



THE PHILOSOPHY OF  
INDIVIDUAL LIFE

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*An Individual Intelligence!*

The Kindly Kiss of Death



The Borderland Workers



Who Watches?



The Busy Bees' Gift to Mankind

The Door To Knowledge

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

# TO YOU!

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



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## CONTENTS

THE BORDERLAND WORKER.....	(To You) 1
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.....	(From the Files) 12
ARE YOU STALE?.....	19
THE SEARCHLIGHT .....	22
NATURAL LAW .....	(Your Morals) 23
INDIVIDUAL STUDY (Questions on "Religion").....	29
THE BUSY BEES' GIFT TO MANKIND.....	Lillian R. Carque 5
THERE CAME A VISION.....	M. A. B. 7
THE SWASTIKA AND POLE STAR (concluded).....	J. W. Norwood 8
OPPORTUNITY .....	John L. Billups 11
WHO WATCHES?.....	Tasso W. Swartz 17
PINE NEEDLES.....	Joseph A. Sadony 20
TO YOUR HEALTH! (How About Your Last Jag?).....	Violet Ultra 20
THE DOOR TO KNOWLEDGE.....	Irene Brandenburg 21
THIS MORNIN' .....	Martin Bordner 22
WHAT DO YOU THINK?.....	30
THE KINDLY KISS OF DEATH.....	Ambro S. Park 32
AKIN TO NATURE.....	Ambro S. Park 40

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# To You . . .

## Just You

### The Borderland Workers

**I**T IS an uncommon student of spiritual lines of thought who has not wondered about and pondered over the Borderland which lies between the physical and the spiritual worlds, just beyond the physical realm, where the borderland workers are ever busy and active. The average person thinks of where it is, what it is like, how far out into space one must go in order to contact it, and what work the workers accomplish.

In reality the Borderland is immediately around and about each Individual, right here on the surface of the physical world; for each one of the thirteen planes of this physical planet interpenetrate and each has its center at exactly the same place as the center of the physical plane. Each Individual's borderland is immediately about him; and it is in the borderland where the vast army of workers constantly are occupied with their efforts to assist people in the physical world. This army of workers consists of nurses, doctors, technicians, "guardian angels," and every kind and type of specialist necessary to carry on the altruistic work of assisting those who, either in their ignorance or through conscious and intentional evasion or violation, require help from time to time in regaining their health, contentment and happiness. Certain individuals in the spiritual world devote their time, energy, and intelligence to the unselfish service of their fellowmen and women of the physical world, just as there are physical people who devote themselves to service of various kinds in China, or India, or Africa. There are all degrees of intelligence operating in the borderland region, some skilled, some unskilled, some in process of learning to serve in a wider capacity. They do duty

in this realm until their time comes to pass into higher realms for greater development and wider service.

These Borderland Workers are ever ready and willing to give service in answer to calls for help from the physical plane; but often—how very often—they are prevented from serving because, while asking for help and sincerely desiring it, the physical people close the doors against the very help they seek. This frequently is done unconsciously by the people of the physical world, without realization that it is being done, or how. An Individual will contend, and sincerely, that he is doing everything within his power to contact the spiritual helpers and make it possible for them to assist him; he will declare that his door to them is left wide open that they may enter and serve. And yet the help he so desires is not forthcoming and he cannot understand why.

You no doubt have had this experience: You have a friend whom you know to be in need of a certain help which you can give. You intuitively know that in the depths of his soul that friend would appreciate your help; and yet, this friend has a terrific pride which restrains him from accepting assistance, or has a fear of becoming obligated as a result of help he receives. Perhaps you already have been of so much service to him that he shrinks from accepting any further favors. Whether right or wrong in his attitude, he closes the door against your service and assistance which you are so ready and willing to give. You are left helpless. The best you can do is to await patiently the time and opportunity when your friend will open the door of service to you, for deliberate intrusion is not constructive. This illustration

applies equally and as forcefully to the spiritual friends and physical ones. No spiritual friend will intrude his service when the door is closed to him through pride, resentment, indifference, or callousness. He will stand by in readiness to serve when the opportunity is constructive.

This is one of the hardships, disappointments and difficulties of the borderland workers—they so often find the door to active service closed against them by the very ones who need and desire the specific help they are qualified to give. But being tolerant and kind and truly unselfish, they accept the rebuffs as part of their work and training, and continue on their way, helping wherever and whenever possible.

An interesting personal experience with the Borderland Workers was related recently by an Individual who has traveled the road to the south for a goodly number of years. His contact with the spiritual world has been for a number of years, under various conditions and circumstances, and through training and personal effort. His life has been a consistent one, lived consciously and intentionally, to the best of his knowledge and ability, along the lines of self-unfoldment and development based on the principles of morality. In spite of all efforts to avoid it, an emergency surgical operation was necessary recently to save his life; in fact, two operations—one to give temporary relief that his life might be saved, the second twelve days later, to remove the obstruction which had developed as the result of a nervous shock sustained years ago.

Following the second operation naturally the vitality and energy were exceedingly low. Visitors were prohibited; quiet was essential; and during the long days and nights alone conditions were highly conducive to close contact with the spiritual realm. For days the patient lived on the borderland between the two worlds of matter. In fact, the reality of both realms was so pronounced and so evenly balanced that it was difficult for him to differentiate between the physical and spiritual workers who were serving him in the capacities of nurses and doctors. His

attention was divided between the efforts of both.

He tells of one intriguing phase of the experience: When the physicians and head nurses of the hospital visited him, he generally extended his hand in glad greeting, as it was pleasant to have visitors. He did it unconsciously. He did the same with spiritual friends and visitors when they entered the room—they all meant the same to him. But as he would extend his hand to greet the spiritual friends the movement of the arm would bring him back to physical consciousness and the spiritual visitor would disappear from sight. It was intriguing to him, almost as if "Now you see him, now you don't." Then would follow a sense of disappointment, until again the consciousness functioned on the spiritual plane and the spiritual people would come within range of sight and hearing. During the early part of his illness he was too weak to realize what took place; of course, as his strength regained, the realization was clear.

Another interesting phase of the experience was the technical treatments given by the spiritual borderland workers, under the direction of spiritual physicians, conducted simultaneously with the physical treatments, of which he said: "There were plenty being given. What with intravenous feeding, a Murphy Drip, a needle syphon to the stomach, an additional drain tube here and there, and other things which were continued for twenty-four hours a day, the bed seemed to be the replica of an oil field with derricks erected all about." On the spiritual plane, underneath the bed a platform was erected about fifteen feet below and extending beyond the sides and ends. Another of the same size was erected over the bed. The platforms were not just suspended in space—rods connected them, holding them stationary. On the platforms were instruments—four on each platform, with four technicians to operate them, every minute busy and alert to the work at hand. The instruments consisted of two lamps resembling searchlights, and two magnetic machines, all of which were different and varying vibratory



ratings, yet harmonizing in their action. For instance, the lamp on the lower platform at the foot of the bed crossed rays with the lamp on the upper platform at the head of the bed. These rays met and crossed at the abdomen. The patient was told that the two rays of different vibratory ratings crossing at the abdomen augmented each other. The other two lamps operated in the same manner. The spiritual workers explained that the other four instruments, the magnetic ones, were purely *magnetic* in action; not electrical. This was deeply impressed on his consciousness; and their rays crossed and centered at the same crucial spot of the patient's anatomy.

He was given to realize that the magnetic instruments served a two-fold purpose—they intensified the healing process, but *in addition*, the magnetism generated by them augmented the spiritual phase of the magnetic element which holds the physical and spiritual bodies together, and helped to prevent a separation which would enable the patient to slip over into the spiritual world. This was a precautionary measure to eliminate all chance of an unexpected departure, which was possible in view of his weakness. Also, while cooperating in every way, he still was indifferent as to his future abode for work; wherever he could best serve, there was the place he wished to be. The spiritual friends and workers considered his work in the physical work was not completed, so they continued their efforts in his behalf. At the end of ten days he still was in the physical realm, as represented by skin and bones amounting to forty-five pounds less than before their efforts began.

The patient's arms had been so punctured by hypodermics, intravenous injections, and whatnots, his stomach was so irritated from the tube, the pain in the abdomen was so acute, and the entire body was so rife with pain and burning that relief seemed impossible on the night of the ninth day. He was suffering acutely as the midnight hour passed and morning hours approached; then, through the language of impulse, clear

and distinct, came a new concept: the night hours are the golden hours of healing when everything is quiet and inharmonious vibrations are at a low ebb. Instead of a time of horror, the night instead is most valuable for the healing process to take place. And a time for the patient to endeavor to augment not only the treatments of the spiritual friends and the physical helpers, but also Nature herself as her forces are operating. With this new concept, he endeavored to cooperate further. With arms and legs straightened, and in as comfortable a position as possible, he consciously began to relax from toes to head, to allow the healing forces of Nature to work unobstructed and unimpaired. To cooperate with them meant to *harmonize* with them, to realize that the pains in the abdomen were healing pains and that the least resistance they met with the greater good could be accomplished by them; for after all, Nature is the one who does the healing. The physical surgeon had done his part; the nurses were doing theirs; and the spiritual borderland workers were diligently attending to theirs. Now Nature must be given the opportunity to do her part. As the patient relaxed and considered the concept given him, more and more he became in harmony with the healing forces; little by little a bombardment of vibrations were set up in the region of the abdomen, then in the arms and legs, and finally throughout the entire body. This bombardment continued while he remained in harmony with the force, studying it, contemplating it, and endeavoring to make the concept a part of his acquired knowledge. Gradually the aches and pains became less and less acute, until finally they subsided into a minor ache.

Then further enlightenment through the language of impulse: The healing forces of Nature are different from the integrating constructive forces of Nature. In order to rebuild it is necessary, not only to harmonize with the constructive forces, but specifically with the *healing* forces which are, to be sure, a phase of the constructive forces, but separate and apart from them. This illustra-

tion was given him by one of the Friends: "Lightning strikes a tree and destroys a portion of it. Now the forces in Nature which heal the scars left by the lightning are different from the forces of Nature which vitalize and sustain the growth and life of the tree. The healing forces are utilized by Nature only after the tree has been injured; when it is healed these forces are withdrawn. This led to further consideration: Therefore, there are all different kinds of vibrations which heal any and all kinds of ills to which man is heir. Some of the vibrations stopped, for instance, in the legs where they ached; others passed up to the abdominal region where the pain was greater and where there were greater requirements for healing; others went directly to the sore spots in the arms, etc., thus, there are specific vibrations appropriate to heal each and every kind and variety of ache and pain. But—*man must learn to cooperate intelligently and consciously with the constructive healing forces of Nature.*

Following this, complete relaxation resulted and the patient slipped off into a peaceful healing sleep which lasted some two or more hours. He awoke refreshed and restored in vitality and energy, with the bombardment of healing vibrations continuing on until the atmosphere became disturbed by the entrance of a physical nurse ready to perform physical duties. With his consciousness returned to the physical plane and his attention centered there, conscious recognition of the healing left him temporarily. But with daylight he was on the highway to recovery, having passed the crucial point in the healing process.

Many of the readers who have journeyed to the borderland and had conscious contact with the spiritual workers there, can verify some of these experiences in general, some perhaps, in detail; for again, individuals are different and each person has his individual experiences in detail. But in effect they will verify the fact that they saw and conversed with spiritual people, with former friends and associates, with those who were endeavoring to be of service to them.

Others who have never approached the borderland may doubt the authenticity of the experience; but at some time, as surely as the earth rotates, they will approach it; they will pass down through the valley of the shadow and glimpse the light of the borderland just above. Then, too, will they verify the experience of one who walked and talked and cooperated with the Borderland Workers of the spiritual world.

A number of persons, having heard this patient's story, have asked: "Were all the patients in the hospital attended by the borderland workers with the same faithful care?"

Some of them, yes; many of them, no. Why? Because they closed the door against the help and assistance, through their own resentment against being ill, through their intolerance and petulance, and through their active, defiant resistance to pain. A fellow patient in the same room with the above mentioned patient, operated on the same day, so fought against his condition, resenting the illness, bemoaning his fate, becoming filled with bitterness against the pain and discomfort, and blaming the nurses and physicians in his attitude, that no means of relieving his suffering could possibly prove effective. The more he fought, the more he suffered; the more he suffered, the worse his condition became, resulting finally in a hemorrhage which ended his life.

So if and when *You* are fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to pass through an experience similar to the above, approaching the Borderland and the Borderland Workers, give yourself up to active cooperation with the healing forces of Nature and with the active workers who are ready and willing to do all in their power and intelligence to help you—if *You* desire to remain here and complete any work *You* have remaining to be done. If not, then cooperate with them in making a peaceful, wholesome transition, that *You* may alight on the other side of the life and work over there, ready and prepared to continue your journey to the further goal of your life.



# The Busy Bee's Gift To Mankind...



Lillian R. Carque

**T**HE love of sweets is as natural as the breath of life;—fruits, honey, yes even mother's milk that is drawn into the tiny stomach of the newborn babe is sweet; from the very cradle we instinctively crave and love sweets! For sugars are splendid energy foods. Primitive man keenly sensed the quick stimulation afforded him by our vitalizing honey, for its pre-digested carbohydrates are almost instantaneously assimilated and converted into bodily fuel. Even in Biblical times its praises were voiced—the famed athletes of Greece prepared themselves for combat by dieting on honey. In their biographies many of the best known Roman and Greek philosophers attribute their long life to the daily use of this wholesome sweet.

There is no other food which brings fragrance and flavor to food as does honey. For honey contains the very essence that gives flowers their aroma, embodying as it does the sweet fluid or nectar collected from a particular kind of flower on a given trip. This nectar contains a distinctive combination of sugars, essential oils and other substances, which give the blossoms their characteristic fragrance, and these constituents are retained in the honey.

Until the last decade, it was the general belief that the bees store the floral juices in the honeycomb unchanged. Now we know that honey is quite different in many ways from the droplets in growing flowers. Changes, chemical and physical, have taken place. Within the hive the bees transform the chemical structure of the raw nectar, converting its carbohydrates into almost equal parts of dextrose or (grape-sugar) and levulose or (fruit sugar), thus bee-ripening the honey.

Besides the two invert or simple sugars named, honey also embodies a small quality of sucrose or cane sugar—never over eight per cent, sometimes two per cent. Some of the other compounds occurring in honey in smaller proportions are minerals, protein, aromatic bodies, enzymes, pigments, acids, dextrans, gums and water.

By fanning their wings during the day and espe-

cially at night, the bees pump thousands of cubic feet of air through the hive in order to reduce, by the process of evaporation, the thin watery nectar into thick nourishing honey. This excess moisture—as high as sixty per cent—otherwise would sour and ferment the freshly gathered nectar. Hence the bees must speedily condense this surplus fluid until the ratio of actual water to invert sugar content is not more than twenty per cent. Some excess moisture is expelled in some ingenious way while the bees are on the wing. But to drive out the overamount still remaining, the bees organize themselves into two groups: one group forces the air out of the hive and the other group forces the air into the hive; the resulting circulation of air may be likened to the efficient performance of a modern dehydrator.

Many people cannot eat honey on account of pollen allergy; others also object to the strong harsh pollen flavors. Some honey packers are even beginning to eliminate pollen mechanically. It is erroneous to assume that pollen is poisonous for general consumption. It is of course true that about one person out of twenty-two cannot tolerate honey. This is because honey contains formic acid, occurring in the sting of the bee, which is poisonous to some persons. It has also been found that certain flavors are poisonous to some people, as the pollen from them causes hay fever and other discomforts, yet it would be a misstatement to say that all flowers are poisonous.

People insist on interpreting their difficulty with a specific food as a collective reaction, rather than as a personal one. Just as we have allergic problems with honey, we have individuals who cannot tolerate this or that type of food, such as bananas, strawberries, milk, eggs, oranges and chocolate. Fortunately the percentage is very small, yet it is ridiculous to construe this lack of tolerance of a few to be a deadly poison to the masses. Consequently, honey is in no way improved by the removal of pollen, except for those few individuals who are super-sensitive to pollens.

Propaganda has gone afloat that bees are fed with refined sugar. "This is indeed a misrepresentation,"

says the American Honey Institute at Wisconsin. "The beekeeper would go bankrupt the first season were he to try to produce honey by feeding his bees sugar syrup. All beekeepers feed their bees sugar syrup in the early spring of the year if necessary, to keep them from starving. There may be no nectar available in a given section and if the beekeeper finds the bees have consumed the honey stores he left in the hive over the winter, he either has to feed the bees sugar syrup or let them die from starvation." To this Professor Eckert of the University of California adds: "At the present price of sugar, and considering the amount of sugar syrup consumed in the ripening process, it is not economically possible for the beekeeper to make any money whatever by feeding bees for the purpose of producing a surplus of food for extraction."

#### THE BEES' LESSON TO MANKIND

Such a wonderful spirit of cooperation prevails because existence of the honeybee as a single unit and through individual effort is impossible. The motivating impulse prevailing the colony is apparently to insure the perpetuation of the species rather than that of the individual. A gregarious insect, the honeybee can survive only through the collective operations of the three castes comprising its hive or community, namely the queen, the workers and the drones.

The care of the beegrubs or larvae—a task of seemingly astonishing magnitude—becomes the duty of the younger bees of strong vitality. When only a few days old themselves, they feed and nurse the freshly hatched brood whose number assumes impressive figures, with thousands of new recruits arriving daily during the height of the brood-rearing season. A young and vigorous queen maintains a pace of breeding efficiency which averages 2,200 to 2,300 eggs daily just before and during a part of the honey flow.

Untiring in their ceaseless labors, the worker bees perform all the work of the colony in a fairly definite routine. Worn out, with their wings frayed and torn, they die often in a vain attempt to return to the hive with their last load of nectar. Much work has to be done constantly by the younger occupants to polish up the cells where the queen lays her eggs and to keep the hive clean. There are many bees who act as scavengers, whose duty it is to carry out odd scraps of refuse and to deposit them outside the hive entrance. Dead bees also must be cast out of the hive and pushed over the edge of the alighting-boards. Such "undertaking" is extremely beneficial to the health of the stock, for dead bees lying about on the hive floor tend to breed vermin and to hold the damp.

There are some bees who devote their energies to attending to and waiting on the queen. Stationed at

various corners of the hive are the fanners or ventilators, who are continually relayed to the special task of flapping their wings rapidly to and fro. They play no insignificant part in maintaining an efficient circulation of air inside the hive, so that the hive temperature during the heat of the summer season may remain as even and comfortable as possible.

A considerable number are busily occupied serving as water carriers, water being an important item in the feeding of the grubs or larvae. To most of the larvae, the nurse bees feed what is known as beebread. This is composed of pollen, with the addition of honey and water. Apparently the nitrogenous material abounding in pollen is indispensable for the development of the young bees. The production of young queens seems to depend entirely on the larvae being fed a special kind of food known as royal jelly. When conditions in the hive call for a new queen, the nurse bees choose a larva and begin feeding it the jelly—a substance they create through action of the salivary glands, and regurgitate when needed.

Building waxen combs in which to store the honey takes up weeks of activity on the part of an appreciable number of bees, subsequently followed by days spent in sealing over, with airtight cappings, the cells in which the finished product has been stored. Yonder may be seen sentinels who guard the entrance against alien robber bees. Then there are the scout bees who are advance agents or investigators, appointed when the majority of flying bees desire to leave for a new home. Home labor also embraces, a little at a time, pollen-packing, gluing or sealing all cracks that might let cold air into the hive, comb-cleaning and repairing, honey-ripening and any other inside duties.

Does not the nicely apportioned work of the hive suggest the moral lesson that we, too, think only in terms of human service; that our aspirations be above the petty aims and ambitions of men; that our work be performed in the spirit of duty, love and of service without regard for fame, fortune or reward—unconcerned as to whether it leads to unknown glory or to crucifixion? It matters not how difficult the task—how cluttered and roughshod the path, we must venture forth poised and fearlessly, wholeheartedly and unselfishly dedicating ourselves to the task of helping humanity to the extent of our ability. For the reward which life holds out for work is not idleness, nor rest, nor immunity from work, but increased capacity, greater difficulties and more work.

The Masters give no stinted service; they do not measure their work by hours. Their time, heart, soul and strength are given to labor for the benefit of humanity. Jesus carried the awful weight of respon-



sibility for the salvation of men. Like a blazing mighty mountain out of the night of darkness and ignorance, he shed light that we might find our own way. His gift of mercy and love was as boundless and unconfined as the air. The homage which the world gives to position, wealth or to talent were foreign to this master; no act to gain applause was ever witnessed by him. Masters come to earth with the hoarded love of eternity; they walk in humility. They seek only to plant into the hearts and minds of men the seeds of truth, toiling with an all-consuming zeal for the good of all. Our lives too should reflect the true goodness of unselfish deeds.

Thus we can see that duty is the sacred fulfillment of the work of our natural calling under karmic destiny. The working out and elimination of defects, in all vicissitudes of human endeavor thru many incarnations, bring us to earth, life after life, under the conditions in which we find ourselves, which conditions we should feel and know to be the very opportunities needed for our further progress, service and discipline.

If we could but understand that the Lord within is leading us through all experience that we may recognize the unity of all, then we will cease to act contrary to that solidarity and reciprocity of Nature. Otherwise, without our will, through much suffering and many defeats, we will be obliged to pass through many weary treadmills of lives on earth, until step by step the proper seeds of mental action are sown from which the crop of right discrimination may be gathered.

Ed. Note: Mrs. Carque, director of the Natural Brands Research Foundation has sent notice of the publication of a revised edition of *Vital Facts About Foods*, by Otto Carque. She states: "It now embodies 238 pages, including recipes and menus for all seasons, over 15 footnotes and five added pages by my humble self, contributed in an endeavor to bring all the latest nutritional findings up to the minute. The book is representative of the greatest value in rational dietetic information ever offered by a recognized authority. It sells for \$1.00 and \$1.50 postpaid in leatherette and imitation limp leather covers respectively."

"The up-to-date information and discoveries ascertained through recent nutritional research," it is stated in the new preface, "are advanced with no intention of treating irreverently the late Otto Carque's last dietetic masterpiece, but rather to supplement such findings as could not be proved to his satisfaction at the time of his conscientious probings with the facilities, laboratory technique and other scientific information then available to him."

The book is recommended as a valuable one for all progressive people being exceedingly helpful in establishing a healthful diet regime. Orders filled through Natural Brands, Inc.

4328 San Fernando Road

Glendale, Calif.

## THERE CAME A VISION

M. A. B.

Weariness heavily weighed upon me. I slept. And dreamed. Or else a vision had.

Upon a platform low a book upended was, and on its back in letters large and luminous the title shone, "Earth's History". It was a book of such immense proportions as to seem incredible, and while my fascinated eyes on it did rest, it turned and opened slowly to my gaze.

"Page one," I read, and through the lighted words a figure dim was seen. An unseen hand the pages turned, now slowly, now in haste, and ever through the leaves the figure ran. At one time brightly gleamed its outline, at another it was almost lost to view. And always when it shone the brighter, the letters of the story told, took on reflected radiance, but when the figure, blurred and dim, did almost fade from view, the printed words were heavy, dark and smirched as if by careless ignorant wantons of the press—or by wilful vandals bold.

As page by page the thrilling tale unfolded, I forward leaned in breathless interest and suspense. "The figure!" I breathed, and found myself entranced by it, as the reader of a tale enthralling looks for the heroine beloved and yearns for her the crowning joy to have. At times, I sighed, "At last, I now shall see the face," only to have the form elude again my straining eyes.

And then, when it did seem an uncounted age had past while I sat immersed in this epic of such stupendousness that my small mind recoiled from it in uncomprehending confusion, ah, then! the story ceased. Pages there were more in plenty, but they were blank and white and clean. And from these stepped the figure. One glimpse of it I had—a figure robed in folds of white, one arm aloft with white flame in its hand. And I did reel almost in senselessness and blinded was. One sweet majestic tone I heard, and deaf became.

One glimpse, one sound, but ah! the power of these two. In them I saw the yet unwritten pages glow with an increasing light. I sensed a near approaching day, wherein the figure's high held flame would penetrate the darkest corners of our land. I saw its light revealing all the brutal ugliness of force and laying bare to questioning souls the frailties and falsities of man-made Gods. No kindly shadows of retreat did it afford to slinking cowering forms of hate and fear and selfish lust for power and greed, or cold contempt for lesser ones; but like his searching eye, it sought them out and in all their hideousness uncovered them.

Then like unto a Master's touch, the pure white rays began a sure and gentle healing. And all the world did feel them and respond. A courage rare was born, a universal sympathy awoke, and charity and other kindred virtues set to work that a staggering and sore-sick world should find stability again and constructive labor at its hand.

And then it was I seemed to know the words that yet would be imprinted on the pages of the book before the final chapter closed its tale; knew, too, the import of the one heavenly and indescribably beautiful tone I'd heard, knew and rejoiced.

Had it not been said in centuries past by One Beloved, "Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free"?

The figure now was gone, the vision faded. "It is over", I whispered to myself. Then briefly, suddenly, it came again. In one swift movement, the pages blank were turned unto the last white one, and across it in lines of light a flashing finger moved, "To the past with its pains of birth and progress; to the future with its glory and promise is dedicated the present and its Brotherhood of Man."

# The Swastika and Pole Star . . .

J. W. Norwood

(CONCLUDED)

**W**HILE Thor was originally an agricultural and sky god, he seems always to have been the special champion of his people against the destructive forces of Nature. As such he taught the arts of war as well as of peace. The Hammer certainly symbolized force for he used it forcefully and ruled a warlike race with it.

Its choice by the German Fuehrer as symbol of the Nazi movement emphasizes rather the power and strength of the Hammer, than the Wisdom, also part of the ideology from which it is derived—that of the ancient Swastika.

The Pole Star of which the Swastika was the sign, sometimes was called the "Midnight Sun," a most appropriate name for those living in far northern countries. This was an allusion to Deity as the source of both physical and mental light and possibly one of the harmonizing elements of the union between Sun and Star ritualists.

The Sun was Egyptian and Semetic in its origin as a Symbol of the chief god, indicating him to the source of Light, and must have entered Artisan rituals much later than the Pole Star. Mental illumination thus indicated, was one of the refinements of human thought. For practical purposes of Agriculture, Commerce, and Chronology however, it was not so useful as a ritualistic tool as the Star symbolism. For all the building trades it was like asking them to surrender half their knowledge of architecture, mathematics and even the working tool of their crafts, to supplant the Star with the Sun.

Yet this is precisely what must have happened in the innumerable wars between rival kings in which at times those of the Sun cults would conquer those of the Star cults, build empires on what was left and make the Sun supreme in the Temples of the combined states.

Only because the Brotherhood of Artisans was composed of free-born men and guaranteed their ancient rights of self government, did the Star symbolism remain in *their* mysteries. Otherwise, they absorbed and made use of all new ideas, including those of the Sun symbolism.

The Chaldeans, name for God as Light was Ilu and in Cuneiform writing was represented by a compass cross of light intersecting lines giving the four cardinal points of direction and four others between. This fairly preserved the idea of Light proceeding from the point of stability, namely the Pole Star. The symbol may be said to represent the union between Stellar and Solar cults.

The Guilds of the Middle Ages furnish us with another key to early history in the name of their hero Nimrod, about whom they relate the following:

Nimrod was king of Babylon and founded Nineveh as well as built the Tower of Babel and some other important works. He organized 40,000 workmen and gave them their first "charges" concerning behavior when travelling abroad to work for other employers. He obligated them by a great oath that continued to be known as the "Oath of Nimrod" down into the guild times of the Christian era. From Babylon the Artisans spread into many countries, especially among the Phoenicians, Egyptians, and Greeks.

Now this Nimrod, who is briefly mentioned in the book of Genesis, was known to the Greeks and Romans of a later day as Ninos and appears in the pantheon of gods as Ninurta or Nimurta whom the Greeks identified with Saturn and called Sag-us, or in Akkadian, KAIMANU—the Steady Star—which is the Pole Star. His parents were the local deities of Nippur (one of the most ancient Sumerian cultural and religious centers)—Enlil and Ninlil. The latter, his mother, was given charge of the constellation Ursa Major, that forms part of the Swastika. The Chaldeans called this constellation Margiddo.

So in Nimrod, we see a unifying force in the labor unions of some period during the wars over Babylonia, between the upper and lower parts of Nimrod's "kingdom," one Sumerian and the other Akkadian or Semetic.

Much more could be written about Nimrod in greater detail, but here it will be useful to point out that in popular mythology this early labor organizer not only became one of the "gods" and was finally identified with Belus or Baal as a sun god, but also gives a basis of *why* such curious stories were invented.



As we have already intimated the "gods" were originally heroes, leaders, artisans, inventors, civilizers, deified after death much as we moderns make saints of individuals. But the deification had more behind it than aggrandizement of the person. Whatever the popular belief as to the power and standing of such a local god, the organizers of human society discovered very practical use for all lists of gods coming into their hands.

A "god" conveyed an idea much as our modern letters convey certain sounds. There was no phonetic alphabet. There were family and tribal legends orally transmitted with the aid of simple signs and symbols, crude pictures or carvings called by the name of the thing or person supposed to be represented. By identifying various Artisan gods with the Artisan god of the ruling power in any country for example, history of political events could be traced back to so many original sources of craftsmanship. The progress of invention and general culture, of migrations and wars, voyages of discovery, and many other things could be preserved.

The "old gods" fell naturally into three classes—those of Sky, Earth, Water. They must be made to account for everything, from creation to what was likely to happen in the future.

The Swastika and Pole-Star symbolism linked them all together as creatures of the great unknown power that caused everything to be and foreshadowed the idea of God as a Trinity perhaps. But as men learned community life and especially as they adopted agriculture, the practice of preserving a record of events so increased the number of gods, that in Hesiod's time (about 776 B.C.) the poet tells us that there were 30,000 of them. This was a considerable "alphabet" for practical use. Moreover, as each notable among men was elevated to godship and as time passed with its necessity for the new god to absorb the attributes of numerous other like gods perhaps, the system was made more unwieldy through the necessity of remembering in some way all the names or titles by which the god was known in various places.

Man had to invent phonetic alphabets almost in self defense. If we can imagine each of 30,000 gods with ten titles each it will give us some idea of what historians must endure in an effort to delve into the past. Some gods had hundreds of titles no doubt. There is the name of Allah, "the one true god" of the Mohammedans for example. Officially he has many more names and the same is true of the Christian and Hebrew and Buddhist ideas of god. They are all the same God. A thousand years from now, it will be perfectly logical for archaeologists to write learned treatises on the multiplicity of the Christian, Hebrew, Mohammedan and Buddhist gods, because

they will know nothing of the ideas conveyed by the original names and titles.

An amusing story recalled by the writer in his youth, "*proved*" conclusively that George Washington and other celebrated persons of recent history, were Sun myths. The reasoning was faulty only because of the omission of such facts as that George Washington was first a man.

We may attribute the "Confusion of the Gods" to the ancient poets with their vivid and flowery language. One of them, however, a Greek named Euhemeros, in more serious mood stated that the gods were deified men. The statement was made 400 B. C. but has continued to cause debate among the learned uninitiated ever since. If that was so it upsets considerable theology and archaeology and makes the ancients a little too human to suit modern curiosity!

Some twenty-five centuries before Euhemeros revealed this "secret" of the mysteries, there lived in Egypt a skilled architect, physician and statesman by the name of Imhotep, whose elevation to godship for purposes above discussed, has in our own time been very conclusively proven. Born in Memphis, Egypt, he was a "Son of Ptah" by reason of initiation into that famous Artisan's lodge or temple. His actual father and mother were known as Kanufer and Khreduonkh according to the tomb records of their burial place. Imhotep became grand vizier of King Zozer, another good man. As the King's physician he seems not only to have kept that monarch in good physical condition, but to have built up much the same sort of reputation our old country physicians used to be proud of—by doing a lot of work for poor people for which he received little compensation save affection. Left to himself, Imhotep probably would have chosen to be remembered for his work as an architect or as a statesman, but the medical reputation was what lived after him.

Ordinary people regarded a good medical man as something of a wizard just as they looked upon most skilled workers and initiates of the temple. Their wisdom was "magic."

As a "Son of Ptah," Imhotep doubtless exchanged the usual courtesies of the day with various "Sons of Bel," and "Sons" of this and that deity from other lands visiting the court of Zozer as notables visit the courts of Kings and rulers today. They were all of the Brotherhood anyway. So Imhotep's reputation as a physician spread to many lands and after his death, a long time after no doubt, this wonderful physician was remembered in a confused way as identified with the prehistoric gods worshipped at Memphis. If he was the son of Ptah he must certainly be divine. And Imhotep was at last officially declared to be a god. The Greeks identified him with their God of Medicine,

Aesculapius, who belonged to the Apollo lodge of the same Brotherhood. Not until the twentieth century of our era was Imhotep's name recovered as that of a real man, when his tomb was opened.

So with the Guild heroes such as Nimrod. They were originally Artisans who did something useful for their people; were deified after death for historical purposes; made repositories of ideas and events of which they knew nothing perhaps in their own lifetimes.

Nimrod, Jabal, Tubal, Naamah, Hermes, Euclid, Pythagoras, Hammurabi (Hiram), Hiram, Solomon and others of the Guild legends, were men who did something useful. Most of them appear elsewhere as "gods"—but not in guild ritual. Only one Great Architect of the Universe, the supreme artificer, first-cause-of-all-things, was recognized. There was no attempt to explain El Shaddai, "The Lord," save that he was Wisdom and Strength, a power and an intelligence beyond man's comprehension, which could explain man to himself, though not El Shaddai to man.

Whether these names, as they have come down to us through fraternal and religious circles, are the original family names or descriptive titles, they once belonged to men who were "Sons of" some ancient "god" and therefore eligible to "god-ship" after death. The wisest and most skillful initiates were therefore *brothers* of the gods and those of lower degree, the little brothers, the demi-gods as it were. All of them, the entire brotherhood, were "children" of the Supreme Artificer in a poetical sense.

Unless we assume that the earliest civilizers of mankind, who were the "Old Gods" of mythology, really endeavored to educate and coordinate the masses in their social and economic life, as the legends say they did, these legends do not make sense. But when we accept them with all their faults, as early man's first attempt at writing history, recording the results of research, and evolving orderly systems for his government, we find them serving these purposes long before the invention of phonetic writing, hieroglyphics, or cuneiform, or even Chinese characters.

So important were the gods to themselves and their purposes, that all primitive peoples not yet mentally equipped to benefit by the schooling of the holy house or temple, and therefore to be classed as common or unskilled laborers, were constrained to regard the graduates of the mysteries as "magicians," and when deified after death, as really powerful individual gods who could perform miracles. Their signs of recognition were "talismans" of magic power. The Swastika was a charm or good luck piece that would protect any venture, regardless of ethics and morality—just because it was of the gods.

After the "Old Gods" of the mysterious past, other gods of intensely human passions and activity came to conquer a world already agricultural and with embryo states dotting the land. These new gods appear to have been all sun gods but human nevertheless, until deified after death. Each list is like a string of beads on which are hung not only the powers, names, deeds and attributes of the old gods who were so close to Nature, but their own collection of data.

Obviously, the newer gods predicate some ancient cleavage of a philosophical or political nature among the adherents of the Old Gods. This cleavage appears to have been concerned with the political uses of education as represented by the temples. Two schools of "Magicians" resulted—or as we wiser ones of today might say, two schools of "Magic" or Wise Men: schools of thought among the god-rulers and educators.

The "Old Gods" were of the "White School" of the Swastika and Pole Star symbolism, devoted to training all persons capable of absorbing the knowledge, in the arts and crafts; to organizing them into groups of freeborn, skilled workers, capable of self government and these groups mystically forming a Brotherhood bound by no other tie than a common heritage of freedom to govern themselves with the wisdom each individual had attained through his own work.

In theory, so the opposite school of ambitious politicians must have argued, this sort of education was all well enough, but while it had worked during civilized man's infancy, when wandering savages were living in tents or caves or trees and skilled workers were few, it had now become impractical. Strong leaders were needed to weld the separate agrarian groups and the towns and villages of their artisans into larger units for the welfare of all peoples. These leaders must be more forceful than benevolent. There were still savages to be dealt with in spheres of influence where the old gods provided no protection to commerce.

The Temple school could be used by the Wise Men of the Black Magicians for propaganda that would more quickly subdue the savages and unite under one leadership the various city groups or petty kingdoms of any country that chose to use it so. And they did so choose.

The terms White and Black Magicians here are used as convenient descriptive terms, only because these rival political parties within the temples, were so regarded by an oriental people. Under what names or slogans the campaign was conducted we do not know.

But that the world's greatest war of propaganda



was between the new Sun Gods and the Old Gods the legends seem to indicate clearly. The political results affected the Artisan schools only as one side or the other prevailed and it became necessary for the ritualists to make some outward show of reverence for the New Gods.

The Sons of Ptah in Egypt as well as the Sons of Toth, the Kaberi of the Phoenicians and numerous other seats of Artisan schooling continued their work in calm and peaceful assurance that their own ancient rights and privileges of self government would be respected by any state or ruler that desired their work. Else they were not available to that state or that ruler.

Such is the history of the Swastika and the Pole Star.

## Opportunity . .

John H. Billups

**Y**OUR present environment gives you the easiest conditions in the universe for your own growth, development and unfoldment. To you those conditions may seem utterly antagonistic to and incompatible with the smallest degree of growth or unfoldment. In fact, every condition in which you find yourself, every person with whom you must associate may seem to conspire to annoy you and bring out the very worst traits in your character. It may seem that an irresistible force of irritating people and circumstance is dragging you down until the least amount of soul-growth is an impossibility.

And yet—your immediate conditions afford you your own easiest *opportunity* for growth and development, for making constructive characteristics an integral part of your soul. Why?

Your environment is what you are. The Individual who is yourself and your material conditions are exactly what you, by your past thots, words and actions, have created. You are where you are because you are what you are. The soul attracts unto itself that which it is.

And so it is, thru Nature's justice, that we are presented with, as her most beneficent gift, the exact conditions which give us our easiest and greatest opportunity for becoming bigger and better men and women.

Have you ever thot upon this: If all of your affairs moved along in perfect harmony, if everything was exactly to your liking what need would there be for exercising Self-Control? If people or circumstances never annoyed or irritated you how

would Nature ever test you to determine whether your kindness, tolerance, self-control, sympathy, etc. were genuinely a part of you or superficial, to be discarded like a coat when things got hot?

Thru force of circumstances I was thrown into close association with an Individual who—from my point of view—stood for many of the things a man should not be. His habits, his speech, his attitude irked and irritated me. I allowed this to affect my own attitude until I developed a perpetual grouch and spoke to him only by a decided effort of the will and then only in monosyllables. There were no outward clashes but I found myself continually, mentally criticizing him.

The realization came finally that I was indulging destructive characteristics of soul and earning Nature's Retributive Justice under the Law of Compensation. An about face was then made. Whenever I caught myself indulging the critical attitude I transmuted to thots of good. This soon had a beneficial effect upon my actions and soon our relations became harmonious. I found then that this Individual had many characteristics of soul that I could well pattern after.

It is one of the facts of Nature that we find that for which we diligently search. I had given my attention to and found the evil. When the process was reversed and I sought the good I found it.

And thus it goes. The seemingly most antagonistic of circumstances often prove our greatest blessings and present us with our finest opportunities for growth. The more difficult the condition the greater the spur to action. Nature presents OPPORTUNITY. Whether we seize it and benefit or ignore it and retrogress is our problem. We must make our own choice.

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## Indians Burn Swastika 4 Tribes Abandon Use of Native Sign

TUCSON, Ariz., Feb. 25—(AP)—In a solemn noon-day ceremony, representatives of four Arizona Indian tribes, the Navajos, Papagos, Apaches and Hopis, resentful at Nazi "acts of oppression" foreswore today use of the swastika design in native basket weaving and blanket making.

The proclamation text read:

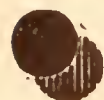
"Because the ornament which has been a symbol of friendship among our forefathers for many centuries has been desecrated recently by another nation of peoples:

"Therefore, it is resolved that henceforth our tribes renounce the use of the emblem commonly known as swastika, on our blankets, baskets, art objects, sand paintings and clothing."

In a formal renunciation ceremony, the Indians placed a blanket, a basket, and some hand decorated clothing, all bearing swastikas, in a pile, sprinkled them with colored sand and then set them afire.

—(L. A. Examiner.)

# From The Files . . .



## Questions and Answers

**D**EAR FOLKS:

In a number of "To You" a little while back I noticed mention of a controversy which formerly went on between two sets of people as to which was the greater, the North Star or the Sun. Will you please inform me where I can get the writings on these controversies? Thanking you for this information if you can furnish it without too much trouble, I am,

Dr. W. L. F.

Answer: Your question concerning the controversy has been submitted to Mr. Norwood in whose article the statement appeared. The following is Mr. Norwood's reply:

1. My allusion to North Star party and Sun party was not to any controversy between "two sets of people as to which was the *greater*, the North Star or the Sun," but to a political contest perhaps of considerable duration, between the *ideas represented* by these parties.

There are no books written upon the subject, but the material data from which the story may be pieced together is scattered through a great many books. The "Star Party" as I call it, were the Monotheists or believers in one Almighty and wise *Power* that ruled our universe, whose seat of Wisdom and Strength was symbolically indicated by the North Star—the one stable and immovable point in our universe, as the ancients believed. This symbolic point of stability, from which radiated all governing energies into our universe, was "the beginning" of all arts, sciences, crafts, etc. Rituals of educational and labor organizations were built around this conception. Geometry has this point as its beginning.

The "*Sun Party*" were the opponents of the "*Star Party*" in a political sense and embraced

all those who adhered to the idea that education of the people could be made the means of controlling the masses by the wiser few who knew what was best for them—or thought they did. In our day we know this idea as Propaganda for a Purpose. Their idea was that it was better for the uneducated masses, too ignorant to understand the rituals, allegories and symbolism of the temple mysteries (then quite ancient) to accept their *own* interpretations of these things as minor "gods" than to maintain the original belief in Monotheism, *because*:

With a multiplicity of "gods," religion could be made the powerful arm of the state for control of religious groups by the rulers of the state. It should be understood, of course, that at first both "parties" to this long educational-religious-political struggle, were Wise Men or "priests" of Monotheistic belief. Where they divided was on the point of popular education and method—whether the individual should remain free to work for himself or be trained as part of a national machine for the greater glory of the state (or ruler).

With the Star Party, all the so called "gods" were but well understood names and titles, personalized attributes of the *One* god, each with some actor in the drama of the "mysteries" to portray that particular role. The Sun Party wanted to and did decentralize this symbolism, by presenting these names and actors as actual gods, of a minor importance to the head or father god to be sure, but leading to a species of popular paganism that was pliable enough in the hands of ambitious politicians to start wars of conquest.

The names *Star* and *Sun* "parties" are, of course, my own convenient way of identifying the opposing ideas. There actually were Star temples and later Sun temples, of course called



by other names according to the language of the peoples — Phoenician, Sumerian, Greek, Egyptian, Akkadian, etc.

Where are the books and writings? As I have said, they are scattered throughout literature in such a way it takes a long time to check up on my sources of information.

The "Cambridge Ancient History" is one good source of some of it. If our inquiring friend will look over the Sumerian and Egyptian histories and that of Babylonia, compare the "gods" and what they were supposed to indicate and read all he can find of the oriental method of building (and remembering) an allegorical tale, he will get a faint idea of how to continue his search for sources . . . and interpret them as the ancients we are talking about did.

"Mythology of All Races," with its splendid index in last volume, is a good source. Cross references to the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and similar works, give a good deal of information on the various "gods" of whom there were 30,000 in Hesiod's time. Hesiod was a Greek historian and understood the matter fairly well. The "gods" were characters once used in lieu of writing and alphabets. Even so the 30,000 "gods" were no more numerous than the Chinese Characters.

A fairly good "Key" to the whole line of study our friend's researches would lead him into, is the list of Ten Kings of Sumer (The Land of Shinar) before the Flood. Each king was supposed to reign for an "age" and was but a personalized symbol of history as contained in an allegorical story. All ancient historians had some allusion to these Kings. Chief authority quoted by most writers today, I believe, would be Berossos, a Babylonian priest or Sanchoniathon.

The Sumerian list of 10 is paralleled by a Graeco-Chaldean list, while the Greeks record a list from Phoenician sources, giving the meaning of the lost original words. The Hebrew Bible parallels this list with 10 patriarchs from Adam to Noah. They are all the same list but used a little differently according to the list maker's ideas of chronology involved.

Sorry I can't take time to go back over

notes made at odd times during some years, and cite page and verse. The "Cambridge Ancient History" I feel sure has one or more of the lists.

The Biblical story or version of the original tale of man's evolution is considerably streamlined. But it preserves a few clues to the controversy between the Wise Men and their adherents, such as the change of God's name and the change in the length of man's "age."

Now all the foregoing does not look very informative when I read it over.

You may expect an imposing bibliography. While I've read hundreds of books to extract here and there a little honey, I confess I'm not up to a bibliography of that sort.

Maybe this will help—Tell the inquirer to read and digest:

1. Everything he can get hold of on North Star in mythology and archaeology.

2. Study the mythologies and cosmogonies of all races and peoples as he finds them.

3. Read the substance at least, of all the archaeological finds in Asia Minor (Palestine and Mesopotamia particularly), Egypt, India, China up to the present.

4. All he can get on the several ancient "Mysteries."

5. All he can get on the early Fathers of the Christian Church, and especially the school conducted by Origen and his friends.

6. Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History—some theological seminary must have it, I am sure.

7. All he can get about the evolution of the Alphabets. Start with the big dictionary and proceed until he can find nothing more.

There is a lot more, but above will be sufficient to supply him with most of the data upon which my assertions about the Star and Sun parties of prehistoric times are based. By that time he should have learned to read the ancient allegories as well as Josephus or Hesiod; to "identify" the "gods" with each other as the Magi did—e.g. Chrysor-Ptaah-Hephais-tos-Vulcan-Tubal-Cain or Baal-cain—Balk-ins. He will discover who the mystery men of the Bible, Enoch and Nimrod, were and why, and a lot more. He probably will not need further help from me.

Question: It is stated in the text books that after the transition we appear with defects or abnormalities in the spiritual body resembling those of the physical body until such time as we learn that we may be freed of them. It is also stated that those who pass as infants or not fully developed grow to maturity. On earth we have pigmies and giants with all degrees of development between. A new body emerges on each plane until the seventh spiritual is reached. From then on only refinement takes place.

1. In what way does growth effect the body as we progress from plane to plane; i.e. do the radical differences in stature and bodily conformation persist?

2. Does the feminine form generally remain smaller than the masculine?

3. Does the equality of the sexes on the higher planes also carry through to bodily characteristics and tend toward a standardized body or does facial expression show as much differentiation as on the physical plane?

Answer: 1. The radical differences in stature and bodily conformation still persist.

2. Yes.

3. There is no more standardization of the bodies on the higher planes than on the physical. Man is still man, woman is still woman. As no two female bodies are alike in the physical world, likewise no two are alike in the spiritual. Each Individual retains his or her individuality there which is expressed to a degree through the material body. On one of the higher spiritual planes is a Chinese Master who is eight feet tall and retains all his Chinese features and characteristics, because he prefers them. Facial expressions remain different, each individual retaining the marks of his individual characteristics and expressions. It is true, in general the expressions have a similarity due to the fact that the marks of destructive characteristics, such as miserliness, hatred, lasciviousness and licentiousness, etc., are not present; but every individual reaches his state of development in his or her own way, and the various experiences leave various characteristic marks and expressions. Everyone is still an individuality, with a particular

personality which is expressed in and through his material body.

The pigmies to which you refer are of a very low degree of intelligence; as they evolve they take on larger bodies.

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Question: From my readings of your teachings I understand that the sex principle is essentially a soul attribute and that it continues to operate as such in all planes of existence.

How does the School account for the fact that *one and the same soul* appears on the earth plane during different incarnations, sometimes manifesting itself through a male physical organism and at others through a female physical organism?

Answer: The School does not account for it, nor does it state that this occurs. Natural Sciences teaches that the sex of an Individual remains always the same; that it does not change from a male to a female organism, or vice versa, from one incarnation to another. It is realized that this statement is at variance with other teachings, and is open to challenge. Nevertheless, it is the fact demonstrated and expressed by the Masters of Natural Science and is a part of their teaching; at no time is exception taken to any other teachings however opposed they may be. It remains the problem of each Individual to reach his own conclusion and decision concerning the matter, through logic and intuition, until such time as he can prove for himself the verity of the teaching, whichever he accepts. Natural Science endeavors to present facts and truths that each Soul may strive to prove for himself and thereby make them a part of his own definite personal knowledge.

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Dear Friends:

May I make a few comments upon the articles "Just You"? Personal opinions, no doubt, are of little interest to you—and yet, I am going to respond to the strong impulse which impels me to give you mine.

To begin with, you know definitely what you are writing about. If you did not possess a clear understanding you would be unable



to present concepts in such a lucid manner. You have something to say and you say it without wasting time or words. The words are graphic—to the point. And you seem to put a meaning into these words which makes them alive. Behind it all there seems to be a force, a power. It is very real for it actually throws light upon concepts which heretofore have been obscure.

You are well aware of what you are doing, why you are doing it, and how you are doing it. Nevertheless, it is only through observation, close observation, that you actually know the reactions your articles produce upon your readers. So I am going to tell you how they affect me, although I may be presumptuous.

There will be some problem which I have been recapitulating for weeks, then along comes the magazine, and lo and behold, there is the solution to a certain angle. I realize it in a flash. Although you may be writing about an entirely different subject yet there always is a sentence, a phrase, or a word that calls my attention to some vital fact which I have overlooked. The only expression I can think of is impact—I sense the impact, and then begin to realize the import of the hitherto obscure fact and so grasp a new angle to the problem. Not only do they help with the problem I have been analyzing but every article in itself contains enough food for thought to keep me occupied for years—just following the leads.

The other evening I re-read one of the old *Just You* articles. It appealed to me tremendously. Appealed, you ask—how, emotionally? Yes, of course, emotionally, as well as mentally. While I am trying hard to control the emotions, still I have given up trying to deny that I have an emotional nature. It seems that I have walked about with my eyes closed just long enough. It is so stupid to ignore vital facts. And I have come to the conclusion that an emotional nature is mighty essential to an individual's evolutionary unfoldment. In the past it has insulted me dreadfully if any person told me I was at all emotional. I firmly believed that emotions, feelings of all kinds, should be annihilated. I felt that I was purely an intelligent type, so must subdue all emotions. Grand!

But now things are different. Now I shall try to maintain the proper relationship between my emotional nature and my mind. I shall give ample expression to my emotions, desires, impulses and aspirations, but always try to observe the constructive. I shall try and choose only those which will augment constructive growth. This will be an entirely new undertaking for me. In the past whenever I have responded to the stimulus of some fine emotion—felt alive with the power of it—immediately there would crop up some of the old Oriental dogmas (of which I have studied plenty), and I would “apply the brakes”, stop dead still and be as inert as ever.

So now I am really endeavoring to practice self-control. And what a different viewpoint I have of this process. Naturally there will be results depending upon the degree of effort expended. Whether I shall accomplish, or die in the attempt, I do not know. The thing that really matters, though, is the trying. But one thing I must not do—I hear you say—I must not stagnate through inertia.

I read the article mentioned last Tuesday evening. That night I dreamed that I was watching a current of light which was like a river, only it flowed vertically and every now and then a ray would dart away from the original current and fly at me. I seemed to realize that some individual was directing these rays with the intention of destroying me. So I sought out some method of protection; first my mind flashed to the old Oriental mantra: Om, Man Padme, Hum. I repeated it over and over without result except that I felt myself losing ground because the rays were coming oftener and I began to feel fear creeping over me. I realized then that the mantra in which I had such faith in my earlier days would not “work”. I thought of other thoughts and ideas which I had firmly believed in as I passed through my various phases of study and investigation; but it was to no avail. I felt so helpless, my plight appeared so hopeless, and yet, I knew I must conquer and master the situation. I intuitively recognized it. Although the knowledge of my Work, my Books, The School and all were blotted out of my memory for the time being. I could remem-

ber the different ideas they had taught, only to find their methods useless. After exhausting my complete supply of "props" I said to myself positively: "I will control my own magnetic element. No one can destroy me. The Great Friends of the School are with me." Immediately all attack ceased. I awoke and kept reviewing the dream so that it would not fade from my memory. The horror of it was so definitely impressed on my mind; and the reaction when I remembered to try and control my magnetic element.

As I ponder over this dream, emotions arise, and I do not intend to stamp them out. I intend to analyze each one with the utmost care, to find out what they are about.

Now what I would like to ask is this: Is there, or is there not, some way of riding upon an emotion as one would ride the crest of a wave? What is the difference between desires, aspirations, impulses, instincts, emotions and passions? Are they different urges which reside in the different Life Elements? Various phases and aspects of Life, as it were? Are they different modes of expressing intelligence?

I know there is one thing which we all must do—build slowly our characters. I do not want to build upon the shifting sands; I want to place a solid foundation under my Temple of Character, so it will remain permanently built as a monument to my personal effort.

Sincerely yours,

D. W. S.

Answer: Your letter of appreciation of the *Just You* articles is received. It is gratifying to know that you gain some constructive suggestions from them. Perhaps their value has been increased to you because of the extra effort which you are putting forth to apply them to your own problems.

The decision you have made to recognize, study, and control your emotions is highly commended. Yes, there\* is a way of riding upon an emotion as one would upon the crest of a wave, figuratively speaking. But like this same ride, it carries you toward the shore, since you are not exerting any effort to go otherwise. The growth in yourself comes from the effort put forth in real swimming, not in drifting.

It might be possible to give you references to places throughout the Text Books which would enable you quickly to differentiate between appetites, desires, aspirations, impulses, instincts, emotions and passions, and you might also have added intuitions, ambitions, and numerous other words along the same line. But this will not be done for you, as you can accomplish vastly more for yourself by making this study a matter of personal effort, and it would hardly be fair to deprive you of such a delightful and worthwhile opportunity. If these definitions were given to you, handled to you, as it were, they would not be nearly so valuable as they will be if and when you define and differentiate between them for yourself as you meet up with them. Every one of these words has been explained to some extent and some definitely defined in the Text Books. Can you find them?

Try answering your three questions yourself, studying them carefully and clarifying your own information on the subject. After that, perhaps some further suggestions may be given you which will help to clarify your ideas more. In your study and reasoning bear this in mind: You are an Individual Intelligence and the highest Life Element governs your highest activities. Can you ever control the Life Elements? Figure it out, then write again!





# Who Watches? . . .



Tasso W. Swartz

**W**HAT is a hunch? Did you ever experience one? Where did it come from? Could you explain it? We are told in the Great Known that spiritual guardians " - - do what they can to render unselfish service and give a wholesome spiritual impulse to the life of the individual entrusted to their spiritual guardianship." Undoubtedly the ministrations of these friends and helpers explain many of the otherwise inexplicable concepts that penetrate our consciousness. Could we see what takes place we would unquestionably find that their operations in no way partake of the supernatural or mysterious. Such qualities are added by human ignorance. In the following incidents is it consistent to say that spiritual entities were the actuating instrumentalities?

1. When I was thirteen years old I spent the Christmas holidays with an Uncle in a town 10 miles from home. Everything was most congenial and time passed rapidly. About eleven o'clock of the day before it was necessary to return, a vague uneasiness took possession of me. At one o'clock I announced my determination to go home. By two o'clock I was on my way. I walked the entire distance and burst thru the door at four o'clock to find the whole family seated around the kitchen table. Before anyone could speak I asked, "What's happened?" My father informed me that he had listed our home for sale at eleven that morning. I broke down and cried. It was the entering wedge of widespread travel and dispersion of our family.

2. I left the training school for officers of the Regular Army at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, in Sept. 1917, to join my Regiment at Fort Ogelthorpe, Ga. As a Company Commander I was placed on the roster for Guard Duty as Officer of the Day. My tour came unexpectedly. After functioning properly at Guard Mount, I hope, I spent the afternoon absorbed in company training. That evening I studied late for the next day's operations. As midnight approached I became very sleepy and started to undress when, for no apparent reason, I rebuttoned my blouse. In a general way I was familiar with the duties at hand but could have refreshed myself by glancing thru the guard manual. Instead, I picked up the text I had laid down

and read for a few minutes. I rose and decided it might be a good idea to have a swing around the sentry posts before turning in. At the moment I had a notion that I was doing something unusual. Next morning I awoke before 1st Call, dressed and went outside. I wandered aimlessly about for several minutes, started toward the Guard House once but was definitely restrained. As I paced back and forth in front of Regimental Headquarters Reveille sounded. I stopped, turned, faced toward the line of company barracks and for several moments stood at attention. I felt very uneasy as to what I should be doing and was on the point of moving away when suddenly the 1st Sergeant of Co. A appeared from behind a building, saluted, and reported, "A" Co. present or accounted for. Successfully the other 1st Sergeants came into view and reported. Had I been standing five feet to either side of the point at which I stopped only the first two men could have been seen. Slightly shaken from thinking of the skinning I would have gotten had I not been there to receive these reports I immediately perused the Guard Manual. The Officer of the Day is specifically required to "make one inspection of the Guard between midnight and morning" and "to repair to the appointed place at the proper time to receive the morning reports." During the day I learned that I had stood on the exact spot which had become foot-worn from this particular function. Then I did have sinking of the knees. At Officers' Call the Colonel himself asked when I had made my night inspection and what were the morning reports; and I was able to report, thanks to some unseen Friend.

3. On March 7th, 1918, my wife was in my arms bravely trying to say goodbye before our troop train left for New York as our division had been ordered over seas. Suddenly I felt strengthened and cheered. With the confidence of profound conviction I assured her that I would return unharmed. She brightened, said: "I know you will, dear," kissed me goodbye and I carried away the image of a real smile thru many months of war.

Well over a year later I shook hands (figuratively) with the magnificent Lady of Liberty at the entrance to New York harbor, having acquired no more than a small scar on my chin from a fall while running

along a railroad track weeks after the Armistice was signed.

4. A few days after the Battle of St. Mihiel in Sept., 1918, I was placed in command of a provisional Ammunition Train for the 7th U. S. Division. We found some old dugouts from which the jumpoff had been made on the northern edge of the Bois de Puvell and settled down. This woods lies behind the crest of a small hill 500 yards south of the Paris-Metz highway in eastern France and was about 3000 yards from the German front line. For two weeks the Jerries had heaved over a salvo of shrapnel at two o'clock every afternoon. It always burst on top of the hill in front of us. One day, out of the blue, I took a notion to go over to an ammunition dump a couple of miles away. I climbed into my sidecar motorcycle and we departed. As we returned the daily salute came over. We watched it from a safe distance but one of the shells seemed to travel nearly to the edge of our woods. When we arrived at camp there was quite a commotion. This stray shell had exploded just outside the shed which had been erected for my office. No one was injured but fragments flew all around. One piece broke a window and struck the chair where I usually sat. My name was on that one but I fooled it. I wasn't there.

5. Perhaps a week later we received an order for several truck loads of artillery ammunition. We had been having difficulty getting loaded trucks out of the ammunition dump so I called Burch, my driver, and we started toward "B" dump. We crossed the Paris-Metz road and headed toward Thionville. When we had proceeded about 1000 yards we heard the whistle of a salvo of small high explosive shells. We slowed down and rolled into a slight depression in the road. The engine died. The shells hit well to our front and I surmised that they were intended to rake the trucks in the ammunition dump. We waited a couple of minutes. I gave the order to go on. The spark wouldn't take and just then we heard another salvo coming over. This one was several hundred yards closer and short of the road we were on. As the fourth shell burst I looked to the side of the road and noticed we were directly behind the camouflaged battery of 9 inch guns that had been firing on Metz. Instantly I was possessed with an urgent desire to be moving. "Let's get out of here, Burch, I don't feel right." He cranked, he cranked again. Once more he stepped on the crank. "Burch we *must* get going." C-r-a-n-k, sput-t-r-r, putt, putt, putt. We're off. Fifty yards along the road and from the whistle of the arriving shells they seemed to be coming exactly at us. "Step on it, boy, let's move." A shell exploded back of us. I turned and looked while Burch gave her the gun. Two more detonations and then the last shell

struck squarely in the depression where we had been sitting. "Thank God for that one," we said in unison. On the way back we learned that one member of the gun crew had been killed and two wounded.

6. Eventually I resigned from the Army and joined an organization with which I had previously been employed. I entered into the work with great enthusiasm and presently made myself thoroughly obnoxious. Nothing happened but what I poked my nose into it. One afternoon I came in and found a note on my desk made up of printed words cut from a magazine. I read it in utter stupefaction. It presented the ugliest reflexion of an individual ever to come to my attention. In despair I went home to take a last look at my wife and two small children. I went out and started toward the river as that seemed the only solution. I plodded on, tired beyond expression. I turned into a park and slumped into the nearest seat. Too dazed to think I struggled thru Gethsemane for three hours. To get away obscured all issues. Then, as tho a voice spoke, it came clearly to me that to conquer it must be done among those whom I had so grievously offended. I returned home. For five long years I endeavored to win a place in the esteem of these men, with little or no apparent success. One morning hardly had I entered the shop when I was importuned by one of the men to take a book he offered. He was a Master Mason, he stated that tho it had been in his possession for over two years he had barely glanced at it, but was positive I would like it. Not to be offensive, I promised him with my lips that I would look it over. I promised myself that I would merely scan it so I would be prepared to show I had not lied for he was the type that checked back on such things. I was affronted that I should be forced to read anything I hadn't been given the right to choose. The book was red backed. It turned out to be a copy of the original text of "The Great Work." Before the day was over I was devouring its every word like a famished beast. On and on into the night I read. All that of compulsion had vanished. At four a.m. the dear wife came out and invited me to come to bed. I had found The Great School of Natural Science. The suffering and trials which had sometimes seemed overpowering had "duly and truly prepared" my consciousness to receive THE WORD. Before a year passed I inadvertently overheard one of the men remark "What in H—— has come over S——. He is a changed man." Surely those on the other side who had been actors in this drama must have rejoiced with me.

7. Two depressing years passed but good fellowship in our shop grew and grew. Gradually others became interested in the publications of the Great School. Coincidentally, certain other relationships had



become very distressing. So much so that an earnest desire was bred to sever my connection with them. About the time they seemed at the breaking point a little cultivated business acquaintance walked into the shop and confidentially informed me of a better position in my line of work and as I was immediately interested, he suggested that I send in an application fully covering my experience. Nearly a year went by with no word of any kind but a definite pull toward the location of this opportunity was felt. A settled conviction was formed that eventually it would work out. With two days warning of his coming I was introduced to a gentleman who had traveled 3000 miles to interview myself and six others who were possible choices. No commitment was made. Three months later an airmail letter conveyed an offer which met all the stipulations which I had felt were consistent. On the thirty-fifth day following we debarked in Honolulu, Hawaii.

8. I had been working at the new job several weeks when it became necessary to direct certain operations, with which I was not entirely familiar, on the electric distribution system. As the hour for action arrived I could find no one with whom to verify the moves to be made. It was imperative to proceed at once. Several steps were taken during each of which I felt a vague sense of being silently directed. After it was over I learned from the Superintendent that only one sequence was correct. Had the moves been performed in any of several other possible combinations many thousands of dollars of damage would have resulted. Once again I thanked the Invisible Helpers.

In none of the circumstances related was there ever the slightest effort on my part to invoke the Almighty or any one else; but in every instance there was a need which I was unable to supply from my own knowledge at the instant required. Some may say that because no prayer was articulated that no prayer was answered. In each case sincere and honest thinking or action had immediately preceded the event. Was not the need in itself sufficiently a prayer for the Spiritual Helpers to take cognizance of it? One may also ask how sensitiveness to this type of help is acquired. Perhaps the greatest aid is the conviction that it is a possibility. I do not recall that I ever really doubted that a higher power could help us. We seem to be born with a background of knowledge upon which we raise a new superstructure during each incarnation. If we aspire to right thinking and cultivate the desire to build constructively then our activities are bound to fall into line with Nature's purposes and we will be compensated to the full extent of our ability to receive.

## Are You Stale?

(The following questions are based on the teachings of Natural Science as prescribed in the eight Harmonic Text Books. After You have answered them, check your answers with the references given elsewhere in this issue. The numbers indicate the volume, page, and paragraph where the answer may be found, as: 1-9-2 has reference to Vol. 1, page 9, par. 2., etc.)

1—How many kinds of Masonry are in existence today?

2—Why has Operative Masonry been designated also as Spiritual Masonry?

3—What does one who really studies Man investigate and analyze?

4—Where is found the cause of that universal cleavage known as Sex? Explain.

5—What common fact of human progress and what power of accomplishment testify to the supremacy of Individual Intelligence in the evolution of Man?

6—What sets in motion all the individual and voluntary activities of Man? Is he controlled by the involuntary affinities of lower nature?

7—When does Religious Emotionalism become destructive?

8—Can a thought impulse be impressed upon the consciousness of another Individual without the aid of words, either spoken or written? If so, through what channels?

9—What is the one essential attribute of Soul upon which alone Man must depend to guard and protect himself against all the destructive forces of Nature?

10—What is necessary to enable an Individual to preserve the perfect balance of his account with Nature?

11—What must an Individual be willing to do before it is possible for him to rise above the shadowland of earth, and find enjoyment in the realms of Spiritual Life and Light?

12—Name five objective manifestations of Refinement. Do they of themselves, indicate true Refinement?

13—What is "Play"? What place should it occupy in the life of a person who is consciously travelling the road of Self-Unfoldment?

14—Define "Conscience." What is the relationship between it and the Moral Order of Nature?

# Pine Needles . . .

Joseph A. Sadony

Somebody, knowing my many years experimental investigation of "Telepathy" and other susceptibilities of the human mind, has sent me a recent Associated Press clipping entitled "Telepathy Rated Same As Chance." It tells of the experiments and conclusions of Prof. G. D. Higginson of the University of Illinois who found no difference between the charts of his pure "chance" tests, and those planned to involve a possible element of mental telepathy or clairvoyance.

Of course, I am expected to comment on this. It were well not to start me on this subject, for I could conduct a column three times this length daily and still lack space to record the evidence accumulating daily to prove that these and other little-known mental faculties not only "exist," but can be freed from objective obstructions to the extent of functioning with a record of 95 to 98% of accuracy.

Regarding the above-mentioned clipping I have only this to say. The arrangement of the experiments performed at the University of Illinois betray total ignorance of the faculties they are designed to test, and are therefore entirely worthless save as a revelation of this fact. We are told that "the subject was allowed seven minutes' concentration 'before trying to identify the hidden symbol." Which is equivalent to saying that the objective mind of the subject was allowed seven minutes, time in which to paralyze the mental faculties being tested, thus reducing all chance of their manifestation to the level of pure "chance."

"Concentration" and self-conscious effort throw the switch from receiver to broadcaster. These things, if done at all, must be done "without thinking," and "without caring," for they are not a process of thought or consciousness, but of intuition or subconsciousness, which "time" and "thought" tend to defeat.

I refer the sender of the clipping to the report of Ernest Hunter Wright concerning the experiments performed at Duke University: "I have just been sitting across a table from a young woman who has done a thing I have no way of explaining. As fast as I could register her calls she tried to name the cards in the pack from top to bottom. We went through the re-shuffled pack 20 times, and thus she tried to name 500 cards in all. So rapid was the system that the whole thing was done in half an hour. When it was over I found that she had named an amazing number of cards correctly—so many that there was only one chance in 600 million that she might have done it by luck or accident. \* \* \* About a score of men and women were discovered who could regularly name so many of the cards correctly, in such a variety of tests, that there was not one chance in many a million million of their having done it by accident; and the successes of them all taken together were so great as to stagger the imagination, leaving us but little apparent choice between believing in clairvoyance and telepathy or believing in sheer nonsense."



# To Your Health! How About Your Last Jag?

Violet Ultra

You haven't heard a word from the health department since last Christmas issue, have you? Well, you have been given time to recover from your last "jag" before starting to talk about it. Which jag? No, not the overeating you did during the holidays, nor even the little extra drinking you did on New Year's Eve; but the main, the essential one—that fit of anger on Christmas Day when the turkey failed to behave itself; that hour of extreme fear and anxiety when the main guest arrived two hours late New Year's Eve; that three-day wallow in the depths of depression and discouragement and internal dissension when you faced the New Year cycle with the realization of how little progress you had made spiritually during the past year. Those are the jags I mean—the emotional ones, the mental upsets which did you far more damage physically than the physical jags you went on. I hope you have regained your physical equilibrium since then—but you know, each jab of its kind leaves an "imprint," so it will behoove you to take note of the number of imprints.

As you have learned ere this, Health is dependent upon certain things: normal, unobstructed circulation of the blood and vital fluids; ample supply of vital force and magnetism; good oxygenation and combustion; free and generous elimination; a wholesome state of mind. Anything which interferes with these essentials, upsets the body regime and causes "disease"; anything that promotes them helps to establish health. There is nothing that interferes more with the inflow of vital force and magnetism, with free, normal circulation of the blood, with the oxygenation and combustion of food materials and systemic waste than the accumulation of morbid matter and poisons in the tissues of the physical body.

Do you get the drift? Go one step farther. There is nothing that causes more accumulations of morbid matter and poisons in the tissues of the physical body than mental and emotional jags and upsets.

This, then, is why we talk today of your latest emotional jag. That one you indulged in congealed the tissues of your body, it clogged the channels of your system, it paralyzed the vital functions of your organism. In view of this, did it pay? Of course you are striving to control the emotions and to avoid the mental upsets. Perhaps a further realization of the physical after-effects will help to impress upon your mind and soul the **necessity** and advisability of control, and thus enable you to keep a more wakeful consciousness; for after all, is not that the keynote?

## REFERENCES TO "ARE YOU STALE?"

- |              |                  |
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| 3. 1-39-4    | 10. 3-125-1      |
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# Your Morals . . .



## Natural Law

**A**MONG all the achievements of Science, none is found of more transcendent importance than its discovery and concept of Nature as a vast law-governed system or unit, with Matter, Energy, Motion, Life, Intelligence, and allied Principles, as universal parts of a complex but unitary whole, all of which consistently conform to the principles and laws of the composite organism, working continuously, harmoniously and intelligently toward the accomplishment of a definite purpose.

Every Individual who has arrived at maturity has learned, by personal experience, that there is such a thing as "Nature's Laws". From the time he first burned his finger, each passing day has forced upon his consciousness additional evidence that he is bounded on all sides by established laws, which he is compelled to obey, whether or not he wishes to. The regularity of phenomena is so generally evident and open to observation as to require no demonstration. We know that without support a body falls; that fire burns; that in the absence of light there is no vision. All the common facts of life are so uniformly dependable that no thought is given them, and but little or no inquiry as to their cause.

This view of the uniformity, permanence and omnipotence of Law and Order throughout the universe is necessitated by all the canons of thought, the logic of events, and the accumulated data of experience. If Law and Order does not universally and inevitably obtain, then arbitrary decree, accident, chance and misadventure must rule and govern. There is no alternative. There can be no middle ground. Either Mankind is existing under a Reign of Law, or he is not.

The Universe is either without law, without meaning, without reason, or it is the manifestation of an Infinite Power, a Supreme Intelligence and an unbounded Reason.

There is an observed order of facts in both the organic and inorganic worlds. That is, an array of phenomena exhibiting uniform relations under like conditions, with persistent characteristics which furnish a dependable basis of systematic classification. Stability, not mutability, governs, and from the least to the greatest is certainty, even in the affairs and minds of men. For creation to be otherwise, in any of its parts, would destroy harmony, and preclude the possibility of knowledge, for scientific knowledge can rest upon no other foundation than certainty.

Were it not for the established regime of Law and Order, the universe would be a Chaos instead of a Cosmos. One of the most stupendous facts in Nature is that, under the Reign of Law, men's lives are not subject to caprice. The stability afforded by the uniform and dependable operation of Natural Law is the foundation of all the opportunities which open to the Individual Intelligence.

Without the certainty that compliance with law insures and secures the contemplated result with invariable precision, one could not embark upon any line of endeavor with any confidence in, or reliance upon, the outcome of his labors. But the realization of the certainty that the kind of seed sown, the character and amount of cultivation and care given the developing product, inevitably governs the sort, quantity and quality of the resulting harvest, underlies and gives virility to all human endeavor. Were they

to discover even a single instance where something eventuated without the operation of law, all ground of stability and certainty would at once be removed, and everything relegated to chaos and confusion.

All Individuals know that in many instances the natural laws are less apparent. Many of these have been discovered and verified by careful observation, investigation and experiment. The artisan searches for, and finds, many of the laws of his art; the musician, those of music; the artist, those of color. As rapidly as new facts, or new relations of fact, are discovered and verified it is noted that they manifest uniformly, even as they did before Man discovered them. This is the ultimate basis of his confidence and belief that they will continue to manifest in the future as in the past. This confidence and reliance upon the stability of Nature is one of the fundamental propositions upon which the entire structure of human thought and activity exists. Without it, Intelligence would have no support for its activities.

In this manner the human intellect, slowly and with intense application of energy in every line of human endeavor, has developed a knowledge of human laws that makes civilization possible. Not a day passes but some item is added to the store of human knowledge. So accustomed has Man become to the discovery of new truths, and new applications of old ones, that they are received as commonplace events. In the face of all that has been attained, mankind looks forward confidently to an era of even greater accomplishment and progress.

A great number of Nature's laws are at present unknown. Of others, very little has been ascertained. None can truthfully be said to be fully comprehended, or have all its potentialities uncovered to the knowledge of man. But as mankind develops in its loyalty to Truth and devotion to Principle, its knowledge and wisdom will increase in proportion, "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."

Laws are primarily classified into two kinds—the Natural and Artificial. Natural laws are those inherent in the essential character of an entity, while artificial laws are those imposed by human government, national, state or local, or by command of individuals having authority in particular enterprises or activities. Natural laws partake of the nature of the Absolute, while the artificial ones are of human origin, operation and enforcement.

Natural Law is a term used to describe man's observations of fixed relations in the activities of Nature. Since Natural Law is a fact of Nature, and all facts of Nature sustain definite, fixed relations to each other, it is evident that any correct concept of Law must contemplate it in terms of this relationship. It is equally apparent that since Law is merely a mode of action of a cause producing effects, Natural Law embraces the harmonic relationship of effects and phenomena to their causes, and of the particular causes to the one Great Primary Cause of all things.

*Natural Law is the fixed relationship and established mode through which Universal Intelligence governs, controls, and operates all the activities and processes within the realms of Nature.*

It should be noted that this definition is formulated in terms descriptive of Natural Law as a *fact* of Nature. No attempt is made to define it in the limited terms of any particular form of activity or manifestation. And it should be borne in mind that the statement of a Law of Nature, *as such*, is always *impersonal* and *general*, its statement from any other viewpoint, as for instance, in its application to conduct, or other relation to the Individual, is always *specific* and *personal*.

When the formation of a definition of a particular Law of Nature is undertaken, it is necessary to define such in view of the characteristics peculiar to the law being defined. Again, when it is endeavored to define Natural Law in terms of its relation to, and bearing upon, the Individual Intelli-



gence, suitable language must be used to express the combination of that particular mode of action with the activities of the Individual Intelligence.

Before entering into a more detailed consideration of those Natural Laws which immediately effect the development and progress of the individual entity, it is profitable and interesting to note briefly the general qualities which characterize all the principles, forces, elements, laws, activities and processes of Nature whenever and wherever observed, and in whatsoever manner they may operate.

4 Natural law is *universal* in application. In such manifestations as gravity, chemical affinity and music, it is not difficult to comprehend that the governing laws pervade the entire universe. But it is not so clearly and generally discerned that Natural Law, of whatever kind or mode of operation, equally controls all activities throughout all that is, whether it is mass, molecule, atom, con, electron, the ethers, suns or solar systems.

Natural Law is *absolute*. Whatever may be the nature, character or purpose of the Great First Cause, Natural Law stands as the manifestation, mode of operation and proximate producing cause of all things. It is, to all appearances, and for all practical purposes, self-existent, self-contained, and self-controlled; existing independently of all outside power and control, unchecked by other arbitrary or despotic influences; affected only by interblending of its own powers, assisting Man as he harmonizes himself with it, but defying all his efforts to otherwise control, manipulate or influence its operation.

Natural Law is *fundamental*. It lies at the very foundation of all the activities and phenomena of Nature, constituting the very basis of everything that is. It is elementary, original and essential. Of every detail it is the governing principle. All aggregations are compounds composed of systematic arrangements of parts. Organization is possible only in strict accordance with Law.

Natural Law is *perfect*. It has all properties, qualities and powers necessary to functioning. It is without deficiency, fault or blemish. It is neither defective nor redundant. It is neither too great nor too small. It is completely furnished with all its parts properly designed and fully equipped. It is equal to any demand that can be made upon it in accordance with the nature of its constitution. All ideas of "perfection" are based upon concepts of conformity to Natural Law.

Laws are *natural*. In their very essence, the governing laws of Nature form a part of it. Nature, in its broadest sense, means the Universe as distinguished from its Creator. This concept necessarily includes the powers which carry on the processes of creation and development, produce existing phenomena, whether in sum or in detail, with all their modes and methods of operation and manifestation.

Nature would not be consistent if her laws did not apply everywhere in creation, if they did not manifest with regularity, under like conditions, at all times. There is no "supernatural" condition, for Nature is everywhere, and everything is in Nature. There is nothing over nor under Nature except the Great Universal Creative Intelligence which manifests throughout every realm of Nature.

Natural Laws are *eternal*. It is impossible for the human mind to conceive Natural Law as ever having had a beginning. It is equally unthinkable to predicate for it an end. It can only be perceived as perpetual, constant, ceaseless, without interruption or cessation. As the universal basis of all things, it is only possible to contemplate Natural Law as fixed, established, permanent and enduring. While any conception of beginning or ending must lie outside the domain of actual knowledge, and forever keep its place in the category of Ultimates, the laws of thought necessitate the conclusion of endless duration of the universe. The laws that govern these operations are not beyond human understanding. They are not supernatural, but on the other hand, most natural, because

they proceed from Nature herself.

All Natural Laws are *immutable* and *unchangeable*. They have been the same in all ages. The principles of the lever, the rules of mathematics, of gravity, of chemistry, are the same as in the earliest recorded history of the world. It is only man's knowledge of them that has changed. That may be more or less extensive, definite, or exact, but the laws themselves do not change. Nor does man's ignorance or knowledge of them in any wise alter their character or operation. These considerations merely affect man's ability to utilize them to his own advantage.

The immutability of Natural Law must not be confused with the constant change in all activities. Immutability contemplates only unchangeableness under like conditions. Change conditions, and differing results ensue. By a blending, interaction, or opposition of laws, phenomena inevitably result in conformity with the changed conditions.

The Universe is a *unit*—a completed whole. Modern science has demonstrated the unity of all creation. The constituent elements of the sun, moon, planets and distant stars, the minerals, fluids and gases, are all the same as those of earth. Gravitation, light, heat, electricity, manifest throughout all space as they do here. Every item of new knowledge concerning Nature serves to confirm the fact that everything that exists but forms a part of a harmonious unity, constituted in the same manner, operating under like conditions, conform to laws universal in character, activity and manifestation. Not only is it a unit, but it exists as an organized structure, animated with life, and illumined with intelligence. It is an organism, pulsating with infinite energy, pervaded and permeated with vitality and virility. From the smallest atom to the largest world, all is the manifestation of the same creative causes, the parts of one infinite whole.

Another phase of Natural Law is that of *continuity*. There are different stages of development throughout the universe, but they

are only varying manifestations of the same Laws. While exhibiting differing phenomena, due to changed environment and conditions, they are the same Laws producing different results through operation on dissimilar mediums. The eternal analogy of results and events holds good on all planes of being. They are but the same Laws manifesting through all the varied phases and conditions of Nature.

Natural Laws are *co-related*. In whatsoever manner such laws may manifest upon any plane, they are found to function in an analogous method upon all the planes of existence, varying only in expression according to the various mediums upon and through which they operate. The phenomena thus produced are correspondingly *related*, manifesting affinities or repulsions in strict accordance with the principles of harmonics. Thus it is evident that everything is related to everything else, and that every Individual Intelligence is related to every other Individual Intelligence, and to everything in the universe.

Natural Laws are *co-operative*. This means that they are working together harmoniously toward a common end and exerting a conjoint or concurrent energy for its accomplishment. Manifesting manifold combinations and interblendings of forces, varied phenomena result, thus accounting for the diversity and complexity so characteristic of Nature. Through co-operation with Nature, Man accomplishes his evolution, and attains Completion.

Natural Laws are *co-responsive*. They are in accord and agreement with each other, each responding to the other, manifesting a mutual adaptation and congruity. This is a corollary of the proposition that everything in the universe emanates from the same source, and the same laws apply to each unit or combination of units, as each manifests its peculiar phenomena upon its own plane of being. Its verity is demonstrated by the familiar fact that "like attracts like."

Natural Laws are *varied in manifestation*. The Great Creative Intelligence has made



ample provision for the growth and development of both Individual and Genus through its equalization of force in such manner as to permit infinite intricate and delicate adjustments, resulting in the manifestation of modified and varied phenomena. In this resiliency and elasticity is found the capacity and opportunity for change, growth, and unfoldment.

Natural Laws are always *just*. Although measured by human standards it may sometimes seem that Nature permits a good many injustices, nevertheless, when man comes to measure results from what he knows of the great Law of Compensation it becomes more and more evident that these apparent injustices are only *seeming*, and that in any event they are but temporary inequalities which adjust themselves to the deeper and more abiding judgments of Nature. When man can apply to them the great, broad, deep and comprehensive Law of Compensation, with full knowledge of all antecedent, accompanying and resultant facts, together with the causes, motives, intents and consequences, he finds that both Compensatory Justice and Retributive Justice are fully and unequivocally meted out in every specific instance.

The guarantees arising from the consciousness of living in a universe governed by law are certainly of enormous importance in engendering the feeling of personal security and safety. Yet the values of these guarantees pale into insignificance when compared with the moral and spiritual certitudes arising from a consciousness of living under the protection of unerring Justice.

Natural Laws are *consistent*. The perfect balance of forces, the uniformity of phenomena, the inevitability of cause and effect, are possible only because of the stability and consistency of Nature. All its energies move in unbroken sequence to the accomplishment of its purposes. It is a great day in the life of any Individual when he understands, appreciates and really *knows* that Nature is consistent, and therefore reflects the Ulti-

mate Goodness of the Great Universal Intelligence. Fortunately for Man, Nature is always consistent.

Natural Laws are *harmonious*. The Universal Intelligence has contrived all things as parts of a stupendous whole, and combined all its enactments in perfect harmony. Natural Laws are, in consequence, harmonious in operation. In all its activities, Nature always has regard for the great principle of harmony, which is exemplified in every phase of life and activity.

Natural Laws are *intelligent* in operation. Notwithstanding the fact that man does not know whether the Great Universal Intelligence that is responsible for Nature is *back of*, or *in*, or *throughout*, or *above* it, everywhere in Nature are evidences of intelligent design and operation, and by all the canons of logic and reason Man is forced to the recognition and acceptance of the fact that Nature, in all her activities, manifests all the attributes of intelligence.

Nature is *hospitable*. Throughout all its activities, Nature manifests a wondrous hospitality. It is bounteous in its generosity, liberal in its opportunities. Everything is free to whomsoever will comply with Nature's conditions, and receive. On every hand, Nature provides all good things for its creatures, and invites them to partake freely. It maintains an "open house" everywhere, to all comers. It affords hospitality and a welcome to all who seek its treasures with right motives, intents, and purposes.

Nature is *beneficent*. The laws under which man lives are designed solely for his advantage. When a careful study of life is made in all its aspects, it is found that Nature's Laws are founded on beneficence. Whenever Man conforms to them, the result of his actions is good. He finds that he is benefitted and helped in every way, even beyond his anticipations. On the other hand, when he acts in opposition to the laws of his being, the results are not beneficial—even when they appear to be.

Furthermore, personal experience has demonstrated the fact to every Individual that

the laws and decrees of Nature are inviolable. They cannot be evaded or avoided. They are self-acting and automatic. However strenuously man may endeavor to do so, he cannot evade or avoid even the least of Nature's penalties, which inevitably result when he violates one of Nature's Laws.

There is no fact of Nature more apparent or certain than the absolute rule of Law in all its operations. Everybody realizes it. Yet this very condition, or attitude of intelligence, has brought about a status which at once operates as a deterrent to the progress of the Individual and the race, and erects a barrier in the pathway of everyone who aspires to his own growth and development. This is due entirely to his disposition, and apparent willingness, to "take it for granted" that the law governs. He has found it so, has been repeatedly told so, and has observed that everybody seems to agree that it is so. In consequence, with few exceptions, mankind has listed this fundamental fact among the things which everybody knows and nobody is concerned about, and gone about its business without further interest in the matter. It is extremely doubtful if there is any single cause that has retarded man in his upward climb more than his indifference to, and consequent ignorance of, the operation of Nature's established principles, forces, laws, activities, and processes. More particularly is this true with respect to the higher forces which govern the mental, spiritual, and psychical natures of his being, and make for the unfoldment of those attributes distinctly his own, which raise him above all the kingdoms below him, and upon which he must depend if he would scale the heights ahead of him.

In the realm of physical matter, man has devoted much time and effort in his endeavors to establish and maintain a conquest over physical Nature, compel it to respond to his demands, enjoyment and well being. It is the object of all science to discover the facts of Nature and their relations to each other and to the Individual Intelligence. But physical science alone, much as it has

accomplished, can disclose but a part of the rational order manifested throughout the universe, since it deals only with the physical plane. The proper study of the universe must include in its scope the investigation of all phases or planes of sentient life, physical, spiritual, intellectual, psychical, and moral. The laws governing these higher planes can be studied and understood, and it is essential that man do so if he desires fully to understand himself and his relation thereto. Man functions upon, and is related to, all the planes of life, and no science is complete which does not comprehend the activities and interactions of the several planes.

Mankind generally is fairly conversant with the phenomena of the physical plane, derived through the use of the physical sensory organism. Through these channels he has become aware of many things concerning the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, and learned much concerning himself and his relations to the physical world, from a purely physical standpoint and aspect.

He has learned that he is ruled by the laws of the universe, great and small, just as absolutely and completely as are the finest particles of substance, or the great aggregates that manifest as planets and suns. What he has not generally learned is, that not only is he subject to the laws of the physical world, but at the same time he is under the dominion of the laws of the spiritual, psychic and moral realms, as well as those peculiar to the activities of intelligence itself.

Each of these great domains are governed by principles, forces, elements, laws, activities, and processes which, while analogous to those of the physical world, manifest attributes and characteristics adapted to the changed conditions of each separate realm, with resultant phenomena and effects peculiar to each. The laws of the spiritual, psychical and moral realms are as immutable as those of the physical, and must therefore be ascertained, recognized, and complied with. Knowledge of these activities and powers necessarily precedes any effort on



the part of the Individual to utilize them intelligently and constructively. It is a matter of profound importance to the Student that he should recognize and appreciate the fact that the spiritual, psychical and moral forces have the same relation to human conduct that physical forces have to physical phenomena, and that the mental and ethical phenomena resulting therefrom are as valid and trustworthy as are the physical. This knowledge and recognition of the reign of Natural Law in the realms of Spirit, Intelligence and Morality, necessitate certainty and exactness in knowledge of the relation of cause and effect in all mental, as well as in all physical operations. As this recognition is the foundation and basis of physical science, so is it essential and indispensable in the science of ethics.

It is therefore the obligation, duty and privilege of Man to acquaint himself with the rules, regulations, phenomena and conditions of all the spheres of life, that he may enjoy them to his highest advantage during his sojourn on earth. While it is very important that physical laws be understood and obeyed, it is of *infinitely greater relative importance* that those of the higher realms be known, acknowledged, and adopted as the rule and guide of life, as they determine his status, here and hereafter.

## Individual Study . . .

### Questions on "Religion"

The questions of this study department are based on the "Your Morals" article of the last magazine number. The effort is to "point up" the salient facts contained in the elucidation of the fundamental principle of Nature under consideration in the article. The questions provide a basis on which the Student may do further study if desired.

1. What is the definition of Religion? <sup>as</sup> given in the "Your Morals" article?

2. <sup>a</sup>The recognition of what fact in respect to various religious beliefs should reduce dogmatism, bigotry, and intolerance? What attitude should be established in an Individual as a result of this recognition of fact?

3. To what extent is an Individual's religious beliefs of value to him?

4. Do beliefs, dogmas and creeds serve as a basis for a practical, workable Religion? Why?

5. What is the proper attitude and spirit of one diligently in search for Truth as a basis of Religion?

6. Upon what does an Individual's success in conforming his life to Truth depend?

7. What desire inspires those of differing opinions to make the effort to arrive at a basis of common understanding?

8. Is there, essentially, any conflict or antagonism between Science, Philosophy and Religion?

9. What is the cause of the seeming conflict between Science, Philosophy, and the commonly accepted standards of Religion?

10. What type of scientific facts and philosophic conclusions are worthy of application in the life of any Individual?

11. What is required of a sound standard, for the regulation of human conduct?

12. What determines man's power? What determines whether that power is latent or dynamic? What determines whether it benefits or injures him as an Individual?

13. What is the duty of an Individual who knows the relative value of two courses of action?

14. To what standard should an Individual strive to conform in the living of his life?

15. Explain the relation between Religion and Morality.

16. What measures the usefulness of an Individual and determines the value of his life?

17. How is true Religion of value to You? Give an illustration.

18. What is the inevitable result of an Individual's right application of all his knowledge to his life and conduct?



# 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.

## THREE ARTICLES IMPRESSED

Three articles in the last magazine particularly impressed me. First, Mr. Sadony's "Pine Needles." This time on Will Power. "In using this will-power, you are using your pen with indelible ink. Otherwise your fountain pen is dry, and your friend wonders why a blank letter to him." The essence of that quotation has returned to me a dozen times since reading it, just as his article about mixing all the colors of one's life to a muddy and nondescript grey has stayed with me. They are closely related, of course. "Be yourself," they say, "and do the thing which you are doing with single-minded intensity." I needed those lessons and I continue to need them. I wonder if there is any other student in the School as slow as I have been to recognize the importance of the WILL in self-development. To attempt to grow without the proper application of will power is as useless as to attempt to turn on the electric light without any "juice." I had a nice, academic, arm-chair understanding that Will was one of the attributes of Individual Intelligence. I could recite the lesson glibly, "Self-consciousness, reason, independent choice; self-conscious, rational, independent volition." Just how long does an idea have to rattle around in one's head before it finally pulls the trigger of activity? I suppose it depends on how empty the head is!

Then there was the reprint of the article on Attitude of Soul. Almost the whole program of self-unfoldment is delineated in that article if we could pound it into our heads, and hearts. I thought of the example of living in a room with two views. From one window we see only the blank face of the brick wall next door, with its maze of ugly, backdoor living. From the other window, we look into a beautiful garden filled with flowers and trees and the song of birds; filled with light and laughter and the blended harmony of color and sound. We would think the individual stupid who deliberately chose to press his face against the pane of glass that gave out upon the brick wall. Attitude of Soul! Listen to Kahlil Gibran in "The Prophet":

"And if you cannot work with love but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy.

"For if you bake bread with indifference, you bake a bitter bread that feeds but half man's hunger.

"And if you grudge the crushing of the grapes, your grudge distils a poison in the wine.

"And if you sing though as angels, and love not the singing, you muffle man's ears to the voices of the day and the voices of the night."

And finally, there was the letter from the student who was "in the midst of another upheaval." The thought came to me as I suppose it did to many others, that I should like to write to him. But what was there I could say that would not be presumptuous. I know what it is to be ringed-round with that feeling of futility and defeat, as if the lead-gray skies were smothering me. Nothing anybody can say helps much. You have to fight from the inside out, until gradually you begin to take pride in the struggle. Perhaps what helped me would help no one else. It sounds like a platitude to say that if you keep faith that everything will come out for the best, it will eventually do so. There is something in the attitude of taking it on the chin, of refusing to "uncle," that makes the best opposition buckle in. Job had something besides bovine resignation.

"Whom God loveth he chasteneth," isn't the dirge of a defeatist. I liked the paragraph in the article in which the editor explained the seeming deluge of handicaps which beset the intelligence once it has decided upon its goal of self-completion. I have often wondered just why it was that one no sooner decided upon a definite end than Nature set up a regular barrage of resistance. "There can be no development unless it is earned." We have to exercise our spiritual and psychical muscles as well as our physical ones. When the sequence of problems seems endless, it may help to remember that the seed, pregnant with life, must germinate in the dark ground for what may seem to it an endless period before it can thrust its green shoots into the sunlight. Yet we who look on know that the time will come when it will "burst into the light." Just so, perhaps, the Friends above, from the tranquilizing viewpoint of eternity, look upon our "endless" spiritual and material struggles. A tiny dot in the long march. But it is hard to realize this in the midst of trouble. What is it Robert Browning says in "Prospice"? He is speaking of the struggle of the soul in the midst of the experience of death (which he wants to meet consciously and with eyes open). He depicts the terror, the darkness, the doubt; but the soul does not give in, "For sudden the worst turns to the best to the brave."

Sometimes it does seem that the Lions have all had cubs and the whole pack has chosen our particular trail to camp on. Then one remembers TK's advice to hold to the central purpose, to square one's life with the constructive principle and the individual problems will take care of themselves. And the lions become playful kittens who pretend that they were only foolin'!

It is hoped that the Work is progressing satisfactorily and that the Knoll is a continued pleasure and inspiration. My debt to the School is measureless, but I do not feel that it is a burden. I know that sometime, some place, I shall discharge it by giving to others as it has given to me.

Wyoming.

Mrs. N. T——.

Ed. Note: This letter might be likened to the Vitamin B1 used



so extensively these days in plant culture which stimulates root health and growth and enables the plant to utilize the food of the soil more completely. The thoughts expressed in the letter go deep to the roots of the human soul; even to the final wholesome expression of attitude, regarding the debt of the School. Friend, reader—after perusing the letter do you respond to the uplift, the encouragement, the sincerity and thoughtfulness?

#### "THE HONOR OF BEING BORN"

"What holds the stars up in the sky, who taught the little fish to swim and the little birds to fly? etc." As a little boy I used to wonder what could be beyond the stars and what it was all about. But the teachings of Natural Science have answered my problem. The teachings of the "old time religion," the sleep of the dead, eternal damnation and hell-fire seemed terrible to me, but thanks to the "Light of Truth" I now know that life is continuous and after more than three score and ten years that I have already seen I have no doubts or fears; nor perhaps many more years to wait before putting away the old worn out physical body, then to meet my loved ones and the many friends who are already gone on; all this without any lapse of time. I have learned to feel their presence and have found that by asking their help in time of need, many times it is received immediately.

One thing that has buoyed me up more than anything I have ever read was a few words in Brother Sadony's article some time ago—"The honor of being born." What a privilege of having been allowed to possess life without end. The favor conferred upon us that we might be born, when or how long ago perhaps we will not know for a long time; now it is up to us to make good. I do appreciate the magazine so much.

New England

F. G. S.

#### ABOUT COMPENSATION

I just received the Jan.-Feb. magazine and as usual, sat down to enjoy a few minutes of relaxation and contentment which comes with reading it. I would like to refer to one of the questions about compensation. My life has been similar to the one described in the letter from "one in the midst of another upheaval"; and until I studied Natural Science I was very bewildered and disappointed in life, as it seemed to me to be just one hardship after another, with no reward for my intended right living (I say intended because I always did what I thought was right which, of course, may have been all against Nature's laws; but with Natural Science things seemed to change in my mind and outlook. I could understand life and the principle back of it, and the laws seemed very just to me; so I reasoned that the trouble was within me, the fault was mine and not Nature's, if things did not turn out right. While my life has not changed as far as physical conditions are concerned, my mental attitude has changed I have received compensation through peace of mind. I never doubt but that some time things will work themselves out in the right way.

I could not help being in sympathy with the student who wrote as I am going through the same period of evolution and am still struggling along. I would like very much to tell you how wonderful it is to be able to unload a burden to someone that can listen understandingly and give suggestions of help as you did to that student—I can use a great deal of it myself. I want to thank the friends of the School again and hope some day I will be able to help others as you have helped me.

Provo, Utah

Mrs. O. H—.

#### "YOU SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH"

Time for renewal subscriptions and a good opportunity to write a few lines of greeting to my friends. I am grateful that I have the money to care for my renewal and to help a little by using the privilege of supplying the magazine to someone else who may happen to be less fortunate in that respect.

My experience of the past year has made me more keenly aware than ever of my great debt to the School for the priceless knowledge it has offered to me. I still marvel at the way I was carried through the most difficult experience of my life when my mother made the transition after a six months' illness in the hospital. There had existed an exceptionally harmonious companionship between us all my life and it had always seemed to me that I could not face the parting through death. Every comforting word of the School's instruction seemed to come to me just when I needed it most so that I was able to be with my mother all day and remain self-possessed and calm and offer her much of the same help I was receiving. To be so sustained for months, as I watched her suffering, was something I could hardly understand, but when she made the transition and I felt no grief—and was truly able to rejoice with her—well, I realized that there is a mighty force operating within me which is not bound by the usual limitations. You see, I am beginning to learn through experience that "you shall know the Truth and the Truth shall set you free."

This experience has intensified my desire to have others know this same comfort when facing a similar ordeal. So it gives me satisfaction to furnish the magazine to someone else who is struggling along the pathway toward the Light.

Corvallis, Oregon

N. F.

#### POEM LOCATED

For some time I have wanted to locate a poem entitled "Resolve" written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Reading TO YOU a few days ago it occurred to me that the editor might be willing to find it and publish it in the magazine. I have learned that it is published in a book called "Facing Forward" by Morris and Adams. The libraries available to me here do not have this book.

I heard the poem over the radio from a Canadian station one Sunday afternoon and was impressed with an idea it contained. The idea that caught my attention was something about the futility of one mind or soul trying to transmit to another its thoughts or ideas. I may not have this exactly right, but I would like to read the poem to know what it did express.

I still read the magazine TO YOU though I do not always find it interesting. The current issue has an article on Religion which I intend to read with some attention. I have found that sometimes articles in the magazine do not appeal to me, but when I pick them up at a later date they somehow come alive with ideas which have meaning to me. Some day I intend to write briefly on one or two points which "bother" me, to use the mildest term I can think of at the moment.

North Dakota

M. P. V.

**Ed. Note:** The poem was found and is printed on the back cover of this issue. The particular book mentioned was not in the library here, but through the courtesy of the librarian two poems, titled "Resolve" by the same author, were found. Not knowing which one is desired, both will be printed; the second one on the back cover of the following issue.

# The Kindly Kiss of Death...



Ambro S. Park

The Master Agents of The GREAT INTELLIGENCE  
Thru countless ages kept the Truth, THERE IS NO DEATH,  
Alive within the souls of men: Omnipotence  
With Omnipresence and Omniscience are the breath  
Of Nature's cosmic plan by which She breathes the hope  
Of Immortality into the fainting hearts  
Of human races here within her earthly scope:  
All Life repullulesciently the truth imparts,  
That Death is a beneficent transition kind  
To soul of Man, and but a passing phase of Life  
Eternal: Eyes that close in death awake to find  
A higher plane of joy where happiness is rife.

So why fear Death or mourn for those gone on before?  
Consistency demands that you rejoice that they  
No longer suffer earthly pangs that once they bore;  
And Death for YOU, is just Emancipation Day.

**A**T DAWN the barque, Moonbeam, 200 days out of Liverpool, was wallowing in a raging sea off the coast of New Albion. Since leaving San Diego, she had encountered a succession of cyclonic gales that made her creak and groan in agony. Her owner and master, John Howard, anxiously scanned the mountainous, heavily timbered coast for a harbor of refuge. But, in May, 1780, the coast of New Albion, now called Oregon, was little known to mariners and uncharted. Thru his telescope, the anxious Captain saw nothing but wooded mountains that seemed to slope directly into the frothing sea. There was no sign of an opening into shelter for his disabled and laboring vessel. The main-mast was a mass of wreckage upon the deck; in falling it had stripped the fore-mast of canvas. The mizzen-sail, double-reefed in the fury of the gale, gave bare steerage way. The crippled Moonbeam was being driven upon the rocky shore, with no chance to run before the wind in an on-shore storm.

John Howard was a typical, blond-bearded seaman of the eighteenth century, with curly, golden hair, bold forehead, hawk nose and piercing, blue eyes. He had started this cruise at the instance of his only passenger, in the search for the elusive north-west passage, the dream of many a gallant seaman. Beside him stood

his, black-haired, dark-eyed daughter, who lacked but two inches of her father's height of six feet. To her he handed the telescope, saying, "Jorice, your eyes are younger and keener than mine. Can you make out a possible landing-place on that damnable coast?"

Jorice took the glass, braced her supple body against the rail and scanned the shore eagerly. Her man's costume of close-fitting jersey, knee-breeches, silk stockings and low, buckled shoes, clearly outlined her feminine charms. Her black hair was coiled in a mass upon her well-poised head, and held in place by a tortoise-shell comb of Spanish design. Her high forehead, straight nose and full-lipped mouth, were gifts of a Spanish mother. Her cheeks were flushed with wind and vitality. Her eyes sparkled with the sentient glow of pride and intelligence—a Queen of a woman in any garb.

After a short survey of the forbidding coast, Jorice gave the glass to her father, saying, eagerly, "There seems to be a narrow inlet a league ahead; but headlands obscure what lies beyond."

After surveying the indicated position, the Captain lowered the glass, exclaiming, "By Harry, I believe you are right, daughter! We'll try it as a last resort. Call Mister Ladore, while I order Petroff to steer for that opening."

As the Captain went to the wheel, Jorice stepped to the cabin and called, sharply, "Mister Ladore, the Captain desires your presence on the after-deck at once!"

From within came a deep baritone voice, resonantly mellow, saying, "My compliments to the Captain, Miss Howard! May I crave his indulgence until I read to the end of the chapter; a matter of two pages?"

Jorice shrugged her shoulders impatiently and retorted, "As the only passenger on the Moonbeam, Mister Louis Ladore, you have certain privileges; but you are expected to obey the Captain's orders in an emergency, without quibble or parley."

There was a mellow laugh and a suave voice said, "Since your Highness insists, I shall obey with respectful alacrity."

"Humph!" was Jorice's only comment, as she re-



joined her father. He gave her a heavy coat to protect her from the spray.

A moment later, a giant of a man stooped to emerge from the cabin door. Outside he straightened up, strode leisurely to the Captain's side, over whom he towered a full six inches, bowed to the indignant Jorice and inquired, "What may your pleasure be, Mister Howard?"

The Captain eyed the giant figure of his young friend with approval. He approved of his stature, of his brown hair and moustache, of his large, luminous, brown eyes, of his full-lipped mouth and slightly dimpled chin, of his perfect poise and of his radiant magnetism that suggested luminosity: Every outline, every motion revealed a latent vitality that would be resistless when stung to action.

"Louis," he said, kindly, "methinks it is a matter of grief with no element of pleasure; for we are dangerously near shipwreck. It will be touch-and-go if we navigate yonder inlet in safety. To you I relegate the duty of looking after my Jorice. The Moonbeam will require my undivided attention 'til she is safe at anchor in yon inlet or—"

"At the bottom of the sea," interjected Jorice, with asperity, "for all the bookish Mister Ladore seems minded. 'Twere better the genial giant assisted the sailors in salvaging the wreckage on the deck, than serve Esquire to a maid who craves no protection of him." She pointed, with rigidly distended arm, to the crew struggling to get the mast overboard. Conspicuous among them was the Chinese cook, San Sin, a large, well-built man over six feet tall. San Sin was laughing and swearing volubly in mixed Spanish and English, as he heaved mightily at the spar. As it went overboard, he yelled, "Calowho, damn! She vamouso plonto!"

His entire costume was a pair of cotton shorts, with a cased knife sticking in the waist-band.

As the crew cheered and turned to clearing the littered deck, Captain Howard spoke mildly, saying, "Friend Louis offered his services when the mast fell; but it is not seemly that the gentleman, whose money made this cruise possible, should labor with the crew, save in a last extremity."

"It seemeth beyond my comprehension," persisted Jorice, with a trace of mockery in her tones, "that the gentleman doth read in utter serenity while the parlous state of the Moonbeam exciteth the rest of us to activity." When aroused, Jorice used the quaint speech of the time. Her usual English was haphazard and, sometimes, interlarded with vigorous Spanish.

Louis chuckled, leisurely adjusted the buckles of his grey tweed knee-breeches, smoothed the sleeves of his long, grey coat, loosened the collar of his white, twilled shirt, clasped his hands at the back of his head

and responded, mildly, "The Venerable Masters teach one the wisdom of serenity in adversity, and I find it satisfying and fortifying to the soul. Perchance Miss Howard would prefer to see me cavorting from stem to gudgeon, shinnying up the mizzen, or swinging from the halyards like a pet baboon on a joy-bust?"

The Captain smiled and Jorice laughed at the idea of the well-poised giant acting the part of a monkey.

During this conversation, Ivan Petroff, at the wheel, was eyeing Jorice lasciviously and neglecting his duty as helmsman. Petroff's yellowish-green eyes, low forehead, bushy, red whiskers, coarse, parted lips and canine teeth, gave him a resemblance to a snarling tiger. He was no taller than Jorice, but large-framed and powerfully muscled. His thick arms were abnormally short, as were the stubby fingers of huge hands. In his evil contemplation of Jorice's charms, he relaxed his grip on the wheel, and the Moonbeam yawned abruptly to starboard. Dead ahead was a submerged rock. The Captain yelled in warning, as he sprang to the wheel in an effort to avert disaster.

"Hard a-port!" yelled the Captain, as he threw his weight on the wheel. But Petroff lost his head and threw his weight against the Captain. For a moment the two were deadlocked; and that moment was vital.

Louis, seeing Ivan's fatal blunder, sprang upon him and wrenched him from the wheel. With no apparent effort, he threw the 200 pound man sprawling against the lee bulwark, twenty feet away; and added his efforts to those of the Captain.

Ivan, with blood trickling from a cut in his head, got to his feet in a fury, drew a knife from his belt and started for Louis, threatening murder.

Louis, deeply engrossed, might have been knifed in the back, but Jorice intervened. She drew a French duelling-pistol from a concealed holster, cocked it and pointed it at Ivan's head, saying, fiercely, "Stop, you dog, and drop that knife or I'll kill you, you slimy beast!"

Ivan, a coward at heart, and mortally afraid of fire-arms, dropped the knife, growling like a thwarted hyena.

Jorice picked up the knife and threw it overboard.

The efforts of the Captain and Louis had thrown the Moonbeam back on her course. But the sunken ledge was now barely twenty feet athwart the starboard rail. A huge wave raised the helpless barque and swept it onto the rock. The Captain shouted a warning to the crew, all unconscious of immediate danger.

The Moonbeam struck with a shuddering crash, shivered and lay at the mercy of the seas. The next wave swept over the stranded vessel, washing overboard a part of the crew and carrying away the starboard lifeboat, which floated shoreward, bottom up. The men swam to the overturned boat, but the

smooth bottom was slippery. One by one they were swept away; and the storm-swept shore two miles a-lee.

As the wave struck, the Captain and Louis clung to the wheel. Louis caught Jorice around the waist as she was being swept past him. He also stuck out a foot for Ivan, who hung on, whimpering with fear, until the deck was clear again.

The Captain saw the futility of attempting to launch the port lifeboat from the windward side. Taking the craven Russian with him, he joined the remnant of the crew and directed them in an effort to drag the boat across the deck and launch it from the lee side. Finally they got the boat into the water. The Captain ordered the second-officer and crew into it, to keep it clear of the wreck until Jorice and Louis could join them.

Petroff was the first to leap into the boat. Next the survivors of the crew, and last, the second-officer climbed over the rail and dropped into the plunging boat. The first-officer and San Sin hung back. The Captain gruffly ordered San Sin overboard. But San protested, profanely, yet respectfully, saying, "Hellity damn! Please Captain. San Sin wait see Jolice in boat."

The Captain gave San a fleeting smile, turned and beckoned Jorice and Louis forward, ordering them into the boat. But Jorice, putting an arm about her father's neck, asked, "Are you going too, father?"

John Howard gently untwined his daughter's arms, kissed her lips and said, quietly, "A British Captain never deserts his ship, dear. Go with Louis at once!"

Jorice's eyes filled with tears as she replied, "Nor does a Captain's daughter desert her father. I shall stay with you." Then she turned to Louis, saying, "Please get into the boat at once, Mr. Ladore; you're delaying it."

Louis smiled and bowed slightly as he replied, with quiet determination, "Death means only a translation to a higher sphere and has no terrors for me. If you remain, I, too, shall remain."

The debate was stopped by another wave that swept over the doomed vessel. San Sin saw it coming and yelled a warning, as he grabbed Jorice with one arm and twined the other with the rail. An avalanche of water swept over them. The lifeboat was swamped and submerged.

Petroff yelled horribly with fear and struck out for the second officer, who was clinging to an empty cask. The cask had enough buoyancy to support one man, but sank when Ivan's weight was added.

Then occurred a horrible thing. Petroff jerked the officer's knife from its sheath and plunged it into the unsuspecting man's back. The water was reddened as the stricken man relaxed and sank from sight.

Jorice screamed. Louis groaned and San Sin swore.

The enraged Captain snatched a pistol from his belt and fired at the fiend, but missed. Then he ran to the cabin and returned with a musket. But Ivan submerged behind the cask and escaped the bullet. Before the Captain could return with another musket, Ivan drifted beyond range, thumbing his nose in derision.

Of three boats, only a dory was left and it seemed folly to trust this frail craft to the raging sea; yet the Captain decided that the attempt must be made. He directed First-Officer Terence O'Dey and San Sin to get the dory from the cabin roof, asking Louis to aid them while he had a few words with Jorice.

In the cabin, John Howard spoke gently to Jorice, saying, "Dear, your duty is to live out your life. Your Spanish mother gave you birth in this cabin, and her life in the giving. I promised to protect and educate you for a life of usefulness. Ten years of your life you spent in English and French schools. Those ten years were only tolerable to me because I knew the separation was necessary. Duty and inclination hold me to the Moonbeam as long as two of her planks hold together. You must not grieve your mother and me by useless sacrifice. Nor must you grieve when we are again united. That will hurt us in the life spiritual. Life here and hereafter is one continuous journey toward completion and individual happiness. And there is no Death. This is a scientific truth, dear, that I have personally demonstrated. You have always been a loving and obedient daughter. I now make my last request: That is to leave me cheerfully and as quickly as possible. Will you do this, my Jorice?"

The tears were streaming from Jorice's eyes; but she smiled bravely as she put her arms around her father's neck and kissed his lips for the last time. He held her in tender embrace for a moment as she murmured in his ear, "Good-bye, Prince of Fathers. Your Jorice will try to be worthy of your wonderful love. Kiss mother for me!"

Jorice remained in the cabin to compose herself, while the Captain went to see to the launching of the dory.

A few minutes later there was a gentle knock on the door. In response to her invitation, Terence O'Day stepped into the cabin. O'Dey had been first-officer of the Moonbeam since Jorice's return from school. He always treated her in brotherly fashion, for he loved her with all his Irish heart. He was taller than Jorice, of slender build, with reddish-brown hair and the bluest of blue eyes. His nose was a trifle large and turned a bit to the left. His mouth had little quirks at the corners as if it were ready to smile at the slightest provocation. His hands were slender, long-fingered and powerful. He carried himself in a



graceful, nonchalant manner that was pleasing to the eye. His face was slightly flushed, and there was the odor of whiskey about him, as he closed the door and bent over Jorice, seated at the Captain's table.

For the first time Terence O'Dey let the love-light glow in his eyes, unchecked, as he said, rapidly, "Whist, Wildfire, ye'll soon be leavin' yer friend Terry; an' it'll harm ye none to know that he's worshipped ye fer years. He's dreamed av the day whin ye'd be his wife, an' him master av the Moonbeam, after yer blissed father had anchored safe ashore. Think av him as kindly as ye can, fer he stays aboard to thry an' get the father safe ashore in spite av himself. He may fail, but he'll have the pleasure av thryin'."

"O Terry!" smiled Jorice thru her tears. "If you can save father, I'll love you forever! But I never dreamed that you loved me in that way."

"Don't be hasty with promises, Wildrose. But, if I meet ye ashore, an' the heart av ye turns to me, thin Terry'll thry to be the man ye'd have him."

"If I don't love you as you'd like, at least no other man has that love, Terry, dear: You have had a good education and can speak the King's English with the best of them. If you'd control your liking for liquor, any woman would be proud to be your wife."

"'Tis me worst fault, I know, an' I'll keep a thryin' fer me own sake. May I have a little peek at the lips av ye fer remembrance, Heartsease?"

Jorice laughed as she arose and kissed Terry's lips, saying, "God bless you, Terry dear! You are a gallant gentleman."

As they went out on the deck they found the dory ready for launching.

John Howard and Louis Ladore clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes with the light of a great understanding.

San Sin was openly blubbering as John clasped his hand, saying heartily, "San Sin, you are a loyal and faithful man. Jorice needs you! So good luck till we meet on the brighter side of life."

San blubbered, "Blast my eyes, San Sin cly like spanked baby. You go way give San Bellyache in neck."

San grinned as the rest laughed.

All donned life-belts, and the dory was lowered over the side. Hardly had the frail craft touched the water, before it was dashed against the hull and smashed.

"We'll have to swim ashore," said Louis, quietly.

"We can swim!" responded Jorice, firmly.

"Hell yes, but it'll be a damn long, wet swim," chuckled San Sin, as he threw four empty casks overboard and sprang after them.

Louis saluted the Captain and followed San overboard.

Jorice straightened to rigid attention and saluted the Captain of the ship. The Captain returned her salute smartly, and said, crisply, "To your duty, dear!"

Jorice responded, "Aye, aye, Sir!" then turned and sprang over the railing into the raging sea.

The Captain turned to First-Officer O'Dey and demanded, "And you, sir!"

And First-Officer O'Dey grinned, saying, "O, Hell, Captain, I had me bath last Michael-mas!"

## CHAPTER II

All three were expert swimmers and they had the advantage of a flow-tide. Also they knew better than to exhaust their strength by strenuous swimming. So each clung to a cask and kicked backward leisurely. Both Louis and Jorice were handicapped by shoes. But San solved the problem by swimming behind them and removing their shoes. Then he re-buckled the straps of the shoes, uncoiled his queue, strung the shoes upon it and tied it about his neck.

Jorice could not refrain from looking back at the beloved Moonbeam each time she rose to the crest of a wave. Her father was standing on the roof of the cabin, with a telescope in one hand and a megaphone in the other. She waved to him and he flourished the megaphone in reply. Then he put the megaphone to his mouth and shouted, "Louis, look sharply for an air-tight chest, lashed a-top water-caskets, which I shall set afloat shortly!" Then to Jorice, with vibrant tenderness, "Jorice, my own, keep a brave heart and a smiling face for THERE IS NO DEATH!" Then he held both hands aloft in final benediction.

Jorice smiled and waved him a kiss.

As the swimmers came nearer the shore, they saw that the inlet was bordered on each side by rocky cliffs, against which the waves were breaking in white fury. Their only chance for life was thru the breakers over the bar; and the prospect was far from serene. The waters were churned into a white fury by sunken rocks and the narrowness of the opening. They were too far south to make the entrance by floating with the tide; Louis said, "We'll have to do some real swimming to make that inlet. Our casks have served their purpose and must be abandoned. We will strike diagonally across the tide and it will aid us. Miss Howard, do you feel equal to the effort?"

Jorice responded with a gurgling laugh, as she thrust her cask aside. Then she said slowly and distinctly, "Mister Louis Ladore of London, Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Bombay, Peking, Tokyo, Manila and the exceedingly wet Pacific, Miss Jorice Howard feels that the effort to reach yon inlet would

be lightened if she were relieved of the useless burden of English conventionality. Louis knows that her name is Jorice, so let him—," but the rest of the sentence was strangled in brine. As she cleared her throat of water, Louis laughed and sang out, "All right, Jorice! Save your breath!"

"Helly damn, yes!" chimed in San. "Jolice talk little, swim big. Gota go half mile ahead, two miles up and down."

As they drew nearer, they saw a group of people on the rocks south of the inlet. All but one of the group were watching the swimmers' efforts quietly. The one exception was a jumping-jack out on an advanced pinnacle alone. This figure was springing about and waving its arms frantically, as if trying to convey a message. In one hand was a stick with some kind of figure on the end of it. Above the roar of the surf could be heard a high, piercing voice, but the words were muffled by the shrieking wind.

Louis, watching Jorice closely, saw her face become deadly pale and her lips blue. He noted that her strokes had lost their vigor. He realized that the chill of the water had overcome her vitality. San, the vigilant, also noted the distress of his adored 'Jolice,' and he shouted, "Jolice got clamps! Hully like hell, flend Louis!"

As they swam to her she smiled and gasped, "Let me rest my hands on your shoulders a bit. I'm frozen stiff!"

With a hand on the shoulder of each, they swam into the breakers, well out from the south side, where the frantic figure was madly gesticulating. Then Jorice relaxed, and her head sagged limply below the surface. Louis put a hand beneath her chin and raised her face above the foam. Her eyes were closed in exhaustion. Quickly he submerged beneath her sinking body and drew her arms around his neck. As he came to the surface, he yelled to San, "Swim beside us and keep her on my back!"

"Hells Bells! You betcha life!" yelled San, encouragingly.

The flying foam made visibility ahead difficult; but Louis could see the figure on the rock above him. He saw that it was beckoning him to approach. Also he now understood what that piercing voice was saying; and he obeyed it. The words that greeted his ears were,

"Greetings, friends! Bad rocks ahead. Swim this way! A short swim to quiet waters." And those words were in perfect English.

Then was the wonderful vitality and the marvelous magnetic co-ordination between soul and body fully demonstrated; for Louis turned sharply to the right and swam athwart the tide, with his head and should-

ers above water, carrying a dead weight of 160 pounds of inert womanhood upon his back.

San Sin was hard put to keep beside Louis; and he was nearly spent when the blessed voice above shouted, "Well done, friends; Turn with the tide! You are safe now!"

They turned with the tide and, within a hundred yards, swept around the point into quiet water, with a sandy beach close by. A few more strokes brought them to shallow wading. Louis clasped Jorice's limp arms, arose and carried her ashore. San Sin bubbled along behind.

San patted Louis on the shoulder and sputtered, "Hell-all-knockem-stiff, you big blave fish! You savem Jolice spita watch and high hell!"

About forty Indians, with the woman who had steered the ship-wreck victims to safety, at their head, flocked around the dripping cast-aways with signs and words of friendly interest. They were led to three fires, burning near, and Louis laid the unconscious Jorice upon a pile of blankets. She was cared for by some comely women of the tribe, who erected a screen of blankets about her.

The woman, who had directed them to safety, told Louis in excellent English, that Jorice would be supplied with dry clothing, warm food and drink. The men of the party would care for the two drenched men.

As both Louis and San were chilled and hungry, they thankfully followed their new friends to a grove of trees, where a fire burned. They were soon dried, fed and given blackberry wine to drink. But when it came to clothing their new friends were almost stumped by Louis' size. The best that they could do, was a pair of buck-skin breeches that fitted closely and reached just below the knees, and a blanket to wrap around his torso. But moccasins were found to fit his feet.

San accepted a sleeveless buck-skin shirt, buck-skin breeches and moccasins.

Louis now asked if any others had been saved. He was surprised and delighted that the chief spoke good English. He marvelled thereat, but suppressed his curiosity. This young man introduced himself, saying, "I am Or-il-on, Chief of the La-lac-an. We welcome you to the land of the OR-OG-AN. My father, the Great Chief of the OR-OG-AN will be here when the sun sets. OR-OG-ON, my father, will be glad to see you and the beautiful woman you saved from the water."

As Or-il-on talked, Louis looked him over with critical approval. He was six feet tall, and dressed in full war regalia of flowing feather bonnet, buck-skin trunks and moccasins. His face and body were



unpainted. In his belt he carried a brass-handled knife, a tomahawk and a long-stemmed pipe. Slung to one shoulder was a quiver of arrows and a yew bow six feet long. Under his left arm he clasped three, six-foot casting-spears. His right hand held a ten-foot thrusting-spear. His legs and arms were slender, but powerfully muscled. His shoulders were broad, and his chest was thrust forward aggressively. His forehead was high and wide. His eyes were deep hazel and set far apart. His mouth was full-lipped, with scornful upward quirks. His nose was large, straight and slender nostrilled. His cheek-bones were high, but not unduly prominent. His hair, done in two pig-tails, one hanging over each breast, was dark umber, with glints of reddish bronze where the high-lights struck it. Probably twenty-five years old, his handsome presence was marred by an air of impatient haughtiness, as if his dignity was a bit raw in spots. His voice was a suave bass that pleased the ear and hinted great lung power.

Or-il-on continued, saying, "We have seen no others come ashore. Some of the La-lae-an are watching above and below the mouth of the Rouge river. If any more land, they will be brought here."

Many questions crowded Louis' mind. Where did this native learn English? Whence came the French name Rouge? But he felt that this was not the time to ask them. Or-il-on had asked nothing, altho his curiosity must be aroused. Louis asked no questions as he sought Jorice.

He found Jorice in animated talk with their preserver from the inlet reefs. She had recovered from her collapse in the icy water. She was costumed in a fringed buck-skin skirt that reached the knees, beaded and fringed moccasins, a close-fitting tunic of pliable deer-skin and a mantle of various-colored fox-skins. Around her head was a wreath of yellow flowers, with a single crimson blossom in the center of her forehead. Her shimmering black hair was hanging down her back in glistening waves.

At sight of his beloved 'Jolice,' San Sin exulted, "Hot damn, Jolice some Cleen!"

Jorice's rich contralto voice rippled with mirth as she retorted, "Of course I'm clean, you big scamp!"

San blushed and protested, "No, No! Me mean you cleen, cleen, CLEEN!"

Louis intervened, chuckling delightedly, "Methinks friend San means that you look like a Queen, Jorice; and I heartily agree with him. You are positively glorious!"

Jorice smiled as she bent her knees in a deep curtsy, and retorted, "I thank the Honourable Louis Ladore for the first compliment that he has given me in the

five years of our acquaintance. The air of New Albion seems clearer than the fogs of—"

"Hell, Yes! That's what me said—CLEEN!"

The natives laughed as heartily as the others, and Louis suspected the truth; they understood English.

Louis, ever courteous, hastened to address the strange woman who spoke English so fluently, saying, "We are glad to be safe among friends, and would be pleased to know more of them, if they feel that we may be trusted."

"I've given our new friend a brief outline of ourselves, Louis; altho she asked no questions. But she is a woman; and what woman lacks curiosity?" said Jorice. "She said she would tell us more of herself and her people, when you returned. I'm tingling with insatiate curiosity."

Now that Louis could gaze upon this fascinating woman without seeming rude, he studied her appearance carefully, as she talked. She was dressed in high-topped, laced shoes of silver-haired hide, that came well above her ankles. Her robe was a single piece of the same silver-tipped, brown-haired hide. This fit her slender body snugly from her throat to her hips; from there it flared slightly and ended just above the knees. It was cut to fit close to the neck; and there were sleeves about four inches in length. There was a row of large, pearl buttons on the left side from top to bottom. Around her waist was a hide belt, to which were sewed triangular pieces of pearl shell, no two pieces being alike in color. About her right arm, above the elbow, was a turquoise swift, with the tip of its tail in its mouth, and with two tiny eyes of Mexican fire-opals. Around her left wrist was a gold bracelet, the inner side smooth, and the outer side of rough nuggets, each apex inset with an opal. About her neck was a broad ribbon of silver, studded with opals, and a single massive fire-opal in the top center. In her left hand she was carrying a two-foot stick of ebony, with a stuffed parrot clasping its curved end in a manner startlingly life-like. The parrot's eyes were two of the reddest of red opals.

Startling and inexplicable as seemed the display of precious stones, the personal appearance of this woman was even more intriguing. Her height was about five feet, six inches. Her build was slender, with wide shoulders. Her feet were narrow, with high insteps. Her legs and arms were finely moulded. Her skin, a coppery bronze, glistened with health. Her teeth were perfect and dazzlingly white. *And her hair and eyebrows were as the snow of mountain tops.* The face was regular, slightly oval; and the nose aquiline. She emanated vitally in waves that struck Louis with tingling pleasure. Her age was unguessable.

Louis, Jorice and San absorbed all of these details

as they listened to her rich soprano voice. She began by saying, "I am Wa-wa-his-si, and these are my children of the OR-OG-AN. They have lived under the shadow of Shas-ta since that father of mountains spat fire and smoke, and his little brothers grumbled in envy. My children have lingered in the light of the Spirit of the OR-OG-AN, which is in a high place many days toward the rising sun, all their lives, and their forebears dwelt in this land of OR-OG-AN-YA, even back to the time when Lemuria sank beneath the waves, and a whole race of people vanished from this physical life to appear upon the spiritual planes according to their *light*."

Wa-wa-his-si accented the word '*light*' as she paused and fixed Louis with an inquiring gaze.

Louis flushed, then gave her a dazzling smile and a slight nod.

Wa-wa-his-si laughed, a silvery ripple, and continued, saying, "Wa-wa-his-si, as a maiden, found favor with the Captain of a passing English ship. She roved with him to far countries. He taught her much of this and the higher life. Finally he went to his reward on the spiritual planes, leaving Wa-wa-his-si still a maiden in appearance. When he took Wa-wa-his-si to his breast, he was green in years and filled with the sap of the young tree. When he left her, he was ripe with the years, bent, withered and sapless. Wa-wa-his-si came back under the shadows of Shas-ta and mated with a young chief of the OR-OG-AN. From that mating came her great-great-great grandson, who is now the Supreme Chief of the OR-OG-AN, in the Valley of Fire. Her great-great-great-great grandson, Or-il-on, is Chief of the La-lac-an, the tribe that guards the sacred Fire Spirit. Friends, I have spoken!"

As she finished her remarkable speech and smiled upon them benignly, Jorice gasped, in Spanish, "Merciful Mother, what an imagination!"

Louis smiled as he responded to Jorice, in Spanish, saying, "Methinks she speaks the truth. But, Great Algernon, how old must she be!"

Then, in English he said to Wa-wa-his-si, "My friend, we thank you for saving our lives. I am Louis Ladore. I see your inner light, which is bright with the fire of wisdom and truth. May we strangers see that Fire Spirit which is guarded by the La-lac-an?"

"That, Man of White Light, rests with the Great Chief, OR-OG-ON. He will be here at the setting of the sun. Wa-wa-his-si thinks that he will burn his moccasins in leading the beautiful white woman to the Fire Spirit, for we of the OR-OG-AN have a story that only a white woman may approach the Fire Spirit in safety. No OR-OG-AN, save the Great Chief, has ever dared to approach it."

San Sin, who had been eyeing Wa-wa-his-si in silent amazement, now blurted out, "Jelly calamba, him must be madre todos damn countlee."

San thought his speckled Spanish would not be understood by Wa-wa-his-si, but that surprising woman laughed heartily and retorted in Spanish, "No yellow skins are children of Wa-wa-his-si. But, if Wa-wa-his-si's charms find favor with the handsome Chino, there yet may be many yellow flowers in Or-Og-An-Ya." She held out her arms to San Sin, and smiled alluringly.

San exploded, "Hells Bells! Me only China cook! Me know nothin' 'bout laisin' yella flowehs!"

Jorice screamed with mirth, as San took refuge behind her.

Louis boomed, laughingly, "San, you best be careful of what you say to strange ladies."

And Jorice whispered a hurried aside to Louis, saying, "Good Lord! She understood every word we said in Spanish."

But Louis only smiled and raised his eyebrows.

Jorice now expressed a desire to see the doomed Moonbeam from the headland where Wa-wa-his-si had guided them to safety. Wa-wa-his-si had described Louis' heroic struggle to save Jorice, and Jorice knew the man well enough to know that he would prefer to be thanked in private, if at all. While her courage was high, yet she chafed that her father should sacrifice himself when he might have reached the shore in safety. Too, she had hopes that Terence O'Dey might work a seeming miracle, and save her father at the eleventh hour.

As Jorice started she said, "Louis, I wish you and San would go with me and search for the chest that father said he would launeh. The tide must have ebbed by now."

When they reached the headland, they found that the receding tide had left a bare stretch of sand at the base of the cliff.

And the Moonbeam had disappeared forever.

For a moment Jorice was overcome by a surge of bitter grief. She had thought that the sturdy hull would yield slowly to the onslaught of the waves. She leaned against Louis and sobbed. He put a protecting arm around her shoulders. Wisely, he said nothing.

San blubbered openly.

Finally Jorice withdrew from Louis's arm, wiped her eyes and said, gratefully, "Thank you for your silent sympathy! Please speak to me now!"

And Louis spoke feelingly, saying, "A monstrous wave must have lifted the Moonbeam from the rock. It now rests in the deep water beside it. This is as the Captain wished. It would have wounded him deeply to have had this beloved Moonbeam torn to shreds



beneath his feet. His physical body he has laid aside as a garment that has served its purpose. His spiritual body, with the noble soul that animates it, is with your mother in that spiritual realm which is all about us. It is a realm of the five senses analogous to this physical plane, yet infinitely finer in particle and swifter in vibratory motion, thus enhancing the joys of existence, with no loss, abatement or destruction of individuality. Your father's last words, "THERE IS NO DEATH," are scientifically true. I know from personal experience."

Jorice sighed as if relieved of a burden, and smiled brightly, saying, "Louis, you are a wonderful help. This day you have saved my body and soothed my soul."

Then Jorice pressed Louis's hand and turned to Wa-wa-his-si's rock for a period of sacred communion.

Louis and San descended to the sands in search of whatever the sea might have cast forth.

### CHAPTER III

The wind abated to a moderate breeze as Louis and San searched the beach and the cliffs for bodies of the crew of the Moonbeam, and the chest that Captain Howard said he would launch from the stranded ship. They followed the curving beach for some distance southward, but the only trace they found of Moonbeam, was the shattered frame of a life-boat. If any man had survived, there was not trace of him south of the inlet.

On the way back to Wa-wa-his-si's rock, Louis noted that the Rouge river broke through the coast mountains three miles to the east, and that the delta valley was dotted with low hills. Groves of evergreen timber covered half of the lowlands. As they approached Jorice, they saw her wave her fur mantle and they quickened their speed. When they got within hearing distance, Jorice hailed them, saying,

"There is a narrow, seaward crevice in this rock. In it there is a man's body and something else that I can't identify. I believe that you can climb to it easily."

Louis found the crevice and climbed up a steep incline for some distance. There he came upon the chest, launched to a raft of water-casks, and burdened with the body of a man. Just above the cask-raft and hidden from above by projecting rocks, was the body of Ivan Petroff and the cask that had carried him ashore.

First-Officer Terence O'Dey, face up, was lashed to the chest with a triple fold of Manila hemp about his waist. He was peacefully sleeping. Louis examined him hastily. There was no mark of injury on his body and he was snoring. Louis smelt of the sleeper's breath. There was a strong odor of Scotch whiskey,

mingled with the fumes of a soporific drug, and Louis chuckled with relief.

San had climbed up to Ivan's body and Louis joined him. They turned Ivan face up. He was breathing heavily and there was a deep gash in his scalp, covered with coagulated blood. San cursed heartily, saying, "Damn skunk live an' lots good men die. What you say San cutem wind-pipe, eh, friend Louis?" San drew his knife, but Louis said sharply, "Put it back, San! He killed Officer Simpson cold-bloodedly, but we can't do the same to him."

San grumbled as he sheathed his knife, saying, "Huh, San stickem lika pig an' glin all 'lound his head."

"Go and cut O'Dey loose, San, and give him a good shaking. I'll take care of Petroff", said Louis, as he looked for a way to climb to Jorice. Seeing that he could climb up the crevice he picked Ivan up and swung him on his back. Drawing the arms of the unconscious man about his neck, he grasped the wrists in one hand and used the other hand in climbing.

As Louis came up on Wa-wa-his-si's rock into the presence of the horrified Jorice, bearing the inert murderer easily, Jorice shrank back. Then, as Louis laid the wounded man down and sought to revive him, Jorice, shocked at the sordid termination of her reverie, and resentful of the foul nature of the man, protested, vehemently, "Let the lecherous, murdering beast die as he deserves!"

And San, hearing her protest, shouted up, "Hell, yes! Bash 'im head in! He got a evil eye—evil hand. He bad as hell fulla devils!"

Louis continued his efforts imperturbably. Without looking up, he said, gently, "Judge not harshly, lest ye be judged!"

Jorice flushed angrily, started a bitter retort, then quickly subsided.

San groaned, "O Hell!", and let it go at that.

San was rolling and shaking O'Dey as he talked. Finally O'Dey, with a strangled snort, opened his eyes and grinned at San, saying "Phat the divil are ye doin', ye slant-eyed son av Shitan? Rollin' the dough av me fer the nixt bakin' in hell?"

San chuckled explosively, saying, "You no leachem Hell. You blow up with whiskey when hotted bleeze hit you."

"The divil ye say!" laughed O'Dey, as he felt of his throbbing head and made a wry face at the dryness of his mouth. "How the divil did I get here?"

San laughed as he made a shrewd guess, saying, "Captain too damn foxy. He fixem whiskey. You go sleep lika wet baby. He lash you to chest an' heave topside. You sabe?"

O'Dey dropped his head into his hands and groaned.

For a bit he was too overcome with shame to say anything. San had guessed the truth. After the chest had been lashed to the raft, the Captain had invited him into the cabin and served him with several drinks. He had wondered why the Captain was so particular in mixing the drinks himself. Now he knew, for he could taste the drug in his feverish mouth. Then O'Dey, in an agony of abasement, got up, stretched and asked, "Are Jorice and Ladore safe?"

"You betcha socks! San no me by you, if they dlownd!"

"Thank God for that! I'm going back to the Moonbeam, San, if I have to swim for it."

San grasped O'Dey's arm and led him a few steps down the crevice, where they could see out over the ocean. He pointed to the vacant waters, saying, "Captain an' Moonbeam happy togetha on sea bed."

O'Dey choked and tears glistened in his eyes.

San started up the crevice, calling, "Follow San! Helluva lot fun ahead!"

As First-Officer Terence O'Dey came face to face with Jorice, he blushed and hung his head in abject misery. Jorice overheard the conversation between O'Dey and San, and no explanations were necessary. She went up to the conscience-stricken man, took both his hands in hers and said, gently, "Never mind, Terry dear! It is all for the best. I'm so glad that you are alive and with us. And I'm so proud of my father. He lived up to his code. There is no more to say."

And Louis shook O'Dey's hand heartily, saying, "Terry, there's a devil of a mess here, with Petroff on our hands, and I'm mighty glad that you are here."

O'Dey raised his head and smiled wanly, saying, "I thank you both! It is a bitter moment and I shall not soon forget it. What can I do to help?"

In moments of great stress, or whenever he so desired, his language was correct. Usually he used the brogue from pure exuberance of spirit, and because he loved it.

Louis patted Terry on the back, saying, "You might help San bring up some water to cleanse Petroff's wound. Sea-water will do."

O'Dey and San descended the crevice unlashd a cask and knocked the bung-stopper in with a pointed rock. Then they went down to the beach and partly filled the cask with water.

Jorice stood for a bit, gazing out toward the setting sun, upon the restless waters that engulfed the beloved form of her father; while Louis worked skillfully over the wounded Ivan, who had caused a breach between them.

*(To Be Continued)*

## AKIN TO NATURE

Ambro S. Park

Excessive modesty has always been my bane,  
Which brings with it embarrassment that gives me  
pain:

And my humility sticks out in Jumbo göbs,  
Intimidating me with timid, fearful throbs  
Of modesty that makes my prose just gumbo jobs  
And gives my poetry a shrinking, meek refrain—  
As YOU will see!

Now I, of course, have many gifts that YOU have not;  
For I was moulded in fine clay so piping hot  
With genius that the moulds exploded at my birth,  
And thus left ME the only genius on this earth:  
Aside from THAT I make no claim of being great—  
Except that I am in that most ecstastic state  
of self-perfection which YOU find so hard to reach:  
So, Brother, follow ME and listen while I preach  
Constructive Evolution which has been so kind  
To ME, and given ME, *perhaps*, a Master mind—  
Believe YOU ME?

Having thus established my claim to modesty beyond a reasonable doubt, I invite all YOU, my Fellow-travelers, to make a mental journey with me along the evolutionary pathway blazed by the beacon-light of TO YOU Magazine. It is our purpose to explore the different departments of our beloved publication and, quite frankly, express our opinions of each. YOU, being physically absent, will rely upon my superior intelligence for a truthful report.

First: How do we react upon receiving TO YOU? I grab it and turn to the leading feature in each issue, Akin To Nature: This I read eagerly, again and again; not because I love to see my name in print, but because I fear the intelligence of the editors, printers and proof-readers may be far below mine, and they may have allowed annoying errata to mar the beauty and symmetry of my masterpiece. Finding no errors, I read and re-read my sparkling flashes of brilliant wit, my tender touches of Nature's beauties, my wise opinions upon all possible subjects and my erudite exposition of all philosophical phenomena. Then, probably on the third or fourth day, I turn languidly to the other articles and—what? Get on with the journey? O well, let's forget that boresome trip! Quite cheerfully I will admit that those other articles make passable fillers.

I try to side-step the Editorials, for they bing me below the Conscience-belt with painfully powerful wallops.

So, friends, I really don't know whether I am far along or far aback on the Evolutionary journey. Perhaps I should do more *preying*!



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# TO YOU!

What It Means To You



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

Ella Wheeler Wilcox



*Build on resolve and not upon regret,  
The structure of thy future. Do not grope  
Among the shadows of old sins, but let  
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope  
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears  
Upon the blotted record of lost years  
But turn the leaf and smile, oh, smile, to see  
The fair white pages that remain to thee.*

*Prate not of thy repentance. But believe  
The spark divine dwells in thee: Let it grow.  
That which the unpreaching spirit can achieve,  
The grand and all creative forces know,  
They will assist and strengthen as the light  
Lifts up the acorn to the oak tree's height.  
Thou hast but to resolve, and lo! God's whole  
Great universe shall fortify thy soul.*

