

THE PHILOSOPHY OF
INDIVIDUAL LIFE



An Individual Intelligence.

Vol 4-5
The Marriage of Convenience

- ◆ *"Feed My Lambs"*
- ◆ *Art and Music of Bible Times*
- ◆ *Spiritual or Spirituel—Which?*
- ◆ *Rambling Thoughts of an Engineer*

THE RIGHT OF CHOICE

Life Here and Hereafter Has A Common Development

and A Common Purpose

TO YOU!

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

Volume Four

July, 1937

Number Five

CONTENTS

THE RIGHT OF CHOICE.....	(To You) 129
THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.....	(The Great Highway) 140
SPIRITUAL OR SPIRITUEL—WHICH?.....	(Your Morals) 151
THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC (Art and Music of Bible Times)	Verna B. Richardson 132
PINE NEEDLES	Joseph A. Sadony 134
THE WORLD MOVES ALONG	J. W. Norwood 135
SOLILOQUY	Helen B. Thurman 136
"FEED MY LAMBS".....	Estella Falla 138
OPINION IS AN AGENCY.....	Herbert Spencer 139
TO YOUR HEALTH! (Skin Elimination).....	Violet Ultra 144
RAMBLING THOUGHTS OF AN ENGINEER.....	A. K. 145
"SAN QUENTIN"	Mary-Lou Fletcher 148
"EVERYTHING IS THUNDER"	Ire Brandon 149
AKIN TO NATURE	Ambro S. Park 150
THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS.....	Lloyd Gething 154
A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.....	Audrey Thompson 154
WHAT DO YOU THINK?.....	155
RICHES	John L. Billups Back Cover
Cover and Designing.....	Johnny Richardson
EDITORIALS by	THE GREAT SCHOOL OF NATURAL SCIENCE

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

Distributed by
Pioneer Press
1319 N. Martel Ave.
Hollywood, Calif.

TO YOU is published monthly at Hollywood, California. Editorial headquarters 3272 Marmont Lane. Copyright, 1937 by Noneta Richardson. Yearly subscription price \$2.50, single copy 25 cents. Entered as Second-Class Matter, June 14, 1934 at the Post Office in Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages.

To You . . .

ust You

The Right of Choice

ONE of the most profound gifts in all Nature is the *Right of Choice*. Without this great gift evolution would be impossible — that is, independent, Individual, Conscious Evolution, as well as Independent, Individual, Voluntary Devolution.

The Right of Choice is apparent in the lower strata of the animal kingdom and becomes more pronounced as the animal Intelligence evolves, until in the higher types of animal life it is markedly evident. Anyone who is familiar with cats and dogs, horses and cows, readily can understand and recognize this. Your dog will choose to eat certain things and refuse others. Your cat will choose to do certain things and repeatedly refuse to do others until suddenly it will choose to do otherwise and reverse its own actions. You may train it to do many things and enforce obedience, in which case its act is not the result of its individual choice, except secondarily. Of course it chooses to do the thing You demand rather than take punishment for not doing it, but primarily it is not its choice.

You may say it is instinct that impels the animal to do certain things and refuse others. But if You will study more carefully, You will recognize the difference between the things done instinctively and those done through right of choice; and that this Right

You May Have Rights, but You May Not Be Righteous. You May Make A Choice But Lack the Control to Execute It.

of Choice is limited according to the degree of its Intelligence.

Primitive man also is limited in the degree of his Right of Choice. But as the experience and knowledge of the same Individual increases and unfolds, the radius of his possibilities of choice expands and his power becomes greater. The higher the civilization the wider and broader are the possibilities of choice.

As the highest type of Man is reached it is found that he is constantly utilizing his Right of Choice. From the color of your lipstick and hair, from the brand of your shaving cream and razor, from the class of barber or bobber, from the church You attend to the society You join; from the political party You vote for to the moral standard by which You live your life — in all You are called upon to use your Right of Choice.

The word "*right*" is one worthy of examination and study as it has many significances and angles in its various applications. Some day when You are wanting for interesting intellectual occupation, consult your large unabridged dictionary and study the several definitions. You will find plenty of opportunity to expend your mental energy in a constructive line.

The word at this time is used as a noun, mean-

ing: "2. a. specif. A power, privilege, condition of existence, or the like, to have or enjoy, to which one has a natural claim; as, the *right* of liberty." (Webster)

There it is. You have "a natural claim" to make your choice. You have the natural *right* as an inheritance from The Great Creative Intelligence. Your fellowman may deprive You of the ability to execute your choice, but he cannot deprive You of the *Right* to make it. In other words, your fellowman may put You in jail regardless of your choice in the matter, but he cannot deprive You of your power to choose *not* to go.

Every human being has this inherited Right of Choice from the immoral man, the libertine, the petty thief and the prostitute, to the altruist and the philanthropist, the moral and the highly evolved. All have this wondrous gift among their actual possessions. The criminal has the same Right of Choice as the most moral of men. He has the right to choose to commit crime as well as the moral man has the right to choose not to commit crime.

Very often the word *right* is confused with *righteousness*, which has to do with the moral aspect. *Right* does not specifically apply to morality; it has reference to a *natural power*. As a majority of people associate the word "moral" with sexual matters only, — whereas there is a vast realm of morality and immorality completely disassociated from it, — so there are those who misapply the meaning of *right*. The criminal has the *right of choice* to commit a crime if he chooses (and is willing to pay his price to society); but at the same time he is not acting "*righteously*."

You may or may not have another very valuable possession — Self-Control. If You have it, (fortunate person) You have *earned* it; it is not a gift bestowed upon You by The Great Intelligence. The *power* to control yourself is a gift from The

Great Beneficent, but the actual quality of *Self-Control* is an earned increment.

The same is true of the Right of Choice. The *right* of choice is a gift from The Great Creator; but the actual choice is made by *You*.

This again is evidence of Nature's wondrous plan and purpose of individualizing Intelligence through growth and experience. You receive certain gifts, but You must utilize and apply them if You would derive benefit from them. You have to do the work with them, otherwise they are of no use or benefit to You. As You make use of and apply them You gain experience; as You gain experience You grow and unfold and individualize your Intelligence.

But most people are not looking for work — is it not a pity that God, or Nature, did not make You perfect and furnish You with all achievements in the beginning instead of loading You down with all these complex problems? Well, in the Great Wisdom it was not done, so it is apparent You will have to worry along as best You can.

And after worrying along for a time, suddenly You will find yourself confronted with the problem of making a choice and not having the Self-Control to execute it. Then what?

For instance: You are going merrily along your way when suddenly You are confronted with the problem of choosing between a state of health and a desire to overeat. You are called upon to exercise your Right of Choice—which You do, in favor of the state of health. But You lack something in carrying your choice through to a successful conclusion. What is it? Self-Control. You have the *power* but You lack in application of it.

Or maybe You decide that You will not repeat that little intoxication spree You had last week because it gave You a "head." You exercise your *right* and make your choice. This is all well and good and your choice is fine until one day You find yourself in the

midst of a group of convivial friends who invite You to have just one little drink. You take it. Then You have another, as You hardly felt the effects of the first one, and again exercise your *right of choice* to take the second. You continue on applying your *right of choice* in taking each drink, but in the end what has happened to your first choice not to drink again? You made the choice, but wherein was the failure? In your lack of applying your gift of the *power* of control.

Or perhaps You, fair lady, choose to do no more philandering, but do You? Your choice is all right, and no one questions your right to make it; but what goes wrong? A good-looking, attractive man crosses your pathway and while You remember the choice You made, still You lack the ability to carry it through. Your Self-Control is weak.

And here You have the Right of Choice and the Power of Self-Control all bound up with the Moral Order in Nature, wherein the Right of Choice is of the utmost value and importance to You, as an Individual Intelligence travelling your Road to the South toward Conscious Evolutionary Progress.

The animal, being neither moral nor immoral, is limited in its power to choose; but Man, being capable of both morality and immorality, finds an ever-widening scope in which to make his Right of Choice as he advances in knowledge, information, and personal experience.

The cravings of a Soul for satisfaction grow greater and greater as it advances along the pathway leading either to the North or to the South, and there are much finer distinctions to be made as it evolves.

You so dislike to go to work and slave all day in the office, or store, or foundry, or studio, or theatre. You hate to pound out words on the typewriter, or do housework, or feed the chickens, or care for the babies. You

rebel against doing these things, but just the same You choose to do them. You are not absolutely forced to do them, You could refuse; but You don't. Why? Because there are other things You want to accomplish, there are responsibilities You desire to discharge, there are material advantages You wish to gain, and there are psychical achievements You wish to attain, so You make your choice and continue doing the things You do not like to do. You exercise your *right of choice* in doing things You do not like to do in order that You may accomplish the things You want to do. And You exercise your Power of Self-Control in doing them.

Look at the mollusk which has no worries and has very little, if any, choice to make. But who wants to be a mollusk? No, Nature has given You a more involved existence to live through. She has provided that You must constantly make your choice between two or more things in life. You cannot change that provision, so You may as well accept it, try to understand it, and co-operate with it intelligently — and You will find that Nature is most lavish with her rewards to You.

Man may be able, through the use of machinery, to free himself from physical labor; but there are no ways or means by which he can free the Individual from the labor he must expend in the building of his own character. He may ease the physical burden of his fellowmen, but he cannot ease the burden that each Individual must carry as he strives toward his own goal of Perfection and Happiness. He may make the choice in matters of directing business, but he cannot make the choice for the Individual as to whether or not he shall build his Temple of Moral Character, in all its beauty and strength and dignity. That is his inalienable right; that is his glorious privilege.

The Spirit of Music . . .

Art and Music of Bible Times

Verna B. Richardson

AS HAS been previously shown, religion has been the underlying inspiration for the art, music and literature of all ages and of all peoples. Therefore, it is only natural that every artist, musician and writer of his time should be impelled to prove the power of his skill thru his presentation of sacred subjects. Art, music and literature were inclined toward the religious because people have always been dependent upon some form of religion for their inspiration. Their customs and activities have been based upon some spiritual idea or ideal, no matter what form it took. To quote from Max Muller, "There never was a false god, nor was there ever really a false religion, unless you call a child a false man."

Thus, in man's beginnings we find the spiritual ideal taking on many strange forms, wherein the forces of nature are pictured as deities. So, too, the various emotions expressed by man, such as anger, fear, love, hatred and the attributes of generosity, sympathy, and the like, are all given a place in the gallery of the gods. We find the active results of all these forces also cast in the role of gods, to be worshipped and placated as the case may be. Who was it who said, "If there were no god, it would be necessary to create one"?

The things man is in ignorance of, he fears. The things he does not understand, he clothes in superstition. Thus in his struggle for knowledge he builds a structure that must eventually be torn down, in order that he may be freed from mental and emotional slavery. He himself, as he struggles upward toward the light, eventually tears apart the false material with

which he has surrounded those things which he neither knows, recognizes nor understands, and divests them of all mysticism. When he has reached this point, he is often surprised at the very simplicity of Truth and wonders why it has taken him so long to recognize it.

It was from the latter part of the fifteenth century that the great artists of their time began their illustrations of the Bible. They interpreted the teachings thru their picturization. It would be impossible here to give even a hundredth part of the various examples of their pictured interpretation. The best way to pass on this most interesting information is to suggest the reading of Clifton Harby's "The Bible in Art," or "Twenty Centuries of Famous Bible Paintings." In this book you get the Bible quotation and the reproductions of the various paintings that illustrate the quotations. From these magnificent examples of art we cannot fail to realize the spiritual and divine inspiration that descended upon the artists who devoted so much of their lives to this work.

Take as an example, the Creation of Light, the Dividing of Light from Darkness, the Separation of the Water from the Land, the Creation of Sun, Moon and Stars. In other words, the creation of the world as written in Genesis. All these ideas of creation have been illustrated by various artists throughout the centuries, following the fifteenth A.D. and each one differs from all the rest in that it is a personal concept of the individual artist who made the picture.

We read in the Scriptures of dancing and singing, and mention is made of the "music of

cymbals," also of the ram's horn and the lyre. There is no doubt that many of these instruments depicted in the sculptured art of Egypt and other ancient peoples were in use for many centuries thereafter and as has been shown, are in use today in some modified form.

The great musicians of the past have also been inspired by the Bible to write some of the most glorious music known to man. The most beautiful examples of classic, religious music is that written by the various great masters of the past four or five centuries. The majority of the music was written for the Catholic ritual, which was predominant in the early Christian era. It is easy to see why this was so, for the pageantry and elaborate ceremonies appealed to all the senses of man's nature. Take the combination of incense, chanting, bells, organ, and the magnificence of altar decorations and priestly robes, coupled with impressive processions, flickering candles and colored windows, mural decorations and architectural beauty, and every esthetic nerve is atingle and responsive. These things signify beauty to the average individual and will always arouse within him a desire to create something to match it. It makes no difference what or which the god, if he be embellished and surrounded with beauty that appeals to the senses, his hold on man's intelligence is great. Man is enslaved by and thru his senses as well as inspired by the things he hears, sees, feels, tastes and smells.

If man can be enslaved thru his senses, he can also, thru self-control and use of his sense of proportion, achieve liberation. However, it is much easier to succumb to the charm of the things that appeal to one's senses, than it is to control the manner of one's participation and to keep one's mentality alert and in perfect balance. We generally choose the easiest way.

One can readily see how very wise to the ways of man were the members of the Society of Jesus. The heads of the Church of Rome merely renamed the many temple gods that were formerly worshipped by the pagans of

Greece and Rome and they were thereafter known as Saints. And so, from the simple, direct teachings of One called Jesus, came a sensuous, glittering ritualism and pageantry, that out-paganned the pagans. Truth's garb of simplicity was now discarded and replaced with the tinsel of false splendor, cloaked in mysticism, that enslaved the minds of men. Thus have the powers of evil and destruction, all thru the ages, distorted Truth to serve their own ends and thus has the crucifixion been made a perpetual and daily occurrence.

There have been those who have endeavored to strip religion of its unnecessary habiliments and return to a more simple form of presenting the teachings of Jesus and they also have been tortured in the doing. Today, the world over, we see before us the results of the distorted ideas and false values that have been put forth in the name of religion and, of all things, in the name of Christianity. We hear the words spoken, on certain religious anniversaries, 'Peace on earth, good will toward men' to the accompaniment of the cannon's roar. Men are hung for committing a single murder, while others are extolled and raised to high places for wholesale murder. We need only ask ourselves in the face of such things, can this be civilization, and if so, what kind of civilization is it?

There is a movement on foot today, however, that gives hope of sometime bringing into conscious, active play the constructive, healing principle that will eventually replace discord with comparative harmony. By means of radio and motion pictures we are able to tune in on the rest of the world and are thus enabled to become better acquainted with others of the human race. This tends to bring about a better understanding of universal problems and world conditions that otherwise would be lost to us. We can see the mistakes that humanity is making; we can see, feel and hear the sufferings of those who operate in ignorance of the great spiritual law, and we can also better understand the meaning of the

struggle to maintain a balance between the upward swing and downward pull of the contesting forces of Nature.

This conscious movement I speak of, is the interchange of the music of the peoples of the world, by means of international hookup. While we listen to the lovely folk music of other nations as they lift their voices in song accompanied by their own native instruments, we feel how much akin we are to these others of the human family and we cannot help but wonder, after all, why anyone should want to wipe out all this beauty and kill those who have so much to give to the rest of the world. The universal use of music of the right sort would, in time, bring about the true brotherhood of man and cause the Spirit of Light and Truth to live once more in the hearts of men.

We have seen examples in past history when the destructive forces have been in the ascendancy, how the cultural arts have died out and how quickly humanity has retrogressed and deteriorated. We have also seen the other side of the medallion, which shows the reawakening of the human race and a consciousness of spiritual truth, whenever the music and art of a nation have developed and begun to make themselves felt. Music is a universal spiritual principle and as such should be studied and applied to the daily activities of the world at large. Its healing influence, if rightly used, would in time bring about a more understandable basis upon which to build a future civilization; a civilization not blinded by hatred, greed and the lust for human sacrifice, a civilization that may realize a few of the ideals brot to this physical plane by the various great teachers and masters of the ages; a civilization that may reap the benefits of loving "thy neighbor as thyself," thru loving the beautiful in Nature and by recognizing the spiritual value thereof; and lastly, a civilization that will, in time, thru the application of the harmonic principle, bring the balance of power to the side of Peace and Understanding.

So mote it be. Amen and Amen.

Pine Needles...

Joseph A. Sadony



JULY reminds us that industry and tilling the soil are the foundation to man.

A tree can bear good fruit only after it has proven its blossoms and foliage.

How like Man!

* * * * *

Were it not for the drought, the roots would not dig deep into the ground for moisture,

Thereby giving a stronger support when the storms tear down the unworthy weak.

By this labor underground, unseen, unsung, the fruit tree is proved worthy to produce fruit, fragrance, and beauty.

* * * * *

Humility: The roots extending down deep, forming character that will withstand the storm that uproots the personality of many leaves and shallow roots.

* * * * *

If the roots of your plant have not experienced the depths of the solid ground, you cannot expect to build a great and fitting monument above.

* * * * *

Obey the simple things of life and the big things will not overthrow you. Choose the correct grains of sand and the house of bricks will not crumble.

* * * * *

Do not be forced to think only that which touches your senses. Control your thought before your senses are awakened by reaction.

* * * * *

Are you firm and decisive in your purpose and demand, so that environments may not deter you?

If not, don't complain at your failure to make good.

* * * * *

The air is filled with music and knowledge by the broadcaster; but if you wish to hear and learn, you must come half way: You must build a receiver, (a want), and your mind and heart will be filled as you will . . .

And thus with God's Great Broadcasting Station, of which your own is but a shadow.

* * * * *

Your brain and body are like a piano
Upon which your thought can play any tune it wills.

* * * * *

Acquaintances: Those with whom occasional contact has not as yet produced the familiarity which breeds contempt (among the ignorant) or respect (among the intelligent).

Acquaintances are the cast iron which, if it survive the flames of experience (the test of fire followed by the chills of doubt), becomes tempered steel capable of retaining the magnetic soul of loyal friendship.

The World Moves Along...

J. W. Norwood

WHITES WEEP, INDIANS ROAR

WASHINGTON, March 13. (AP)—The government learned today that what brings tears to white men's eyes may make Indians laugh.

A few whites and children of a Southwest tribe had gathered for a free showing of a widely publicized film at an Indian reservation.

The movie's action went about like this:

An infuriated penniless man made his way into the mansion of a millionaire, and, upbraiding him for a dissolute life, threatened to kill him.

His hands trembling, the poor intruder related years of standing in breadlines. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, he suddenly sank to the floor in tears.

"The whites were visably affected," said the officer of Indian education in a field letter, "and more than one eye was moist for the plight of the honest working man unable to provide for wife and kiddies."

But what about the rest of the audience?

"From the Indian children," the letter continued, "there arose a spontaneous roar of laughter when the accusing avenger weakly collapsed and wept."

With them, the officials explained, there are times for laughter or tears and times for calm bravery. The last is when one faces or challenges the enemy.

"With the sanction of their training," the experts summed up, "the children accepted the climax for comedy and laughed."
(Hollywood Citizen)

THE TROUBLE WITH EDUCATION

The trouble with education is that it can be sold, but it cannot be bought. No matter how much is paid, no matter how much time, effort, and care are contributed by others, no one can become really educated without his own efforts.

—Dr. Alan Valentine, President, University of Rochester.
(Asheville Times)

WHY YOU ARE SMART

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., June 3.—(AP)—The intelligence of human beings ranging all the way from idiots to Nobel prize winners depends largely on the brain's blood supply, Dr. Henry H. Donaldson of Philadelphia said today in his presidential address before the American Neurological Association.

The size of the human brain, about three pounds, and the number of cells it contains is almost constant in all human beings whether idiots, criminals, ordinary individuals or distinguished scientists.

"In highly intelligent individuals," said Doctor Donaldson, "the blood vessels feeding the brain are larger and more numerous. Thus the machine is alike for all, but the fuel fed to it is different for each individual."
(L. A. Herald)

AN UNUSUAL PROFESSION

The famous Firth of Forth Railroad Bridge in Scotland has a permanent staff of 30 painters who spend the whole of their lives painting the bridge. They start at one end and do not stop until they reach the other; then they start all over again. Fifty tons of iron paint and three years are needed to cover the structure from end to end. No ordinary painter can be a Forth Bridge painter; he must come to the Bridge as a boy and be reared on its giddy heights. When these men die their sons step up to take their places. — John Thomas, *Railroad Stories*

HUGE NEW MILKY WAY

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 3.—(Universal Service.)—Harvard University astronomers have discovered a Milky Way 50,000 times as big as the one visible to the human eye, it was announced tonight.

Dr. Harlan Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory, said photographs had been taken of the newly discovered "metagalactic cloud."

The new Milky Way is located near the South Pole of the sky and is composed of about 50,000 galaxies.

It is more than a hundred million light years from the Earth and fifty million light years long.

(L. A. Examiner)

SCOTCH FAMILY'S 'CURSE' REMOVED

EDINBURGH, Scotland, May 20. (UP)—The ancient Egyptian bone which Sir Alexander Seton owns and to which he attributes illnesses and fire in the family, came to a welcome end today.

It was asserted that the bone exploded, with a force that shattered its glass container which has a steel frame, and that nothing but a white powder was left of it.

Sir Alexander acquired the bone at Gizeh, Egypt. It was supposed to have come from the spine of a princess who died 500 years ago. It was placed in a case in the library of Sir Alexander's home. There for a year, it was blamed for pneumonia—strange shattering of glass, illness and mysterious fires—which caused those at the house to believe it bore a curse.

(Hollywood Citizen-News)

CONVICT TAKES HIS OWN LIFE AS PAROLE NEARS

FOLSOM PRISON, May 10. (UP)—Only a month before he was to be granted a parole, Charles Vernon Galli, 40, Fresno petty thief, committed suicide today by diving under the rear wheel of a heavy truck, prison officials reported.

(Hollywood Citizen-News)

Was this due to the uncertainty of his coming parole?

Soliloquy . . .



Helen P. Thurman

DO YOU, Helen, like most people dread the first of the month and its influx of bills? Do you have a day or an hour set aside in which you "face the facts," marshall the budget and the check book and settle up? Do you give a sigh of satisfaction when the last check is mailed and the slate wiped clean for another month? But have you wiped it clean? Why yes. Let's see, now, there's the bill for electric power, the telephone bill, the coal bill, the grocery bill and checks for the insurance and the rent. Yes, that is everything, I shall put away my books.

But is it? Think again. Have you paid the rent on that house in which you alone may dwell? Have you paid the power bill for that dynamo that heats and lights that house? Have you contributed to the upkeep of that common pool of knowledge and achievement which each new generation "leases" for its sojourn on earth? Have you paid your dues in the Society of Man?

Put away your check book. It won't do you any good now, for what you have to face is a new kind of accounting. At first glance it seems that there must be a trick to it for the technique is quite different from that by which the grocery bill is paid. You needn't subtract from your bank account. If you feel the pinch of poverty you needn't close up your house or shut off the power or withdraw yourself from membership in the "Society of Man." If you do, your bill will mount alarmingly,

for the open sesame to correct accounting here is "use."

There is, for instance, the body. It has served you as a dwelling place, with very little repair, for — let's see — well, at any rate, for a good many years. But have you really used it? Is it even as agile as it was ten—fifteen — years ago? Can it run as fast and play as hard and with such keen and satisfying joy? Does it sing and tingle and vibrate with the sheer fun of living? No? Then it is slowing up. You felt a twinge in your back this morning. You awoke with a dull reluctance and when you stretched deep into the covers, you felt a tired all-in-ness instead of an eager response to the business of the day. So, you *didn't* pay your rent, and by the sigh at the prospect of a difficult job, it must be long overdue.

Make a new budget now and write into it a new account. Set aside so much for cold water, fresh air, good food and exercise. Square yourself at the first of the month with the Great Universal Intelligence for the house in which you dwell.

Ah, yes, and here's the bill for the libraries and art galleries, the museums and the symphony orchestras. But that is outrageous. I haven't used them at all this month. Surely there must be some mistake. Have you forgotten that our coin is "use"? Those books are waiting to be read; those pictures are eager to be appreciated; that music loses its reason for being unless it is given a chance to

vibrate with your own inner vibration. Get busy. Settle up. And when you have read a little and thought a little and sung a little, your own finer vibrations will find their way back into that common pool at which all humanity must quench its thirst. You may not contribute a song or a picture or a poem, but, certainly, you will be a better poem yourself—a better note in the harmony of life. And in any event, you will be paying your bill.


And are you sure you have settled all your club dues? Yes, I gave the check for my membership in the Ladies' Literary Club last week. Here is the one for the Woman's Council ready to be mailed, and the check for the church maintenance fund was paid last month. But those dues for belonging to the Society of Man, have you taken care of them?

Now think, before you protest, just what your membership in that organization has profited you this month. The hand clasp of your friends, the cheery good morning of the neighbors, the smiles on the faces of your loved ones, the faith in the eyes of your children. Was your handclasp, in response, as warm as it should have been? Was your voice as eager as your neighbor's as you responded to her call, or did you offend her with your curtness and your apparent reluctance at wasting any of your precious time in morning greetings? Did you pay back smile for smile, or did you, by your indifference or your criticism, change that smile to a look of weary disillusionment? Did you push aside the child for the dusting and the sweeping? Come on, now, admit you owe the bill and settle up. If you haven't been taking advantage of your membership in the Society, look around you at the joy of those who are doing so. If you're an active member, you may find yourself pretty busy at times. A forgotten child or a sick friend or a discouraged man may exact both time and effort. But, if you would be free from debt, you have no choice.

And that inner dynamo that runs the house and reads the books and greets the loved one,

how about that? Is not your power bill long overdue? But surely that is the one thing that belongs to me. That about which you talk now is "I"—surely of all things my own possession. You are looking ahead, my dear. Just now you are paying for yourself on the installment plan, and, by the record, you are several payments behind. The Great Universal Intelligence took a gamble on your being able to pay out when He endowed you with that precious and individualized intelligence. When you can stand alone without your props of vanity and selfishness, fear and anger, greed and intolerance and envy, when you are entirely a self-directed individual, then, perhaps, you may talk of belonging to yourself. Until then, get busy on your payments or you may find yourself so far in the red that the holder of the mortgage will have no choice but to foreclose.

Pay up! Use is the only coin you need. Pay for the air by breathing more; pay for the sun by letting its rays bring health to your ailing body; pay for the clear, cool water by frequent bathing; pay for the good earth by contacting in work and play its health-giving, magnetic powers. And next month when you are balancing your budget, check up on your accounts with the Great Universal Intelligence. The thing may look a little hopeless to you at first. But cheer up, if you're decreasing your deficit, sooner or later you'll "pay out."



A Thought for Parents

Count that day lost when you cannot say goodnight to all of your children so kindly and considerately that they intuitively understand that all of the discords and inharmonies of the day are forgiven and forgotten.

— Tasso W. Swartz

"Feed My Lambs" ...

Estella Falla

SOME time ago it was suggested that I write an article for "To You." Not having found the opportunity, somehow, to prepare an article from material at hand, it is only now that I see a chance to give expression to thoughts which have been working in my mind ever since my contact with the Columbia Park Boys of San Francisco years ago.

I have talked with individuals who seem to be interested in the crime and youth problems of the day, with no result. Most persons seem to think that so much money would be needed, whereas, the thing of first importance in the mind of the child is the sincere interest shown in his welfare by someone whom he respects. It is natural for children to play together. Now that there is little for the child to do in the way of "chores," he finds himself with idle time on his hands. If he is a normal, active child, he is going to do some thing, easily drifting into evil ways from which he finds it almost impossible to take himself as he gets older.

The recent prison articles appearing in the magazine call forth this expression which is an opinion that has been crystallizing during the past year or more of association with the criminal element of a small community from the standpoint of a post in a sheriff's office.

THE ARTICLE

Why have any criminal at all?

Is it necessary in this stage of civilization?

Millions are spent in the upkeep of penal institutions, insane asylums, detention homes and reformatory schools, where those who have become too great a menace to society are

held temporarily or for life; but how little is spent in the training of the youth of the land along the lines of morality that youth's outlook on life might become hopeful and useful?

Millions are spent on fine schools for the education of youth for the purpose of fitting it to earn its living; but, while the school law provides that a certain part of the school time shall be devoted to moral training, the overworked, under-paid, harassed teacher is forced to strain every nerve to cover the scholastic part of her program, and finds no time to inculcate in the minds of her pupils the true meaning of success. So the pupils fare forth into the world believing that success is represented by the size and make of car one drives and by the ability to gratify every whim. Sacrifice is unknown.

Millions are spent by all classes of organizations, such as service clubs whose general aim is the betterment of their community in a material way with some time given over to benevolent work; benevolent societies whose aim is the amelioration of the sufferings of those who have been swamped in the struggle; all working to heal the scars after the damage has been done. So few

"Hear the bleating of the lambs (while)

They are crying."

If criminality is to cease, the youth must first be salvaged. And how pliant is youth! How easy to handle if one is sincere! For one cannot fool a child.

In a country of mixed nationalities such as ours, the task is a little more difficult. There is the problem of the foreign element with its code of honor often diametrically opposed to

ours; its unbridled passions; its misunderstanding of our motives; and, too often, our lack of understanding of its ignorance of our ways. However, there is a language that is universal. It appeals to all classes of society and to all ages. It can be used as an entering wedge into the heart of every child, whatever its station. It is the language of Music.

There is a small band of about fifty pieces in one community, guided by a devoted bandmaster one seldom hears about. It is made up of grammar school boys, mischievous, active, restless, and as troublesome as any boys of their age. They have their own council, their own judges, and when complaints come in against them, they must pass judgment on their own misdeeds in the presence of others. It is a proud little band — proud of its musical achievement; of its gay inexpensive uniforms; of its occasional conquest over self. Its members represent average families.

The energies of this group are directed in a pleasant way by one patient bandmaster. As if incidentally, this group is given opportunity to think over and to solve its problems. There is no compulsion. The boys, themselves, decide what is best for each and for all.

What wonderful fife and drum corps, string orchestras, jazz bands (or are they swing bands, now?) and even comb bands could be organized finding a place for every boy! Each a Boys' Republic solving its own troubles under the sponsorship of one of the many service clubs now in existence! What better service can be ascribed to a service club than that it serve the youth of the nation?

"Peter, Peter, lovest thou me?

FEED MY LAMBS."

In this once desert waste, as this is written, there is nothing more beautiful to be seen than a field of cantaloupes just coming into bearing. The lacy symmetry of the vines in even rows, curving gracefully, with a straight foot-wide strip of earth between the rows, did not come about by accident. There was much

weeding, hoeing and cultivating before this state of near-perfection was reached.

Unguided youth is like desert growth, inimical to mankind. Guided youth is cultivated youth, beautiful to see, a blessing to mankind.

Whose is the responsibility?

Is it better that our energies be spent in developing business and factories whose profits will have to be used in fighting crime? Or, is it better that more of our energies be spent in the development of upright youth, which youth will, in itself, bring about the elimination of crime?

The Master gave the answer when he said:

"FEED MY LAMBS."

Opinion is an Agency

Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly realize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself — that his opinion rightly forms part of this agency — is a unit of force, constituting with other such units the general power which works out social changes, and he will perceive that he may properly give full utterance to his innermost conviction, leaving it to produce what effect it may. It is not for nothing that he has within him these sympathies with some principles and repugnance to others. He, with all his capacities and aspirations and beliefs, is not an accident, but a product of the time. He must remember that while he is a descendent of the past he is a parent of the future, and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause; and when the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief. For, to render in their highest sense the words of the poet:

* * * Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.

Not as adventitious, therefore, will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter, knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world — knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at — well; if not — well also; though not so well.

—Herbert Spencer

The Great Highway...

The Marriage of Convenience

HOW many times have You met two people traveling along the Great Highway who seem to be contented and enjoying their domestic felicity at least as much as You are and perhaps with less friction than You, yet who have married without the great emotional "love" affair having entered into their relationship? Have You not frequently heard it said: "I was not 'wildly in love' with my husband when I married him, but our marriage has been very successful and my affection and regard have consistently grown since we have been together," and vice versa?

Many of this type of domestic relationships have been marriages of convenience, based on mutual needs and desires. For instance, two persons of opposite polarity meet, either at work, in business, or socially. They strike a point of mutual interest, get acquainted through this, become friendly, and gradually develop a companionship. Both are between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-eight; neither has ever experienced a real "love" affair; each has arrived at the conclusion that he or she probably never will during this physical lifetime, as the "love thrill" has never been experienced with anyone of the opposite sex. In getting acquainted they discover many things in common, many points of interest, several common experiences; among which is the common desire for a home and children.

She is an attractive woman, sensible, intelligent, good company, independent, and holding a position which pays her well, afford-

ing her many of the better things of life. He is an attractive man with a dynamic personality, has a fairly high standard of morality, fills a lucrative position in the business world and is capable of supplying a comfortable home. Yet neither kindles the love spark in the other, although they spend considerable time together and enjoy each other's company.

They discuss their past lives and experiences freely and frankly and from an intelligent standpoint. He tells of his associations with various women at different times, admits that he has loathed himself for some of them, and expresses his revulsion to promiscuity in the sex relation. She is equally frank with him in expressing her ideas and standard in this matter; perhaps she has had her "affairs," or perhaps she has remained free of these, awaiting the arrival of the "one love," which she now has abandoned as a possibility. In any event, they have a complete understanding and mutual agreement in regard to the sex relationship as on all matters of interest and importance to two people of opposite polarity who enter into a close companionship and friendship. After months, or possibly years, of this association they decide to "pool their interests," establish a home wherein both may derive comfort, pleasure, and companionship, and so they plan to marry.

In some cases they are wise enough to look ahead to the possibility of another party entering into their lives and exploding the "love spark" with either him or her. This too, is discussed and considered and they

mutually agree that in such an event either is to be released from all responsibility and their contract made null and void. They shall part in a friendly way, without rancor, remorse, or bitterness.

With such understanding, clear-cut agreement, and intelligent consideration they approach the gateway of Marriage and proceed along the Great Highway of Domestic Felicity.

Their's is a marriage of convenience, convenience for themselves and to the society of which they are members. They command the respect of their fellowmen for having lived to the law of church and state. They are representative citizens, establish a well-ordered home, take their normal place in society, mingle with their numerous friends, and live in peace and harmony.

"A fine couple," "a splendid match," "a complete harmony between them," — are some of the remarks made about them.

The years pass by, some three or four, during which time she has continued to work at that which she has enjoyed. All is well with them.

Then one day she comes to him and tells him she has a confession to make. Her eyes are bright with a new interest, her cheeks are aglow with pleasure, her face is radiant with joy.

He looks into her eyes and asks: "Another man?"

She looks back at him with deep concern and answers: "No, another life."

His face, too, becomes radiant — fatherhood, motherhood for them. He takes hold of her shoulders and ejaculates "No!" And she nods "Yes!"

They express their pleasure and satisfaction in an endearing embrace which surpasses any words that might be uttered. So they stand for a time, clinging to each other.

It is agreed that as soon as she can be replaced in her position, she will resign and devote

herself to the home and the new life; and he will have to assume the financial burden of the three of them. "Burden? Nonsense, not a burden, but a pleasure, a joy!" Another life — something to look forward to. Their lives will not have been spent in vain.

The new life arrives in due time — a fine specimen of babyhood. They are elated and receive the congratulations of their friends and relatives with pride. They enter upon the responsibilities and duties of parenthood with enthusiasm and interest — are good parents, at least good as parents go. And Time travels on, one year, two years, three years. The little one toddles along with Time.

A bomb-shell in their midst! Into the life of the father or mother comes another woman, another man. And right here is presented one of the finest little problems with which human beings have to wrestle. What *shall* be done? What *can* be done?

Up until the time when the third party entered into the situation and established the eternal triangle, this home *apparently* was complete. (Give attention to that little qualifying word, *apparently*; for regardless of appearances, it was only *apparently* so.) On the surface, and so far as either of them realized, there was contentment and a certain degree of satisfaction, which they appreciated.

But these two had laid a splendid foundation for the aftermath. The stage had been set, the curtain was rung up for the show when they entered the gate leading onto the Great Highway. All that was further needed was for the great Stage Director to bring the third party onto the stage.

When the third party entered the home, the peaceful domestic scene was ended; and from this point forward the play either becomes a comedy, a farce, a drama, or a tragedy — dependent upon the status of the players and the parts they play. As Shakes-

peare said — "The play's the thing." And indeed, here the play is the thing and those concerned are but actors trying, to the best of their abilities, understanding, and knowledge, to interpret the lines of the Great Author.

If they fail, and yet have played their parts to the best of their ability, understanding, and knowledge, what more can the Great Director expect?

Remember, the curtain has been rung up, the play is on; the Great Director and Author can but sit back in the stalls and watch the performance, for each actor has been assigned to his part, and no change can be made until the final curtain has been rung down, when a new set of actors can be assigned to these parts, and the curtain rung up on another performance. But then it is another performance, not this particular one.

As other actors, playing various parts, have made their entrances and exits in the earlier scenes of this domestic play, so there will be others entering from time to time to add their individual touches to the acts. Doctors, lawyers, friends, and relatives all will play their parts, coming in, going out, until the final curtain is drawn.

But throughout the play the three are the important characters. The third party is the agitator. From the viewpoint of the audience, he (or she) is the serpent who has entered the sacred portals of the home and destroyed its tranquillity and beauty through its poison. But in reality, is he (or she)? Perhaps he is a highly moral Individual, intent on doing right to the best of his or her knowledge. Perhaps he is married and has a home of his own, with wife and children. Perhaps also she is unmarried and has a high standard of morals. This situation can occur in the lives of moral people as well as immoral; and the third party can be as much and sincerely "in love" as either of the other two parties.

When the love spark is ignited it is no respector of persons. This situation can happen to anyone; in fact, it could happen to You.

The curtain is up; the play is on. Suppose You write the final act and ring down the curtain. Let this setting arouse your inspiration; put yourself in the place of any of the three parties and try to work out a satisfactory, constructive solution to the play. What is the answer?

Remember, from this point on to the closing of the last act, the Great Director is out of the play; the actors must complete it. Keep constantly in mind that these actors are normal, living people, neither too good nor too bad; all with definite appetites, passions, emotions, impulses, and desires; each endeavoring to do the best he can according to his knowledge and ability and intelligence. While these characters are supposititious, creatures of imagination, still You will recognize them as characters in real life — there are hundreds and thousands of them, scattered throughout the length and breadth of the world, in all classes and stations of life.

If You are a man (and it is hoped the men will enter into the solution of this problem) remember that this is no wishy-washy affair, but a sincere situation and condition in which three people find themselves. If You place yourself in the position of the husband, consider his thoughts, feelings, and reactions. If You are the one in love with the third party, keep in mind that this is the first real "love" in your life, and study the outcome of the situation.

If You are the woman (and the women, too, should work on this solution) remember the same things. Perhaps You prefer to place yourself in the role of the third party who is deeply and sincerely in love with the husband. It is your first love and, as a result, the sun shines brighter, the flowers

bloom more gorgeously, the moon is more perfect than ever. Or You may be the wife who is in love with the third party to the extent that You can place your baby and husband in the background as You thrill to the thoughts of your loved one.

In any event, try to place yourself in each role — that of the husband, the wife, and the third party — and finally, put yourself in the place of the baby who someday will be a grown man or woman with perhaps the same type of problem to face.

Work out your solution, taking all facts into consideration. Send in your answer in conformance with *your standard* of Equity, Justice, and Right, resulting from a sincere analysis and careful study. When this is done, an analysis will be made based on the moral principles involved.

* * * * *

To the Editor:

In a recent issue of the magazine there is a quotation from the Bible in which Jesus is made to say that "in heaven" (which we all of course understand to mean the spiritual world) "there is no marriage or giving in marriage." That is not true; I do not care what the Bible or any other book says or whether Jesus said it or not, that is only hearsay evidence. I say most emphatically that in the spiritual world there is both marriage and giving in marriage.

If you prefer the word mating, all right, the word marriage is good enough for me and really has the same meaning. Further, if the marriage (I mean the true marriage, not a temporary alliance for financial, political, or family reasons) has not taken place on the earth plane the spirit world is the only place where marriage does take place; and, of course, in spite of all the gold diggers, adventurers, schemers, grafters, and crooks who bring about alliances called marriage under the rules of society that we call law, thousands

upon thousands of marriages do take place. In the temporary alliances divorce immediately occurs when either party passes into the spirit world, most likely never to meet again.

When two entities, male and female, in the spirit world are drawn together by the law of attraction, there is, of course, no ceremony, no sky pilot, priest or minister to give the benediction, but they are bound together by the Law, the only law there was or ever will be, the Unique, Unconditional, Immutable, Self-Existent, Self-Sufficient, Independent, Abstract Power that rules the Cosmos, all the power there is; it is Power Absolutely Supreme.

When they are drawn together by the Law of Attraction (there is then no repulsion) the Law (figuratively speaking) says: "Now you are married." After that neither man, god nor the devil can divorce them, for that is the Law and after that, even the Law cannot part them. Why? Simply because the Law is Immutable — that is, they cannot be divorced as long as they do or can live according to the Law of Attraction. They can only divorce themselves by allowing the Law of Repulsion to intervene; they are governed by Law and the Law has them all the time, up or down, forward or backward, because the Cosmos is governed by Law and nothing else.

So I say there is giving in marriage. I mean Marriage — giving and receiving. When the male entity meets the female entity under the Law of Attraction, he gives her his absolute undivided love and she receives it. The female entity does the same with the male. They both give and receive, and without this giving and receiving there could be no Marriage.

This is my opinion, regardless of what Jesus or any philosopher said or was supposed to say — and of that we know nothing. But this is the way I understand it according to the Law and the Cosmos is governed by Law and nothing else.

Yours sincerely,

F. B——.

To Your Health! . . .

Skin Elimination

Violet Ultra

IT is surprising how few people understand and appreciate the importance of active skin elimination in relation to health. Most people consider that if they take a weekly or bi-weekly hot cleansing bath they are fulfilling the necessary health and cleanliness requirements. Little do they realize the value of skin stimulation through cold water.

To an efficient iridiagnostician the eye is an open book. To an experienced naturopath the skin tells the story. Let him feel of a person's skin, let him determine the amount of perspiration that takes place and he can tell the condition of the physical body, together with the length of time—long or short—that it will take to cure the patient.

You may not know it, but you breathe through your skin as well as your lungs; that is, if your skin is functioning properly. Ever think of that? If through warm bathing and improper ventilation you have weakened and enervated your skin until it has lost its tonicity, this natural function is stifled and you pay the price, as you ever and always do under Nature's Law.

The skin must have ventilation. It is an organ which absorbs as well as excretes poisons. If the toxins deposited in the superficial tissues are not eliminated and removed by proper ventilation and bathing, they are reabsorbed into the system, causing auto-intoxication and added damage. Too many compact clothes in the daytime, too many heavy blankets and quilts at night prevent proper ventilation; too much warm water and external heat relaxes the small skin muscles so the skin in time becomes enervated, atrophied, scaly, and shrivelled, and loses its vital power freely and efficiently to perform its natural functions of elimination and absorption. Disease—acute and chronic—inevitably follows. And people wonder why!

I know a young lady in her early twenties who suffers agonies from sinus trouble, whose hearing has been affected for several years, who has colds at all times and often, and who constantly complains of her "nervous jitters." Her parents have had her to many physicians and specialists, constantly spending time and money to locate the cause and effect a cure. She takes hot baths frequently—and openly boasts that she **never perspires!** "Nice people don't, you know," says she. That last idea tells the story of her ailments, the sinus trouble and nervous jitters.

I know of another woman who has catarrhal deafness and throat mucus so badly that she is miserably uncomfortable every day of her life. She coughs and hacks until not only she, but those about her, are nervously harassed. She never hesitates to tell that she must wear close-fitting underwear or she is uncomfortable, that she has always taken hot baths for the past twenty years, never perspires, no matter what she does, and always eats whatever she desires; and in spite of it is today "in **perfect health** except for a **little deafness.**" A **little deafness!** And **perfect health!**—You should see her skin—harsh, dry, withered, and yellow, just like old leather. You should hear her wheeze and cough and snort—like an old machine creaking for want of oil. An experienced naturopath could take one look at her skin and know instantly one

fundamental cause of her physical condition, without going any further. But would she believe him?

I know dozens of other such cases. Whenever an individual says "I never perspire," you can just know that his skin is not functioning properly and that he is doomed to physical ailments, to a greater or lesser degree. That fact is no boasting point; he might better search for ways and means of promoting perspiration.

Air baths and cold water to stimulate proper skin functioning—without which there cannot be perfect health. There is nothing better. Expose your nude body to clean, fresh air and experience the wonderful exhilaration you get, summer or winter. If you are nervous and tense at bedtime try a short air bath before retiring, either before or after a cold sitz—but be sure to take it (the air bath, I mean) near an open window or in the out-of-doors. This will stimulate your skin activity and relieve the nervous tension. And if you wish to experience a truly satisfying, uplifting, luxurious, and at the same time exhilarating relaxation and skin cleansing, try a whole body cold pack. No, don't shiver and squirm, you coward, it won't kill you at all; rather smile and rejoice in anticipation of a delightful reaction that will bring you a glowing sense of pleasure, peace, and harmony with the world. Of course if you are going to contract your entire body through a fearful anticipation you had better not try it, for you will only cause a reabsorption of toxins and consequent auto-intoxication; but if you will open your mind and consciousness, and as a result all the tissues and organs of your body, you will be grateful for the experience.

Spread two or more blankets, according to their weight, on a bed or cot. On top spread a cotton sheet wrung fairly dry of cold water; but allow the blankets to extend about one foot beyond it, top and bottom. Lie on the wet sheet so that it comes up well around the neck, then have someone wrap it snugly about your body, tucking it between the arms and sides and between the legs, so no two surfaces of the body are together. Then have the blankets, one by one, tucked in at the neck and brought across the chest, and folded over the feet and around the body—the outer edges of the outside one being held in place with safety pins. Remain in this from one-half to two hours—as long as you are comfortable and relaxed. If it has been properly applied you will be warm in a few minutes and will continue so, slowly experiencing a perspiration which brings a feeling of utter satisfaction and luxurious enjoyment. At the end of the time have the pack removed and take a cold shower or sponge bath. (This is most important, to remove the accumulations from the surface of the skin)—and you will find the world a joyous place in which to live, move, and have your being. Your skin elimination will be greatly promoted. You may even prevent, in a perfectly natural manner, a threatening disease which might otherwise cause you serious discomfort and illness, by eliminating morbid matter which has accumulated in your system.

At any rate and at all times keep your skin in active and vital functioning condition if you would be healthy and strong, physically and mentally.

Rambling Thoughts of An Engineer...

A. K.

DURING the past thirty years of dabbling in various cults and isms in search of a rational and satisfying explanation of the purpose of human existence, I have read many books, pamphlets, etc. by well-known authors, but, not only did they fail to satisfy — but more — I got the impression that each author was striving to build up a plausible case for the purpose of convincing himself or herself on a subject that none of them quite understood. Nearly all books on occult philosophy should have this clause added to the *preface* and emphasized in italics: “I don’t know all that I can tell you about this subject—as I don’t understand all that I know about it.”

The Great Work, by TK is the only book on an occult philosophical subject that I have ever read to which the above impression does not apply. Finding it was therefore doubly satisfying to me because I had begun to suspect that my analytical, mathematical, engineering training had made me hypercritical. No matter how far advanced one may be in the other occult schools, the Harmonic Series cannot be too strongly commended for earnest attention. Within the limited scope of these books the subject matter is presented in such a simple, dignified, and convincing manner, that one regrets that the series was not extended to cover the deeper phases of occult mysteries. One feels that TK could have greatly amplified each chapter, and could extend the subject much further afield, without drawing

upon his imagination, or resorting to theories and unsupported dogmas.

After reading “Cosmo-Conception” twice, and then reading “Gleanings of a Mystic” and “Web of Destiny” by the same author, it appears to me that the author, Max Heindel, greatly weakened his “Cosmo-Conception” by *over-doing* the subject. One gets a very definite impression that he has arbitrarily selected, arranged, and amplified known facts of nature for the purpose of supporting a preconceived theory, without any attempt to differentiate, verify, or justify the empirical assertions.

In *The Great Work* TK has indicated the direction of the Right Path, through a dimly lighted corridor, leading to the door which, for him who is “duly and truly prepared, worthy, and well qualified” to give the right knock, will be opened for his admission to the pathway of spiritual light and life.

Like the description of the relative effect of light upon the consciousness of one’s surroundings — a contemplation of the entrance to the corridor, wistfully peering into the shadows beyond with the aid of the candle light derived from the Great Work, indicates dim outlines of some of the difficulties to be encountered, the moral courage required for a successful journey, and that—before entering the corridor, it behooves one to take stock of himself—to earnestly prepare himself in his heart, and to strive to overcome many faults, failings and weaknesses of character

lest, palsied by a belated consciousness of unworthiness, his feeble knock at the door be unheard or unheeded.

The more one reads and studies the Great Work, the more there is revealed of the vast field that lies hidden in the shadows beyond, and of the possibilities for human development therein. As one's consciousness grasps a conception of each increase of the relative magnitude of the task ahead—the vast field to be traversed in the journey toward true spiritual light—dismay is progressively stilled, because at each stage there is also revealed a conception of the still greater measure of spiritual reward to be attained.

I am earnestly endeavoring to so shape my life that henceforth, the principles so explicitly set forth in the Great Work shall (as nearly as is humanly possible) constitute the "rule and guide to my conduct"—in the hope that I may develop a degree of moral courage, and steadfastness of purpose, which will keep me pacing back and forth at the entrance to the corridor, until those qualities of humility and worthiness are attained which will admit me to the path beyond.

* * * * *

During the past years of dabbling in various "cults," "isms" and "osophies," there has gradually developed in my mind a vague law of personal responsibility and moral accountability. A little of the truth reclaimed from the rubbish here, and a little there—gleanings of detached and seemingly unrelated fragments—whose aggregate gradually formed a more or less rational foundation for a conviction that the laws of karma, heredity, predestination and foreordination are all interwoven into the fabric of human destiny, with the law of personal responsibility and moral accountability forming the warp for the woof.

Being endowed with a reasoning mind, the relation of each individual intelligence to his physical environment is that of a free agent, in a manner somewhat analogous to the rela-

tion of a child to its environment and training in the home, and in school. The authorities and teachers establish certain laws and regulations which all pupils must observe, and assign certain courses of study in a progressive sequence of daily lessons, but the pupil, as an individual intelligence, is a free agent in matters of personal conduct—his obedience or disobedience to the prescribed laws, rules, and regulations—the degree to which his moral development is benefitted by the discipline—and the degree of his application to the opportunities afforded for mental improvement.

Individual development during successive stages of physical reincarnation is illustrated by a child's progress from infancy, through childhood and the various grades in school. Our karma represents a weighted average of all the merits and demerits accumulated by each individual intelligence as the result of his moral conduct as a free agent, during his progress through the successive grades or stages of his present and past incarnations. One's karma, together with the total of one's acquired knowledge and proficiency, therefore, determined one's grade in the great school of human life.

In school the unruly pupil must make up his demerits by assignments of additional tasks—the backward child must remain in a lower grade until he can qualify for advancement to a higher grade—and the incompetent, unfit, or vicious, who cannot, or will not, avail themselves of the opportunity afforded for self-improvement, ultimately pass out into the ranks of the public wards, mendicants, or of the criminal parasites.

So in the broader realm of human life, each individual intelligence is a free agent, and therefore the master of his own destiny. Under the laws of personal responsibility and moral accountability—he himself created, and is accountable for, the "Karma" which determines his relative status during each stage of his progress in successive incarnations. He-

edity, predestination, foreordination, and similar components of the fabric of human existence (which so many have attempted to fashion into a shielding drapery, cloak or garment with which to cover, excuse or disguise their deficiencies) are all interwoven like the colored strands forming figures or designs in the woof of the fabric, and bound together by the warp of personal responsibility and moral accountability.

Thus does one's cumulative karma inevitably involve certain elements of heredity, predestination and foreordination, which are self-inflicted, as the consequences of one's own errors or transgressions, and, as the master of his own destiny, each individual intelligence has the power within himself to determine whether he shall weakly drift along with the current of consequences or whether he shall exercise his power, as a free agent, to strike out for some definite objective on either shore.

Some, when they begin to take stock of themselves and their surroundings at this stage, will awaken to an appalling realization that the further one drifts with the current the more desolate becomes the outlook upon the surroundings within the range of one's view, and that while merely drifting, there results a gradual weakening of one's power of resistance. These are they who, when such realization of their peril dawns upon their consciousness, will immediately summon all of their weakened reserves of power, to turn back against the current in an effort to regain "that which is lost" in the brighter environment that was left behind, when they elected to drift along with the current in sensuous ease.

If kindness impels you to give me a hearing by reading these rambles entirely through, however much they may bore you, please also bear along with me by understanding that I am not merely writing to you, but also, reasoning with myself—striving to charge my

own mind with a more or less definite conception under which there is incentive for the quality of moral courage which will sustain my efforts for the elimination of faults, failings and weaknesses of character.

Furthermore, please bear with me for the frequent use of the pronoun "I" without construing it as representing the big "I" of egotism. Used for the sake of brevity, it is written thus only because the established rules of composition so decree—but if these articles succeed in conveying to you something of what is in my heart, you will recognize it as the little "i" of dawning humility.

Sincerity of purpose can be credited to me beyond any question of a doubt, insofar as hope and desire constitute the elements of a good intention. The one uncertain element, indicated by honest introspective reasoning, is that quality of moral courage which will add to it the element of steadfastness.

As a dreamer, drifter, procrastinator, and therefore a waster of talents, I have been content to follow the lines of least resistance, except when spurred to action by necessity, or by some incentive which supplied the energy for feverish periods of inspirational activity. Sometimes, even inspiration needed the support of the supplemental goad of necessity, and hence, having no desire for wealth for its own sake, have been content (more or less) to "carry on" as a poor man.

Honesty of purpose also impels me to confess that while (in theory) I have always maintained a high conception of ethics—in practice) its application to moral conduct in professional, business, and social activities has only the measure of merit that may be due to those average human principles which provide lee-way for self-justification for many forms of sensual indulgence. Not that I have flagrantly violated nature's laws to an intemperate degree—but what I am trying to convey is the confession of an inner realization that no credit is due for temperance as the re-

sult of self-control exercised through the conscious application of the will.

There is the further realization that after long years of passive disuse of such functions of the will—reason indicates that, in accordance with the laws of nature, the inevitable consequence of such disuse of one's strength of mind is that there has resulted a gradual sapping away of those elements which constitute and sustain moral courage. An average degree of moral courage will not suffice for the tests in store—therefore does now *Moral Courage* loom up in my consciousness as one (not to say *the* one) of the attributes of the mind and will which it becomes vitally necessary to cultivate.

It seems corollary to nature's laws that we value least the things we possess most abundantly—that the things we desire, but do not possess, we value more—but we place the highest value upon the things we need, but have either lost or flagrantly dissipated.

The older one grows, the more does one become impressed with the fact that: just as one's opinions are based upon, and are reflections of one's knowledge and personal experience (including the reflections of opinions and dogmas accepted or absorbed from other minds), just so are the faults which we so readily discover in others, magnified by the subconscious reflections of the same or similar imperfections in ourselves.

This brings up another thought, or principle, which from observation and experience has developed into a conviction, viz.—that no one is fully qualified to judge another's acts, either of omission or commission, unless he knows all of the surrounding facts, motives, and influences, and can weigh each of these in the light of a similar personal experience in his own life—and if he be thus fully qualified, he will be very reluctant to pronounce judgment, unless actuated by the highest motives of duty to himself and humanity.

"San Quentin!"

Mary-Lou Fletcher



A LETTER

My father, Mr. J. H. Fletcher, sent you an article, which you published in the June issue of "TO YOU."

It was at his request that I sent you the enclosed poem. Please be kind enough to read it over.

I have tried to give you a picture of San Quentin. My poem has no imagination in it; what is written is honest and true.

I have lived within the main gates of the prison for all but a year of my life. I am still in high school.

Thank you very much for the time used in reading my poem and letter.

THE POEM

The only sound is the rhythmic brush of the cold gray bay.
As silence broods over a sleeping peninsula of gray.

Misty fog clings greedily to high gray walls.
And every night come the mournful strains of a bugle call.

That ended, the silence possesses the helpless peninsula once more.
And the clammy cold water continues to brush the shuddering shore.

Inside gray walls there are no windows, only cold iron bars.
And behind each bar is a man looking wistfully for a star.

Six thousand sinners are never content.
For years of their life are asked in place of money for rent.

At dawn comes the echoing sound of their remorseless tread.
As each man leaves his cool, hard, damp bed.

Feet shuffle along the cold cement.
Off to his toil each man is sent.

The gray mass reminds one of a large herd of sheep,
As they shuffle along not quite awake from restless sleep.

Their conscience only lets them be reminded of the past.
To the rest of the world they are spoken of as outcasts.

They laugh and they talk.
But with stoop shoulders most of them walk.

A once sparkling eye now has a dead gleam.
They are never thought of as human beings, it seems.

Murderers, forgers, robbers, and the innocent are treated the same.

One year to life is given to keep them tame.

"Everything Is Thunder" ...

Ire Brandon

THE background for this extraordinary story, by J. L. Hardy, of an escape from a prison camp is the strange, wartime romance of a German girl and a young British officer.

The story opens in a German military camp and the strange, concentrated determination of the young officer to escape, watched as he is on all sides in this apparently escape-proof prison is a fascinating story of the power of one will against those of many. Special care is exercised in watching this one prisoner because of the fact that he has already escaped two or three times from other camps. After six months of solid concentration to find a flaw of some kind in the camp defenses, he abandons this line of attention and concentrates on the guards. Finally his whole attention is directed toward one guard. Almost from the first paragraph the reader finds himself projected into the events of the story — not as an outsider, a spectator, nor even as the reader, but as the prisoner himself, actually following all of the plans, hopes, fears, suspense and the prisoner's one and only inspiration to live — *escape*, all from the point of the mentality of the prisoner. The prisoner watches and stalks the guard on his round of duties, bearing upon him such a weird concentration, that the most trivial actions of the guard become outstanding events of importance to the prisoner. There is no rancor in the mind of this officer in his plotting. There is likewise no pity. He is going to escape. He even disciplines his doubts and fears and discouragements. There is a horror in the background — horror that man's inhumanity toward man could countenance the subjection of an intelligent human being to the terrible inactivity of such a prison. So he gives up his furtive examination of bars and concrete, gates and doors in the building and the prison courtyard and concentrates the full force of his attention on one guard. The plotting for the downfall of the guard, the steady stalking of him about the prison while he walks his beat, watching him, debating about this and that, trying to get at the weaknesses in his character which would make an approach to him on the basis of a bribe practicable. The

reader will find himself living the mental life of the officer, weighing one course of action against another.

To all of the prisoner's overtures the guard merely looks at this officer and says nothing. He listens without comment to the officer as he is told about what the prisoner has already done in his preparations for escape. The days grow to mean only a report on the part of this guard to the prison authorities — every day to the prisoner holds this possible termination. Then each morning he starts anew in his efforts to break down the resistance of the guard. With nothing more than this to go on the prisoner goes on with his plans preparing for the night of his escape. He tells the guard everything which has been done, the bar he has sawed in the wash-room, tells him of the wallet containing money which will be his at a certain time and place in the courtyard if he will merely turn his head for a few minutes. The guard replies nothing. The reader finds himself trying to get into the brain of this dull, stupid guard, tries, as the prisoner is doing, to prod him into some kind of response. After days and days on end the prisoner does not know what he has accomplished with the guard, but he goes on, carries out all of his plans. Will the guard betray him at the last moment or accept the money and let him go? The suspense is breathless even at the opening of the story.

The night the prisoner has planned to escape arrives — he reaches the dark courtyard and faces the guard. And then he suddenly realizes without a word having been spoken, nor an action of any kind having taken place, that the guard intends to kill him, take the money and report the incident in the line of his duty. That is, the incident of the guard's killing of the officer. The sudden realization on the part of the prisoner and the necessity for killing the guard, will all be concurred in by the reader. Any man or woman under the same circumstances would do the same identical thing.

Free at last of the camp! But hunted now as a murderer, the soul of this man plumbs the depths of such terrible agony, frustration, inaction, dark rooms, fear, filth and hunger as leaves the reader's mind ex-

hausted with the intense pity of it all. Other books have embodied this same theme—but the author of this one who, by the way, was a Captain of the Connaught Rangers and was himself captured by the Germans in the first month of the World War and escaped across the Dutch frontier, has somehow contrived to relate the events of the story to the mental processes of the prisoner. One “sees” the story only through the vibrating reflection of this young officer’s mind.

Into this life of hiding, hunger, pursuit and fear, in a strange but age-old garb, comes a woman. Con-

centrated into a few weeks of their twilight existence these two discover a love so profound and unselfish as to bear comparison with the greatest.

These two people, the educated and cultured British officer and a young German girl, live all of their life together through a span of a few weeks in one room. Their lives begin and end in this one room. But the reader will be less than human if the exquisite quality of this girl’s love does not transform, if only for the time it takes to read the book, the plane of his or her own life to a higher realm.

Akin to Nature

Ambro S. Park

Diane is three years old. She is normal and likes to be loved all the time. So, when Mama tells her, “I don’t love you,” because of some petty fault, Diane is heart-broken—desolate.

Diane loves Mama all the time—even when Diane is tired and cross and saucy, and wets her panties ‘cause she can’t think quick enough.

‘Course Mama’s grown up an’ there’s nobody to tell her, “I don’t love you” if mama wets. An’ mama don’t scream an’ shout an’ romp an’ play an’ forget all about “we-we” ‘til it comes, like Diane does.

An’ Diane is awful sorry, an’ wants to cuddle up to Mama an’ be fixed an’ kissed an’ forgiven, for she loves Mama “just oodles.” But Mama slaps her an’ it hurts so an’ she says those awful words, “Mama don’t love you.” And Diane believes it and flees in heart-broken misery, dragging her Dolly by one arm.

Diane’s home is on the edge of town. Some distance farther there is a grove of cottonwood trees that shelters a deserted warehouse beside an abandoned railroad. The floor is four feet above the ground with missing planks here and there. And the roof is a skeleton. Thru a missing end wall I can see the snow-flecked Sierras in the near distance. A small, clear stream of water gurgles past the building.

In an old rustic chair by an old deal table I often sit and look and dream and write. The three remaining walls are a wind-break and a patch of roof shields me from the sun. Yesterday, as I walked across the decrepit floor, I heard a wailing sound that startled me. I stopped at

the table and listened intently. The wailing increased. It seemed to be directly beneath me. I lay down and put an ear to a wide crack.

There came a gasping and sobbing cry of grief from beneath the floor. It was Diane crying her heart out. It was like a knife in my heart. I choked as I cried, “Diane, Diane, dear, what is the matter? Where are you?”

There came a louder wail of woe and a choking voice, crying, “Ma-mama don’t love me an’ she don’t love my Dolly an’ she hurted me ‘cause I wet my panties, an’ I runned away, an’ Dolly an’ me’s goin’ to die ‘cause nobody loves us.”

“But I love you, Diane!”

There was a pause and then, hopefully, “You love my Dolly, too?”

“Yes, dearie, I love both of you just lots and lots. Come out, Diane, dear.”

“I’se losted an’ I can’t get out, an’ Dolly’s all wet an’ dirty, an’ we want to go home.”

“All right, Diane, I’ll get you out right away. Don’t cry and don’t let Dolly cry.”

I used a loose plank as a lever to pry up several loose floor boards. Within a minute I had Diane and Dolly out and in my arms.

Diane hugged me happily and smeared me with moist earth, mould and cobwebs. And I must kiss Dolly, too.

I carried her to her mother, who hadn’t, as yet, missed her. To mother I gave a brief outline of where and how I had found Diane.

There was lots I wanted to tell mother, but I didn’t. But I hope mother reads this.

Your Morals...

Spiritual or Spirituel ... Which?

THERE are two words in the English language which very frequently are confused in usage—"spiritual" and "spirituel" or "spirituelle" (masculine or feminine). They generally are used synonymously although differing much in actual meaning.

Spiritual: Of, pertaining to, or consisting of, spirit; not material; incorporeal; as, a *spiritual* substance or being.

3. Of or pertaining to the moral feelings or states of the soul, as distinguished from the external actions.

4. Of or pertaining to the soul or its affections as influenced by the divine spirit; controlled and inspired by the Spirit; proceeding from the Holy Spirit; pure; holy; heavenly-minded; opposed to *carnal*. (Webster).

Spirituel: of the nature, or *having the appearance*, of a spirit; ethereal. (Webster).

In Natural Science whenever reference is made to the *spiritual* nature of man, the term *spiritual* includes the spiritual body with all of its sensory organs, sensations, powers, properties, activities, and functions. Whenever "spirit" is used to designate an objective manifestation, it has reference to the finer material body or organism through

There Is A Goal Worthy of Every Man's Effort — but it is Not to Become Spiritual, nor even Spirituel.

which the conscious Soul or Intelligence manifests on the spiritual planes of materiality. (*Harmonics of Evolution*).

To be *spiritual* is one thing; to be *spirituel* is something else again.

Have You not often heard it said of a person that he is so *spirituel*; or she is so *spirituelle*, meaning that he or she is so moral, so lofty-minded, so highly refined? Whereas, in truth, he or she only has the *appearance* of it, and actually, in Soul, lacks these qualities?

Some people are *spirituel*, having the appearance of a spirit; all people are *spiritual* in that they possess a spiritual body with a full set of sensory organs, sensations, powers, properties, activities, and functions; few people actually have developed *spirituality*—that *state or condition of the Intelligent Soul wherein it is brought into conscious and immediate contact with the world of spiritual material and spiritual things, through the channels of the five spiritual senses*.

"Spiritual," according to Natural Science, is not intellectual, nor moral, nor æsthetic, nor divine. All intellectual, moral, æsthetic

or so-called divine people are spiritual, but they have not necessarily attained spirituality. An æsthetic person may be spirituel but he may be far distant from spirituality. A musician with great technical knowledge but without the outlook toward spirituality fails to reach the heights and depths of his music. A woman may be moral in a general sense and not attain spirituality for years upon years, and even perhaps not during her physical lifetime. Likewise with a highly intellectual man. A business man complains that for many years he has lived a moral life based upon the principles of Natural Science — religiously so — and yet has never developed spirituality.

For clarified thinking and understanding a differentiation must be made between spiritual, spirituel, and spirituality.

When *spirituality* is mentioned in the general run of society it is associated with the idea of the religious, of persons going about the world trying to convert their fellowmen to their own ideas of what constitutes spirituality. Also the idea of goodness usually is associated with the idea of spiritual or spirituality. When it is said that an Individual has attained spirituality, it is taken to mean that he has attained goodness, which is far from correct; for there is a destructive method of attaining that state or condition, as well as a constructive one — a right and “good” method and a wrong and “bad” one, that is, bad for the one who is demonstrating spirituality.

Oftentimes the persons who are receiving messages through an Individual who has attained spirituality, do not stop to consider the method and process involved; they take for granted that any kind of spirituality is good and constructive. Consequently they are not in a position to know whether or not the Individual through whom the messages come is being injured by the process, although they themselves may benefit.

The line of demarcation between the two kinds of spirituality is so fine that it is little wonder so few people recognize it. If one is able to see clearly into the spiritual and physical environments at the same time the line is easily discernible; but until this is possible the Individual seeking to find it can easily be deceived.

It is likewise difficult for the one who is acting as the intermediary between the physical and spiritual realms to know whether or not he is using the constructive or the destructive method and process in his efforts to help others. And it is often difficult to convince him of the possibility of the destructive process when he is giving advice and instructions to others in the physical world which undoubtedly are of benefit to them. Thus there is the seeming paradox of a destructive process producing a constructive result.

Many times the results of the destructive process are constructive to those who receive the advice; nevertheless the results to the one acting as intermediary are inevitably destructive, and those involved in the process must pay a price for using one of Nature's destructive processes. Even the person receiving the information becomes responsible for his or her share in bringing about the destruction of the intermediary.

It is easy to determine the operation of the destructive principle in the case of an Individual who is under trance control. It is not so easy to determine the same operation in the case of a “sensitive” who hears spiritual voices and repeats what these voices tell him. This is a very dangerous point in spirituality. A person may live a very æsthetic life and through constant physical refinement attain toward spirituality and at a certain point slip over the line into the destructive realm. He may be extremely spirituel and may attain spirituality — but destructively. He may attain spirituality *constructively* and not be at all spirituel. In either case he is *spiritual*.

A great desire of the human soul is to know that life continues on after physical death. To this end the effort is made to attain spirituality. Not knowing that there are two ways of traveling to this goal, people inadvertently follow the destructive path. In many cases so eager is the desire that they keep in view only the goal, disregarding the paths and taking any and all cross-cuts that will hasten their journey, and forgetting that personal effort and attention are requisites of constructive attainment.

Professor Marshall was not completely satisfied that light travels one-hundred-eighty-seven thousand miles per second. He wanted to prove it for himself. He expended great mental energy in arriving at a conclusion that the measurement was incorrect, and additional tremendous energy in devising a means by which he could make a more accurate measurement. Time, effort, and energy were expended by workmen and by the Professor in preparation for his experiment and calculations. After much labor, many disappointments and achievements, he found the accepted measurement was incorrect and found a new one.

For what purpose was this energy expended? That Professor Marshall might definitely prove for himself that a more accurate measurement was possible of the vast space which lies out beyond the surface of the physical earth.

Professor Marshall spent years and years of his physical life studying and preparing himself intellectually and laying a foundation that would enable him later to make a more accurate measurement of light.

Likewise it must be with the Individual who desires to attain constructive spirituality, to prove for himself constructively that there is life after death. He must spend time, energy, and effort to prepare himself physically, morally, intellectually, spiritually, and psychically for the experiment and experience.

The Professor needed an intellectual foundation for the work he was to accomplish, regardless of any moral foundation. He could have been moral or immoral and still have accomplished the same goal. But in the attainment of constructive spirituality a moral foundation is absolutely necessary and essential, in addition to the intellectual; it is the basis upon which the entire work is founded.

All experiments and achievements, whether physical or spiritual, require applied time, energy, intelligence, determination, and courage. This is Nature's provision.

There is no achievement in becoming "spiritual." You are already that. Nature made You so. There is slight achievement in becoming "spirituel." You may develop the nature or the appearance, of a spirit, and You may be flattered by being called "ethereal," but what does it avail, except to deceive your fellowman, unless You strive toward the state and condition of Constructive Spirituality which is fundamentally based upon Morality and a life lived in harmony with Nature's Constructive Principle?

Constructive Spirituality involves the extension of consciousness into the spiritual realm. It is based upon Morality, but Morality—*plus* the spiritual consciousness. An Individual may live a severely moral life, yet without his consciousness reaching to the spiritual realms he will not attain constructive spirituality; as in the case of the business man who declares he has lived a moral life yet has not attained it. Why not? Because his effort and attention were directed along the lines of the physical activities and his consciousness was focused there rather than along spiritual lines.

Spiritual consciousness is a result of personal development and discipline just as intellectual, æsthetic, moral, and physical achievement are. If one would develop it he must

give time, thought, attention, and effort to it. All these developments are included in psychic or soul development, each being a department of it.

Diet, æstheticism, quietude, morality—all help to liberate the Soul and consciousness from the physical ties that bind them; but these still do not constitute constructive spirituality. They merely are steps toward it.

The goal worthy of an Individual's time, thought, attention, effort, and energy is not that of becoming "spiritual," nor even "spirituel," but that of *Constructive Spirituality* based upon the solid foundation of Morality and a life lived in harmony with the Constructive Principle of Nature. It comes as the result of a Soul sustained by the level keel of Moral Principles; it is achieved by positive assertion of the individuality; it is reached by a marvelous extension of the individual consciousness; it is attained by intelligent assertion of one's rights and privileges and the discharge of one's duties and responsibilities; and it involves the gradual but inevitable assumption of greater and higher responsibilities. The road to it is difficult and long, narrow and steep; but is this not true of all worth-while roads?

The Road to Happiness

Lloyd Gething

If you would have a life devoid of pain
Then set yourself some simple end to gain.
Content yourself with your own happiness
And envy not your neighbor his success.

Ambition is a splendid guiding flame
When coupled with a certain definite aim.
But cast alone its benefits decrease.
For having no objective it must cease.

Seek not the stars that you may fail to see
The splendor of your own eternity.
For seeking only that which lies afar
Perchance you may o'erlook your own true star.

A Little Knowledge

Audrey Thompson

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I can't remember who said that. To me, it may be a proverb or the words of some well known writer. I don't know. Perhaps you do. Perhaps you as well as I have thought of the truth contained in that little sentence.

Hundreds of years ago, our ancestors fought with crudely constructed bow and arrow but they were able in some measure to keep the enemy from their homes; from killing innocent babies and helpless children. A little later the ethics of warfare (if we may be permitted to use the word ethics in the same breath as war) also prevented this to a certain extent. Today Science points with pride to our marvelously constructed war ships which they claim can destroy cities overnight. Children in European schools are being taught gas-mask drills in preparation. Do we stop to think that we are taking War from the battlefield where its power has always been terrible enough and inviting into our homes a little knowledge — such a little knowledge which knows how to destroy life but not how to sustain it? Though in saying this we must not forget to give credit to medical science. To their ceaseless and oftentimes unrewarded effort we should pay greatest tribute. Still it seems strange that in these many, many years of progress we have not learned to practice the simple little lesson taught so long ago by Jesus of Nazareth and by all the teachers and masters sent to the various races of the world. Clothed in different words perhaps but having the same meaning: "Do unto others as you would be done by."

Ours is indeed a little knowledge. During recent days the country has been aghast at the terrible fate of the little boy from Tacoma; as well it might be. Yet do we stop to think that in the past two months hundreds of children have died just as horribly perhaps in Madrid? That if war comes to the United States those conditions may exist here? One of the oldest instincts of the human race is to protect the little ones. The animal mother protects them with her life. Yet we think up ways to destroy them and call it progress. — A little knowledge.

Have you ever wondered why nature guards her secrets of life and death so zealously? Have you ever thought — as one person said to me at one time — that God or nature is unjust in not giving the solace that would come thru the knowledge of life after physical death to humanity in general if such a life really exists? That individual has crossed the dim threshold now. Perhaps he has learned why nature hesitates to give a little knowledge. Perhaps not. I too have sometimes wondered about these things in the days of yesterday but today I look at war-torn Madrid and I wonder no more.

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.

Editorial Comment: In a resume of the many letters and suggestions received concerning the contemplated change in the magazine it has been found that there are practically as many who are in favor of retaining the present name and size as there are in favor of changing it. Also a number of urgent requests have been received to retain the present name and size until the end of the volume that they may be bound. In view of this practical request the decision has been made to continue the present form and name until the beginning of the next volume, at which time it will be reduced in size and possibly changed in name. In the meantime, in response to suggestions, the material will be chosen more with a view to the student reader rather than to the general reading public.

Inasmuch as no choice is being made on the name at this time because of the balance of votes for and against the present one, the gift copy of the book offered will be given to the person having written the best letter. Now the problem is to make this selection — and again your co-operation and help are asked. This is YOUR department; therefore it is your privilege to help in the choice and decision. There are still a number of vital letters to be printed in the next issue — due to lack of space it was not possible to include them this month — at which time it is expected that all votes will be cast. Watch for these letters; review the many already written; then send your vote as early as possible, stating your reasons for making the particular choice. These letters should be intensely interesting and undoubtedly will inspire thought and careful, critical analysis, all of which is beneficial to individuals intent on personal growth and development.

Your generous response, interest, and activity have been gratifying and helpful. The effort of the editorial staff will be to show their appreciation through greater service and more dynamic material in the magazine. While all the names and suggestions received have not been printed, because of their brevity, nevertheless ALL have been noted and considered; and perhaps those whose suggestions have not appeared will write a longer letter next time that will find a place in the column.

A TRIBUTE

Your letter of March 25th and the manuscripts were received. Thank you for returning them.

In response to the magazine and changing the name.

"TO YOU" is an important item in my life, a wonderful light that shines directly on the path of progress. Without "TO YOU" I am sure the way would be much rougher and the going much slower.

I like the size better than the smaller size and thanks for the large print. The nice durable paper and the beautiful colors I assure you I appreciate.

That the magazine is ever in a state of progress and chang-

ing I think is one of its best qualities. If I should know what color it would be it would not be so beautiful and if I could know what it was going to say it seems it would be most useless to me.

If I should wish everything fixed to suit me then I should suspect that I am too well satisfied with myself. I feel that I must adjust myself to harmonize with the things as I meet them along the way, as well as to change them to fit me. If everything were fixed to just suit my fancy I feel life would soon become an awful bore. If I should feel a desire to complain about "TO YOU" I am sure it would be because I did not appreciate it.

To You, For You, and About You. It seems to me that the name is perfectly appropriate. If it were for me to change the name I would change it to "To You What?" for a time and then change it again to "To You What? Where?" and after a while change it to "To You What? Where and Why?"

You. What are You? You. Where are You? And You. Why are You?

You. The essence of all that has been. You. That reacts to all that is. And You. That strives to assemble to the self all that is to come! You. Who comes from we know not where. You. Who goes on we know not where nor why. You. Who may go anywhere and everywhere as You will.

You, so weak and yet so powerful. You, so wicked and yet so kind.

You, so fast and yet so slow. You, so meek and yet so aggressive.

You, so sure and yet make so many mistakes. You, that would rule the universe before you can rule the self. You, so generous and yet would attain all. You, so industrious and yet so indolent.

You, so wise and yet so dumb. ????

If "TO YOU" should be any size from that to fit into a vest pocket to a yard wide and plain black and whatever might be the name and the content, I am sure it will be good enough for me. I am sure you will do your best to nearest suit the greatest number of people. If I should fix it to suit myself it would likely suit only a very few people, but if it suits a large number of the progressive intelligences of the day I am sure the light will generously brighten my path also.

TO YOU. If you were the size to fit in with the other books I am afraid that is where you would be and I would not see so much of you.

On the library table is a beautiful bouquet of flowers. I am sure no one would want it to fit in any particular place. It is a collection of nature's exquisite beauty; it fills the air with nature's choicest fragrance; it does not need to fit in any part of the home; it fills the home with its beauty and fragrance.

TO YOU (I have spread out the last six numbers on the table), You are beautiful beyond words. You are the essence

of the efforts of all mankind from the beginning to now. You are the expression of the Great School of Natural Science which contains the substance of man's accumulated knowledge. You are the blossom from the tree of knowledge. You are a beautiful bouquet of flowers yourself.

As nature's trees burst forth each year in full bloom with all its splendor, so does nature's tree of knowledge blossom each month of the year. As the blossoms add to the beauty of the tree and the whole forest, just so should "TO YOU", the blossom of nature's store of knowledge, add to the beauty, the character, of those of us who are privileged to read it.

A rose may add to the beauty of a thorn bush and never materially change the bush. But "TO YOU" may add to our beauty and also help us change our thorns into roses.

TO YOU. You help me day by day, step by step, in more ways than I have means to explain. You give me information as to how to care for my physical body. You give me courage that I may not falter. You give me inspiration that I may labor toward a cause. You awaken a slumbering soul to its place and duty. May I ever be grateful to you.

Seeds of wisdom for the garden of intelligence

Blossoms of wisdom along the highway of life.

Springtime in the garden of intelligence.

Flowers for your literary garden.

You say it.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Perry Robb

SATISFIED

I have noticed your request in the April issue for the readers' opinions as to the changing the name and size of the magazine. Myself, I have no comment to make. I am satisfied with the present name and size; any new name and size, I still will be satisfied with it. I have noticed the list of new names suggested, some of them are really nice names, or I would rather put it this way—I like some better than others.

The magazine around this part of the country is pretty well read, and many readers have expressed their deep appreciation for the material in it. Indeed, it is full of constructive material for the readers to use and make their own, to integrate it in their Intelligence, and express it in their life and conduct. This I do to the best of my ability, and in the meantime I get great satisfaction in doing it, not mentioning the "Great Law of Compensation" which in turn compensates the Individual commensurately with his efforts.

I want to thank you very kindly for the consideration you have given to the readers in regard to the changes of the magazine.

Tonopah, Nev.

G. Beruatto

YOU MAY!

May I offer my suggestion regarding the matter of the future size of the magazine; that is, if there has been no decision for or against a change in the size?

It seems that some subscribers desire the magazine left as it, is while others urge the return to its original small size "digest" type. Personally, I favor the smaller size. There is something companionable and "keepable" about the digest-type magazine. It may be carried in one's pocket or flat against a hand-bag; it will fit into a row of books in a book-case or on the desk, evenly and conveniently, and this whether it is bound or unbound.

However, I believe there are several months to run yet before the present volume is completed. Why not issue the maga-

zine in its present size until the volume is completed, so that those who are having it bound will not be inconvenienced by having a half volume bound large size and a half volume bound small size? This suggestion is made merely in the event the Editor is contemplating a change to the smaller size.

Philadelphia, Pa.

I. B.

WELCOME, STRANGER!

Although I am not entitled to make a suggestion or cast a vote as my name does not appear on your subscription list, I do want to say a little in connection with the changing of the name of the magazine, TO YOU.

I do read TO YOU as often as possible and the two words, "To You," mean more than all the other suggested names that I could possibly think of.

It is true that by whatever name it is called, a rose is distinguished by its own sweet scent. TO YOU would contain the same, logical and fruitful passages even though it were called by any number of names. However, it would be contrary to our conventional senses to commence calling the flower of such individuality by another name than the rose; and just so with the magazine, it just wouldn't be the same idea. TO YOU is a by-word with me and I am sure it is with many. Those two words are soothing, quiet, and soft—To You. It expresses just what is conveyed—to me? Yes, To You.

It is possible that this is an illusion with me, but I have read TO YOU for approximately three years, on and off, and I have read the books listed on the cover of this magazine with the exception of "Harmonics of Evolution," and "Self-Unfoldment," Vol. 2. That is the reason TO YOU means what it does to me. Even if this should be an illusion, I believe it will be a lasting one. At any rate, it is a heart-felt desire.

From this letter you may gather what I think of Natural Science and the things I believe. Too numerous to mention here but constantly in mind.

Norfolk, Va.

R. C. McClintock

Ed. Note: It is a pleasure to welcome this stranger into the personal department. While he has not been heard from in the past, it is hoped that he will not remain a stranger in the future. And after all, is he really a stranger? Being another Individual journeying over the Road to the South, is he not in reality a fellow traveler? At any rate, the hand of fellowship is extended to him.

"GREETINGS TO EVERYONE"

I want to apologize for not writing more often, but each month as I hear from YOU it refreshes and renews my faith in The Work. Each article in the magazine finds a responsive awakening to the value of Personal Effort, that which has brot me thus far to understanding and points the way to what appears to me assurance of results in solving our problems, both general and personal.

Relative to change in the size of the magazine, I think the small size is by far the convenient one for filing and binding as well.

I appreciate the editorial comments as a guide to a correct idea as well as in us students' efforts and comments, as they indicate the degree of progress in understanding and in the practical application of The Philosophy of Individual Life to and in our several problems.

Hoping for the Best and ever watchful for indications to that end, yet mindful of my own responsibility to gain and to help

in any and every way where I see that I can; and with best wishes to all and a sincere appreciation for the efforts of the School and the Great Work in general.

Clarendon, Texas

F. E. Caraway

SUGGESTIONS

The thought I had in mind when asking the question concerning too much politics in the TO YOU, was the various possibilities of such a situation. As it is possible there are others besides myself thinking along the same line, perhaps a summary of my ideas on this subject may be the means of further enlightenment from The School.

I firmly believe The Great School has the necessary qualifications, experience, and knowledge, to properly instruct humanity concerning the principles of Nature and their operation in the field of politics, as in other fields pertaining to mankind.

From my present knowledge and experience, I am not convinced that Students and friends of The Great School, who have not had the experience of The Great School, are qualified to teach humanity on such an important subject.

From personal experience, I find that opinions written or expressed by those who do not definitely know, lead to confusion, misunderstanding, misinterpretation, debate, and too often, to feelings not constructive.

As evidence of misunderstanding, confusion, etc., let me cite as examples, such letters as "The Challenge to Engineers," in the December issue, "Elucidate—Please," in the January issue. Personally, with all due credit to the authors, I am no nearer a solution to the economic problem now, than I was before reading these letters. I had prepared a letter containing my own opinion on this subject, but after careful thought, decided it would only add kindling to the fire, rather than help to quench it. As I assume from the teachings of the school, that there are other intelligences in the same stage of evolutionary development as I, I think it fair to assume that there are others who would reach the same conclusions as I.

These letters also indicate a trend toward discussion, if not debating. While I do not know that discussion and debating are destructive, some of our Greater Intelligences avoid them, or advocate avoidance of them, and I believe they have good reasons for their opinions. (See "The Mark of the Master" in "The Great Work," and "Pine Needles" by Joseph A. Sadony, in the April "To You.")

As an illustration of how easy it is for a critical mind to misinterpret and misunderstand an article, I wish to cite the case of Cain and his wife, by TK, in an issue of "The Great Work in America." (I cannot quote the page and number, because I read the article in the copy of a friend, and it is not available at this time). There is also an illustration in a personal experience. This instance came in the reading of the "Nudist" article in the September, 1935 "To You," by a friend. A letter by a believer in Nudism, quoted, was taken to be the policy of The Great School. Explanation on my part proved futile, and the result of the whole incident was the loss of a possible friend to the School.

Another element which, it appears to me, should be considered in this connection, is the element of Criticism. My experience has been that in the majority of the cases, criticism no matter how mild, results in Harm. The teachings of The Great School seem to verify my experiences. I have found that criticism has a tendency to strengthen the convictions of the one criticised; cause a rift in friendship; effect a cold barrier to former confidences; or result in open enmity. It seems to me that none of these conditions can result in good to humanity.

Another subject which has come to my attention is relative to the captions appearing under the index, and at the beginning of the "What Do You Think?" department. I find that a very small minority of those friends who read my copies of "To You," read this small print. Some of these friends are really intelligent, too, so I do not think it is a case of ignorance. This may be partially responsible for misunderstandings of policy. Las Vegas, Nev.

Samuel H. Smith

Ed. Note: Undoubtedly all of You active readers of the magazine are desirous of unfolding your latent powers and capacities. Therefore, this being an educational movement, articles and letters are published with the definite intent and purpose of stimulating your powers of reason, analysis, and developing your ability to draw logical conclusions as to the truth or error involved, as well as learning to make your own decisions. Thinking must be practiced. If every article in the magazine were written in a manner that You could follow each step without effort and agree with all the statements made, there would be no necessity for You to exercise your own powers, which would tend toward stagnation. Proof: the articles and letters referred to above inspired You to write your letters. Unquestionably You have benefited from the effort and thought expended; and perhaps others have likewise. Another thing: your letters seem free from the sting of debate, discussion, argument, and criticism, representing a constructive attitude which You have been able to express and which serves as an example of tolerance. The individual letters and articles printed in the magazine are used with a definite purpose and reason. The errors are generally evident to the editors; are they to You, as You read?

A successful educational system never presents a problem and its answer to the student simultaneously. The student is given the opportunity of solving the answer for himself, that he may develop his own powers. This is the method of Natural Science. Each effort You make to understand the other Individual's viewpoint, to find him in error, to verify the truth of his statements, and to be tolerant with all of them, increases your own growth and development and strengthens your character. In writing your reactions to another's ideas and concepts, You not only benefit yourself, but You help to benefit others by giving them food for thought and study. Is it worth while?

"THE GOOD LIFE"

I wish to thank you for the very kind comments contained in the Ed. Note following a recent letter of mine. They will be particularly helpful to me.

I cannot help but feel that I have already made considerable progress the past few years along the line of patience, tolerance and self-control, as a result of the teachings of the "School," and my own experience. I can now look upon the attitude of my "good brethren" and see how intolerant I once was as a result of strong religious convictions. I frequently tell some of my friends that I do not feel to censure them for their attitude toward my present position, for I have, in times past, been just as intolerant toward others. I can now see the mistake and have only the kindest of sympathy toward them. I try to respect the other fellow in his religious attitude, and use judgment in my expressions to them. I have been called on the carpet, so to speak, by some of my superior Church Authorities for my present attitude, but so far have had no trouble in holding my own with them. Thanks to the good training

I have received from the School. I appreciate it more and more as time goes along.

With regard to the proposed change in the magazine I may say that I have been pleased with both the name and appearance of the magazine. The title "To You" has always had a direct appeal to me. However, there have been times when I have been conversing with some of my friends about the magazine, that I have felt that the title did not make the appeal to them that I would have liked. I have felt at such times that I would like to refer to it as "The Good Life Magazine."

The big aim in my life has been, and is now, to learn how to "live the good life" and I believe that to be the great desire of most people. The teachings of the School have covered the ground for me better than I have found any where else, and so, I think "The Good Life Magazine" would be very appropriate. As to the size, I think the large size is more attractive to the public, but I find the small size more convenient for me, and for my own use I prefer it.

I like the "What Do You Think?" section very much, and think the Ed. Notes following each letter add much to its worth. I always enjoyed the "Question Box" and have often wished that it might be continued.

I also think it a fine thing if the readers who can afford it would contribute to a fund so that others, who are not financially able to purchase the text books and magazine, may have access to these wonderful teachers of "The Good Life."

Utah The "Regenerated Mormon"

Ed. Note: How many are cognizant of the fact that hidden away in some remote recess of their being there is the old Lion of Intolerance? It is easy to discover it in the other fellow, but so difficult to locate it within oneself; and having located it, it is still so very difficult to keep it in leash. When the effort is made to do so, care should be exercised not to become indifferent or negative toward one's fellowmen. Tolerance is a positive state or attitude of Soul. It is not passive or negative. The writer is commended for the growth he has made.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

My mother died when I was two years old. One day when I was twelve or thirteen I was about to do something when I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard the words "Daughter, I wouldn't do that." There was no one in sight. The experience made a deep impression on my mind. I told my father about it. He believed the departed remained near enough to be able to return and that they could be seen and heard. He told me my mother had spoken to me.

Two weeks before Mr. S. and I were married my sister moved with her husband and family into a large farm house. We arranged to occupy part of the same house. It had been owned by Mr. ———, who died there. After his death several families had moved in and out again. The neighbors told my sister that the house was haunted. One woman who had lived there said she had seen Mr. ——— rise up through the kitchen floor beside her kitchen table.

One day I saw an old man with a forkful of hay walking through the yard toward the barn. I thought he was going to feed the mule and asked my sister who he was. "That must be Mr. ———" she replied. I saw him a number of times. Once I followed him but when I reached the barn he and his fork and hay had disappeared.

My father was about the same age as Mr. ——— and knew him well. One day while visiting us he saw the unusual visitor.

Father said he appeared first as he had in life, even his clothes. Aunt Mary, an old colored woman who lived near, started through the yard one day. On seeing Mr. ——— she turned and fled, declaring she would never come that way again. My brother-in-law had two varieties of molasses cane seed in the attic and went there to get them. He returned in haste without the seeds and very much frightened. He said Mr. ——— was up there and seemed to be sorting the seeds. He would not go back to the attic so I went but did not see the gentleman.

We lived at the same place for a year and a half and saw the man several times. We also heard strange sounds. When we were downstairs it would seem that the dresser in the upstairs bedroom had been thrown over with great force. We never heard that noise when we were in the bedroom. Sometimes there was a loud crash as though all the dishes had been broken, but we did not hear it when near the dishes. Neither the dresser nor the dishes were ever molested and we soon learned to pay no attention to the uncanny sounds. The spiritual occupant of the premises had nothing to do with our decision to move elsewhere.

One night I saw another "ghost." Mr. S. and I were coming down a country road beside which there was an old solitary grave. When we were near it Mr. S. called my attention to a figure walking on the other side of the road from the grave. At first I did not see it, but by watching closely I made it out. It was less distinct than that of Mr. ———. I could not see the eyes which seemed to be empty sockets. The man whose body was buried in the nearby grave had been dead much longer than Mr. ——— had been. And I always saw Mr. ——— in the daylight instead of by moonlight.

My own experiences and similar ones related by relatives and friends are the reasons why I believe in "spirits."
Asheville, N. C. Mrs. S. ———.

Ed. Note: Reading this letter causes one to realize again the importance of freeing oneself from strong attachments to things in the physical world. Each individual does well who lives his life with the understanding that as soon as he convalesces in the spiritual world he is going to continue on his way, freed from all desire to cling to a location or conditions in the physical life.

This is a definite case of materialization. The reason Mr. ——— wore the same clothes he had worn during his physical life is that he had not freed himself from former ideas and concepts and was still clinging to them.

Remaining in or near a grave when one is stationed in the spiritual world is not a pleasant occupation. This is why spiritual individuals become Borderland Workers, that they may help to free such Souls from their earthly bondage.

PAGE THAT PROOF-READER AGAIN

Please page the proof reader. There are two misspelled words in the first article of the April issue — benefited and indigentous.

Thank you for the article on clairvoyance. I sent a copy of the magazine and of "The Great Psychological Crime" to Mr. Stuart. I prayed the Great Friends of the Work to assist my efforts, if possible and right. Perhaps those students are mediums. I didn't think so, but I am constantly surprised at my ignorance of the contents of the Harmonic books.

"To You" seems to me to be a good name for the magazine. Perhaps The Great School would serve the purpose of identifying it with the Work. While not identical with the name of

The Great School of the Masters nor with the name of the American descendant of that School — The Great School of Natural Science — it would suggest either or both.

Mr. Norman C. Hall suggests a fund for the placing of books in public libraries and says interested individuals "could inform the School where the books are needed." Perhaps it would be more practical to inform the School where the books would be accepted and catalogued. Books have a way of getting lost if the librarian in charge does not approve of them. I wrote to a certain librarian about a set of the Harmonic Books and received a favorable reply, but when she looked them over she changed her mind. She did not consider them suitable. A man who knew the situation well advised me not to press the matter. The books would be wasted.

Hypnotism and mediumship are being used or experimented with at various institutions of learning. Would a donor be thanked for a copy of "The Great Psychological Crime"?

There is usually a board or committee to pass upon the books to be placed in a library whether it is a public library or a semi-public library in a hospital, Masonic lodge, college, or other institution. The board members, as well as the librarian, may belong to one of many religious bodies the tenets of which do not agree with the teachings of Natural Science. On the other hand, some persons very much interested in the Work learned of it by finding the books in a public library.

A friend who is somewhat inclined to indulge in self-pity writes: "When I get depressed I should remember to read some of 'To You.' It always does fix me up."

Asheville, N. C.

A Shut-In

Ed. Note: The above experience has been a common one to many friends of Natural Science who were interested in bringing the Philosophy to the attention of others. It brings out some very patent facts. Again and again the books of Natural Science have been removed from libraries and destroyed; yet they should be in every public library. It is quite impossible for The School to check all the many libraries; but whenever a call is received for books to be placed, the call is answered. One library in the middle west keeps their set under lock and key; it can be had only by direct request. It is simple enough for an Individual to determine if the books are welcome in any library; if they are not, it is best, as stated in the letter, to let "sleeping dogs lie."

PLEASE! PLEASE!

Please do not change the make-up of the magazine in the middle of the volume! I have always kept and bound my magazines since my first contact with the Philosophy of Individual Life and I want to do so with this volume. It will be dreadfully awkward to have them in two sizes. Why not retain it as it is until the end of this volume and then change with the beginning of the next? The contents can be changed to meet the present needs but please, not the size and name.

Minneapolis, Minn.

G. B. S.

LIFE-LONG GIFTS

Both volumes of "Self-Unfoldment" in the Morocco binding were received by me in ample time for the gift purpose I desired of them. Frankly, these books with their quiet and impressive dark, limp-leather covers and gold-edged pages exceeded my expectations. The quality of paper, too, with its smoothness and restfulness on the eyes is a prime factor in the making of a life-long gift.

If more friends of the Great School knew about these Morocco-bound books of the series, they, too, would give them as tokens of esteem and friendship.

Newark, N. J.

N. C. H.

A CLASS OF READERS

I have four friends who are keenly interested in the Philosophy of Individual Life so I like to have always a copy of the Literature ready if I should be called upon for it. One is most interested in reading everything for herself and thinking things out for herself. Another friend does likewise but is more dependable and likes to discuss it. Another one wants to be told it rather than read it; but she practices most conscientiously what she really hears and believes. My husband says little but digests much!

So you see we have quite a little class here. Other friends are becoming interested but they need "baby food" for some time yet. The great thing is that they are interested.

Barnet, England

Mrs. M. E. M.

Ed. Note: Here is described in one short paragraph, four distinct grades of intelligence, and the writer makes five, all working out their evolution according to their own particular development and capacities. Is it not a privilege to live in a world where one can so readily contact all degrees and types of Individuals, and learn from them?

PERSONALLY PLEASED

So much has been written concerning the form and title of the magazine. The artistic line and color of the present one has always been most pleasing to me. I would not like to change it. As to the name, since it is put on the newsstands, perhaps a title more appealing to those who are making an honest effort along the lines of Individual growth might be better; that is, a title better understood by those who have not been following The Great work. **Self-Unfoldment** is a word understood by all students of psychology and of all the cults which have to do with the betterment of mankind. I am personally satisfied with the magazine as it is, so the change of name or the retention of the present one makes no difference to me.

Imperial, Calif.

Estella Falla

PURE BUNK?

In regard to this talk of changing the size and title of the magazine in my humble opinion the bulk of it is just pure bunk. Some people must be very finicky about the form in which they receive their philosophy. Personally I don't give a d— about the size, the matter contained therein is all that interests me.

I consider the present size ideal for home reading. It is printed in good clear type that anyone with normal sight can read without glasses. Personally I do use glasses, but as a matter of fact, although I am in my eighty-third year of life, I can easily read every word from beginning to end without them and that is an important thing considering the number of books and magazines that are still printed in too small a type.

Now of course there are some readers whether they are a minority or a majority we do not know, who would prefer to have a smaller size, a pocket edition, that they could more easily carry with them. That would, of course, necessitate having a good many more leaves or pages, at least double or

maybe more. Now if there is enough demand for it, it might be advisable to do it, if the present beautiful clear type can be retained and expense and labor involved would not be too great as to make it difficult to publish the magazine at the present price.

In regard to the title "To You"—do not change it. I cannot think of any better name than the present.

The only thing I could suggest is that you add something more to the cover so as to make sure at a cursory glance it is dealing with the occult—for instance:

Do you know there is no death?

Do you know that spirit communication is an established fact of Science?

Do you know anything about the country you are going to when you die?—

or something like that. These are simply suggestions, there are plenty others. But anything about spirit communication would immediately catch the eyes of those to whom it is known to be a fact, especially the spiritualists who most certainly need it, for as far as I am able to find out there is only a small minority of spiritualists who know anything about the Great School or its publications and they are beginning to be a very numerous people. I have no doubt that a very large number of them (the progressive ones) would be glad to avail themselves of the teachings of Natural Science.

I have given several books to some of them myself and also extra copies of the magazine but I have not the funds to do much. I am a millionaire, of course, you know, but it is all in my mind. If I ever lose my mind I shall go broke.
Los Angeles, Calif. Fredric A. Boswell

FROM ABROAD

I appreciate the change suggested much, especially the size reduced to 8 by 5½ I think will meet the majority. The name to my opinion must be "Reconstruct"; on the cover you will print someone forging ahead in the midst of adversity.

I am not good at colors but I believe something gay with the name in opposite hue will answer amply. You will notice I have no punctuation, which I leave for you to do as I am no English scholar.

When you have compared the "TO YOU" changed to "Reconstruct" you will decide suitably.

Hoping I have done something to further this common cause, I remain One on the Way.
Georgetown, British Guiana Ramsarroop Maraj

Ed. Note: The punctuations were supplied by the editor. The effort of the writer to send his communication written in English is appreciated, and he may be sure his letters are always welcome, with or without punctuation. His thoughts and ideas are the valuable things, not the commas and exclamation points.

A NEW VIEWPOINT

I am very glad to note that we are to have some Editorial Comments in the "What Do You Think?" department and am looking forward to the coming issues with more than usual interest. I appreciate the comments of "J.M.H., Kansas City, Mo." (thru which city I passed a few years ago on my way to Los Angeles) and can see where it is an advantage to get the general reader's views rather than only the student side. I am afraid I was looking at the matter purely from the student stand-point. It seemed at first such a big come-down from

the high level of that department to the common every-day views of such people as myself. Of course, the articles in the other part will meet the student demand.

I was surprised at reading my own letters in the magazine! It makes me realize how carefully one should express one's ideas since they can influence so many people indirectly. Still, in general, I expressed the truth regarding sex conditions in England, as they appear to me after so many years in America, and I am prepared to stand by them. Being in a similar business here to what I was in the States, I realize the tremendous difference in woman's position in England as compared with that in America. I see it in a hundred different ways daily, and I am afraid I get very intolerant at times. Perhaps women themselves are partly responsible for this state of affairs since they "sit down" to things that American women would not suffer for a moment—and unnecessarily. It is not always the men's fault. However, I am glad to have had this opportunity of seeing such differences at first-hand, and have benefited by them in that it has strengthened my love for America and for what it stands—**Freedom.**

Since coming to England I have become friendly with a woman who attended a Spiritualist Meeting and very shortly afterward became ill mentally. I would not definitely say this is the cause of her illness, but it is very tragic and I wonder whether you do, and will, give definite instructions or specific suggestions on how to handle such a case.

I should like to close my letter by again expressing my appreciation of the enlightenment and help the School has been to me since I contacted the Philosophy. Perhaps I shall hear from you again in the near future?
So. Devon, England F. M. B.

Ed. Note: The illness of this friend perhaps is due to a magnetic depletion resulting from her attendance at Spiritualist meetings. In the June, 1936 issue of the magazine, under the article "Nightmares," You will find specific information which may help You in pointing the way whereby your friend may restore the normal condition.

AGAINST A CHANGE

I have tried to think of a new and better name for the magazine but I have not succeeded. I really like it so well just as it is that I hope the majority will be against a change.

The June copy came this morning. I have read M. V.'s letter with particular interest. I had read the article on Frustration several times and thought that it gave the secret for overcoming it. Mr. Brandon's use of the word "disinterestedness" especially appealed to me. The various reactions to the same article serve to demonstrate individual differences, don't they? I always enjoy that department.

This is one of the times when I wish I were rich and could send a big check to the Work. It seems to me that there is nothing more needed in the world today than just what the School has to give and it should not be limited by lack of money.
F. M.

INDEED, OF MUCH ACCOUNT

My friend, F.E.S., and I cannot bear the thought of a change in the name of the magazine. TO YOU is so intimate and personal. Hope the decision will be in our favor. Am just past eighty-two and of little account.

Dalton, Mass.

F. A. Clapp

LITERATURE

of
Natural Science

and
The Philosophy of
Individual Life

HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION, Florence Huntley.....		\$3.00
<i>The Struggle for Happiness, and Individual Completion Through Polarity or Affinity.</i>		
THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIME.....		\$3.00
<i>The Destructive Principle of Nature in Individual Life.</i>		
THE GREAT WORK.....		\$3.00
<i>The Constructive Principle of Nature in Individual Life.</i>		
THE GREAT KNOWN.....	J.E. Richardson	\$3.00
<i>What Science Knows of the Spiritual World</i>		
THE GREAT MESSAGE.....	TK.	\$3.00
<i>The Lineal Key of The Great School of the Masters</i>		
Morocco Bound		\$5.00
SELF-UNFOLDMENT, Vol. 1	J. E. Richardson	\$2.00
SELF-UNFOLDMENT, Vol. 2		
Morocco Bound		\$4.00
WHO ANSWERS PRAYER? PO, RA, TK.....		\$1.00
Morocco Bound		\$3.00
TO YOU!	} per year	\$2.50
		single copy
A Complete Set of the Books and a Year's Subscription to "TO YOU!"\$20.00		

TO YOU!

What It Means To You



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

Address all inquiries and editorial communications to
TO YOU or The Great School of Natural Science
8272 Marmont Lane, Hollywood

Address all orders and business communications to
Pioneer Press, 1319 No. Martel Ave., Hollywood

Riches

John L. Billups

Not over many years ago I used to spend my time
A-garnering of worldly goods and making of them mine
Devising plans both day and nite of how to make my pile;
And now, dear friends, I'm wondering — was it ever worth the while?
The striving and the sweating, the worry and the fretting,
The destructive competition with my goodly fellow-men?

We've got to earn our daily bread I'll grant you now 'ts true,
The necessity for money we cannot bid adieu.
The children's shoes we all must buy, their food and clothing too;
There's water, rent and taxes and bills we all can rue.
Yet it seems quite "shore an' sartin" that a portion of our time
Must be given o'er to earning — paying debts, both thine and mine.

But beyond our needs of reason and legitimate desires
(And of course a sense of duty and constructive life requires
A careful kind of providence and income safely sure
For the autumn of existence to make our life secure)
Is it worth the Piper's pay in strife and discontent
Demanded by the Piper of the soul on riches bent?

And now, dear friends, I'd share a thot with one and all of you:
The only riches worth the game are those we make our own
The things we add unto our soul: the temple we have grown
The immortal things we carry on and never live to rue —
So shall it be greed and selfishness, destructiveness and strife,
Or temperance, peace and happiness — wealth for eternal life?

