conceive.

These are not figures of speech. They are *cold facts*, which every newly married couple should understand and prepare themselves to face — somewhere along the *Great Journey* upon which they are entering. They should know that the beauty of the romance, the contentment and satisfaction of married life and domestic relations *may last for a lifetime, a year, a month, or only a day; and that the length of time depends absolutely upon the two Individuals themselves, and upon nobody else in all the wide world.*

(To be Continued)

Death Is Dead...



Henry Stockbridge

THIS is the third of a series of articles in the telepathic field written from tests which took place in 1915.

These three out of many others have been grouped because the same conditions—mental, moral, spiritual, psychical and physical—surrounded us and were identical in each and every one, and were recorded as they occurred. If you have read these articles as they were published (*Scalars of the Wall* in December, *Who Hath Ears to Hear*, in February), you will perhaps recall the explanation of the receiving of the song “Wind of the Night” which is the opening song in this collection of lyrics and music which we have grouped under the title “Death is Dead.” In any event, I am copying from our original record the conditions surrounding us on the particular night on which this test resulted in the song (in this article “Death is Dead”), which begins with the line “We’ve watched the moon, dear, climb up the sky,” etc. As this test is a little more involved and takes us a little farther afield than the others, I will give it to you as we recorded it.

In further explanation of this test I wish to say that after our first sudden and unexpected psychic experience, we had agreed that, whenever we were separated, I was to call Her each night at ten o’clock, that we were both to be out of doors if possible, and that each of us should record whatever phenomena occurred.

On this night in question, the night the following test was made, she was asleep in a hammock out of doors as was her custom, wrapped in an old black and white Navajo Indian blanket which I had picked up years ago in California. Ten miles away I was out of doors waiting for the town clock in the steeple of a nearby church to strike the hour.

1

On the last stroke of ten I called her—mentally—raising first one foot and then the other, pointing to the Indian moccasins I was wearing, and thought, “I am holding up my feet so you can see the Indian moccasins I am wearing for slippers.” Twice I repeated this; then after a pause I mentally sent another message.

2

“This morning I sat at the piano for an hour composing music for you.” Again a short pause, then I projected the third message.

3

“I want you to make a record of the messages before you go to sleep and mail it to me.”

The next afternoon I received a letter from her, from which I quote:

“I was asleep! Just as the clock was striking ten you put your arms around me and woke me by kissing my eyelids. Behind you stood an Indian pointing at your feet. I saw that you had moccasins on . . . you raised

first one foot and then the other. Then there came a beautiful woman — Italian, I think she was — who played wonderful music to me on a violin. While she played, you told me that you composed the music for me this morning. Then you told me to record these things before I went to sleep and mail them to you. I am trying to do so, dear, but your presence thrills me so that I can hardly hold my pen."

— And that is where and how the song "Wonderful Summer" reached me as I heard it, and recorded it as nearly like it as I could remember.

The "Song to the Nightingale," and the duet "From Some Fair Land" came to me recently from the same source as the other songs.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since that Spring evening when the song "Wind of the Night" thrilled me in that peaceful spot by the sea, and the night on which the song "From Some Fair Land" struck my listening consciousness.

Between these two periods of time "a lot of water has gone under the bridge," but, as far as we two are concerned it may all have happened yesterday or any one of yesterday's

seven thousand years, or today, or tomorrow. For neither time nor space nor dimension ever had any meaning for us. We fished in the pools of our own beings, and worked out the truth in the still laboratories of our own minds.

"Know thyself!" This thought in some form or other, has been echoing down the back alleys of time — since some mind first mouthed speech — and man is still a stranger to himself in a world which he himself has created.

"Man is, however, still the epitome of Nature. He is its microcosm. Hence, insofar as we know ourselves we know Nature and her laws, her rewards and her penalties. Good, bad and indifferent, man is the ultimate expression of Nature's laws and the supreme measure of *all things*, and we stand face to face with ourselves only, with an individual problem which is entirely one of personal responsibility and moral accountability." (TK)

But if we have "eyes to see, and ears to hear," Mother Nature, on whose breast we live, will give us a science, a religion and a reliable and workable philosophy of Life and Death.

Death is Dead ...

An Opera In One Act

Characters

LIFE

LOVE

DEATH

Ballet of Crickets, Fireflies and Ghosts.

Life in his journey across the world searching for the wanderer of his desire, who is Love, is joined by Death, whom he meets surrounded by the insignia of his place, sitting on the steps of a tomb playing on his violin to amuse himself while he is waiting for someone, anyone, whom he may take away. Life hears Death's melody but thinks it is only the night wind in the trees and, bursting into

song, begs of the wind to take him where Love is. Death follows Life to Love's house, playing his melody and laughing quietly to himself. Love, who is always near to both Life and Death hears Life's call and answers from her balcony. Life sings his scene while Death plays Life's obligato, which is Death's duty in the world.

SCENE ONE — Shows a country cemetery in Italy with tomb in the background, the door of which is open and behind which is darkness. Moonlight. Wind. As the curtain rises somewhere in the distance a church clock strikes 12:00 (Midnight). A gentle wind is swaying the tall cypress trees in the background. A key grates noisily in the lock of the door of the tomb from which "Death" emerges with his violin, which he tucks under his bony chin, and proceeds to tune. One by one the skeletons rise from their graves and join the dance. Woven in the mazes of the music we hear the melancholy sighing of the night wind. The branches of the cypress trees rubbing against one another and the rattle and shuffle of bony feet over the stones.

As the dance reaches its finale, Death sees Life approaching and holds up both hands for silence. Motioning the dancers to scuttle out of sight, he sneaks behind a dead tree. Life enters. Listening to the wind he sings.

LIFE

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.

Life passes across the cemetery into the garden with the balcony, followed by Death.

SCENE TWO — Window and balcony overlooking an Italian garden. From the balcony is a ladder upon which Life climbs to Love's chamber, from which the window opens. Moonlight.
As Life nears the foot of the balcony, he sings:

LIFE

Love, o'er the graves of the dead,
Life comes to you.
Love, like the star overhead,
I will be true.

Love opens her window and sings:

LOVE

Who calls 'neath my window?

LIFE

Hear, Love, I am waiting
Open your arms and your heart,
Dear Love of mine
And I will kiss your eyes.

LOVE

Life, I have waited, oh so long, for you
But when I see that look of glad surprise
Life, in your tender eyes
Banished is all doubt and fear.

Trembling I stand, my wishful eyes confess
My longing for your lingering caress.

LIFE

Lonely and longing, Love, I wait,
Under a night of stars.
Watching the moon across the sky
Sailing on wings of silver by.
I see your smile like the break of dawn
And your eyes bright as stars above.
I feel your heart beat in tune with mine
As I hold you close, my Love.

During this Life has climbed the balcony and holds Love in his arms.

Oh Love of mine, with your crimson mouth
Oh Love, with your hair of gold,
Feel how the wind from the odorous south
Thrills both our hearts with joy untold
Oh dearest eyes I ever saw
Caress me before we part,
While from your loving lips I draw
Your soul into my heart.

LOVE

Life, I have waited so long for you
To change my sky, love, from gray to blue
You come like sunshine after the rain,
Gone is all sorrow, all doubt and pain
When you kiss me.
Shadows and sadness all take their flight
Across the silver silence of the night.

Shyly, with great tenderness, Love sings:

Alone with you!
Just hold me in your loving arms
Kiss both my sleepy eyes
Hold me, love, close to you
'Till morning breaks across the skies!

LIFE

If I could make this lovely night stand still,
And close in your soft arms forever lie,
I'd feel the whole world's
throbbing heart a-thrill,
And all life melt into a happy sigh!

LOVE

If I could give the world in one warm kiss
With lips so close our loving breaths grew one,
What heaven could we find to equal this
While youth is sweet and life has just begun.

As they turn to enter Love's chamber, they hear a nightingale singing.

"The Song to a Nightingale"

LIFE

Nightingale, up in the sky — warn me when
the dawn is nigh —
For my Love wrapped close in fond embrace,
Would wish the jealous moon to hide her face.

Nightingale, sing to the moon — I am alone
with Love;
Sing to the stars that light the skies,
Sing to my Love till slumber's shadow lies
Across us both, and shades her lovely eyes.
Nightingale, sing to the moon — I am alone
with Love.

Love and Life exit through the window. During this scene Death stands in sinister attitude playing the obligato. Death lays aside his violin and collects faggots, which resemble grotesque human shapes, of which he builds a fire, during which the Fireflies and Crickets come on and perform the ballet; after which Death chases them away and for a second the stage is in complete darkness. As daylight begins to break the scene changes to Love's chamber.

SCENE THREE — *Love's chamber with low windows in the back which open on the balcony. Bed or couch where Love lies asleep. Life is kneeling by the bed with his arms about Love. The room is lighted by candles which have burned low in their sockets. LIFE awakens LOVE with a kiss and sings:*

LIFE

I've kissed your tired eyelids, oh so many times
And felt your heart beat, darling, close to mine.
I've watched you sink to slumber in my arms
And so I know you're mine.
The rosy dawn creeps slowly up the morning sky
And finds us still wrapped close
in Love's embrace
I raise my eyes in adoration high
And meet God face to face.

Life goes to the window and salutes the dawn. Love rises from her couch and follows him as Life sings

"Wonderful Summer"

LIFE

We've watched the moon, dear, climb up the sky
We've watched the stars, Love,
that shine on high
We've watched the summer come,
we've watched it go,
I never thought, sweetheart, I'd love you so.
I love you when the shadows fall
I love you when the crickets call
I hold you close and kiss your hair
I see your eyes most everywhere.

Chorus

Wonderful summer, and wonderful girl!
Wonderful eyes of a wonderful blue
Looking up into mine.
Wonderful dream of a wonderful love
I have found in you
You are all of the wonderful things in the world
You are all of my dreams come true.

Come, Love, with me, the dead leaves fall.
Down by the sea the voices call
The moon will rise, the crescent moon will wane
So runs the world away in joy and pain.
Oh, Love, my heart exults and sings
My pulses beat, my feet have wings
When I look into your eyes I see
The present, past, and what's to be.

Chorus repeats with obligato, both singing.

SCENE FOUR — *The same as Scene Two. Love, from the balcony, sings her appeal:*

LOVE

Your heart to mine, we stand,
'mid dawn's pale light
Where we enraptured watched
the summer through
I won't regret these wonder days and nights
If you will take me, Life, away with you.
Take me with you, dear, I love you so.
Kiss me once more, dear, before you go.
I will be faithful, tender and true,
If you will take me, Life, away with you.

LIFE

Close in my arms I hold you, Love of mine,
And tremble as I feel your heart beat so
I've taken all, and now like dregs of wine
These words lie in my cup, I have to go.
Be true to me, dear, I love you so,
Kiss me once more, Love, before I go,
I have been faithful, tender and true,
And I'll come back the same, my love to you.

Both LOVE and LIFE repeat chorus, and, as LIFE turns to go, Death sounds two chords of warning on his violin. Love screams. Death lays aside his violin and prepares for the struggle. Clock strikes four.

LIFE (*Calls to Death*)

Why do you wait at the foot of Love's stairs?
I do not fear your sting
You cannot take me unawares
Or rob me of anything
For Love and I, so close are we,
So blended heart to heart,
Nor high, nor low, nor deep, nor far,
Not even Death can part.

Love looks over the balcony and sees Death. Life walks slowly down the ladder and leaps at Death

catching him by the throat. They struggle and Death is thrown aside. Death overcomes Life and dashes up the ladder after Love who slams shutters in his face. Life recovers and again rushes upon Death and drags him, struggling, out of the scene.

SCENE FIVE — The same as Scene One.

Life enters, struggling with Death, and drags him to door of tomb.

Death frees himself and clutching sword from the air lunges at Life, who draws his sword, and as Love watches terrified they fight (effects). Life disarms Death who also drops his bunch of huge keys that have been dangling at his girdle. He tries to pick them up, but Life slashes Death's arm with his sword and Death with a howl of rage and pain rushes into the tomb. Life picks them up and locks Death inside. Death rattles the door and howls to get out, but his voice is drowned in the final rumbles of the thunder and the climax of the music as Love and Life begin their duet:

“From Some Fair Land”

As the lovers begin this scene, a drop or curtains, with trees and flowers rolls on shutting out Death and the tomb, which with the clouds “fade out.”

LOVE

From some fair land, beloved, I hear
You calling me;
From some far place, so far no
eyes can see
And though our parting cannot
be for long,
Where 'ere you go Life — sing me
a song.

LIFE (sings)

If you at twilight should walk
alone by some blue Sea,
Lift up your eyes and sing a song to me
And where the purple shadows come and go
Hold out your arms, Love, and I will know
Beloved, I will know.

The Ballet of “Spring” begins and morning bursts upon the two lovers with the orchestra playing the theme song, “I am Alone with Love.”

Ballet and Finale

(Editor's note — The music of this opera is melodious and modern in style and treatment. It is being considered by one of the major moving picture studios — as a new and unusual idea for a picture in color. You may see and hear it in the near future).

Beautiful Blossom

Noneta

As I sat me yestere'en
In the twilight, basking
In the pealing tones and
Spiritual chords of a master organ,
My eyes were drawn, by a hidden force,
To gaze upon a near-by
Budding girl.

Fifteen summers, methinks,
Have left their marks upon her soul.
And as I gazed, my soul was refreshed,
As by a breath of springtime breeze,
Sweetly soothing.
Her face — a beautiful flower of God,
Soft, smooth, clear white,
With touches here and there
Of pastel pink, — reflected
Pure wholesomeness, absorbed from out
The great storehouse of Nature —
Her big outdoors.

From out the depths of bright, clear eyes,
Was flashed the light that shone within;
Growing ever brighter
As her soul matured, from day to-day,
Unfolding gently.

Ah me, sweet girl,
How beautiful is life;
How radiant the outlook
Upon life's future way.
My heart rejoices at the felicities
That lie in store for you;
And wishes every blessing,
Every peace, and love secure.

But it cannot help a wring of pain,
As visions of the future
With its stinging arrows of sorrow,
Disappointment, unrequited love are shot
From the bow of experience,
To pierce the happy tenor of your life.

'Twere sad to think on,
Beautiful blossom of God,
But for this:
Your mission here, on this earth so fair,
Is but to unfold and develop your soul.
This cannot be with joys alone,
Nor yet with happiness complete.
Hence, added to these, by Him who is wise,
Are the sorrows of life,
The suffering and sadness,
Intermingled always, as you walk the way,
Into that which is best
For the glory of your soul,
Permanent and effulgent.

Art, The Uplifter ...



Middle Ages

Jan Coray

IN THE realm of art, the period traditionally called the "Middle Ages" begins approximately with the victory of Christianity over the pagan lore. The story of the decline of the Roman Empire provides us the first chapter of the great drama which reached its grand finale with the return towards the ancient ideal of antiquity, as we see it gloriously manifested in the masterpieces of the Renaissance.

The process of unfoldment of the new art of Christendom was founded on man's inner longing for spiritual uplift, and under that great civilizing force, ruled at that time by the new Church, the artists and artisans of the time have left us magnificent monuments which testify to us today of their lofty ideals.

The Cathedral of medieval time is the most perfect expression of the thoughts which ruled the period, but the architecture was not exclusively religious, as we can judge by the mighty feudal castle, which, surrounded by its fortresses and its moat, was another powerful center for the culture of the arts.

However, the churches formed the first nucleus where prosperity and progress were to be found. In the safe oasis of the church the seeds of the new art took root and almost until the time of the Renaissance or the rebirth of

the classic ideal, the churches remained almost entirely the leaders, just as the temples of the ancient civilized world had been.

From the churches, with the revival of improved conditions in secular life, the new art spread forth to the fortified cities and feudal castles. Toward the XIII century the ecclesiastical traditions began to be utilized by the layman for the benefit of all, and the new art slowly escaped from the stereotyped form of the Christian Church until it reached its maturity in the forms of the Italian Renaissance. From there it soon spread all over Europe, adapting itself to the different countries.

While the traditional term of "Middle Ages" stands between the time of the classic ideals and the Renaissance, so-called because of the rebirth of the antique forms of art; and although the period has also been called the "Dark Ages," it is by no means devoid of achievements. If we are to believe the traditions, it was a time of Romance and Chivalry. The world did not suddenly open its eyes, with the coming of the Renaissance, to the beauty surrounding it. Indeed, the troubadours of old rendered homage to the joy of living.

The march of progress was making time while the Germanic races were learning the

The Experience of Prayer

Shireen



The article about prayer is the best of its kind ever read anywhere and is very helpful to me who have had prayer experiences that no doubt would interest many who have thought on the subject. They are too numerous to speak of in detail. But is this of interest? There is a certain sign given to me at times that apparently means "Yes, you are being heard and will be answered; do not worry about it any more."

At other times I seem to be in disgrace with the one or ones who hear the prayers, and seem to be ignored. I have a feeling that I am being heard, but there will be no answer until certain matters between myself and my conscience are adjusted or amends made.

It has been a long time since "If it be possible and right" and "without depriving others of the needs and comforts of life" has not been added to my personal requests for aid with specific needs. There is only one prayer, prayed **consistently**, that I can recall in a lifetime, not having been answered; and that may have been selfish for it was that my husband should not go to war; that something would happen to prevent it. It may have been selfish, but I seemed even then to see the penalties, heartaches and inharmonies ahead, that if he went things would never be the same again with us. Aside from being opposed to war from principles involved in the event, I also had that feeling; and feared its effects upon him for himself as well as myself.

The following is one of my many miracle prayers, when it seemed the right attitude was present—like crying out to a friend you trust, for aid, but never doubting:

One morning I missed a step and fell, twisting my ankle. I lay on the walk, unable to get up. I was on my way to work and had to open the shop early. I knew it would be some time before anyone else could be called, get up and dress, get the keys and open the shop, even if I had a way to reach anyone. Lying there on the walk in great pain, I prayed: "Help me. I must go on. Heal me right now."

I arose and went on and never even had a sore ankle—the latter much to my astonishment. But notice this please: I did not doubt for an instant that I would be healed at once. Yet one cannot always have this attitude or faith at his command.

Do you always start the beginning of a brand New Year with a prayer in your heart to make it better in opportunities and your eyes keener to see them, your courage stronger to face whatever it brings—and then have a sort of shivery feeling as to whether or not you will be able to live it better than the last one? It affects me something like that—I am glad for the new beginning, but approach it in a sort of awe and fear that I will not make the best of it. Again the **doubt**, as we so often have lurking when we pray.

rudiments of culture, and Christendom was facing the migration of the Northmen and the invasion and onslaught of the Huns and the Sarazins. The destruction caused by the invaders was more a product of warfare than mere wantonness, as is so generally supposed. Although the warlike Goths left no remains of buildings whatsoever, their name has been applied to the architecture of the time. The term is, however, misleading, since the new style was at first stigmatized as "Gothic," the expression being employed as one of reproach, compared to the old standard of faultless building of the classic period. It is now generally applied to medieval architecture.

In spite of the legend, found mostly in monastic chronicles, that the end of the world was set for the year 1000, progress was demonstrated in the perfection of the Romanesque type of architecture and its transformation into the new Gothic. While men were apparently expecting the earth to shrivel away, magnificent buildings were being erected. No doubt the legend has come to us grossly exaggerated, nevertheless Man's first and foremost desire is for his redemption as seems proven by the many places of worship built at the time.

Out of the secular architecture of Greece and Rome and influenced by the oriental taste, through Byzance, led by the new spiritual uplift, an Art was created, the magnificence of which fulfilled the cravings of a people searching for God. In the monasteries, the monks often spent a lifetime illuminating manuscripts with fine miniature as a tribute to the finer call within. Sculptors carved lacey patterns out of stone, painters made walls of light out of the great stained glass windows of the Cathedrals. The ensemble of all these applied expressions of Art have left an inspiring example, not only of Man's artistic ability, but of the co-ordination of his genius and the source of his inspiration, which is always to be found at its best when Man is most spiritually minded, such as he was during the so-called "Dark Ages."

Hypnotism ... Mediumship



Buried Treasure

IS THERE anything as tantalizing, as fascinating, as intriguing, as mystifying as buried treasure?

There are stories in abundance, true, fictional, and semi-truthful, telling of lost treasure, lost mines, buried secrets. And most of them are thrilling. They give one that pleasant shivery feeling, as though he were being "let in" on something unknown to the rest of ordinary humanity.

You know—ghosts, haunted beings, old mill wheels creaking and turning, and meanderings of super-natural beings walking about troubled, disturbed, restless for fear someone will interfere with the buried treasure, etc.

This is not lightly written—these things do occur and they are *facts*. There are restless, disturbed Souls who wander about the earth, clinging to material things, or ideas, or who are bound to conditions as a result of past deeds—from all of which they are unable to free themselves. They do actually turn mill wheels, throw tools about mines, move tables, and otherwise make themselves heard and felt in the midst of certain conditions. They can and do make nuisances of themselves when circumstan-

About Young and Old Alike, "Buried Treasure" Weaves a Mystic Charm That Envelops Them in a Fog of Uncertainty and Enables Them to Play Hide-and-Seek in the Mazes of Enchantment.

ces in which they are interested, are interfered with.

Here in the physical world there are Individuals, too, who are fooled by these restless Souls who sometimes like to play tricks on their physical fellow beings. One of the tricks indulged in, which usually succeeds, is the buried treasure story. The physically embodied Individual is "let in" on a great secret—*buried loot*. But the location and the kind cannot be revealed until certain things transpire.

Sometimes the restless Spiritual Being materializes in physical form for the physical people to see; at other times they contact the subject of a hypnotist; again they succeed in hypnotizing, from the spiritual side, a person who is magnetically depleted and hypersensitive to the point where they can gain control over his Will, volitional powers, and sensory organism, to the point of completely controlling him. Through him they then tell of hidden secrets which thrill those who hear of it. In truth, often times groups of Individuals form into a regular crusade to find the buried treasure, deserting business, home, responsibilities and even pleasures—to perform the glorious work of the "Chosen Ones."

The following letter was received from the gentleman whose letter concerning "earth-bound spirits and ill-gained money" was answered in the January number.

Gentlemen:

Received your letter of January 6, including also a copy of the magazine "To You" of the same month, in which you properly printed as the basis for an elucidation my questions referred to in my letter of May 14, last. After reading carefully your most interesting answer under title "Hypnotism — Mediumship," I can truthfully say that I feel guilty in some way of practicing a destructive art to bring about a constructive result. I admit I have much to learn about, oh, so many things! but how is a man ever to know the truth of life on earth as well as that of the spiritual place if he never dares to tread?

"Referring to my question of releasing earth bound spirits from their punishment of guiding over ill-gained money which was buried on the premises where the crime was committed (enclosed) please find newspaper article which will give you printed facts pertaining to the case in question — however, the article does not (most naturally) cite that the money was buried — that is a secret that was carried to the grave by those responsible and guilty.

"My subject knows the exact location where the loot has been buried — he has seen and described the location and content of the treasure box. These same disembodied spirits have from time to time materialized themselves to us — they have always demanded as an essential condition for their freedom that we improve our moral conduct — that we abide by the principles of our religious belief and that we pray fervently for the success of all.

"Wouldn't you call that a constructive method of procedure in principle?

"I have always suggested to my subject while under the hypnotic influence that upon

awakening he would be free at all times from my Will or the Will of all other physical or spiritual beings.

"We also demanded and obtained communication from superior spirits of a higher plane who are responsible for the conduct of those admitted immoral ones — this process was followed until we evolved two planes higher than those spirits in the magnetic field. Always the request of these higher entities were good and pure. Yet, somehow I have always had some doubt as to the true sincerity and purpose of those disembodied spirits of the magnetic field. Yet, it was we who first sought them, after hearing of them having materialized themselves to an old friend of ours.

ways the requests of these higher entities were

"We have often wondered (and perhaps this has been the cause of our failure to date) if agents from hell, better known as Satan, have impersonated in form and character these immoral spirits of the magnetic field.

"In closing this rather lengthy letter, I hope my ignorance in many things has not bored you too much, and if you still believe that my method of procedure is entirely destructive, you can, as you please, elucidate further as I am very, very anxious and would like so much to know more of the constructive ways in doing things for the good of myself, my fellow men, and for the glorification of God.

"A Friend,
"R. T. G——."

The correspondent states that "my subject knows the exact location where the loot has been buried — he has seen and described the location and content of the treasure box."

This being so, why does not said subject go to the location and dig up the treasure? Particularly in view of the fact that "these spirits claim they are doomed to guide over this stolen money until some human beings can relieve them of it — and then, and only

then, can they ever hope to rise to a higher sphere and enjoy freedom and happiness"? If the way of relieving these spirits from their earthbound condition is so clearly laid out and so simple of accomplishment, why is it not accomplished by the subject?

That would seem to be the most natural thing for him to do. What is preventing him?

It would seem the logical thing for You, the hypnotist, and your subject, under hypnotic control, to go to the location accompanied by witnesses, preferably the Mayor of your city and the Chief of Police, dig up the box, open it, and return the stolen money to its rightful owners or their heirs. You would be doing a good deed, a moral act, which might be an example to the immoral earthbound spirits who are seeking your help.

In addition, the news would be good publicity; for there is hardly a newspaper but would print the story of a definite demonstration of super-natural phenomenon. They might not be able to classify or analyze the truth of the story or how it transpired, but at least it would constitute a verification of the earthbound spirits' tale and relieve them from the condition which they claim is binding them to earth.

Likewise it would relieve You, the hypnotist, from further reason for hypnotizing your subject in the hope that You and the subject may be the means of relieving the immoral spirits from their suffering and slavery.

" * * * * they (the disembodied spirits) have always demanded as an essential condition for their freedom that we improve our moral conduct—that we abide by the principles of our religious belief and that we pray fervently for the success of all.

"Wouldn't you call that a constructive method of procedure in principle?"

No. There is *one* constructive method of procedure which they could follow, based on one constructive principle — that is, to

break all magnetic connection with you subject and through him, with You; never to materialize to either of you again; to depart from the association and allow you both to go freely on your way, uninfluenced or unaffected by them. This method of procedure is based upon the constructive principle of individual freedom and morality.

These spiritual entities demand that you and your subject improve your moral conduct and abide by your religious beliefs, that they might be free.

Have You stopped to consider that they make no mention of their own moral conduct? Either they are ignorant of, or are deliberately ignoring a fundamental principle of Nature — that an Individual Intelligence achieves progress, unfoldment, and freedom *only* as a result of his *own* personal effort to improve himself, morally. *Nature admits of no proxies.* Every Individual must work out his own salvation.

If these disembodied intelligences are deliberately ignoring this fact of Nature, they are deliberately endeavoring to confuse and deceive You and your subject. If they are ignorant of this fact, they should then be about their business of learning something of Nature's fundamental principles and processes, rather than exerting their influence to weaken You and your subject by being parties to the destructive process of hypnotism.

This subtle method of appealing to the sympathies of physically embodied people is one of the most effective, yet deadly, methods utilized by vicious spiritual people to blind and beguile deluded humans. The appeal for help is made by playing upon the sympathies of the physically embodied people who come to believe they are rendering a *great service* to the spiritual ones by improving their own moral conduct. And all the time the deluded ones are working and striving to improve them

selves for the benefit of the spiritual ones, the latter are demoralizing and weakening them through the destructive process of hypnotism.

"I have always suggested to my subject while under the hypnotic influence that upon awakening he would be free at all time from my Will or the Will of all other physical or spiritual beings."

In making this suggestion (literally, it is a *command*) your motive may be (and undoubtedly is) right and good. But bear in mind this fact:

Each and every time You induce the hypnotic process in gaining control of your subject, You thereby further weaken his power of Will and further incapacitate him for Individual Freedom. If he were *free* at all times from your Will, or the Will of all other physical or spiritual beings, neither You, nor any other Intelligence, or Intelligences, could hypnotize him. It is against Nature's Laws. In order for You, or any other hypnotist, physical or spiritual, to hypnotize the subject, it is necessary for him to surrender his freedom of Will and submit himself to your dominance. Each time he does this, his power of Will is greatly weakened — then how can he be *free*?

Your intention may be right, but You are on the wrong track.

"We also demanded and obtained communication from superior Spirits of a higher plane who are responsible for the conduct of those admittedly immoral ones — this process was followed until we evolved two planes higher than these Spirits in the magnetic field. Always the requests of these higher entities were good and pure."

How would You, or your subject, *know* that You had contacted "spirits" from a higher realm, or plane? They told You so? But You must not believe all the "spirits" tell

You, for sometimes (in fact, oftentimes) these "spirits" are so far ahead of "Baron Munchausen" that his fabulous tales seem mild in comparison.

How often does one hear that a hypnotic or spiritual message was received from God, from Jesus, from Father Abraham, from Buddha and Confucius, and from the Mother Mary, etc., etc.? If all the messages purportedly received from the Great Souls of the other side of life were factual, there would be little time available for these Great Intelligences to accomplish their own work on their own plane of life and existence.

Naturally it is far more intriguing to physical beings to be in communication with the Great Ones of the other world than with the earthbound Intelligences of the magnetic field. It calls for no great student of psychology to recognize this. Naturally, then, when an earthbound spirit desires to make a deep impression on his physically embodied victims to bind them closer to him, he impersonates some Great and Wise person from the higher realms, and other planets.

In most cases if the hypnotist and his subject actually could see these spiritual Intelligences, they would be shocked; one sight of them would show them to be what they actually are. Some, of course, are sincere but ignorant; most of them are mischievous, or malicious.

When any spiritual Intelligence tells a physically embodied Intelligence that he is Jesus, or Buddha, or God, or the Mother Mary, You can just about be sure that he is a vicious impersonator; for these Great Souls are too busy administering their offices, duties, and responsibilities in their own realms to be darting and flitting about the physical world and its inhabitants, giving messages and sounding words of advice. Intelligences from the higher realms of the spiritual planes do not often return to the

magnetic field (which is necessary) in order to deliver messages and to help physical people. If they desire to help, they do so through delegates from the lower realms who are constructive in their efforts. And when an Intelligence has reached the higher realms, he seldom uses the destructive method and process of hypnotism to render a constructive service.

You, the hypnotist, say your subject knows where the box is. Later You intimate that so far You have failed in locating it, and are inclined to attribute failure to "demons of hell" who are impersonating the immoral spirits of the magnetic field.

The "demons of hell" probably are the immoral spirits of the magnetic field who are impersonating and concocting a story to keep You and your subject busy with the hypnotic method and process until the subject becomes a tool in their hands.

You both are dealing with a very dangerous method. You are on a treacherous road which winds in and out, up and down, to an inevitable slough of mental Chaos and Destruction.

The "buried treasure" tale is analogous to the bale of hay which the farmer always kept before his donkey to urge him on the way.

A Child's Questionnaire

Inez Rice

I can only tell you little things—
Why knotted trees wear hidden rings,
Or why the birds build nests in May,
And why we sing on a summer day.

But if you truly want to know
Where hide the winds when they do not blow,
Perhaps you'd better question God—
He would not think your action odd.

He'll understand, for once He had a Son
Who must have asked Him questions—more than one!

Perfection A Will o' the Wisp?

M. A. B.

Is perfection an unattainable ideal?

Webster defines perfection as "the state, quality, condition of being perfect; supreme excellence, as in design, for action, operation or the like; that degree of completeness which nothing essential or desirable is lacking; the highest attainable degree of development as in skill or culture or excellence; absence of blemish, defect, weakness or fallibility."

The definition is thoughtfully considered. One wonders if "that degree of completeness in which nothing essential or desirable is lacking" is ever reached. All the essentials of a particular thing or condition may be present, yet many may still be desired. Or the desirable qualities may all be present, and the essentials, all or in part, lacking.

Or it may be that to one individual a thing or condition will approach more nearly to perfection than to another individual with entirely different standards. Which is to be the judge?

"Absence of blemish, defect, weakness of fallibility" brings a puzzled wrinkle to the forehead. It is hard for the average individual to imagine anything or any condition which does not have some blemish, defect, weakness, or fallibility to mar its perfection.

For no matter what the achievement, there always seems to be a measure of dissatisfaction with the finished product—a feeling of having fallen short of the goal at some point, in some manner.

A poem is written, a garment fashioned, a picture painted, a new dish concocted, a service performed or accepted. But a word sought in the poem eludes, a word which is needed to express just the right shade of meaning; the finished garment lacks something of smartness or harmony of line; the picture painted seems to have missed by a hair a finer touch of creative expression which the artist labored to put there; the new dish concocted so lately in the kitchen lacks a certain delicacy of flavor desired; the service rendered was not quite wisely given, and the service accepted lacked a grace and sweetness in its reception.

That which is striven for so eagerly today seems never to materialize tomorrow. The struggle for attainment appears to have pushed outward the horizon. So it is that what would be fulfillment today proves upon the realization tomorrow to be unsatisfactory to a greater or lesser degree.

Though we may delude ourselves into believing that Perfection of anything or any condition is just beyond our reach, it ever recedes as we advance, ever escapes our outstretched grasping fingers, ever lures us further on with its promise and mysteriously beautiful light.

Like a will-o'-the-wisp it beckons, and in our effort to follow we advance to more and greater achievements.

How kind, how generous is Nature so to encourage, to lead us so gently, yet inexorably, on to ever-widening fields of vision, ever-expanding realms of thought, ever-increasing opportunities for service and for growth—ever onward toward Perfection.

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.

NATURAL BORN "LAUGHER"

The thought of the magazine and the Work are ever in the background of my heart and I know you will be glad to know that with an increase of cares and responsibilities that came to me, during the past year, I am acquiring a deeper understanding of Life and the true meaning of service and stewardship.

In February, 1935, my son-in-law was killed in an auto accident, and since that time my husband and I have had our daughter and two children with us—and now our big problem is our grand-daughter. All our efforts at normal, reasonable guidance of her, seem to avail so little. She is a model child away from the family, but any bit of advice or control from us meets with furious opposition and her flow of sarcasm is something to wonder at in one so young. She is a Junior in High School, will not mix with others in her class who are much older and we are so perplexed to know what to do that will be the best thing for her.

I hate to shove my burdens on to anyone else, but I am hoping that your superior knowledge and all-round wisdom can shed a bit of light on my problem for which I shall be ever grateful.

Thanking you for your kind thoughts and telling you that I am a natural born "laugher"; even when I used to think my heart was breaking I laughed and sang and still do, altho' my singing must sound a bit cracked these days as my grand-daughter leaves the room every time I start caroling.

Texas

Mrs. L. S.

FUN — A WORLD SAVIOUR

I want to thank you for the glorious uplifting message "The Spirit of Fun." In our struggle to lead the life in conformity with Nature's Constructive Principle, we most certainly need plenty of good cheer and fun to carry us through. It is a poor soul that has no sense of humor. It does not do to be too serious and it is a glorious thing to be able to look at the comic side of life and enjoy good harmless exhilarating fun. It is said the purpose of life is the pursuit of happiness, and we must admit that it is a dickens of a chase; and if it were not for our ability to always try to look on the bright things of life and enjoy the true spirit of fun the task would seem hopeless indeed.

I believe Nature's one great purpose is to make us supremely happy now and always if we will work with her constructively; and in order to be happy we must have the spirit of fun—the fun of being alive and knowing the continuity of life, the fun to do and dare, the fun of being able to stand up like little He-men and She-women.

Good happy thoughts in the spirit of fun are uplifting,

joyous, harmless, constructive. **Fun**—you glorious thing—you are one of the world's saviours.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Lover of Fun

CONTINUE PRINTING!

One suggestion I will offer regarding the magazine is that you continue printing it. I have been a reader of the Harmonic Philosophy for several years. During the years previous to that I studied many creeds and isms, looking for a "city which hath foundations"—all ending in final disappointment. My viewpoint has been changed, thanks to those "Great Friends" who have so faithfully and lovingly watched and guarded my earnest search.

Once in a while I have the privilege of dropping a word to someone who is struggling toward the Light, but always careful not to place my "pearls before swine."

Nothing has ever come into my life, and I am just past 66, that has brought the comfort and peace, by dispersing the fear, that this teaching has brought to me. And my wish is "more power to the publishers of 'To You.'"

Dalton, Mass.

Fred G. Sears

GOOD COMMENT

I liked very much "YOU" by Philip Foster, and I found interesting the "Amy Dumbrell" article. Having done considerable analyzing along this line of thought, one conclusion I arrived at is: We begin to hate individuals when they begin to hinder our own expression and the more they hinder us in freely expressing ourselves, the more we change from dislike and aversion to active hatred. It is more a condition of hating a hindrance, than thinking of them as other entities; and of forgetting our own responsibility in the matter.

Whenever one is constantly hindered by another individual, or bossed or bullied, or made unhappy, he begins to think of all the things he would do—if that one were out of his life. And this is a dangerous trend of thought that may end in tragedy—by training the subconscious to think "eliminate him." It seems so difficult to get away from the idea of governing our treatment of others by their treatment of us and considering what we owe them, rather than considering our personal responsibility and what we owe to humanity, God, or Nature, and ourselves, and the fact we may be attracting this unpleasantness.

Only those who have had similar experiences can possibly understand these things. And those who have know that life will punish this woman almost beyond endurance and that death would be far easier than to continue with life here. But also that from these horrible experiences is often born a new creature who will ever after seek the constructive way—

asking nothing more of life than to have her reasonable needs supplied and an opportunity to render service to others with the knowledge gained.

It is very easy for those who know nothing of the conditions this woman has been living in to blame, criticise and judge her; when perhaps the truth of the matter is traceable back to her childhood and early environment and wrong training or lack of right training. If we all had the same early training and the same degree of intelligence and an equal start in life, we might just possibly be justified and qualified to judge our erring brothers and sisters. Most of us really haven't come very far from the cave. When the veneer of Civilization is scratched and the sensitive primeval nerves are touched, it takes an iron will and a high degree of intelligence to enable one to keep his balance and not go berserk. And as to being "possessive," I wonder if that is not a natural characteristic—to be possessive with those we love, until thru learning a better way, we are able to control at least our conduct along these lines.

The words "my mother, my father"—what is more expressive than these? Yet what is sweeter than the meaning they convey? The one individual in the world, perhaps, whom we feel is our very own. Who loves us just as we are—good or bad and always thinks we mean to do right no matter how bad we may be. So we say—mine, mine, mine! with a sense of almost worship when we speak of them; and no doubt the possessiveness is carried into the love relation—more often than not.

Your analysis of the case is very good indeed and no doubt will be very helpful to many who are facing such conditions. But what about the responsibility of the husband and father in these cases? Shall a man follow where he is attracted, regardless of his domestic vows and responsibilities, while the wife and mother watches the home fire alone and tries to arouse the flickering flame and guard the offspring? Isn't the man duty bound to the home, the same as the woman, and to the offspring, or does his physical presence and material support fill his obligation—as many of them seem to believe? I think not.

It seems to be an almost nationally accepted fact, that if a man provides materially for the wife and children, he leaves for another love, he has done his duty and shall be received as a respected member in society. Yet the woman who deserts her husband and children is loathed, even where they do not need her material support. Why the difference? Is it truly a man's world after all, or are we, the people, responsible for this double standard? If marriage and the home are no longer sacred responsibilities, what have we left? Of course we all make mistakes along these lines until we learn better—sometime, somewhere—but what of our children growing up in the midst of such practices?

How will they feel about the responsibilities of marriage and child-rearing and parenthood?

Missouri

Regular Reader

FROM ENGLAND

Another year is gone so I am enclosing my subscription for the magazine. It has become so much a part of our life that to be without it would be a "want" indeed.

I was most interested in Dr. Woodward's contribution and at the same time somewhat surprised—very gladly—that he held such splendid principles to be the foundation of his own writings. Some thirteen years ago I was a student in

one of his classes, so you can imagine how pleased I was to meet him again on your pages.

It is such a comfort to have someone who can be depended upon to give the truth about all circumstances of life and death and also train one to arrive at the right course to take in one's own problems.

After having read the Harmonic Series I desired a magazine so that I could get real contact with others who held similar views, so "To You" answered my prayer. Thank You.

The magazine gets better each issue—one thing it lacks—being a mother, I should appreciate an article occasionally on how best to present the Truth so that what the child is taught at school may be explained in such a way so as not to cause a conflict in the child's mind re, The Holy Communion. By the time the magazine fills all readers' needs it will be as large as the "American." Would it were!

My mother worries terribly if the magazine is a day late. It is more than food to her. She is 84 years old and enjoys every page of it.

May you be blessed and guided in your Great Work, my prayer.

London, England

M. E. Mc—

A YOUTH DEPRIVED

Will now, after a month's waiting, give my thanks for the "Spirit of Fun." It was great and good tidings to one that a youth was deprived of Fun because it was understood to Sin.

Grantsburg, Wis.

Carl J. Carlson

A NEW FRIEND

I was in the Broadway Department Store the other day and went over to the magazine stand. I asked Miss — she had anything new in my line, and she walked over to the magazine rack and handed me a copy of "To You."

I have found the magazine most interesting, and it may be because I am much interested in natural things, also spiritual things and their relationship. All life is very interesting to me, and the articles under "What Do You Think?" were quite interesting.

I am enclosing herewith an account of an experience I had some years ago at Needles, California. I have found much room for thought in this occurrence, and also so many others I have experienced in which material and spiritual relationships were very interesting.

I like your magazine. It is the most interesting publication of its kind I have ever read, and would it be of my benefit to "To You" if I subscribe by the year? or pick up my copy down town?

Los Angeles, Calif.

J. K. P.

A WHOLESOME OUTLOOK

A half-sister of mine made the transition the 19th of December. She is one of those rare individuals, born with charm for both sexes and loved by little children. I had promised my daughters a party New Year's Eve, so I went ahead with plans for it, though realizing this is rather shocking to some acquaintances. But shouldn't we who know life goes on, be the ones to destroy that old myth of the hour of mourning, and the practice of making everyone around miserable—when a loved one goes out like the sunset

rise with the dawn in a broader and freer life? If we mourn as do those who have only hope and some faith that life goes on, and a good many doubts, how can we point the way? And how thus fulfill our responsibilities of living up to the knowledge we do possess at a given time?

Naturally, the grief of those who are bound to us, reacts upon us in sympathy for them; but it seems worse to disappoint the living and make them unhappy, than to shock a few of the "conventions-or-bust" acquaintances. Your viewpoint would be interesting and educational, especially as to our responsibility in the matter of right example and living up to our own knowledge — that **life goes on**. With the sorrow of my father on my heart, it was difficult to go on making Merry Christmas for those about me, since we are so closely united in sympathy and understanding and he is old and unfit to have these shocks, but very brave always.

I trimmed a tree and put up wreaths and did as nearly as possible the regular activities and tried to be just as cheerful; and though Dad was pulling at my heart strings all the time, I don't believe anyone could notice it. And of course, in the midst of the party and enjoyment, there was my sympathy for the mother and the relatives who do not really know beyond a doubt — as I do — that life goes on.

Kansas City, Kan.

One Who Knows.

A LEAVEN IN THOUGHT AND ACTION

The Philosophy of Individual Life continues to be the leaven in my thought and action and although it works slowly in this particular instance, battling its way against selfishness and vanity, resentment and fear, still it does work. In checking up I ask myself, "Am I less prone to indulge in self-pity than I was five years ago? Sometimes do I pass up an opportunity to exercise intellectual vanity? Have I gained a little in the conquest of fear?" And although the answers are regrettably weak, they are quite truthfully "yes."

After a good deal of latent incubation and half-conscious formulation, an idea will present itself in a clear enough form to be the basis of an article. Naturally it is based on the literature of Natural Science; naturally it belongs to you. When they are of use to you in the magazine, I am happy to have them printed. When they aren't, I still have derived my benefit at the expense, I am afraid, of boring you.

May the powers that be bless your efforts to give your message to humanity. May the number of individuals who are ready to receive that message grow to such an extent that their influence will be felt in all the activities of our physical world.

Price, Utah

H. P. T.

A YOUNG MAN, SEARCHING

I have been well pleased with the magazine thus far; it has helped me in the line of constructive thought considerably. It has been getting better each month; my hope is to see its improvement for another year.

I have been intensely interested in studying the Harmonics of Evolution, and have enjoyed all of the articles which have elucidated any of the truths of that volume. I am at present going with a girl friend, and have been going with her for six months. That is one of the big reasons I am anxious to learn all I can about companionship and marriage. We are in the process of making a final decision as to whether we want each other or not. So that is why I don't want to lose

any time in gaining knowledge in that respect. I have learned much from **Harmonics** but with help I believe I can learn very much more. If I could receive some questions to help me think and dig deep so I could gain a knowledge of the facts in that book I would be pleased. My Uncle has helped me some but he seems to be too busy to help me now and I feel that I need to be doing all that I can in that direction.

I have enjoyed the articles that pertain to Completion in the November issue, and the others as Individual Completion, Happiness, and related subjects pertaining to proper mating. Especially one on Marriage in the September number which was very good. I let my girl friend read it and she thought it was very good also.

"Scales of the Wall, an experience in Telepathy" was enjoyed. I wish I could receive help in a better analysis of it.

Benjamin, Utah

C. A. T.

MORE "FUN"

I am indebted and very thankful for "The Spirit of Fun." It raised my faith, hope and ambition from despondency and near despair, to new heights. That it should come to one so far down the ladder is (to me) wonderful. I shall try to respond with greater effort in my struggle up the ladder.

Roosevelt, Utah

S. H. S.

IS THIS "JOHNNY"?

Is this our same Johnny — writing the letter in January "Personally Speaking"? The Johnny that makes one feel like getting out the bread-and-butter and cookies, and saying while he smoothes a towled head, (to ourselves) "what a good mind he has, and yet how sweetly he retains the spirit of childhood"? This letter is so ghastly true it seems grown up, except just at the very end. And it brings to mind once more that major question — "How can these boys escape, in a land disgraced by 'the draft'?" A land where the conscientious objector is jailed and branded a coward, because he refuses to join in the ballyhoo and mount the band wagon, and then take part in the massacre.

If the wives, sweethearts and mothers, could tell their side of it too, it might be impressive to the war lords, unless they have so hardened their hearts that these relationships have no hold on them. These women who have taken up the burden of reorganizing homes — broken beyond complete repair; living with loved ones periodically insane, with their moral standards shattered and their sense of security and balance gone, yet trying to forget the horrors of war — in questionable diversions — sometimes cruel and often sorry for the things they do, without quite understanding why they do them or what it's all about, and sometimes living in dread they will, in one of these moods, harm their loved ones or alienate them entirely, being very dependent upon this love to just carry on.

One man who was in six battles and returned in what was pronounced good condition — on his discharge — says, "I am just now beginning to forget the horror of it." But his wife and family never can forget — for they have lived with it constantly ever since — in the condition described above. And this is only one of thousands, some worse than others. If war ended with the last battle, or even with the poor wrecks placed in hospitals to live out the rest of their lives, we might be able to say with some degree of truth, it was under control; but since it doesn't — but wrecks its women and children as well, and ends only God knows where, if ever

—let every one who cares decide now—that they will not bear arms outside their own country, and then only if attacked; and the women that they will use all the influence they have—against war—before it is even begun. If we would save ourselves in the future, and save our loved ones and our nation, now's the time to decide what we are going to do about it, or we may be like the man who said they didn't have Xmas at his house because Santa came to the door and the wolf ate him up before he could enter!

Amarillo, Texas

Jackie M. Hunter

GRATITUDE

I should like to be able to express to you the gratitude which I feel in my heart. You have brought the greatest gift that one can receive, the teachings of Natural Science.

Since I first read the Harmonic Series I have been earnestly striving to live my life constructively and in harmony with the teachings. Of course I often fail but I still keep trying for I know that I am on the right road with my face toward the South. I have found in those teachings an answer to my every question and I shudder to think what life would be without them.

The magazine is getting better all the time. It is a wonderful inspiration and I look forward to it eagerly each month.
Long Beach, Calif.

Mary L. T——

PLUS ULTRA — ?

The enclosure entitled "Plus Ultra" is by Mr. A. G. Miller. In response to a question as to why attempts to define the individual makes it appear unreal, I received the letter inclosed. It seems to be pertinent not only to the definition of an individual but also to the School's definition of Truth, which puzzled me.

PLUS ULTRA

Yes, I have seen the vision ineffable. Express it, I can not, but try to express it, I must.

That which is true, is true. That which may be, but is not yet, also is true.

We know not all that may be. Time is Being. Life is Change. Nothing exists in and for itself, but only in and for the Whole.

The individual is real, but cannot be defined—attempts to define it make it appear an unreality.

Choice is real—by our choices we make ourselves and our environment. Even our illusions are real—so long as they last. Neither they nor anything else may last unchanging and unchanged.

Nothing is static—or only "nothing" is static.—Nothing has an end. "Nothing" is a delusion. The unchanged and unchanging are nothingness. Nothingness is not real.

Life has limitless possibilities and significances undreamed. If we have courage, patience, and ability to learn by experience, we may become what we will.

"Not always," you may say, "We may make a wrong choice which will wipe us out of existence." Yes, as individuals, perhaps—possibly as a race—but forces persist, and somehow, some way, somewhere, the forces which make up our being will go on, and no doubt will carry with them the effects of our experience.

It is not that our bodies are not important—they are—but in the long view they are but little more permanent than the clothes they wear.

If we have sufficient knowledge of conditions, the wisdom and will to use it, and patience and persistence, we may mould events as we like, and bend all others to our purpose. "But they may bend us?" Of course. How else? Yet in the infinity of endless eons it may be that only those purposes and endeavors which promote the highest welfare of the Whole can survive and prosper. Indeed, how could it be otherwise?

Dear Mrs. C.:

As for the "philosophy"—Every real thinker should encounter something of a dilemma. Briefly, it is this—Logic IS the science of CORRECT thinking. Logic can NEVER be ACCURATE. The solution—if there is one—No intellectual truths can be absolute; no thinking entirely correct, no solutions final.

If any thing is certain, it is that everything we know, or can know, is in some way "related" to us, and all things which have relations with each other form some sort of "whole." It is also as nearly obvious as is anything, that what we know of those things other than ourselves is concerned with their RELATIONS, and NOT with "what they are in themselves."

To "define" anything, we must—in imagination—cut it off from everything "external" to itself. That means from some, or all, of its relations. But as the relations are such that we in fact know about anything, to cut off any relation is to detach what is actually to us an essential part of the "thing" defined. Therefore every possible definition is inaccurate and incomplete, yet logic to be effective MUST define all its terms as accurately as it can. Logic, as applied to actual events, is not, and can not be, an "exact science." It is essentially a matter of careful procedure and good judgment. Mathematics is a branch of logic. In the abstract the only requirement is that it be self-consistent. Whether or not it applies—and how far it applies—to anything in "actual experience" can be ascertained only by COMPARING IT WITH ACTUAL EXPERIENCE.

When one not familiar with these facts—and few people ARE familiar with them—attempts to define an "individual," the more intelligent he is, the more likely is he to conclude that "there aint no sech animal." ANYTHING, defined, becomes an abstraction, and it is difficult to consider anything which CAN NOT be defined as "an individual." In fact, it appears that any individual is REAL only as and where it forms an integral part of THE WHOLE.

(1) In other words, while there is in each individual something unique—which makes it "an individual"—even this uniqueness can not exist alone, but only as a part of a whole from which it can not actually be separated.

(2) I wonder if this clears up the point in question. If not, what could? Or can you point out any flaw in the statements of facts, or in the reasoning from them?

Sincerely, and with best wishes,

A. G. Miller

I asked and received Mr. Miller's permission to send this letter to "To You."

Asheville, N. C.

Clemma H. Chase

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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LOVE

Margaret E. Rendall

Is Love a consuming fire
Which takes all,
Devouring life in its highest?
Or is it rather a beautiful thing,
Giving, taking,— equally—
A thing a-sparkle with joy,
Ablaze with jewels
Which set upon thee
Makes a crown
Rarer than that
Worn by any king?

Ah, in very truth, sometimes
I doubt my own belief
In holding high my
Dreams of that
Greatest of Greatest
Emotions—Love.

Or, is it an emotion?
Does it not soon
Become a part of one's soul—
A part woven with
Intricate design into
Our lives that we
May become as
Gods to men?

What e're your answer,
Pray remember that
E'en though you
Know not what
It is . . . 'twill go
On and on throughout Eternity!
Nor will it change
One iota out of the
Path of Nature's Laws
Merely because we
Cannot give a
True definition.

Like a dove it flies
Pure and sweet,
Captivating, enthralling,
Entrancing.
Yet are we made
Finer and deeper
By our own experience
With Love.

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