

TO

THE PHILOSOPHY OF

INDIVIDUAL LIFE

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Vol 7 no 4

An Individual Intelligence!

The Constant Star



Tales of Indian Lore



What Is Opportunity?



Concerning Roger Bacon

Non-Resistance or Non-Militancy?

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

TO YOU!

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

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To You . . .

Just You

Exemplification

MOST OF YOU who read these pages, being acquainted with the teachings of Natural Science as regards their exemplification in daily life and living, have endeavored, to the best of your ability, intelligence and understanding, to practice their application to the degree of your knowledge. As the years have passed you have been able to acquire added knowledge and to understand more fully Nature's fundamental laws and principles, and more about their application. As progressive intelligences of the age, you have demonstrated the value of these laws and principles in your own life, and as you have made growth in character have thus acted as examples to others desiring to live a life in harmony with Nature's laws of constructive being.

But—with all this as a background, and even in spite of it, how many old ideas and concepts are you still harboring and clinging to? Search yourself for the answer to this. You may be surprised.

A check-up along this line may disclose that you are living in a state of inertia; perhaps a state of self-satisfaction; or possibly a condition of inactivity due to some keen disappointment, discouragement, or shock which has left you practically insensible for the time being. And also, perhaps you think you are pretty good just as you are. That is a subtle thing; so often one meets individuals who, after contacting the teachings of Natural Science and acquiring information which seems to answer their fundamental questions, feel themselves just a little better off and far superior than those around and about them. They feel pretty cock-sure of themselves and the place toward which they are headed. These people are marking time

—they have “all eternity before them, so why get too far ahead of their fellowmen?” And so they do have all eternity before them; but perhaps the place for which they are headed may not be at all the environment they would choose if they really knew the degree of their own spiritual status at this particular time in their migration through the physical world. If they would arouse themselves to their true status at the present time, they might put forth greater effort to acquire the necessary accomplishments which a more harmonious environment requires.

There are many facets to a well cut and polished diamond. Likewise there are many facets to a well built and polished human character. One of the important facets is the aesthetic nature, so often disregarded by the enthusiastic person who, having found the fundamental moral principles of Nature, is content to rest on his laurels, secure in the knowledge that he is five steps ahead of the other fellow anyhow. The application of fundamental moral principles is vital, but the development of the aesthetic nature also is vital to the well rounded character, and to the exemplar of the teachings of Natural Science. The beauties of Nature are all around and about mankind. The beauties created by man himself are all around and about, to be appreciated and enjoyed by every individual.

Are You one of those smug individuals who, having found himself fairly honest, temperate in eating and drinking, moderate in sex life, willing and anxious to tell the other fellow how to become likewise, considers the aesthetic phase of life unnecessary and worthless? Do You consider the beauties of

life unessential and a waste of time and energy which should be used to produce the necessities of life here? If so, reconsider values and do not look down on the individual who desires and appreciates the beauties of life; for in the spiritual world there are beauties to be enjoyed and aesthetic natures to be developed, just as there are here. And if You neglect this phase of development now You still must develop it in the future, either in the spiritual realm or in another of your journeys to this land. There are artistic buildings, music, art, good literature and all other aesthetic developments over there to be enjoyed, as well as some of your most cherished friends and relatives, who are enjoying them. They wear beautiful, artistic clothes, giving individual expression in color, line, material and style. Will You be satisfied to meet and associate with them over there with this phase of your character undeveloped and neglected? Are You building your character in a manner to harmonize with this aesthetic environment in the spiritual world?

It might be well, in this connection, to take example from the practical-minded German official who, when asked by a newspaper correspondent why he had taken the latter to an American movie show, answered: "We don't go to see American films merely to be entertained. We study them. We want to feel at home in America when we get over there."

Why not study the beauties of Nature and of Man's creation, so when You get over to the spiritual world You will feel at home in the beautiful environment?

It is true there are those people who over-indulge in the aesthetics of life; there even are those willing to sell their souls for the satisfaction of the aesthetic nature. This sometimes tends to turn individuals against aesthetic satisfaction, but unwarrantedly. There are over-indulgers in every line and phase of life; they merely have not learned to apply the principle of Temperance, just as You (if You are one who condemns this phase of life) have not learned to apply the principle of Temperance in your develop-

ment of the aesthetic. As a result of observing these over-indulgers, some individuals drift into a state of inertia regarding their own development of aesthetic nature.

True culture is a part of the well-balanced character. True culture is not a veneer, the result of conventional training; it is a deep-seated development of the character. It involves the development of the aesthetic nature, not to the neglect of the moral character, but in line with it. It is the moral appreciation and development of the beauties and the finer things of life.

If You have accepted and absorbed the spirit of the teachings of Natural Science You naturally desire to become an exemplar of what You understand to be Nature's purpose and Nature's laws. You desire to encourage, by your own wholesome living, those people who have been less fortunate than You. You desire to stimulate them to greater efforts of unfoldment and growth. You desire to assist them, through your own example, to acquire greater pleasures and joys in their daily living. How best can You do this?

Through the exemplification of efficiently living your life in harmony with Nature's moral principles and thereby building a well-balanced character.

Cleanliness, cheerfulness, orderliness, a harmonious environment which You alone create, a pleasing personality free from egotism, selfishness—and no less, complacency which usually indicates inertia; sincerity, and sincere goodness. (Do You use your vocal chords just to utter words, or is there deep sincerity back of the words You utter? Do You like to impress others with your goodness, or are You so inherently good that You express that part of your character without thinking consciously of doing so?) Are You expressing and exemplifying the true culture which You have acquired through your efforts to live a constructive life in line with Nature's fundamental principles?

Natural Science is ever alert to encourage the individual who is striving to lift himself out

of and above the environment in which he was born, to a better one when he makes his transition. It is every ready to help the individual in his struggle upward, to gain through his vicissitudes. The person who is content to slide down hill needs no encouragement or help; his way is easy. Effort, energy, determination, courage and strength are needed to climb over the rough, steep, and rocky hill; and sincere encouragement helps to make the difficult way somewhat easier.

It is easy to remain in a state of inertia. It is easy to smugly cling to old ideas and concepts. It takes energy and effort to free oneself from them and to enter a state of activity. It also calls for effort and energy to become the man or woman of well-balanced character that You desire to become, as well as to exemplify the knowledge which You have gained. What are You doing about it?

The personality of a soul has many facets like the well cut, polished diamond. The facets should sparkle, like a diamond, in all directions; yet many individuals, through neglect or suppression, fail to develop the many facets which are expressed through the personality, to the world of people outside of themselves. Radium, the mineral element, constantly gives off radiations, or vibrations. Likewise does the Individual Soul; and it is through these vibrations that the individual is known to his fellowman. If he is wallowing in a filthy, sordid physical or spiritual environment, these are the vibrations he gives out; they represent his status at a given time. This is why it is necessary for every person constantly to check his soul status, that he may give out only wholesome vibrations. What kind of exemplification are You making? These vibrations cannot be camouflaged, except to the ignorant. To those who know character as expressed through vibrations, they are like an open book—easy to read.

Are You charming, gracious, courageous, cheerful? Back, deep down within the re-

cesses of your soul are you quite vain, quite selfish, just a little “muddy”?

Your personality is distinctly your own; no one can create one just like it, for You are creating it yourself, according to your own soul development. Each facet of character gives off a vibration which may sparkle brilliantly, just sparkle, or even be dulled and practically dead,—dependent upon what You are doing about it. In a well-balanced character each facet sparkles and shines—not all brilliantly, but at least all actively.

When You become this well-balanced character, with all facets active and glowing, You then become a true exemplification of the spirit of Natural Science and its teachings. As such your fellowmen and women will recognize You, and appreciate You, and benefit from their contact with You. And through this exemplification the great chain of the gifts to humanity can be forged, with each exemplar a link in the chain, and the chain as strong as its weakest link. Will You be the weak link? If so, now is the appropriate time to strengthen your characteristics, to improve them, so the link may become stronger and stronger.

Natural Science can show how to forge the links. The work of smelting, of passing each of your characteristics through the crucible, to burn out the dross, is *your* work. Each link is what You make it. Your character as expressed to the world through your personality, your vibrations, designates how much dross is left and how much longer your character must be retained in the smelting pot or crucible before it is cleaned and able to withstand the stress and strain placed upon it.

Now is the time to begin the work of smelting; now is the time to strengthen your link in the great chain. Dig down deep into Self—deeper and ever deeper—and let your wholesome vibrations be expressed through your personality; let it shine out to express and exemplify the true spirit of The Great Work.

The Constant Star . . .



J. W. Norwood

PRELUDE

ONE OF THE "mystery men" of the Scriptures bore the name of Enoch, a Hebrew word meaning "initiated," which all will agree is an appropriate cognomen for any "mystery man."

No man ever lived who had more written about him and said about him than this same Enoch—and less known about him. Genesis makes him the son of Cain and the father of Irad in one list of eight patriarchs beginning with Adam and ending with Lamech's four artisan children. In another list of ten patriarchs from Adam to Noah, Enoch is the son of Jared and father of Methusaleh. So right here is a theological mystery—unless, as some have supposed, there were two distinct Enochs.

But as we shall see, there was only one Enoch who was still being talked about by the Christian writers thousands of years hence. We get the explanation in Genesis that "he walked with God and he was not for God took him." In "Hebrews" it is said he was "translated by faith that he should not see death."

Enoch was a prophet, according to the writer of Jude who prophesied about the fate reserved for those who followed "wandering stars" and evil communications. Those who have read my remarks on "The Garden of Eden" and "The Swastika and the Pole Star" will need no further introduction to Enoch as a man likely to know as much about the mysteries as any human that ever lived. That is what the ancients thought.

Enoch's Sumerian name was Enki; and it is Enki's relation to the "Constant Star" and the consequences that ensued when he dared even the Igigi, or powers of heaven, to stop his plan of organizing men into ordered society, that constitutes the theme of this story.

The worst consequence is that his friends and enemies alike, converted him into a "god" a long time after his death no doubt. As a "god," even the wisest of men could not foresee what scandalous behavior his worshippers in aftertimes might impute to him, nor to what lengths they might go in their zeal to prove him the greatest of all "gods." For being

a "god" in those days, was equivalent to being a letter of the alphabet in these days, if you can imagine such a thing. A "dinger" or "god" was no more than a symbol representing an idea rather than a sound. Put a number of gods together in one family and you had a big idea. Rearrange them into a number of families, and you had a number of big ideas.

In this way a "god" could be "married" to any number of goddesses or lady spirits and become the "father" of all sorts of ideas, from hero to coward, from inventions to plagues, wars and famine. "Gods" could be as abstract or as concrete as words in a dictionary or emotions in the human breast.

The rescue of Enki, or Enoch, from this unauthorized godship, was achieved by the Hebrew historians who wrote Genesis. Because of this, and because so much of the factual story behind the allegories and legends and mythology of Enki is to be found in those same scriptures, we will call the Wise Man by his Hebrew name, ENOCH, throughout the rest of the tale.

I

ENOCH THE WISE MAN

Eridu was a flourishing seaport town on the Persian Gulf some 6500 years before our era, and how much longer than that, no one knows. Today its ruins are 130 miles inland because of the filling up of the Gulf by alluvial deposits from the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

From Eridu and other Gulf towns of Asia Minor and Persia, the first ships to sail out of sight of land probably set forth. The town was haven for sailors, river-men and traders from inland with goods to ship or receive. If one wanted to learn all there was to know of ships and ventures on the seas, he went to Eridu. The mayor of that town must have been a busy man.

Enoch was the mayor or king of the city and surrounding country. Legend says that he was its founder and first king, although other legends just as reliable, state that Alulim reigned in Eridu before Enoch—Alulim being the legendary first king of the first men born in that country back in the age called Aloros by the Chaldeans and Greeks. Adam by the

Bible, and Protoponos by the Phoenicians.

Enoch was well acquainted with the history and geography of the place and above all, knew the "gods" so intimately that he tired of the cumbersome system of constructing allegorical stories from their names in order to preserve historical or commercial accounts and likewise theological ideas. He tired of it to such an extent that he was given credit for inventing writing and alphabets. Moreover, if you believe all the legends that have attached to his name, he did many other wonderful things. He was considered the wisest man that ever lived.

Now Eridu was a part of, or on the outskirts of, Dilmun, a country consisting of Persian shores on the Gulf, some islands in the Gulf, and probably stretching into Asia Minor around the Gulf. And Dilmun became the "old country" when its people migrated to the valley of the Euphrates. They referred to it as *their* Garden of Eden where all the things took place that are mentioned in the Biblical Garden of Eden.

Enoch was ruler of Dilmun when this migration took place. He lived in Eridu with his wife, Damkina, his son, Tag-Tug, or "Uttu," or Tattus—select your own pronunciation—, and his daughter, Ninsikilla. Perhaps there were other children but these two became celebrated. The boy grew up to be a Master Weaver and Master Smith, launched on a career of adventure and civilized his part of the world, a most natural avocation considering his father's ideas of organizing society.

As for the girl, she became the wife of Nimrod, another Biblical mystery man whose Sumerian name was Mimurta or Ninurta.

Enoch had a prize pupil and a Secretary, both of whom also gained fame in song and story. The pupil was called Adapa. Under Enoch's tutoring in everything from grammar to astronomy, Adapa became a celebrated sage. After Enoch was made a "god," Adapa was given the role assigned to "Adam" in the Biblical story. He is said to have written a book on astronomy and to have been given such understanding by Enoch—"that he might give names to all concepts in the earth"—that he invented all the NOUNS in human speech!

The secretary's name was Nabu, and his trade mark or symbol was a writing desk. Nabu also was turned into a "god" and credited with the invention of writing instead of his master, Enoch. It was usual to attribute that invention to the "secretary" of the gods. Nabu was a prophet, a herald—a good secretary, and doubtless deserved the inconvenient honors bestowed upon him by posterity. Adapa became a great ritualist of the "mysteries." Nabu not only kept his master's school records and commercial ac-

counts, but gained credit for being the guardian of the "creative word" or "Mummu" in Enoch's possession, according to popular belief. The ability to express thought in writing and speech is certainly "creative."

The traditional parents of Enoch are Cain and Nintur and require a little explanation, in order to appreciate their places in the story.

Cain, it will be recalled, was the evil son of Adam who murdered his brother and was banished to the land of NOD, east of Eden—that is to say, in Persia. Here he built a city named for his son, Enoch. This city of Enoch may have been Susa or Anau, though *that* makes little difference now.

Those who banished Cain from a supposed home in Asia Minor never would permit his name to be included in the line of "Adam" among the twelve Biblical patriarchs—where he probably never belonged in the first place. But they did leave a record showing this wayward "son" to be founder of a line of artisans—which the pure Adamic line certainly was not. There were *eight* patriarchs in the original list of the early settlers in the new Garden of Eden on the banks of the Euphrates. Cain was the second, his son, Enoch, the third of these. This list was revised for historical purposes, a long time afterward, and Cain's name was changed to Kenan (Cainaan) while Enoch was given another "father."

It will also be recalled that Cain "married" in his new home of Nod, though the name of his wife is not given in Genesis. The Sumerians gave her the name of Nintu, or Nintur, and she appears in mythology as the Earth goddess, fair enough considering that Cain was a tiller of the soil and because of that, got into trouble with the people who banished him.

One other person in Eridu is to be considered before the story proceeds. This is Enoch's teacher and schoolmaster, En-Mendur-Anna, reputed magician, physician and ritualist—all round wise man. He was the seventh king of the Sumerians in the revised list of ten kings that replaced the original list of eight already mentioned. His ritualistic works were so important that they were kept in the holy city of Shuruppak where the wise men of Nippur, another holy city, copied them—it is believed more than 2000 years before our era.

As a symbol, such as all the "gods" were, Enmenduranna represented the Age of Metals. His six predecessors and three successors as "Kings" are listed below in comparison with the ten Chaldean, Hebrew and Phoenician names for the same periods of time. It is important to note that the corresponding Hebrew name is ENOCH—the hero of our own story.

SUMERIAN	CHALDEAN	HEBREW	PHOENICIAN	MEANING
Alulim	Alorus	Adam	Protogonus	First humans.
Alagar	Alaporos	Seth	Genos	Families.
En-Meulua-Anna	Amelon	Enosh	Phos	Fire Discovered.
En-mengal-Anna	Ammenon	Keenan	Cassios	Mountaineers
Dumuzi	Daozos or Amelegarus	Mahala (l) el	Memrounus	Foresters.
Enzibzianna	Amempsinos or Daonus	Irad	Agrios	Hunters and Fishers
En-Mendur-Anna	Enedorachos or Edoranchos	Enoch	Chrysor	Artificers. Earth and Fireworkers. Metal age.
Ubardudu	Opartes or Amempsinis	Methusalak	Agros	Agriculture becomes general
Aradzin	Ardates or Otiartes	Lamech	Amunos	Warriors and Magicians
Ziusudra	Xisutros or Xisuthros or Sisythos	Noah	Misor	The just king Melchisadek. The Mysteries established by Egyptians and Phoenicians.

Enoch's great work was to spread civilization Westward and to the North by means of peaceful commerce and education. He had a plan. There were difficulties in the way of converting a nomadic people such as those of Asia Minor, into civilized ways. The way of Enoch was a sailor's way, an earth way, a water way, but not precisely the way among the stars afterward assigned to him, although like all sailors he knew the stars too. Being literally the "Father" of his people, in the sense of their teacher and leader, Enoch was so highly regarded that his admirers gave him all sorts of titles, nicknames and appellations to describe his versatility. His great work and his plan involved most, if not all, of these descriptive designations we fancy, and the various persons we have mentioned as his teacher, his family and his secretary.

ENOCH'S PLAN

Imagine some great philosopher of today chosen by civilization to draw up plans for exploring and developing a little known country inhabited by nomadic tribes, with rich resources but little or no interest in those resources beyond trading them to the scouts from distant cities who seemed willing to give in exchange the simple gee-gaws that represented tribal wealth for perfectly useless raw material. Would not this modern philosopher go about the matter much as Enoch must have done?

One way, and the usual way humanity has followed in such cases, is to send out armies to conquer the tribes whose resources civilization needs and therefore must obtain by force or trade. Trade follows an army surely. So does want, famine, pestilence and death. But power-politics eventually defeats the purpose of civilization and its own ends. By nature there is an individualistic strain in mankind that makes him unwilling to submit to force and when force over-

comes him, and his individual liberty of thought and action is gone, he is left a sullen "customer" of the conqueror.

Enoch's way was to establish good-will and trading stations and schools like those he had in Eridu, throughout all the land to be developed and civilized. He was probably the first Asiatic to insist that "the customer must always be pleased," even if he did not invent the adage.

In carrying out this plan, which was much the same as that of Ptah and his scribe or secretary, Teluti (Toth or Hermes), in Egypt, our philosopher and university president of Eridu, depended upon the age-old doctrines of the Constant Star for his schools and trading stations, and upon his own pupils—including his family and relatives and artisan population of Dilmun for man-power. The streamlined version of the plan in action is to be found in the Book of Genesis, although we must generally refer to older sources of information for many details.

For example, there is sandwiched between two genealogies of Shem, in this Book of Genesis, the following peculiar narrative, dealing with Nimrod's excursion up the Euphrates; but nowhere mentioning Enoch's son-in-law (Nimrod). That is left for the artisans themselves to explain, as we shall see further on.

"And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech, and it came to pass as they journeyed in the east that they found a plain in the land of Shiner (Sumer); and they dwelt there.

"And they said one to another, come let us make brick for stone, and slime (bitumen) for mortar.

"*And they said, come let us build us a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven.*"

The city they built is popularly supposed to have

been Babylon and the tower is celebrated as the "Tower of Babel."

But Babylon of history was probably built long after this event and became prominent only when it became the keeper of the ancient records from which the story in Genesis was extracted . . . the holy city and capitol of a great empire.

The "Tower" which was called "Babel" according to guild legends, was really built in physical form—a ziggurat temple of seven stages—like many subsequent towers of similar nature, built by Nimrod, who is referred to in a preceding chapter as "a mighty one in the earth"—the beginning of whose kingdom was "Babel and Erech and Accad and Calneh." To these he later added four other cities in the northern part of the country which he built himself, namely Nineveh, Rehoboth-Ir, Calah and Resen.

Now BAB-EL is the name of a symbol, literally being translated "Gate of God;" Bab is Gate and EL a Sumerian name of "The Lord" under the title *Ilu* or Light. And the gateway to the Lord as we noted in "The Swastika and the North Star" was the *Constant Star—the one stable spot in our changing universe*.

So we find Nimrod and his expeditionary force of traders and artisans establishing the first Sumerian temple and mystery school right on the plain of Edin (Edin means plain) in lower Babylonia that was to be, and thence spreading a chain of such places throughout the Euphrates valley. He became a great king by welding what was known in historical times as upper and lower Babylonia, into something resembling a league of nations, although the "nations" consisted of little independent manufacturing and trading centers, each with its own "patesi" or city king.

Babel first of all was a spiritual idea, as we have shown. Behind the North Star, so steady and constant that it seemed never to move while the rest of the stars did move, was the home of that governing wisdom and power that ruled our universe and which men first called Aur or Ur, a name translated into Greek as Eros or Love.

Love, also known as Light, was the animating force of all things—the one mysterious power that even the wisest men can do nothing about. It was the first of the "gods," explains Hesiod in his *Works and Days*, written some 1800 years before the Christian era, according to its internal evidence concerning certain stars.

Establishment of the philosophy or religion of Babel in the new land of Sumer was not entirely unopposed and neither Enoch nor Nimrod could have been naive enough to have thought it would be. There were already "gods" a plenty in Babylonia and peoples of

very diverse races and dispositions. It was to meet these obstacles that Enoch's system of education was designed.

Every ancient peoples considered itself as "the first," the oldest of the race, and above all, referred to themselves in such terms as Nimrod's own people when they considered themselves to be "the whole earth—of one language and one speech," when moving into the new land of Shinar.

Enoch's practical religion (or philosophy) was designed to explain away the causes of human prejudices wherever met by demonstrating that there was but one Ruler of the Universe and that all names and titles of "gods" wherever encountered, were but descriptive of this One God as the regulating power and intelligence.

From the age-old conception of "The Lord" behind and beyond the Constant Star, sending down its energies of Life, Light and Love through the Star which opened from our universe into the home of its Master, into everything that had movement and life, including children of sky, earth and waters, the Sumerian theology had developed a highly organized sacred language of symbols and allegories to explain this monotheistic conception.

Phonetic alphabets were unknown. The "letters" from whose combinations human ideas were preserved in writing and speech were names of things and the names were "gods" whose importance could be measured by the ideas they represented.

In different languages, the names were different for the same things and, therefore, the "gods" of families, tribes, or other human groups might appear to be strangers to each other. In reality, they could readily be identified or equated with each other, since the things, the ideas they represented, were of course the same.

Thus Father Sky might be called A, An or Anu by the Sumerians, On by the Egyptians, and Dyaus by the Hindus, yet be still the Sky. Therefore, Anu and Dyaus were the same idea-word in different languages for the same descriptive title of The Lord. And so it was with Mother Earth. And so it was with the children of Father Sky and Mother Earth and their innumerable titles and appellations.

In practical application we may imagine the surprise caused among the leaders of the nomads, when their fears of Nimrod's peaceful army were allayed by showing them graphic proofs that they all worshipped the same unknown God: they were all Children of this God and therefore brothers. The nomads might be timid, skeptical. But there was the open Gateway of Babel so that every honest skeptic might see for himself and refute the proof if he could.

Certainly none could deny the power of Love (Aur, Ur) as the great regulator, the peace bringer, the harmonizer, the producer of ORDER in an otherwise chaotic universe. That discovery had been made by early man too long ago to be doubted. If further proof were needed, drive Love out of any family and see Discord begin its disintegrating work.

So in Nimrod's physical "Tower of Babel" the spiritual Babel was unfolded to the wondering peoples of the lands of Shiner and Asshur (Sumer and Akkad).

THE TRINITY

Here the mysteries of the Trinity were explained by Nabu, the secretary, and his helpers, as clearly and simply as St. Patrick explained them to the Irish by means of the shamrock. Our universe is divided into Sky, Earth, Waters; and God of the Constant Star governs them all.

I. He is called Father Sky when describing God's activities there.

II. He is called Mother Earth when describing God's activities there.

III. He is called The Waters over and under the earth when describing God's activities there.

These three are one and the natural relations between the things of Earth, Sky and Waters are expressed in the names of their "children" who are the personified products of natural forces of all kinds and actors in the ritualistic dramas given in the temples for the purpose of teaching humanity all that is known of our universe, which is to say all that is known of God.

Certain symbols are used as aids to memory in fixing the wisdom taught in the temple firmly in the human mind. Among these are—

The Constant Star, symbol of God.

The Cross Swastika—symbol of the Star.

The Great Band or Yoke or Rainbow, symbol of the triune nature of the three "gods" or Elohim.

For lack of space we must refer the reader to "The Swastika and the North Star" (in previous issues) for details on the first two symbols.

The third is rather important in connection with the ancient idea of dividing the heavens into three bands of stars, one for each person of the trinity. The Great Band symbol was a character drawn exactly as the Greek letter OMEGA, although the Greek alphabet was unknown at the time.

Its obvious derivation is a pictograph of an ox-yoke, just as the Greek letter Alpha is derived from a pictograph of an ox-head, so that we must assume both letters originated at some time when Taurus, the Bull, was the constellation opening the year. Incidentally, the two letters had deep religious meaning in

the phrase "From Alpha to Omega." But in Enoch's time the Greeks were unacquainted with their Alphabet said to have been introduced by Cadmus the Phoenician, founder of Thebes in Beotia. They did have the symbol of the Great Band, however, and this appears in Biblical literature as the rainbow and in Hindu literature as the Yoke.

The Great Band referred to certain scientific conceptions held by the Wise Men concerning the origin of our earth itself, very similar to modern geological theories.

The Creation Story of Genesis is adapted from this ancient conception upon which we will comment no further than to say the Sumerian explanation was that "in the beginning" when an eggshaped body appeared in the darkness of Chaos it consisted of a watery or vapory mass that separated into upper and lower firmaments under the impact of that primary intelligent-force called Aur or Ur (Eros).

Hence, "The Waters" separated into those of earth and sky but were continually being exchanged through clouds and rain and therefore linked the two firmaments together. This idea was symbolized in the rainbow.

So it makes little difference whether we call the Great Band symbol a rainbow or an ox-yoke—the idea is fundamentally the same. The rainbow may be regarded as the spiritual or religious interpretation and the ox-yoke as the agricultural and chronological interpretation.

THE TRADING STATIONS

Under Enoch's educational plan, as carried out by Nimrod and Nabu, cities grew up around the temples to house the traders and artisans, much as happened in our own middle ages when European countries were erecting their great Cathedrals and developing their culture by the aid of Greek and Roman survivals. In Enoch's time, however, the Temple was not only theological headquarters but also university, warehouse, and trading center. The place of the altar to God was its sanctum sanctorum to be sure, but there were often in the same structure, offices where workmen were paid, accounts kept for traders, warehouse receipts given, and diplomatic relations between political leaders considered.

In short, the Temple was school, town-hall, lodge-hall, court of justice, and city council rolled into one. These functions were to be separated in time and given separate buildings. But pioneer civiliziers have always begun with close concentrations of governmental affairs.

There were doubtless bandits then as now, preying upon trading caravans and attacking cities, necessitating police and soldiers for regulation and defense.

Nimrod's "kingdom," however, seems not to have been won by warfare.

Each city was administered by its own king or patesi—independent politically but part of a league bound together by economic considerations. Nineveh appears to have become the outstanding trading city of all Babylonia, being strategically located with reference to ore supplies northward and manufacturing towns southward.

Nimrod's "cousin," according to guild legends, was king of this place when he sent skilled architects there to help this cousin build a temple to the Lord, dedicated to the Earth Mother.

In the course of civilizing Asia Minor peoples by building cities, opening trade routes to other lands, and getting people to settle down in permanent families and homes, Nimrod's fame grew so great that for centuries afterward the whole country, North and South, was often referred to as the "Land of Nimrod."

So Nimrod himself and his great work of organizing the first international labor federation, is the next hero of our tale of "the Constant Star."

SOUL EXISTS, SAYS NOTED ASTRONOMER

For 30 odd years Dr. Gustaf Stromberg has hacked a trail through the jungle of scientific fact in search of the truths of life.

Yesterday he admitted his lonely path had merged with the highway of religion. To his own satisfaction he had proved:

"There is life beyond the grave."

The eminent Mt. Wilson astronomer's "log," the story of his reasoning and conclusions, are contained in his new book, "The Soul of the Universe," which he described yesterday.

"The individual memory is a living entity which can never be destroyed. The soul is the owner of the memory, the personality behind it.

"It retains its memory in latent form at death!

"Seemingly a soul can never be annihilated," the scientist continued. "In what form it survives is not known. It may be temporarily or permanently submerged in the world beyond space and time. Or it may appear in reincarnations, for which there is a certain degree of evidence.

"I have arrived at the inevitable conclusion that there is a world soul or a God and a cosmic will.

"Of particular importance is the discovery that both matter and light have the properties of particles as well as of waves. Particles are guided by waves in their motions, and atoms and molecules are inflated by wave systems which give them their structural properties."

These "wave systems" apply to people as well as to the universe, he said.

"The living wave systems can contract as well as expand. When they have completely disappeared the living elements have lost their contact with the physical world of space and time," he declared.

"This is the real meaning of death."

(L. A. Examiner.)

Are You Stale?

1—What is the difference between "Prophetic Vision" and "Spiritual Vision"?

2—How varied are the motives that inspire men and women to seek knowledge?

3—What does Nature demonstrate to be the primary purpose of the individual man and woman?

4—How is the spiritual and psychical receptivity of woman to man revealed?

5—Compare the union between two intelligent beings with that between two atoms.

6—Does one's rational judgment of an Individual ever contradict his intuitions concerning him?

7—What is the relationship of Intelligence to Matter? Of Individual Intelligence to its material instruments?

8—When only does an Individual come to realize that the joys of existence lie far outside the domain of the purely physical? Does this fact necessarily mean that one should deny himself the normal and legitimate pleasures and satisfactions of daily physical life?

9—Is "effort" alone sufficient for individual development and soul growth? Why?

10—What principle transcends any of the "inalienable rights" or "unavoidable obligations" as these are generally understood and defined?

11—Of what character of weakness is volubility an indication?

12—Of what is Obtrusiveness an indication? Define it.

13—What determines the level to which an Individual will rise in the spiritual world at physical death?

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Personally Speaking . . .

Non-Resistance or Non-Militancy?

THE FOLLOWING letter received furnishes subject matter for close analysis and differentiation:

"From the day I first heard about my present position the point most stressed was, "Don't try to rush things there, take it easy." Up to this time I had performed most tasks the hard way. Impatience at the inability of others to appreciate the worth of ideas propounded, constantly raised conflicts with associates. They obligingly rubbed my sore spots. Articulated irritation, too, frequently tinged with contempt and disrespect, defeated so many suggestions a strong feeling of frustration was built up. Daily work was burdensome, a constant lifting. The weight was always oppressive and sometimes it required great effort to carry on. However, as years passed progress was recorded by advancement and promotion. Once in a while an apparently lucky turn of events produced results with remarkable ease. The lack of opposition always amazed me. The world I knew was so full of strain and struggle for every foot gained. For every ounce of strength there seemed a pound of inertia to overcome.

"Again I was astounded at the attitude of indifference displayed by co-workers toward the welfare of their employer and the self-evident fact that all advancement is bought at a price. The majority held a hazy notion that in some miraculous way a great reward should accrue if one extended the hand long enough. Deep rooted desire to earn independence is not a motivating, much less an overpowering, element in the conscious activities of most humans. So I struggled on against the ever present resistance. Three years of intensive study of the literature of the Great School brought a new viewpoint. The principle of action and reaction, of duality in

Nature unfolded. To raise opposition all one need do is to take the attitude you must fight for your ideas. Self-assertiveness is not meek and rarely do we avoid finding an adversary who conceives it his duty to temper us with a lesson in humility. We may have to listen but when are we convinced?

"Since coming here I have tried to follow the advice I was given. It has been a grand study in non-resistance without laying down; in fighting inoffensively; in standing one's ground but not intruding into another's province; in appearing too dumb to take offense at intentional spitefulness or belittlement; in giving credit to proper sources, instead of appropriating what others suggest; in promulgating ideas so reasonably and unobtrusively that acceptance seemed more like origination with the hearer, speed lacking haste, intense activity without tension, relaxation without lassitude, genuine liking of all associates, smiling because you've a smile in your heart; in presenting needs without anxiety, a willingness to meet others not less than half way; in building up creditors for favors rendered before asking one in return; in demonstrating kindness where spite previously existed, cheerfulness devoid of backslapping, conveying knowledge so the receiver is unaware of his ignorance or of your greater education, fostering confidence tempered with humility, eliminating fear by substituting courage; in not forcing issues but standing firmly for principle, assuming honesty of purpose in others and demonstrating your own; in recognizing limitations without condemnation, refraining from casting aspersions on the efforts of others; that life is no sit down strike nor is it a riot.

"The Moral Order of Nature appeals to me to consist of constructive activity in all

her realms. Therefore, non-resistance, to be aligned with this Moral Order, must be both constructive and active. It is much broader than the orthodox notion of being good. This may be very negative, merely not doing specified things. It requires a definite knowledge of the goal set for individual Self-completion so that all efforts are directed toward that objective rather than prostituted in profitless opposition to real or fancied obstructions. It has many of the elements of the military flanking movement to force an opponent to give ground when a frontal attack would be shattered on the Maginot Line of prepared resistance. It is never the taking advantage of weakness; rather it is the introduction of strength where its application is productive of the greatest gain. There must be the ability to learn how to earn your own pleasure by making it possible for others to enjoy their work. One must hold quietly to a purpose, avoiding the offensiveness of waving the flag of virtue in the faces of all and sundry. There must be a realization that there are many roads toward the goal of accomplishment. If there is an avalanche blocking any given path then the sensible thing to do is to find a way around the debris instead of spending valuable time trying to shovel away the tons of waste. One is not compelled to go straight up over the hill. Many pleasant trails lead around the base of the mountain to the profitable fields of the plains beyond. It possesses the good judgment to know when the results are worth the effort which would have to be expended. It may appear to be a yielding but it should never be a revocation of the primary purpose."

Just what is Non-resistance? Is this Individual in reality practicing it?

According to Webster's Dictionary, *Non-resistance* is: "The principle or practice of a non-resistant; passive obedience or submission."

A *Non-resistant* is defined as, "One who maintains, or acts on the theory, that no resistance should be made to constituted authority, even when unjust and oppressive; also, one who holds that violence should never be resisted by force."

In view of this definition it would seem that

the writer is not a non-resistant, therefore, is not practicing non-resistance. Is it not rather Self-Control which he has learned and is practicing?

In the beginning this man was impatient and irritable—both forms of anger. A study of moral principles gave him a new viewpoint and he changed his tactics, practiced self-control and became more tolerant of his fellow workers. He learned to "fight inoffensively," to "not force issues but stand firmly for principle." This change of attitude and practice were constructive—he acquired a *non-militant* attitude and out look. But was he practicing non-resistance? It would seem not.

Is it possible for a human being to maintain and practice non-resistance in every act and problem of his life? Is it not true that even in standing on principle a resistance is set in motion?

In the three kingdoms below man, where Nature's automatic processes alone operate it is seldom that non-resistance operates. The constructive and destructive forces of Nature constantly are arrayed in opposition to each other—each resists; and through the resistance of these two forces evolution results. Now you will say—"What about the opossum, and the sow-bug, and other such of the animal kingdom which feign death in time of danger? Do not they practice non-resistance?" They do. In their efforts to protect themselves they pretend death; but in doing so they make it possible and easy for man to kill them. They take that chance. And while this is an evidence in Nature of non-resistance in the lower kingdom, there is a difference in the human kingdom where man is morally accountable for his own self-preservation and to use his intelligence in safe-guarding his life. There are few men willing to be killed through non-resistance. Why? Because there is an inherent recognition of the personal responsibility and moral accountability of self-preservation.

When an Individual stands firmly on principle he inevitably sets up resistance against the forces opposing that principle. But it can be done non-militantly which is the way Jesus, the Master, did it. His ministry was

not conducted on the basis of non-resistance; he stood on the moral principles of Nature, on the underlying Constructive Principle which antagonized the destructive forces. He was non-militant in His work and His attitude toward them, but the very fact of continuing on His constructive way set up resistance which they fought against to the point of crucifying Him.

When the Master Eliola withdrew the School's instruction from Egypt, he and his associates had utilized all their knowledge and all the power back of that knowledge, based on principle, to forestall the encroachment of the black magicians and prevent their gaining control of Egypt. Their very efforts set up a resistance to the destructive force; but they were non-militant throughout the effort and when the time arrived for withdrawal, it was done not on the basis of non-resistance, but on the basis of wisdom, an active and dynamic basis. Through greater knowledge they were aware that further effort and action were useless.

Every Master who returns to the physical plane to teach the basic moral principles of Nature and to give of the accumulated knowledge of the ages, knows before he leaves the spiritual world that his very presence in the physical world will set up a resistance to the destructive forces of the world and that he will meet with opposition and antagonism from the ignorant and the destructive. He comes to earth with the abiding attitude of being progressive but non-militant. This very attitude and his work establish a resistance to the forces who would oppose him.

The Man or woman who is striving toward greater spiritual and physical advancement has to consider not so much the attitude of non-resistance as that of non-militancy. To overcome the attitude and spirit of militancy, of fighting, is the greater problem.

The Master, Jesus, in His "Sermon on the Mount," counselled His disciples, "But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil," etc. The meaning of this expression, and the exact manner in which it is intended to be applied, have been matters of profound con-

sideration as well as uncertainty. The entire Sermon is devoted to an instruction of His disciples as to what they shall do and how they shall live in order to maintain the "harmonic relation with the Constructive Principle of Nature" which He has taught them. At the finish He suggests to them that if they will but follow His instructions it will not be necessary for them to spend their time in "resisting evil," for the evil will take care of itself and will be disposed of as one of the many incidental matters which grow out of the one central problem of living a constructive life.

This "Resist not evil" idea is vastly different from the general idea of non-resistance. In order to "not resist evil" it is necessary that one know evil; and when an individual who is endeavoring to live his life in harmonic relation with the Constructive Principle knows an evil he does not fight it, or resist it, he determines the principle involved, stands on that, practices self-control over his impulses and desires and ceases a battle within himself.

One who ceases to resist evil because he has acquired self-control and who, because of his knowledge and understanding of circumstances realizes it is wiser not to do so, experiences an entirely different attitude of Soul than does the person who fails to resist it because of a passive, non-resistant attitude of Soul.

Natural Science teaches one to acquire a positive, active Soul attitude, progressive but non-militant. Such an attitude is a real achievement. You probably have noted in your life's experience that it usually is the non-militant, self-controlled man who overcomes the bully and quietly walks away, ending the bully's reign of terror. It is the non-militant, self-possessed individual who tends to his own affairs about his home until an attacker enters it. Then he stands on the principle of individual rights and defends his home; being forced to fight against any desire of his, makes of him a formidable antagonist. The bully knows nothing of non-resistance; to him that spells fear. All he knows and understands is resistance, domination, domineering. But he does rec-

ognize cool-headed self-control in an Individual who is non-militant but definitely standing on principle.

Anger and its many forms and phases—rage, desperation, irritation, resentment, animosity, rancour, revenge, bitterness—is the force which lies back of the militant attitude of Soul. Even though one fights unoffensively, he still has the fighting spirit, or attitude of soul. A struggle for a thing is far different from a fight for a thing. A struggle produces the same energy but involves a different soul attitude. It is a more wholesome substitute for the words militancy and fighting. Webster defines *struggle* as: “a violent effort or exertion, as to obtain an object, avert an evil, or the like; act of earnest striving as, a *struggle* with disease; a *struggle* for liberty.” As a verb it means “to put forth great effort; to labor hard; to strive; contend; as, to *struggle* with adversity.”

In the Gettysburg speech Mr. Lincoln said: “The brave men . . . who *struggled* here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.”

At Gettysburg a great battle to preserve the union had taken place, yet in connection with it Mr. Lincoln used the word “struggled.” He could not have used the word “battled” or “fought” correctly, for the majority of the men who took part in that great struggle were non-militant, peace-desiring men forced to defend their peace and their homes founded upon their ideals.

Have You thought of this distinction of words? Have You thought of the distinction between non-resistance and non-militancy?

In the new era that is just dawning, militancy will be replaced by non-militancy. When the struggle between the constructive and destructive forces has ended, new ideas and new methods will be adopted. Men will cease tearing things apart, analyzing them and leaving the remains unassembled; they will synthesize their findings into a natural whole which will be applicable to wholesome living. In this synthesis, they will learn the value of being progressive but non-militant; resistant to evil by standing

on principle, but not participating in a passive, destructive non-resistance, subjecting themselves to defeat and death, like the opossum and the sow-bug.

Instead of resisting their problems, the progressive men and women will courageously face them—not by assuming a non-resistant, passive attitude toward them, but by using them as opportunities for determining principles, applying them, and cooperating with them. In the new era, the men and women awake and alert to the spirit of the age will not spend their time resisting evil, not even by assuming a non-resistant attitude; they will keep themselves actively attuned to and in harmonic relation with the Constructive Principle of Nature, that they may be prepared and ready to meet their various opportunities as they arise, and that they may be able to be in the vanguard of non-militant, progressive, peace-desiring human beings intent on their work of conforming with Nature's Great Plan and Purpose for them.

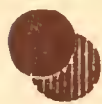


Evolution . . .

John J. Billups

Man grows, develops and unfolds as he acquires Knowledge on the Highway of Experience and applies it constructively to the living of a life. He learns thru the hard process of trial and error. Under Nature's Law of Action and Reaction he strives mightily, for a time, to improve himself. Then comes one of Nature's tests and he fails to measure up. He knows deep mortification and humiliation. Discouragement comes and for a while—under the Reaction side of the Law—he ceases to struggle and seems to go down hill. Eventually he passes his plateau of inaction and once again resumes his struggle up the mountain to the South. Another test and another failure; again upward—. And thus it goes thruout the strenuous journey—action and reaction—a little way forward and a shorter back-slip until that small portion of gain between going forward and slipping backward is added to one's soul as constructive growth and unfoldment. As one looks back over the pathway of years he sees that he has made definite progress toward his goal and he knows the balm of gratification and satisfaction.

Tales of Indian Lore



Lillian R. Carque

SIGNIFICANT it is indeed to find that the Mayan tribe of Indians believed that medicine was effective only when administered in connection with religious ceremony. They persisted in this belief despite all Christian influence, merely substituting their patron saint for their former idols, offering prayer and burning a candle, instead of providing a sacrifice and burning copal, their native incense. The tribal medicine man was called a shaman, who was both spiritual and medical adviser to his people.

All through history, the practice of the healing art was closely related to that of the religious thought of the times. True, many ancient theologians, including some schools of Indian Physician-Priests may have directed therapeutics into superstitious channels, and in numerous other ways impeded medicinal progress by stifling investigations of scientific accuracy. None the less, disease-stricken members of a tribe were helped in contracting that all-powerful Center of immortal life in which all health, strength and wisdom have their origin; the source from which all healing virtues flow; the very Life and Power that lies back of and sustains every form and expression of a conscious universe.

The scope of healing agents among the Indians was extensive, including as among other primitive peoples, magic, prayer, force of suggestion, songs, exhortations, ceremonies, fetishes, as well as certain specifics and mechanical therapy. Many modern doctors are beginning to recognize the efficacy of prayer as a practice that wields a mighty influence over mind, soul and body; hence they are encouraging it as a therapeutic measure of infinite possibilities. The Indians always addressed prayers to benevolent deities and spirits, invoking their aid.

Healing songs, consisting of prayers or exhortations, were sung. Progressive medical authorities now know that certain tunes and forms of rhythm always stimulate the physical functions, increasing the blood-pressure, the force of the heart-beat, the depth of respiration, as well as the heightening of the mental processes. The force of suggestion also employed by Indian healers disintegrated those psychionmental associations which are responsible for obsessions and had

habits. Constructive suggestion thus serves as one of the greatest known agents for changing, improving, cleansing and for strengthening the human mind and will.

Rationally used herbal remedies, dieting and total abstinence from food were forms of treatment in vogue in various localities. Every tribe knew some of the poisonous plants in their vicinity and the antidotes for them. The parts of plants used as medicines were often roots, occasionally twigs, leaves or bark, but rarely flowers or seeds. They were used either fresh or dry, and generally as decoctions.

For their food supply the woodland Indians depended mainly on agriculture. They were good farmers and raised large crops each year. It was only in the far north and among some of the western tribes that hunting formed the chief means of subsistence. In favorable localities, agriculture supplied most of the food. The hunt for game was too precarious to form an exclusive means of support, while fish was universal in distribution, unlimited in supply, and the only kind of flesh food obtainable at certain times.

Irrigation had made many once barren regions spots of beauty. The corn sagged with the weight of ripening ears. Squashes and pumpkins¹ were baking whole in the ashes. Wild rice was harvested around the Great Lakes. Tanning material was leached from acorns, shells were removed, the starch dried in the sun preparatory to grinding it for flour. Waferlike corn bread was baked on smooth, flat, heated griddle stones that had been well greased with salted suet. Many roots were prepared as we cook potatoes.

Beverages were made by boiling sassafras roots, sweet-birch twigs, wintergreen leaves, young strawberry leaves and other plants just as tea leaves are steeped today. Fish and meat not immediately needed were smoked and dried, sometimes frozen, for future use, so there would be plenty to eat. The sap of the maple was collected in bark buckets and evaporated down into an intriguingly flavored sugar.

Wild fruits and nuts flourished in abundance. Bumper crops of muskmelon, watermelon, papayas, wild cherries, plums, peaches and cucumbers grew annually. Heavily laden also were such wild berries

as the strawberry, gooseberry, mulberry, raspberry and the cranberry. Vines bearing grapes thrived along the streams. The Indians dried many of these, converting some varieties into raisins. Wild but palatable chestnuts, hazelnuts, beechnuts, butternuts, hickory nuts, pecans and walnuts grew in the woods.

This significantly reveals America centuries before epoch-making palefaces met the red-skinned makers of arrowheads and tomahawks!

During De Soto's invasion in 1540, maize or Indian corn was found everywhere along his route. Indigenous to America, corn was taken home by Columbus when he visited Cuba in 1492. For this cereal, the Indians gave thanks to the gods in their Corn Dances, rites performed just before the maize hardened into seed. Indian hunters and warriors used parched corn because it could be ground into flour, and converted into gruel without cooking. It provided a concentrated food of great nourishing power and small bulk, capable of sustaining life on long journeys when it was necessary to travel light.

Corn bread, Johnny cakes, wafers, popcorn, pones, mushes, hominy, succotash, corn oil and corn syrup are just a few of its many tempting uses which have been enthusiastically acclaimed by civilized peoples. The fermentation of corn to make beer was not generally practiced or known before Columbus set foot on American soil. A yeast formed by chewing corn had long been known to the Zuni and Hopi tribes; the former knew how to preserve it through the agency of salt.

Indian lore tells us that maple syrup was discovered by an Indian girl named Moqua who was boiling meat in the sweet water of the maple tree. Inadvertently Moqua allowed the liquid to boil down to a thick syrup; she feared her meal was ruined, but found to her amazement that her viands enjoyed a flavor that was unmistakably exquisite. Moqua's culinary fame spread throughout the tribe; soon others found many uses for this new syrup. Wampanoag Indians taught the Mayflower pilgrims to gather sap in a wooden trough suspended below a chip driven into a gashed sugar maple and to boil it into delicious syrup and sugar. Thus one of the oldest and genuinely American industries was off to a romantic career.

Recent archaeologists have found evidence to prove that our own field pumpkin is a true American. Explorations in New Mexico uncovered fragments of stems and seeds of pumpkins, preserved pieces of the rind and flower stalk in the mortuary bowls of the Cliff Dwellers. The seeds of pumpkins, squashes and watermelons were esteemed for medicinal properties and as food. Pumpkins and squashes have always been helpful to man, for this species of fruit-bearing vegetables is alkaline and delightfully sustaining.

Uncultivated plants entered into the dietary as seeds, roots, flowers of grasses and greens. Wild plants preserved tribes from starvation when cultivated crops failed. The roasted fleshy leaf and leaf matrix of the agave were prized as sweet nourishing food. Tuckahoe (arrow arum and golden club) rootstocks and the sweet inner bark of the hemlock and spruce were eaten. Cattail roots were consumed raw, boiled or pounded into flour from which bread was made. Camass roots were generally baked in a pit oven and dried for future use. The young shoots of Solomon's seal were boiled, but the matured roots were dried and ground into flour for breadmaking. The Seneca Indians, after bleaching and drying the starchy plant known as jack-in-the-pulpit, used it as a substitute for bread. The flavor of purslane resembles that of string beans, with an added acid taste. The Indians ground the seeds into flour for mush. They also used raw wild leeks, which are sweet when young.

Nuts were staple foods among Indians. The native wild pecan, a member of the hickory family, flourished in the forests of the South and in that portion of Mexico adjoining the Gulf States. William Bartram, a colonial traveler, wrote that he had seen over a hundred bushels of these nuts belonging to one family. The Indians pounded them into pieces, and cast them in boiling water. After passing through fine strainers, the most oily part of the liquid was saved and called hickory milk. It was an ingredient in most of the Indian cookery, especially in hominy and corn cakes, for it was as sweet as fresh cream.

A nut-meat gravy was made by boiling the pounded meats of hickory, walnuts and other nuts until the oil floated to the top. It was then skimmed off, boiled again, and seasoned with salt. This was used with bread, potatoes, pumpkins, squash and other foods. The meats left after skimming off the oil were often seasoned and mixed with mashed potatoes.

Cider of manzanita berries and a drink made from cactus fruit were the two best-known fermented beverages. Cactus fruit was preserved or made into syrup and the seeds were ground fine and mixed with water to form a gruel known as pinole. The native American pawpaw and the tropical American papaya were harvested and used as food. The wild or natural American persimmon was dried and consumed as persimmon bread.

Ralph Lane, an explorer in 1585-6, pronounced the Virginia grapes larger than those of France, Spain and Italy. William Wood, who came in 1629, reported that strawberries of extra large size, some about two inches in length, were abundant; one could gather a half bushel in a forenoon. In some places the natives had cultivated them. The flavor of the strawberry was considered the wonder of all the fruits growing natu-

rally; William Penn, writing in 1683, questioned whether it was best to attempt to improve the strawberry by cultivation.

We are indebted to the Children of Nature, the American Indian, for having made accessible to hardy pioneers a natural environment—forces pregnant with infinite possibilities of greater progress. A background which contributed a substantial foundation to nascent modern life, with crowning laurels for American commerce and initiative in the offing.

(Ed. Note:—Mr. Carque's book dealing with the subject of "Vital Facts About Foods" is proving helpful to many readers in revising their diet regime and overcoming constipation—the bane of American people. The book contains 200 sample menus and recipes, and a general discussion and analysis of foods and their values. It can be obtained, the new revised edition, from Natural Brands, Inc., 4326 San Fernando Road, Glendale, Calif.—as well as a fine assortment of unadulterated foods.)

Individual Study . . .

Questions on "Substance, Etc."

1. Why does Natural Science accept Matter and Force as universal and as ultimates?
2. Differentiate between Matter, Force, Motion, Number, and Phenomena.
3. What is the law in regard to the energy of Nature?
4. What is found in regard to the constitution of "Matter"?
5. How can *things* be identified and distinguished? Illustrate.
6. Give an illustration of a change of the force acting upon matter, resulting in a changed manifestation when the matter remains unchanged. Give an illustration of a change in the matter resulting in a different manifestation when the force remains unchanged.
7. What are the results when several forces unite? When they oppose one another? When they act in different directions?
8. How only can man obtain Energy to employ in the accomplishment of his purposes?
9. What effect does the expenditure of energy have on the total supply of energy in the universe? Explain.
10. How is the apparent loss of energy resulting from its transmutation accounted for?
11. To what are due the differences in the characteristics of the various chemical elements?

12. What is the general principle involved in transmuting one element into another element?

13. What are the differences between the material bodies occupied by the Individual on the different planes?

14. What is the function of the forces of the Soul Life Element in all human activities?

15. What governs the activities of the forces of the Soul Life Element in Individual human life?

16. What is meant by the "conservation of force"? By the "correlation of forces"?

17. Give a personal illustration or example of some knowledge which You have derived from a study of manifestations.

18. Give an example from personal experience which shows how You have used knowledge of Force operating through Matter to further your own progress toward Self-Completion.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of TO YOU published bi-monthly at Los Angeles, California for September-October, 1940.
State of California,
County of Los Angeles ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noneta Richardson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that (s)he is the Editor of the TO YOU and that the following is, to the best of (her) his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

NAME OF—	POST OFFICE ADDRESS—
Publisher	Noneta Richardson, 6030 Shirley Ave., Tarzana, Calif.
Editor	Noneta Richardson, 6030 Shirley Ave., Tarzana, Calif.
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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)
Noneta Richardson


(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1940.

C. R. ROTHMUND,

(My commission expires August 23, 1942.)

From The Files . . .

Letters and Answers



DEAR FRIENDS:
A few years ago I loaned a neighbor and friend of mine the three volumes of the Harmonic Series. They seemed to impress him to a great degree. He also read a number of supplementary books which I loaned him—*Zanoni*, *A Strange Story*, *Franchezzo*, etc. We talked a great deal on the general subject but he seemed more impressed with the three books and *Zanoni* than any of the rest. I told him I had lost contact with TK and the School and had not heard from them for years. He also read several copies of “Life and Action” that I had. While visiting a brother in Chicago he made diligent inquiry (so he said) but got no trace of TK and the Work. He *did* connect up with some one who sold occult books and came back home with “The Book of Death” and another one, title of which I have forgotten. I told him I at one time owned a copy of “The Book of Death” but that after I had come in contact with the Harmonic Series I burned mine and advised him to do likewise—which I do not think he did. He seemed to get something special from “Zanoni” and it seemed to weigh on his mind that he could not get his wife and family to see things as he did. He one day accused me of not believing hard enough in the teachings of the School. I told him I believed all TK had written but did not know from personal experience that it was true. Later he began calling my attention to ordinary newspaper articles which had no significance to me. He became concerned about his family which was grown up. And finally it developed that he thought I was withholding some big secret from him—he had had a vision in which he had seen so-and-So.

He became more restless, being up and

down throughout the night until his wife and family became afraid of him. One day his wife came to my place, saying her husband wanted me to come to his home. He wanted to see me but wanted her to stay away as he did not want her around. I went. He was shaving when I arrived, but when finished he came into the room, went out, then returned. He had “The Great Psychological Crime” lying on the table, which he opened; on the fly leaf he had written some sentences, meaningless to me, which he wanted me to sign. I told him there was nothing to sign but he insisted, so finally to humor him I signed. He asked me if that would stand in law. I told him yes. He asked if I knew what I had signed. When I said no, he said I had signed my death warrant and that one of us would not leave that room alive. I made light of that. He became more and more excited and said he would talk until the hands of his watch reached a certain figure, then I could talk. He made a long rambling talk about making up his mind which to take, one of his boys or me, but decided it would be me as I was older and had no one to care for but my mother who also was old and not liable to live long. He decided his boys were young with reason to expect several years of life ahead of them. He stopped. Told me to talk. I said to him—“Julius, let’s go out and pitch a game of horseshoes” (he loved the sport and had a set of shoes). He said, “all right.” I picked up my book, starting out of the room. He asked me to come back and return the book to the table. After that he said I could take it, so we went out and pitched a game of horseshoes during which time he seemed more rational. I believe it was his intention to kill me if he could and maybe himself, too, but the horseshoe game diverted his mind.

I went on home. In the meantime one of his boys had gone for the sheriff. They did not know that I had been there, but when I went back in the evening, having gotten uneasy about his wife and family, they already had taken him to jail. That man is in the hospital for the insane now. I have not seen him since that experience in his home.

His family visits him at times and they say he appears rational enough but the doctors fear he may go wild at any time so they keep him there. He seems satisfied and contented, except for the times when he is "off." One of his family told me that during one visit the father had said if I had not wanted to pitch horseshoes that day things would have been different. He told him that it would not be long until I would be where he was. I did not appear at the insanity trial and had nothing to do with his incarceration, but I believe the game saved my life as we were in the house alone and he was much bigger and stronger than I.

I have written this man three letters since his incarceration, telling him I believed he was under subjective spiritual controls who were trying to destroy him; that his ideas of Mastership were as far different from mine as the East is from the West, and that if he would use his will and reason I thought he could break the control and be all right again. I told him I was his friend and would like to help him if possible. He never answered my letter (others receive letters from him I understand). He may never have received my letters as the Doctors may have censored them and from their nature may even have thought that I was as insane as he. Again, they might not have given them to him at all; and again, he may consider me one of his worst enemies now when once he considered me one of his best friends.

I sometimes think I may be indirectly responsible for his condition as I loaned him the books to read and study. I believe he took the wrong view of things which resulted in spiritual control and sent him to the asylum. This was a decided shock to me as I never dreamed or imagined anything like that happening. In any case, I would like to help this man but do not think it wise for me to write him again. He seemed to be a man of good judgment and

sound sense, stood well in the community and was respected. Can you suggest anything? He thought all and all of TK and the books and the fact that I had lost track of them was a keen disappointment to him. I thought perhaps if you write him a letter or sent some literature from the School it might help to get him on the right track again. If you do, do not mention my name as he might resent it if he knew I was in any way connected with it. I do not know whether the hospital library carries the books or not. I think every insane hospital should. Will you write me what you think about this? My object in lending him the books was to be of service to him. Since reading the two books on *Self-Unfoldment* I see things much plainer than I did at that time.

Yours truly,
O. R———.

Dear Mr. R———:

The contents of your recent letter have been considered, but no letter has been written to the man mentioned as there seemed no legitimate reason for writing him unsolicited and without more plausible basis for so doing. However, a copy of the magazine was mailed to the address given, with the idea that if he himself were interested he would get in touch with the School, in which event some direct help might be given.

There seems no cause for you to feel responsible for the man's condition; the simple fact of having loaned him the books to read would in no way fix responsibility for his condition on to you. If having read *The Great Crime* and *The Great Work*, he allowed himself to drift into the way of subjectivity, that was his responsibility, and not yours. Your desire to help him is fully appreciated and is worthy, but inasmuch as he is incarcerated in an insane asylum which undoubtedly is conducted by orthodox doctors and psychiatrists makes it very difficult to do anything for him in the way of relieving the obsession (if it is obsession) or teaching him to break the control himself. The average orthodox physician does not understand subjective insanity and is unsympathetic to the required treatment to overcome it.

It is possible that your letters were not delivered to him; on the other hand, it is just as possible that his controls (if there are such) would use all their influence and power against the effects of your letters because they would not want him to be in touch with you, who constitute a constructive force through your desire to assist him to independence again. Whichever it may be, it would seem the part of wisdom not to force the issue at the present time by writing more letters. Why not allow the matter to rest temporarily until you can determine more the line to follow, by the natural trend of events? Keep your attitude one of positive willingness to serve whenever the opportunity is presented and make the definite effort to erase from your mind any sense of responsibility for his condition. It seems entirely unwarranted.

If you think the magazine might be of possible help to him and that it would be delivered by the authorities a subscription can be arranged for him. Perhaps you can determine if it would be acceptable by the authorities. Consider the idea and write again when you have reached a conclusion.

Your motive and intention of serving this friend was constructive; and no constructive effort ever is lost in Nature's great plan, so even though you did not succeed in actual results to him, you have succeeded in meriting reward for your effort in constructive service. Under the Law of Compensation you will sometime, some where, receive the reward.

You say that since reading the two volumes of *Self-Unfoldment* you see things a great deal plainer. This should be an encouragement to you, for it indicates that you have made progress in your growth and development. May you continue to make progress on your evolutionary road as you strive from day to day to live wholesomely and constructively, is the sincere wish.

Dear Sirs:

Please send me a book "The Great Known." I haven't much of a chance to live long as I am suffering from a heart ailment. Have just recently had four dreadful attacks and am still in bed. I am so afraid of the darkness death brings—so please send me the book—

perhaps it will help me to face what I must.

Mrs. C. D———.

Dear Mrs. D———:

In response to your postcard, *The Great Known* was mailed yesterday, together with a copy of the current issue of TO YOU in which an article—the Borderland Workers—may be of interest and help to you at this particular time. You are welcome to keep the book as long as you have need for it.

It is hoped that the message in both the book and the magazine may help to dispel the fear of death and implant in its place a complete confidence and faith in the bright life and world which lies just beyond the temporary shadow of death. The blackness is merely a phase of consciousness; as one emerges from it he is met by Friends and Helpers of the spiritual world who are awaiting him there, ready and eager to be of assistance to him in making his adjustment. Friends and relatives also are present, lending a familiar touch in the new life. So have no fear; try to *know* that death is a friend taking you on a journey to another land of life, activity, beauty and friends. Ask the Great Friends to give you courage and strength to meet whatever comes. They will stand by you; they *never fail*.

Won't you write again when you are able, to advise of your condition? If any further help can be given it will be considered a privilege, if you will send a note or card.

Sincerely yours,

The G. S. of N. S.

Dear Friends:

I am going to try to get this off my chest, I have to talk to someone. Dying is a queer experience. One is so alone. It is a thing that concerns only the person involved; by this I mean that a choice has to be made by the dying person—that choice is to struggle to live or to give up the struggle and let the undertow that is death, take one into that far place.

When one has been ill a long time and the flesh is weak with suffering, I can imagine that the choice can seem almost as if there were no choice. One can be so tired of being ill and in pain that the tug of that mighty pull "out" does not seem like a giving up but only obeying the way of least resistance. But when

one is in perfect health one minute and the next in the grip of a heart attack, when the effort to breath is so great that the excruciating pain even takes a second place to the breath struggle, then it is that the choice of life or death assumes a real "choice." There comes a time in such an attack when the muscle that controls the inward suck of breath no longer works. There you are, alive in a body that no longer functions as a living body. The whole body seems to swell as though it would burst with the need of air. Then one realizes what "the breath of life" really means; for without breath we can no longer live a physical life.

The first time this happened to me I thought, "This is it," meaning death was imminent. I heard a mighty roaring in my ears like a great wind and I seemed to be gazing into the large end of a funnel filled with darkness. It seemed the darkness was in layers but it had depth. The tug of the wind was like an undertow felt in swimming. The struggle against it was in my mind, but it was as physical a struggle as though I were engaged in a personal combat. I literally dug my toes in and held on. I felt fear, but it was the fear of the unknown. All this that I was leaving was suddenly very dear because it was so familiar—day and night, sun and stars, winter and summer—so steadfast and dear because they were fixed and familiar. I was not going to let that suction carry me away from these familiar things. I felt that if I ever gave up for one second I would be a "gonner" as far as this physical life was concerned. That was a year ago; since that time I have been living my life differently. I have really appreciated the trees and the grass, the sun and the stars. I have tried to live the "Love one another" and "Do unto others as you would be done by" rules. I doubt that many people even knew me by name when I went to the hospital a year ago.

This last May I again was struck down in the midst of health. Again I was rushed to the hospital. This time, I thought, I won't care if I do die. I have made a home here for my loved ones, I have made many friends, and nowhere have I left an enemy; there is no one's forgiveness that I must ask. I can go feeling

that I have left my work well done. *But*—when it came to the choice again, I again failed to have the *sand* to take that leap into the unknown. *This* time it was the idea of re-incarnation that held up the adventure. I did not want to cheat on this one and make it necessary to have to go through all this again. For the first time I began to realize what "God's will" meant. If I had learned all my lessons, if it were time for me to graduate, I felt that no will of my own would have held me here, for my will would have been for greater expansion too.

It—beyond that darkness I mean—is like going to college; one looks forward to going to college when one has finished High School; and I want to go to college when I pass over and not just be shoved back into a different high school, same grade. That is what I mean by "God's will"; the plan must be completed, the blue prints followed. There must be a graduation from life here to enjoy the benefits of that "college course." I may be expressing myself clumsily but I thought all these thoughts when I felt that tug and heard that roar this time. When I fought against it this time I was conscious of my Mother and heard her voice saying, "Everything is going to be all right." Then I knew I was going to get well. Mother had said so. (She used to be a Student, you know.) Why was I so sure? Because Mother had been living on the other side of that layer for five years this July and she would know. I am trying to tell you how it was.

After I came home, bedfast, I had another, or rather several, slight heart attacks, and I saw my father standing in the doorway. I really *saw* him; by that I mean he was not recalled to mind, which is like looking at a picture on a screen, no depth. He really stood in the glorious sunlight with sunlight all about him, before him, and behind him; and he smiled at me. He was so gloriously *alive* and seemed to be just brimming over with health and high spirits. I was so delighted to see him I tried too hard and he was gone.

I don't know whether I will be strong enough again to be up from this bed. Can you map out for me a course of living in this life that will make me more acceptable in the

next? I am preparing for a journey to a far place and I want to so fulfill my duties here that I may leave in peace and at the same time learn enough about that far country that I may be a loyal and dutiful citizen there. I need you to help me to "pack."

Dear, Dear Friends, your welcome and dear letter just came in the mail. It is the nicest thing that has happened to me for a long time. Thank you, thank you.

In the same mail I received a letter from my brother (also a former student of the School) that ends "Physical death has no terrors for me." I also used to write so glibly of death; please God, may it be a long time before he has to make the choice.

Thanks for explaining the darkness and the border-land workers. I had forgotten about these friends until your book came. Next time I will call them with my mind and not feel so alone. When I saw that brown envelope of the School it was though I had received a physical contact. I know the work you have to do in this torn world is mighty and I thank you for giving to me the effort of your letter. This is my 26th day in bed but I feel stronger already, for you have reached out and given me a hand over a hard place.

Again thanking you and hoping to hear from you again, I remain your faithful and loyal friend and student,

M. C. D———.

N. B.—People are so funny, they won't talk about Death. Right now it is very important to me to talk about it. Most folks act as if it were the plague. Yet if I were going to England they would have loads of advice and much to say. So I don't try to "talk" anymore. I just put on an act, say, "Sure, I'm just too durned lazy to get up. Feel fine, etc." I say funny things to make them laugh. It is an effort, but it works. I play up to their expectations; other people don't really care that the pain never stops, always there to nudge me to "watch out." That is another place where one is so alone. It is better that way because it does not do for one to indulge in thoughts of self too much. And I am a good listener and am

really interested in life and events and the worries and tribulations of my friends. They all like to come to see me because I make them laugh! Sometimes when they are all gone—but there! Didn't I just get through saying I'd learned that lesson?

Thank you again.



Pine Needles . . .

Joseph A. Sadony

Picture yourself in a large car speeding through the country in the middle of the night. You come to a brilliantly lighted curve sign which warns you of danger, so you lessen your speed.

A moment later you come to the wreckage of a car that went that way ahead of you. Did the driver not see the warning sign as you did? Not very plainly, for his lights were dim. Stop your car sometime when you come to one of these signs. Turn off your lights. The sign will vanish, for it is composed of little mirrors. You must furnish the light for your own warnings.

Thus it is with you; a point well worth your thought. Give light and it returns to you for your good. You never get anything for nothing, not even a warning light. If you do good, even though it be unappreciated, it has done you good. Which is all you need worry about.

People are not all blind, or the man who invented the curve warnings would not have sold them for you to see by the help of your own light or reason.

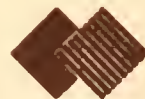
Lately I have asked several people why they had sought an education. The majority of them claimed to have acquired their education for the sake of knowledge.

Well then, I asked of one of them, now that you have been out of school ten years, why do you not still seek knowledge?

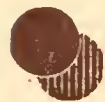
Do you still study problems that are new, as you did when in school? Or did you pull down that curtain (diploma) on the great act of life and study, calling it a day?

Could you now pass any of your examinations? If not, why not? Where is your acquired knowledge, your "education"? Far better had you had a poor, slow memory, (low marks at the time), but a lasting one, than a gift for memorizing, (high grades in school) but all forgotten.

What is your answer? The one I asked could not give me an answer.



Concerning Roger Bacon



Stephen Rosenzweig

HERE IS something that may prove to be of interest to the Students of The Great School who are, or may be, in search of information pertaining to the activities of the Masters throughout history. To me, at least, it appears as such, because I have not met with this item in any other of my reading.

There is much said about Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare; but seldom is any mention made of Roger Bacon. The following quotation is from "Cosmic Consciousness" by R. M. Bucke, M.D., published 1923, chapter 7, who also quotes verbatim from "Roger Bacon" by Emil Charles; a work published in Paris by Hachette in 1861.

"Roger Bacon. (1214-1294?)

"... we have ... references of Bacon's to a certain 'Master Peter,' from whom he received extraordinary assistance in his philosophical work. ... Let each judge for himself who or what Master Peter may have been. ...

"(And from Emil Charles:—) ... for master he chooses ... an obscure person of whom history knows nothing. ... To him ... Experience is worth more (to Bacon) than all the writing of Aristoteles, and a little grammar and mathematics are more useful than all the metaphysics of the schools. ... he applied himself to these disdained sciences. He learns Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Caldee— ... He reads with avidity the books of the ancients, studies mathematics, alchemy, optica. Before reforming the education of his age, he reconstructs his own education, and to this end associates himself with mathematicians and obscure savants in preference to the most renowned philosophers. ... The friends whom he values are less celebrated persons. ... and above all the most unknown, according to him, the most learned of the men of that time, him whom he venerates as his master, admires as the living example of true science and whom he names 'Master Peter.'

"... "If we judge by the portrait Bacon has drawn of him, this is a singular person. Master Peter is a solitary, as careful to avoid renown as others seek it; taking care to veil and hide his science from men, and who refuses men the truth which they are not worthy to receive. Master Peter does not belong to any of the

powerful church orders of the day; he does not teach, and desires neither students nor admirers; he shuns the importunities of the vulgar. He is proud, and to his disdain of the crowd he unites an immense faith in himself. He lives isolated, content with the mental wealth he has, which he could multiply many times if he desired so to do. Did he deign to fill a professor's chair, the whole world would come to Paris to hear him; should he be willing to attach himself to some sovereign no treasury could pay the value of his marvelous science. But he despises the mass, made up of madmen tainted with the subtleties of the law, charlatans who by their sophisms dishonor philosophy, render medicine ridiculous and falsify theology itself. The most clearsighted of them are blind, or should they make vain efforts to use their eyes the truth would dazzle them. They are like bats in the twilight—the less light there is the better they see. He alone looks at the face of the radiant sun. Hidden in a retreat which gives him security with silence, Master Peter leaves to others long discourses and the war of words to give himself up to the study of chemistry, the natural sciences, mathematics, medicine, and, above all, experience; of which he alone in this age realizes the importance. His disciple salutes him by the name of 'Master of Experience,' which replaces in his case the ambitious and sonorous title of the other doctors.

"Experience reveals to him the records of nature, the curative arts, celestial phenomena and their relation to those of the earth; he disdains nothing and does not shrink from applying science to the realities of the common earth: he would blush if he found a layman, an old woman, a soldier or a peasant better informed than himself in matters that concern each.

"... to make a science of agriculture and of the other rustics, not to neglect surveying nor the art of building, to seek with diligence the basis of truth hidden under the charms of the sorcerer, under the impostures and artifices of jugglers—this is the work to which he has devoted his life. He has examined all, learned all, separated everywhere the true from the false, and through the void and sterile wilderness has discovered a practicable route. Is it desired to hasten the progress of science? Here is the only man equal to

(Continued on page 144)

What Is Opportunity?

Eola W. Hoswell

WHAT IS OPPORTUNITY? Webster says—"Opportunity—a fit, convenient, favorable, suitable time for the purpose. Occasion is that which falls on our way, or presents itself, in the course of events. Oppo. is a convenient or fitness of time, place, etc., for the doing of a thing; hence, Opportunity springs out of Occasion. We *act* as the occasion may require, we *embrace an Opportunity.*"

Until the soul reaches mastership, there will be need of lessons; need of self-discipline, self-adjustment upon a field of experience in which both Universal and Individual Intelligence are engaged in a mutual effort for a common purpose and goal. To this end Nature or God has created or instituted all essential adjuncts and attributes whereby this purpose may be achieved, among which Opportunity is one factor. Thus—Opportunity may be considered as a messenger of the Great Intelligence—a handmaid of Universal Law.

From whence comes *Opportunity*? Opportunity is something "presented to, or before one;" hence, is not from one's own individual volition—ordinarily; save only, as the individual *complies* with universal law and becomes literally and immediately the "arbiter of his own destiny"—then he may *make opportunity* to promote his own design.

Opportunity is a factor in, or component part of, the Law of Compensation: a *means* by which the Great Intelligence administers the Law of Justice throughout the universe. Hence, in its initial form Opportunity comes to the individual from Nature or the Great Intelligence.

What is the Office or Function of Opportunity? Opportunity brings in one hand—Choice, and in the other, Personal Responsibility. Because of an individual's *inherent right* man is always *free to choose* between alternatives; he may embrace or reject Opportunity, either consciously or unconsciously; either voluntarily or involuntarily. Perhaps the reason Opportunity knocks so gently, is lest there be undue influence upon the individual, as to his *own free choice*; for Nature has endowed him with the Power of a Self-Conscious, Rational, Independent Choice and *exacts* he shall rightly and constructively *exercise* that in all transactions of life. This in turn evokes another of Nature's requirements—Responsibility. According to the measure of his Conscious Intelligence and the Constructive Soul status, is he held morally accountable.

Opportunity, at every step of man's way, presents that which he may either consciously or unconsciously ignore and pass entirely by, or accept and act upon. So here lies the choice and responsibility, (or evasion of responsibility) on the part of the individual, out from which, in turn, flows his compensatory reward—or the Retributive Justice which he has *earned*, meted out under the Law of Justice, by Universal Intelligence. It is definitely and exactly upon man's recognition of, or failure to recognize, Opportunity and his conscious treatment of that *effort of Nature, to co-operate with him*, that the Law of Compensation is administered. And so the Office or Function of Opportunity is to *serve* Nature or God's purpose in *testing man* and the results of the test automatically govern the inevitable results of man's choice and action upon himself.

Is Opportunity constructive or destructive? As Opportunity is only a means to an end, in and of itself, is neutral, neither constructive nor destructive; but the *use* man makes of it, determines the nature and results upon his own life. Man's evolutionary unfoldment depends upon the Constructive USE he makes of all that comes within his *attention* and experience. Opportunity comes always bearing the possibility of a constructive experience, from which may be deducted an added item of knowledge, in man's own mind and consciousness. Or—Opportunity may be mis-interpreted, and mis-used, leaving as a result a destructive influence in his consciousness:

Or, again—Opportunity may appear only to be un-recognized and un-heeded as such and sooner or later recognized as a "lost Opportunity," depressing and destructive.

All of which, however, exemplifies the Principle—"Virtue is its own reward"—"as he sows he reaps" etc. Opportunity is Nature's effort to help and accelerate man's evolutionary effort; but with it, he may make or mar; build or destroy; create or fashion falsely. Illustrating again the truth of Nature's law—"man is the arbiter of his own destiny"—and that the Law eternally waits his arrival.

Ultimately man is responsible and morally accountable, not only for recognizing Opportunity as it is "presented," but also, for the constructive USE and right application made of whatever circumstance, condition, gift or possibility is placed before him. This is an inexorable decree of Nature, not to be evaded or avoided by man. A law to be *complied* and

co-operated with—rationally and voluntarily—to his everlasting benefit.

Does one always recognize Opportunity as such? No, and perhaps a “lost Opportunity” is the saddest regret of human life. In the relative sense, Opportunity is so easily unperceived, because so unobtrusive, so silent and fleeting; and seldom repeats, or reappears in the same guise or form. So true is this phenomena in the individual’s actual experience, it seems to indicate, as a fact of Nature, that in Opportunity there is an element of the eternal fitness; opportuneness; immanence and immediateness, which corresponds to the soul’s direct and definite need, at any time. As well as Nature’s direct and constructive effort to supplement man in his own effort if he will. But, that Opportunity may bring the intended benefit and blessing man may neither seoff, trifle with nor neglect, or that good, within his very grasp, will elude him. Opportunity is so sensitive a thing.

In the absolute sense though, nothing can be “lost” for Nature’s purpose is Completion and cannot fail. In the great plan of life, time is not the essential element, only man’s unfoldment and progress.

Occasion comes in a vast variety of forms and phases to the masses:—great Music, Literature, Art, Teaching and many inspirations along the way; but Opportunity is absolutely relative to the human individual soul, both as to time and circumstance; and is for him alone to perceive and appropriate the blessing—or not.

If Not—Why Not?—In this answer lies the crux of the whole question, since we quite often fail to *see* and *know* the Opportunity. Why? Simply because we have not self-possession. Our Conscious Intelligence not under our rational, independent control; we are too frequently “wool gathering”; “off guard”; unaware; scattered; not *attentive*; diffused; lacking in self-control, poise and individual power.

Opportunity is a *scientific* element in life being one form of Nature’s response to the individual need and, like all of Nature’s automatic processes, corresponds exactly to the Individual soul status and states. So the reason Opportunity is not repeated in the same form, is that individual Consciousness and mental states are forever fluctuating; never static; the inner urge is for variety of experience and the Infinite forever responds to the Finite cry.

May one always recognize Opportunity, as such? Yes, he may—when he becomes *Master* of, and has “released the power of his tools.” When he is “on guard at the portal of thought, act and deed.” When he becomes alert, keen, watchful. When he continually

cultivates the *Wakeful Consciousness*. When he walks consciously and rationally hand in hand with the Great Intelligence and consciously, intentionally, purposefully co-operates with the Great Law of his spiritual and psychical being. Then indeed, Opportunity becomes his stepping stone from “glory to glory.”

What Relation Has Opportunity to *Limitation*? A very significant and scientific and exact relation.

Opportunity is a means to an end; a light and life bearer; each time opening the windows of the soul a little wider—and man co-operates, aligning his own power with that of Nature’s. But as he fails to *see* and understand and accept the proffered hand, he automatically fastens one more limitation upon himself. That is, he has failed to become *more*, which the Opportunity gave. *Limitation* is commensurate with *ignorance*.

Opportunity brings experience; experience brings knowledge; and knowledge brings power. As knowing enlarges the boundaries of Consciousness, so limitations *recede*. Upon the Wakeful Consciousness we depend to know the Opportunity, through which we grow into the “Image and Likeness.”

(Continued from page 142)

the task. Should he make up his mind to divulge his secrets, kings and princes would crown him with honors and gifts, and in an expedition against the infidel he would render more services to St. Louis than half—yes, then all—his army. (The above account of Master Peter is collected by Charles from Bacon’s ‘Opus Tertium,’ ‘Opus Minus,’ his ‘De Septem Peccatis,’ and other works.)

“It is from this great unknown, this undiscovered genius, whose name has remained unregistered in the history of science, that according to Bacon, he learned languages, astronomy, mathematics, experimental science, everything in fact, that he knew. Compared with this Master Peter, the students, professors, writers, masters, thinkers of the universities, were dull, lumpy, insensate. The piety of Bacon towards this unknown master ought to rescue this latter from the obscurity in which he is buried, but it seems impossible to identify him among the infinite number of savants of the same name who are to be found in the catalogues.”

I, too, let every Student judge for himself, who and what this Master Peter may have been; keeping in mind particularly, the “Mark of the Master” as given in “The Great Work.”

Your Morals . . .



Life, Life Elements, Kingdoms

LIFE IS THAT Element in Nature which impels everything to function according to the law of its being. Life *impels*. This means that life exerts an influence. It means that it manifests force. It does not *compel* entities to function in any particular way; it *impels* them to do so. It gives them a tendency toward functioning in that way.

The phenomenon of Life is one of the most patent facts to any Individual. He sees manifestations of it on every hand. Although it is often overlooked in the mineral kingdom, it is universally recognized in all the higher realms. Man observes Life in all about him and experiences it first hand in his own being.

As an Element, Life is substantial. Force is one of its invariable manifestations. Wherever Life, or vitality, is manifest there is always activity in some form or degree; and whenever there is activity there is also force, for the two are inseparable.

Life impels *every entity*. From this it can be seen that Life is universal, for as soon as anything comes into existence it starts to function according to the law of its being and continues to do so up to the time it ceases to exist. Every activity of every entity is a functioning according to the law of its being. So Life acts on all that is. From mineral particle to human intelligence, each and every entity is influenced by Life. This applies to individual organisms as a whole and to the various individual organs and parts of the whole. Every known entity is alive, proving Life to be universal.

Life impels every entity to *function according to the law of its being*. It gives everything

the urge to act, work, move, and do, but it does not give them all the urge to do the same thing in the same way. Although it is a universal principle, it manifests differently in each entity. The life exhibited by a mineral crystal in its vibration, attraction and accretion is different in kind and degree from the life manifested by a human in the active and intelligent use of his faculties, capacities and powers. Each individual entity has a law of being peculiar to itself, and has its own individual Life which impels it to function according to that particular law, and to no other law. When a chicken avoids the water it is following its particular law of being.

Life, in its final essence, apparently is one of Nature's ultimates. In spite of, and possibly because of, his intimate relation to it, Man, with his present limitations, is unable to know more about *it* than its manifestations. Nevertheless, knowledge of its manifestations and knowledge of its laws can be made of practical use.

Matter, in general, is said to manifest Life when it manifests activity. Activity is always the manifestation of force, hence, Life, as the term is most commonly used, refers to that force which impels each living entity to manifest its typical activity. This force manifests through certain fixed material elements; but physical matter does not manifest Life except as it establishes a contact with these material elements.

Observation and experiment have established the fact that physical life is a phenomenon or manifestation arising from the union of physical matter with one or more of four different elements—the Electro-Magnetic Life Element, the Vito-Chemical, the Spir-

itual, and the Soul Life Element. These four Elements are universal. They exist on the physical plane and on all the spiritual planes. The four Life Elements which animate the spiritual kingdoms, however, are of greater refinement than the corresponding elements which animate the four physical kingdoms. All these Life Elements are material elements. They are composed of material as definitely as are the physical elements of air, water and ether. The material particles of the two lower ones, the Electro-Magnetic and the Vito-Chemical, are of a coarseness and slowness of vibration which gives them a physical as well as an ethereal side. These two Elements are the only ones which come within the range of physical experiment. The Spiritual and Soul Life Elements are of a fineness of particle and of a vibratory rating which puts them beyond the limits of physical experiment.

The Magnetic Element is not a separate Life Element. It is a compound of the two lower Life Elements. It has reference to that compound in its function of constituting a link of material connection between the two bodies of man (the physical and the spiritual) which are held together by the magnetic element.

The Life Elements do not evolve. The Electro-Magnetic never becomes the Vito-Chemical Life Element; nor do any of the others evolve from one Element to another. The physical Life Elements do not evolve into the finer Life Elements on the spiritual Planes; they remain as definitely fixed and unchanging as does the element of water. So far as can be determined, the element water is the same in every way today as it was millions of years ago. All evidence indicates that it will be the same in the future as long as there is any water. In the same way it appears that the Life Elements always have been and always will be the same as they are now.

The four Life Elements appear to be part of Nature's mechanical device for furthering the evolution of Individual Intelligence. In the evolution of fish, water is an essential element. Without water a fish would be

unable to develop and grow. In a like manner every entity at a certain point in its development requires contact with one or more of the Life Elements. Just as Nature employs the element of water to accomplish some of its purposes, it employs the Life Elements to accomplish other purposes. It uses the Life Elements to generate individual life, to individualize Intelligence, and to forward the evolutionary unfoldment and development of Individual Intelligence. In the accomplishment of these purposes, Nature, so it seems, has assigned a special office to each Life Element. The lowest refines mineral substance and solidifies the planets. It establishes conditions which make vegetable life possible. The Vito-Chemical Element continues the refinement of matter and establishes conditions which make animal life possible. The Spiritual Life Element completes the physical body and prepares it for the induction of the Soul Life Element which, in turn, governs the acquisition of knowledge and power, the exercise of love, and the attainment of happiness. The function of each of the three lower kingdoms appears to be to prepare the way for the next kingdom. The physical matter of one kingdom is being perpetually refined for the uses of the next higher kingdom. When that refinement reaches a certain point the next Life Element is inducted and the physical matter belongs to, and functions according to the laws of, the next higher kingdom.

When a dormant seed comes into contact with the moist earth it begins a growth and development that would not be possible to it without that contact. The moist earth is an element necessary to its further development. In an analogous way physical material awakens into activity and life when it comes into contact with one or more of the Life Elements. When contact is made between physical matter and the Life Elements, magnetism, vitality or life appears. Magnetism in metals, vitality in vegetation, and life in animal and man are certain temporary relations established between physical material and one or more of the Life Elements. Separation of the physical mate-

rial from the Life Elements occasions demagnetization, devitalization and death.

The union of the Life Elements with physical matter is brought about by the principle of Polarity. The Life Elements are positive to receptive physical matter, and between these polar opposites there exists an attraction. The genesis of physical life occurs with the induction of a universal life element into physical matter. Physical life is a manifestation of the union of physical matter with one or more of the Life Elements.

Life is not created in reproduction. The reproductive process is merely a preparation of physical matter for the induction of the Life Elements. When the process has been evolved to a suitable organism the Life Element enters that organism and gives it Life.

There are four definite and distinct Life Elements, unlike in essence, diverse in character and capacity, and of different degrees of refinement, having different vibratory rates. Each one gives rise to a distinctive form of physical activity or life. Each governs a kingdom which is entirely distinct in physical appearance, in characteristics, capacities and activities.

The four *kingdoms* are not the four Life Elements. Each Life Element *governs* a kingdom but is not the kingdom. The mineral kingdom, for instance, is composed of matter magnetized by the Electro-Magnetic Life Element, and is governed by the energies of it. The vegetable kingdom is constituted of matter magnetized and vitalized by both the Electro-Magnetic and the Vito-Chemical Life Elements. The Life Element of this kingdom is a compound of *two* Life Elements. Hence, the vegetable kingdom is governed by the energies of the Vito-Chemical. The animal kingdom is composed of matter magnetized, vitalized and animated by three Life Elements—the Electro-Magnetic, the Vito-Chemical and the Spiritual. The Life Element of this kingdom is a compound of three Elements and is governed by the energies of the Spiritual Life Element. The human—the highest of the kingdoms—is magnetized,

vitalized, and animated by four Life Elements—the Electro-Magnetic, the Vito-Chemical, the Spiritual and the Soul Life Element. The latter is a compound of *four* Life Elements governed by the fourth, the Soul Life.

The activities of each kingdom are governed by the highest Life Element which animates the matter of that kingdom. The Electro-magnetic energies play their part in plant life but it is the Vito-Chemical Life Element which produces the phenomena or manifestations which are characteristic of the vegetable kingdom.

The organs of digestion, the bone, blood and tissues of the animal body manifest the energies of the two lower Life Elements but these energies are dominated, organized and correlated by the Spiritual Life Element which characterizes the animal kingdom and differentiates it from the lower kingdoms.

In the human are involved all the energies of the lower Life Elements. The energies and functions of these elements influence man but they do not control him. In the human kingdom, as in the others, the highest element governs. The energies and activities of the lower elements are subordinate to the energies and activities of the Soul Life Element. The activities and capacities of man are governed by the energies and demands peculiar to the Soul Life Element—the use of reason, the desire for knowledge, and the recognition of moral principles are activities of man alone. They are activities to which the activities of the lower Life Elements are subordinated.

The four kingdoms are distinguished from one another by the number of Life Elements which animate them. The entity belongs to the kingdom governed by the highest Element present. If a particular Life Element is not present the entity does not belong to that kingdom. For this reason there are no "missing links." Science has no difficulty in distinguishing man from apes. If the Soul Element is not present the entity is *not* man. If it is present the entity *is* man. The capacities and powers

endowed by the Soul Life Element—Reason, Independent Choice, Self-Consciousness, and Moral Capacity—distinguish man from animal. A conception of the relative value of life in the four kingdoms and a hint of Nature's ultimate purpose may be obtained by comparing the four kingdoms as regards capacities and powers of the entities which make up those kingdoms.

The Soul Life Element confers powers and capacities which establish the Individual Intelligence as the arbiter of his own destiny. From this point the Individual Intelligence is the controlling factor in his further evolution. Through his control of the Life Elements which enter into his being he is able to progress or retrogress. He can lead a fuller, more active, more worthy life, or he can neglect his opportunity and sink to a point where he apparently loses coordination with the Soul Life Element and sinks to the level of the animal.

With the induction of the Soul Life Element the Individual Intelligence is *impelled* to function according to a new law of being. The new Element makes new demands; it adds new energies and capacities. But the response to these new demands and the use made of these new energies and capacities are matters for the Individual to determine. All of the individual and voluntary activities of man are set in motion by the Individual Intelligence. This makes him free to choose his path. Obedience to the Law of Life takes him forward and upward along the Evolutionary Pathway of Life. Defiance to it takes him backward and downward on the Devolutionary Path of Death.

In tracing evolutionary progress from one kingdom to another it is essential to differentiate clearly between the refinement of physical matter in its progress from one kingdom to another, and the progress of Individual Intelligence from a lower to a higher kingdom. If a seed of a plant is placed in the proper kind of soil it becomes large and adds to its physical bulk; it grows. It starts as a minute amount of physical matter which has coordinated with the Vito-Chemical Life Element. In the course of its growth it adds materially to its bulk, it de-

velops stems, leaves and blossoms. To do this it requires more physical matter which it draws from the soil, but the soil is mineral matter and the plant is vegetable matter. The plant has drawn mineral matter from the soil and turned it into vegetable matter. This shows that mineral matter contacts the Vito-Chemical Life Element within the organism of the plant. In the same way mineral and vegetable matter contacts the Spiritual Life Element within the organism of animals at some point in the process of assimilation. In the same way physical matter contacts the Soul Life Element within the body of man at some point in the process of assimilation. This accounts for the contact of physical matter with the successive Life Elements but it does not explain the progress of the intelligent entity from one kingdom to another. When a man eats a chicken it is clear that the chicken does not thereby become a man. The physical matter that composed the body of the chicken enters the composition of the man's body but the intelligent chicken entity remains in the spiritual body of the chicken and continues its evolution in the spiritual world. So far as can be determined it is *in the spiritual world* that the essential entity contacts a higher Life Element and makes the change from one kingdom to another.

Physical death is an experience that Nature gives to everything that has physical life. It cannot be evaded. It is the natural and unavoidable termination of every physical life. The universality of physical death establishes it as an experience essential to every entity in the course of its evolution. It should be recognized and accepted as a step in evolution, a step to be willingly taken at the proper time and in the proper way.

As the entity evolves, physical life becomes a lesser and lesser part of its existence. The mineral is dependent on its physical life to such a degree that it survives physical death only a very short time. The same is true to a slightly less degree of the vegetable entity. In the animal kingdom the entity becomes more independent of its physical incarna-

tion. It is able to grow, live its allotted span, and reach a full maturity provided it has passed the stage of infancy before it leaves the physical body. The human entity is independent of physical life to such an extent that a moment's contact with the physical, the mere drawing of the first physical breath, is sufficient to enable it to survive and persist its full life time in the spiritual world. When man reaches a certain point in his evolution he passes beyond the necessity of physical life. Apparently from that time onward he does not need the training and experience which physical life offers. From this point he lives in the spiritual world without contact with the physical.

The growth of man's spiritual body is uninterrupted by the death of the physical body. Once the intelligence has contacted the Soul Life Element the spiritual body continues to grow in spite of the death of the physical body, until it reaches its maturity. The spiritual organism of man animated by the four Life Elements of the spiritual plane continues to live and function in response to the demands of the Individual Human Intelligence. In the human kingdom there is the integrating power of all the Life Elements to be overcome before the death of both bodies is possible. Also in this kingdom immortality becomes a possibility. In man alone is found the power of indefinite persistence on the spiritual planes. He has been given the powers and capacities which make it possible for him to align himself with the Constructive Principle and to control the influences of the Destructive Principle.

The Individual Human Intelligence, by virtue of its utilization of the Soul Life Element, acquires knowledge and power, exercises love, exemplifies altruism and attains happiness and immortality.

Man's comparative independence of physical life and his ability to persist and develop after physical death does not mean that his physical life is not of great benefit to him. He can live and progress without it but his progress is more rapid in physical life than in the spiritual life, and up to a certain point in his development, it seems to offer opportunities and advantages which he can-

not get without it. This is the reason why human life is "sacred." Every man has an inalienable right to physical life, with its opportunities and advantages. No one has the right to deprive him of it. Although physical death does not deprive man of existence it does deprive him of certain benefits to which he is entitled.

Nature uses the Life Elements on all planes to refine matter, to increase its vibratory activity, to generate individual life, to individualize Intelligence, and to forward the evolutionary unfoldment and development of Individual Intelligence.

After Nature has evolved the Individual Intelligence to a point where it becomes aware of its Moral Accountability and Personal Responsibility the Individual Human Intelligence may use the Life Elements for his own unfoldment and add the evolutionary impulse of its own efforts to the efforts of Nature—thus accelerating Nature's great evolutionary process.

The Searchlight . . .

Are You "agreeable" in the best sense of that term?

To what extent should one possess this quality to enable him or her to "fellowship" in any cause or work?

Do You think you make the impression generally that you like other people?

Do you believe that others casually meeting you are impressed by you as "friendly"?

What are the reasons?

Name in the order of their importance a few of the characteristics of people that tend to weaken their co-operative strength.

Are women as adapted to a "fellowship work" as men? Why?

What are the essential elements in those who can work harmoniously with others?

Do You possess those elements of character?

Are You prepared to cultivate those essentials?

What is the distinction between a sensitive person and an ill-natured one?

Do either of these terms apply to You?

What Do You Think?

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

A HELP

To keep in touch with the Great School through the magazine is indeed a great help during this period of world confusion. Belief in the consistency of life and Nature would be rudely shaken if it were not rooted in a logical philosophy, which Natural Science is to me—the one firm rock upon which my feet have touched and felt secure in my groping for a place on which to stand and survey this perplexing, fascinating world.

The articles on "World Conflict" and "Headaches"—perhaps far removed from each other, but surely partaking of the same attributes, were helpful. For twenty-seven years my misdirected living habits and thinking have produced migraine; although in comparison with the average person my living habits have been simple and moderate, surely I have never laid the blame for the suffering endured at anyone's door but my own. During the last year the headaches have been more severe and frequent and it is about time I get my house in order and do something about it. Yes, I believe "it can be done," and I believe the Great Friends will help me as they have always tried to do.

This fall I shall have some small plants and shrubs from my garden which I should like to send to grow in the garden of The School, if you still have room for more plants.
Redwood City, Calif. A. A. D.—.

Ed. Note: The Great Friends are ever willing and ready to give aid in any constructive effort an individual may make. Be assured they will help and sustain to the limit of their abilities in the solution of your health problem; but naturally, the problem is yours, and the initiative must be taken by you.

Yes indeed, there still is plenty of space to be planted on Valmont Knoll yet. Any contribution of plants or shrubs you wish to send will be appreciated and will be planted with a view to beautifying the home of The School and Work. Thank you for your thoughtfulness.

A SOLE DESIRE

It is with great pleasure I have reached a state which permits me to send the enclosed amount for my magazine. It is a comfort to learn in the columns of "What Do You Think?" that I am not alone in facing the economic problem.

As I read thru the pages of "To You" and notice that each article expresses the experiences of the writer of the particular article, it not only gives the term "Natural Science" a deeper meaning but also clarifies the subtitle—"Philosophy of Individual Life."

Recalling my mental meandering thru books and organizations; in remembering the personal pronouns of both lecturers

and writers, including photographic placards of front pages and halls, helps me to justly appreciate "To You" and properly value its contents. Each article has its own distinct value and serves a purpose in its own field. Truly it has been written:

"Gratitude is the Door behind which The Blessings of Heaven are clamoring to enter."

Traversing endless space without, is one thing; cultivating an endless field within, is something else. The former was my first wish and delight, the latter is now my sole desire; a desire which, from my present outlook toward life I do not lack in Faith, nor will I lack the required effort to keep it alive.
St. Louis, Missouri J. K.—.

THE FORMULA

I am finding the formula (How To Relax) of continued benefit. From the first trial it has been used regularly, not only to relax the body, but as a mental exercise as well. And there have accrued, so it seems, constructive benefits in other ways. The thought of Life is regularly given and invariably the vibratory demonstration ensues, sometimes gentle and rhythmic, sometimes quite vigorous. There has been a slight gain in weight and some improvement in particular localized physical disorders. But a clearer and sharper mental alertness in perhaps the greatest benefit. Gradually a system of exercise, and other health measures have been added. Now, if a larger measure of persistence is added, I'm sure definite and positive results will inevitably develop as the months pass. So again a thank you for sending the formula, and making it available.
Texas M. B.—.

CONVICTIONS

The formulas for relaxing have been received. Have tried the formula three times, being very successful with it the second time, and the third, going to sleep before finishing it. I was really surprised at the results obtained the second time, as I was using it as a treatment for absorbing vital energy, as suggested. It is believed this will be a great help, as my chief health difficulty is weakness and lack of energy—insufficient to get thru the day and do the household tasks. My general health is much improved, and I am very grateful for your assistance, as the improvement certainly is due to your aid and that of the Great Friends. I really try to be worthy of it, but sometimes I do not like myself very well, as it does appear that I should be further along the road to constructive living, after the long time I have been trying.

I am much concerned about the coming election and national affairs in general. It seems to me there is a decided communistic trend in many of the procedures at the capitol; and that some of those in offices of trust and responsibility are working toward Communism, while talking Americanism as a

blind, or smoke screen. This is not intended as personal criticism of any individual; but if an individual is intelligent enough to get himself elected or appointed to these high offices, he is intelligent enough to understand his oath of office and the responsibility to it. I am gravely concerned for the welfare of the nation and sometimes wonder if I am like the mother who, watching the parade pass, said: "They are all out of step but my Johnny." It doesn't seem possible that a large majority of the people can be so blind as to keep in office those who are doing away with the American way of life, and American Liberty and Standards and Privileges. So do you think I am the one who is out of step? And if not, what can an individual do about it except vote his convictions which, against a majority, has no effect.

In one of your letters to me you mentioned the destructive forces. The individual can only wonder what, if anything, he can do in this war against these forces, aside from living his daily life as best he can, a day at a time. My own life seems so narrow and enclosed. Since I have begun to improve in health, I am looking for some way to be of service again, without neglecting the duties of home, and within my strength and so forth. I had thought about trying to take a child, but there is a question in my mind about taking these English children, and as to whether or not I would be able to do it right if I tried and have the strength. There are thousands of American children dependent in part or in full on the "fund for dependent children" which, along with other relief projects, burdens the tax payers by invisible as well as visible taxes. So I wonder, wouldn't it be right and proper that these English children be placed in Canada, or other British territory, rather than placing them here where they may become dependents also on the tax payers who are overburdened now and with no relief in sight. Except in cases where the foster parents are assured of being able to care for them in case they become orphans. The Great School warns us against emotionalism; and while our hearts and minds go out in love and pity to these children, as well as all victims of war, still I wonder if this is an American responsibility, and if it is fair to American tax payers and American children on relief rolls, for us to take on the responsibility of the British children. I also wonder why Britain wishes to place her children here in America rather than on her own territory such as Canada, India, etc.

Please continue to send me thoughts for health, courage and strength. If you will I know I can manage to get along all right and perhaps be able to do more for others again. I believe it is very important for every woman to keep the home as harmonious and cheerful as possible, for the sake of her family and friends who come into it. So I try to think, when discouraged because my life seems so narrow—well, maybe doing the best I can at home will count for something on the side of Right.

What do other of the readers think on these subjects? It would be helpful to me to hear other expressions on the subjects.

Kansas City, Mo.

J. M. H.

"A CRAZY ZIG-ZAG COURSE"

Regarding such personal progress as I may have been able to make I can say, truly, "Never without your help;" and with increasing conviction, "Never without the help of the unseen

friends." Up and back—what a crazy, zig-zag course the path of unfoldment really is. For me at least.

The current magazine is splendid, although I have done little so far but "skim the cream." I particularly enjoyed the analysis of world affairs, although I am still pondering the question as to whether or not our hard-gained economic progress may not be jeopardized by a change of regime. I am fully convinced that "production for use" is our ultimate. As the Prophet says—in gist—"Beware of him who brings only his words to the market-place." Or his stocks and bonds, and his avarice. Surely a more equitable basis of rewards can be worked out whereby he who creates and serves will get fully as great returns as he who delivers a left-hook to the jaw.

Cheyenne, Wyoming

Mrs. N. T.

ADJUSTMENT TO ENVIRONMENT

When we speak of our environment most of us think of only the physical things that surround, effect, and influence us. We know little of the magnetic and spiritual forces, but we are often conscious of psychical and moral influences operating upon us in a manner that would result in harm and injury if we did not exercise our intelligent attributes and seek to control our impulses and emotions; especially, the different phases of anger, fear and vanity stimulated by the destructive agencies and forces within our mental and moral environment. These adverse influences are conceived of as beneficial agencies and forces in our environment by those of us who are seeking improvement through our efforts to control and transmute them until they no longer effect us destructively.

The personalities and agencies in our magnetic and spiritual environment may effect us and influence us harmfully but we have no conscious knowledge of their presence. A man (or woman) in a given situation wants to comply with the demands of the principle of giving and receiving upon the physical plane of action and establish and maintain his independence and security. He has voluntarily accepted assistance so as to earn enough in a material way to release the other party from physical strains that endanger life. He puts forth efforts to earn the benefits received but at times he, or she, is uncertain of results commensurate (in material terms) with the benefits received for his services. He, or she, believes that with the proper co-operation, and willingness to live under less favorable conditions he, or she, can work out a plan that would give them a sense of independence and final self-reliance. But the other party is unwilling to cooperate with such a plan that would make this possible. The hardships to be encountered seem too much for her (or him) to bear.

Tolerance must in such case be practiced, and one finds an opportunity in his own environment to practice it. Concessions have to be made, but if the other party becomes offended and resents any discussion of facts presented, these matters cannot be pressed without physical harm to the one unable to control his impulses and emotions; so the only thing that seems possible is to seek some other means of making an adjustment. But there could be no separation when the other party is depending upon him (or her) for the companionship and support that has been pledged. Should one continue in a state of dependence until a solution satisfactory to both parties can be made? Let the readers express their views on this subject. It has to do with an everyday problem.

Texas

A Teacher. •

Fiction



The Kindly Kiss of Death . . .

Ambro S. Park

(CONTINUED)

SOON JORICE was vividly reminded of her own embroilment with these strange customs. The four love-sick braves were now privileged to introduce themselves to the adored one. And they let no moss grow on their moccasins. First, slaves of custom, they came together and went together: the ethics of OR-OG-AN lovefare demanding that none must seek an initial advantage. To add to the gaiety of races, the custom decreed that all must speak at once, and may the loudest man win! To enhance said gaiety, an audience, the larger the luckier, was deemed fitting; that each smitten one might appeal to his friends for corroboration of his alleged value to society, and for substantiation of his claims to riches. They came that evening after Jorice, and dined and wined—yes, wined upon the fermented juice of the wild plum, than which there is no headier beverage, nor of which none is more capable of raising a ruction of the risibilities.

It seemed to Jorice's enlarged vision that all the people she had seen since leaving the coast, were at the heels of the hopeful four.

"What a time for a census," she giggled to Wa-wa-his-si.

Wa-wa-his-si warned her solemnly, saying, "O Breath of Roses, strangle thy mirth, lest the offended La-lac-an depart anon, leaving thee to giggle at the smiling moon."

"But, ye gods! not Smiling Moon, I hope!"

The seemingly doubled population stopped while yet a little distance away. The gallant four came on with mincing steps and chests blown out with valor, pride and wind. They stopped as one, each slapped his chest, saying his own name and continuing in chorus—

"son of a war . . ."

"Wart," breathed Jorice, swallowing hard.

Wa-Wa-his-si poked her warningly with the ebony wand. Jorice swallowed a quart of air, along with three mosquitoes—

" . . . rior. Big warrior, big hunter. Plenty furs. Plenty fish. Plenty salt. Plenty handsome. Plenty good to su-qua. Like plenty papoose. Got plenty—"

"Nerve," giggled the irrepressible plum wine.

Wa-wa-his-si put an arm around Jorice's throat and gripped it until the giggle turned to a choking cough.

" . . . friends." And each one appealed for support from his friends. It came with a thunderous "Ee-ya-ya!"

Each then displayed trophies of the Battle of the Big Stick: But there were no scalps among them, for that custom came with the Boston men later.

Og-he-he proudly patted a bandaged arm.

On-wi-wi proudly patted a bandaged leg.

And Lo-lo-gur-ra, unwounded, could only scowl as On-zi-zi proudly and innocently patted a bandaged rump, then yawned and rubbed his eyes.

Jorice fell off her seat, holding her throat. Terry gasped, choked, and rushed to Jorice's aid. Louis snorted and pinched his nose. San squealed, and held up a bandaged arm as an alibi, making ferocious grimaces of alleged pain. Wa-wa-his-si turned purple as she tried to bite the ebony wand in two. Jorice murmured, "Oh Mother of Wind, blow me away!" as Terry helped her back to her seat.

Then, with a semblance of decorum re-established, the four antagonists in lovefare stamped away, each trying to out-snort the other.

As the last snort died away, with the dispersing crowd, Jorice gasped Terry's hand, ran with him to the near-by Rouge and plunged in, dragging the astonished Irishman with her. As they hit the water, a great light dawned on Terry. They dove, came up for air, dove again and again. They crawled out and lay on the grass, exhausted of mirth, and they were content, for the sacred customs of the La-lac-an were intact.

"Laughing under water is a fine art," sighed Jorice.

"In wather-colors," chuckled the dripping Terry.

For two days the La-lac-an journeyed up the Rouge

valley, in a north-by-east direction, until they came to the point where the valley ended in a narrow canyon. Here they forded the Rouge and followed a well-beaten trail up the left bank. In places the trail was close to rushing waters; in other places it was high up on the timbered slopes of the Rising Sun mountains, where was had a magnificent view of the Um-ka mountains to the north-west, with a jumble of lesser peaks, canyons and streams between. Coming to a lesser stream that cascaded into the Rouge, they left the Rouge and followed north-east up the Leaping Waters, as Wa-wa-his-si named it, for some hours. Then they left the Leaping Waters by a winding trail that brought them to a heavily timbered plateau, stretching north-eastward in a panorama of forests and meadows, with a background of snow-covered peaks. The plateau sloped upward to the distant peaks, which appeared as isolated cones, with level, open places between. For a day the trail led thru meadows and forests of gigantic pine, fir and spruce. In the timber the lingering snow often impeded their progress. In spots the ground was bare. In other places, where had been huge drifts, were dwindled piles of snow. And here Jorice, unacquainted with the wild harmonies of Nature, was amazed to see lovely flowers blooming beside drifts of snow. Frequently the slender stems were upthrust thru the white blanket, making a dazzling mosaic of pink, blue, yellow and crimson figures on a white background.

"Did you ever see anything so marvelously beautiful?"

"It is characteristic of high country where there is copious rain-fall," replied Louis, "and I've climbed many mountains in search of just such pleasures."

"'Tis almost as pretty as the Lakes av Killarney," conceded the loyal Irishman, as he thoughtfully scratched his crooked nose.

"The OR-OG-AN," said Wa-wa-his-si, "speak of it as 'Lu-tu-a-ra-na-na,' and never molest the blossoms while the snow remains." Wa-wa-his-si scratched her nose with the parrot's beak and went on as if the subject were exhausted: But Jorice grabbed her by the arm, saying, "Nay, nay, thou tantalizing dispenser of lore! Explain instantly, or into the snow thou goest!"

Wa-wa-his-si pretended to resist, saying, "O Breath of Violets, may Wa-wa-his-si keep nothing from thee?" Then she relented, adding, "These things be hard to interpret so that the essence remains: But 'Lu-tu-a-ra-na-na' may be said to mean 'Spirit rising from death' or 'Awakening Spirit.' The reason the blossoms are untouched while the snow embeds them, is that they are 'Infants of Love': and who would destroy Love in its infancy! Love is to be plucked as a mature flower."

San was scratching his head as he contemplated a

cluster of yellow blossoms with their stems clasped by the snow. As Wa-wa-his-si finished, he said, reflectively, "Must be a helluva cold job, laisin' yella flowehs!"

Wa-wa-his-si instantly flashed back, "San, thou adored hero, the most gorgeous yellow blossoms bloom in the pure-as-snow hot-bed of Love!"

"OUCH!" yelled San.

"Touchstone!" laughed Louis.

"Holystones! ehnekled Terry.

"Now will you be good?" giggled Jorice.

That evening they camped in a beautiful spot where a small stream, coming from the north, fell over a low, lava wall and turned sharply eastward, disappearing in a gigantic split in the lava that capped the Rising Sun mountains. This split intersected the ancient bed of the stream, diverting the water from its original path to the Rouge. They dined on young grouse roasted in mud envelopes in the hot coals of oak fires. And they wined on their favorite plum wine. Terry drank sparingly.

As he was about to retire, Or-il-on appeared beneath the tree that Terry had picked for his night's shelter.

Or-il-on noted Terry's love for Jorice. Too, he believed that Jorice loved this handsome Irishman; or that she could love him with little wooing. This did not fit in with the plan he had formed when he first saw this radiant white woman. He was determined that none should possess her save himself. Terry was the only rival he feared, for he felt competent to deal with the braves of his own tribe—even in the last resort to Wa-hu-ya. Masking his evil purpose under the guise of friendliness, Or-il-on greeted the Irishman cordially, saying, "O'Dey, I'm glad your friend Ladore captured the Russian. I'd hate to see you burn in place of that animal, and our laws are very strict: They must be so where we are so loosely federated. Tomorrow we follow this stream thru a deep cleft into the Valley of Fire. Tonight I've sent most of my men ahead to prepare for our coming. Tonight I'm to guard Petroff. I'd like to have your company for a while, if you are not too worn from travel."

Terry smiled as he rose from his bunch of furs, saying, "By the great Nepchoon, an' that's a wathry oath, 'tis me that's far from sleepy. 'Tis a gorgeous night fer a friendly parley, with a little nip now an' thin to keep the banshees away. Lead on, Plum-Duff!"

Petroff was confined in a skin tent some distance from the camp; and thither Or-il-on led the unsuspecting O'Dey.

As they came to Ivan's tent, two braves guarding him were dismissed. Or-il-on opened the flap showing Ivan bound securely. Ivan whimpered and asked for

water, which Terry gave him, saying, "Buck up, man! Ye're not dead yet, au' it's me hopin' ye don't get toasted."

Or-il-on entertained Terry with tales of adventure, washed down with drinks of plum wine, until Terry was mellowed and drowsy. He fought manfully, but finally his head dropped and he slept.

Or-il-on's eyes glowed with triumph. He shook the sleeping man roughly, but Terry slept on. Then Or-il-on went to Ivan and whispered, fiercely, "This is your last chance to live. I have the Irishman's knife. Kill him with his own knife and go! You will burn at the stake if you fail. Do you understand?"

The Russian licked his lips in joy of life reprieved.

Terry slept deeply for a time. Then a strange dream was his. His mother came with outstretched hands, beckoning. He crawled after her into the forest and collapsed in a pool of water when she disappeared.

Or-il-on went and talked with Jorice, Louis and Wa-wa-his-si. As he left them, he said, casually, "Or-og-on with most of the La-lae-an, went on to the Valley of Fire to prepare a welcome. This left me short of men, so I got O'Dey to guard Petroff."

Jorice and Louis were disturbed, but dissembled until Or-il-on was gone. They decided that Louis should join Terry. But, when Louis started, he was stopped by the suave but decisive Or-il-on, saying, "The night air is unhealthy, Ladore. My advice is for you to seek sleep. Do you understand?"

"I understand that I am practically a prisoner, Or-il-on. But Terry must not be left alone to guard Petroff!"

"I will send a reliable brave to his aid," lied Or-il-on, smoothly.

"Thank you! That should suffice. Good night!"

Terry slept uneasily in his bed of cold water. Soon his discomfort roused him from the lethargy of alcoholic sleep. He arose, confused, and wandered for some time before he came to Ivan's tent. Pushing the flap aside, he peered in. The tent was empty. The prisoner was gone. Or-il-on was not to be seen. Terry's brain was shocked into sobriety. The real and the unreal were jumbled in his mind. He thought that he had been left to guard Petroff. He made a lightning decision. Ivan would take the back trail. He would follow, hoping to capture him to protect Louis and himself. He got a blanket, his pistols and rapier and took the trail. He left a note on his bedding, reading, "Petroff escaped me for the same humiliating reason as before. I will bring him back or come back to take his place. God keep you, Jorice! Your penitent Terence."

At dawn, Or-il-on took two warriors to the prisoner's tent. He told them they were to take Petroff to the Valley of Fire. When they found that Petroff

had escaped, Or-il-on pretended a great rage. This turned to real rage when he found that Terry had lived to pursue Ivan, as his note indicated. He ordered six braves in pursuit, with secret orders to kill both men.

As Or-il-on gave Terry's note to Jorice, Wa-wa-his-si's face set in Sphinx-like lines and her eyes glowed, red as the eyes of the parrot whose plumage she stroked, but she said nothing.

Jorice was horrified, Louis was mystified, and San was petrified. San's Oriental mind suspected the truth. Louis asked, "What of the brave you sent to watch with Terry?"

Or-il-on flushed but answered, readily, "When I took him to join O'Dey, O'Dey said he needed no help and would rather be alone."

Jorice was suspicious, but had nothing except her woman's intuition for evidence. Louis would join in the pursuit, but Or-il-on scowled, saying, "You will be held as hostage. You white men are responsible for that Russian dog. If you will give me your word of honor not to attempt escape, I will leave you unbound; otherwise you will be bound as was Petroff."

Louis flushed, but master of himself, he answered, "I will give my word of parole. But I would be of much greater use if allowed to act without restraint. White men never desert a woman in distress. As long as Miss Howard is a *guest* of the La-lae-an, both O'Dey and I will be found not far away, as long as we are free agents."

Jorice was less even-tempered and said, tartly, "Miss Howard feels that she is more prisoner than guest. She is beginning to regret that she did not go to California. She has little sympathy with a custom so savage as to call for the sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty."

Or-il-on smiled broadly and eyed her with the first open sign of admiration he had betrayed, saying, suavely, "Miss Howard is herself entangled in the matrimonial customs of the OR-OG-AN. Until the question of who shall be the happy man to claim her as *su-qua* is settled, she will continue to be the much-admired guest of the La-lae-an, no matter what may happen to the men of her party."

Jorice flushed hotly, retorting, "Miss Howard feels too humble to aspire to a union with a man of such a proud and haughty race as the OR-OG-AN. She will have to content herself with marriage with one of her own people if she ever comes to love one of them, for she would marry no man without love. Tell the four mighty warriors who have honored me, that I was ignorant of their mode of proposal, and that I fed and watered their ponies in ignorance."

Or-il-on bowed, ironically smiling, tho his voice had a cutting edge, saying, "Or-il-on has had evidence of

the high esteem of the white people for the savage La-lae-an. But, even here ignorance is no excuse in law. Miss Howard."

Wa-wa-his-si tapped Or-il-on's shoulder with the parrot wand, saying, reprovingly, "Son Or-il-on has not well learned the lessons of courtesy that his great-great-great-grandmother taught him from infancy. He should curb his haughty spirit. Wa-wa-his-si thinks it best that we be on our way to the Valley of Fire. After all, the Great Chief, OR-OG-ON, has the final say in matters of matrimony as well as of death. Come let us be on our way! In an hour our friends will see many things to dispel their gloomy thoughts."

CHAPTER VIII

They followed the narrow stream eastward into the jaws of a narrow gorge with nearly perpendicular sides, and bottom worn smooth with the flow of waters for many ages. The stream hugged the southern wall and flowed evenly and gently. And yet the narrow slit, with barren lava walls, rapidly grew deeper, until there was a twilight glow, with stars visible in the sky. The murmuring of the water sounded like distance thunder. The voice was echoed and re-echoed in weird diapason chords.

The Lae-lae-an were mute, save where some infant gurgled, or brave spoke to his pony. The shuffling of moccasined feet and clump of unshod hoofs on bare rock, made a gigantic shuffleboard symphony, with rattle-bone accompaniment. Louis, Jorice and Wa-wa-his-si spoke in whispers that were plainly audible. It was left to the irrepressible San to break the eerie spell. Suddenly he laughed aloud and spoke in tones that were like claps of thunder, saying, "San feel alla same like goin' to hell in hand-basket!"

Then pandemonium broke loose as Jorice, Wa-wa-his-si and Louis laughed, and the La-lae-an joined in with sympathetic choruses. And the voices of giants were heard in the land.

For some distance there was stygian darkness, with a faint ribbon of light far overhead. There was a faint glow on the left wall that increased as they approached: a faint sound of falling waters was heard ahead. At the glow point they turned to the right and came out on a level platform in the glare of the morning sun. Behind them reared sheer cliffs; before them was a stupendous marvel of Nature that thrilled them to silent awe. A vast crater, many miles in diameter, with three-thousand-foot walls of sheer rock, lay before their dazzled eyes. The floor of the crater was a paradise of lakes, streams and luxuriant vegetation, with miniature hills, valleys and cinder-cones. Slightly to their left, a mile away, a gigantic cinder cone, clothed in green mantles of trees and grasses, reared its head two thousand feet above them. It sloped

sharply to the floor of the crater, two thousand feet below them. This truncated cone was connected with the platform upon which they stood, by a gigantic lava-rock causeway. The viaduct was two hundred feet wide and fell sheer on both sides for a thousand feet. The stream they had followed, here plunged over the edge of the platform falling straight to the foot of the causeway in ribbons of mist. From there it descended in a series of cascades to the crater floor, emptying into a pear-shaped lake at the feet of the southern wall. The large end of the pear seemed to disappear under this wall. The crater was roughly oval. At the northern end was a crossed-shaped lake. From the lower end of the cross, a broad river emerged, flowing in a gigantic C curve to the center, where it emptied into an oval lake, a mile in diameter. At the lower end of the central crater lake, another broad stream emerged, flowing in a large S curve into the pear-shaped lake at the southern extremity. Back of the tremendous crater cliffs, at irregular intervals, were pointed and rounded peaks of varying heights. These were heavily timbered, the higher ones having bald tops.

But the most amazing thing to the eyes of the strangers to this wonderland, was what flared upon the truncated cone beyond the giant causeway. The top was encircled by a cliff that seemed a mere stone wall at the distance. From the center of the top of this cliff arose a sheet of flame, like a gigantic gas-jet. As they watched, it diminished in volume and spurting to greater heights. Then it died down to a faint bluish purple, shot with rainbow streaks plainly visible in broad daylight.

There were no outbursts of futile admiration.

San had descended from his chair when they came out on the platform. He saw that all of the La-lae-an were kneeling. He touched the entranced Jorice and Louis. Looking back, they saw the kneeling La-lae-an. The three knelt in sympathy.

Wa-wa-his-si, a trifle to the side and before them, seemed lost in a dream of the ages. She had thrown aside her mantle of silver furs and stood, bare to the waist, with arms hanging by her sides. The ebony wand in her left hand dropped with the yellow and green parrot touching the rock at her feet. Her half-closed eyes were fixed on the flaming Spirit of the OR-OG-AN; her bronze face was mobile with fleeting emotions. She closed her eyes, her figure drooped and her chin rested upon her breast, as if her proud spirit were bowing in true humility to a Spirit greater than hers. Slowly she raised her head, straightened her body and flung her arms aloft, crying out, exultantly, "O-la-la, O Lu-tu-a-OR-OG-AN!"

The La-lae-an raised their arms, palms forward, chanting fervently, "O-la-la, O Lu-tu-a-OR-OG-AN!"

And thus they came to the Valley of Fire and the Spirit of the OR-OG-AN.

The rock bench from which the La-lac-an greeting went forth, was roughly semi-circled, with a slight incline from the cliffs to its connection with the causeway. It was about six hundred feet wide and twelve hundred feet long. The stream swirled across this bench in a solid-rock-bed thirty feet wide and six feet deep, but the water was barely three feet deep. Yet no man could have kept his feet in that foaming chute. On both sides of the stream were numerous caves in the cliffs. The caves on the north side had fur curtains concealing them. Here, Wa-wa-his-si explained, lived a perpetual guard of the only entrance to the Valley of Fire.

"This post," she continued, "is a guard of honor and is eagerly sought by the young braves of the La-lac-an. Twelve picked men, with their families, if so be they have *su-quen, serve here for a year, then twelve new ones are selected for the honor."

"But," asked the perplexed Jorice, "where is this guard of honor?"

"O Breath of Lilies," gurgled Wa-wa-his-si, "thy woman's curiosity marks thee a true daughter of Eve. The guard, O Curious Flower, is even now watching us from yon caves, waiting for a signal for their Chief to come forth and greet us. None but he may talk with passing tribesmen. The guards have secret places of watching, and they knew we were friends many minutes before yon Mouth of the Devil spewed us forth. Watch thou and let thy tongue be wrapped in the golden ribbon of Silence."

Wa-wa-his-si made a sign to the observant Or-il-on. He faced about and called sharply, "O-hi, O!"

A skin mat was thrust aside and a splendid young warrior, rigged in the panoply of war, strode forth with haughty mien and asking eyes. Save for war-paint he was ready for battle.

He bowed low to Wa-wa-his-si and spoke with Or-il-on for a moment. As he came to Louis, he tapped his own chest, saying, sonorously, "Or-on-he, a Chief of the La-lac-an, the great-great-great-great grandson of Wa-wa-his-si, greets the Giant of the Big Stick!"

Louis, aware of the ethics of the situation, extended his hand, saying, "I am Louis Ladore, an Englishman; and this is Jorice Howard, the only daughter of John Howard, whose body lies with his ship at the mouth of the Ronge river, while his spirit watches us from above."

Or-on-he nodded in sympathetic assent, as he held Louis's hand in a firm grasp for a moment. Then he clasped the proffered hand of Jorice, saying, "Helen of Troy is welcome to the Valley of Fire! May she learn to love its Fire Spirit!"

*Plural of su-qua.

Or-on-he turned to San, offered his hand, saying, "The yellow brother is welcome to the Valley of Fire! His grand fight to save the Beautiful One makes Or-on-he proud to call him friend."

San Sin was abashed for a moment—a short moment—then he exploded, "San Sin mighty damn plond to meet you, Chief Ol-on-he!"

Or-on-he's laughter was amusedly genuine. He was another Or-il-on in figure, but lacked that truculent Chief's air of disdainful hauteur. It was evident that they were twins, and that this one was Wa-wa-his-si's favorite.

Wa-wa-his-si tapped San's bare chest approvingly, and rubbed the parrot plumes under his nose, as she laid an affectionate hand on Or-on-he's arm, gurgling guilelessly, "Wa-wa-his-si's maiden heart tempts her to tie her best pony before the wigwam of the splendid Chino, Son Or-on-he. Would your eyes be pleased to see the drifting snow of Wa-wa-his-si's head encircled with an aureole of yellow blossoms, like unto the glories of Lu-tu-a-ra-na?"

Or-on-he chuckled as he tapped Wa-wa-his-si's chin softly, saying, "O Wa-wa-his-si, thou silvery fountain of delight! Or-on-he hath long since ceased to marvel at the wonders of thy spirit. Thou wert ever a snarer of men!"

Then Or-on-he said to San, who had sought shelter behind Jorice, "San, you fighting demon, if you love as you fight, no maiden could resist you."

San grinned sheepishly, saying, "San sabe cook heap plenty; sabe fight lika fifty devils, but no sabe laisin' yella blossoms."

And Wa-wa-his-si gurgled in pure delight as the rest laughed.

Or-on-he said to Louis, "The tale of the Big Stick mowing down men as scythes mow grass, will spread amongst the tribes of the OR-OG-AN as fire spreads in a dry forest. It must have been a sight for the gods of war!"

"Doubtless the tale is exaggerated," replied Louis, "for the battle was already won by the La-lac-an and their allies. I but seized the chance to reach the craven Petroff without the killing of men, for I care not to roast at the stake for his crimes."

"But those mighty blows must have crushed skulls as if they were but empty eggshells," protested Or-on-he.

Louis shook his head, saying, "I struck no man in the head save Petroff; and him I did but stun with a gentle tap. I relish not the killing of men, save as a last measure of self-defense."

"Had I the mighty frame and muscles of the Giant, I would have kissed their heads with the war-club," said Or-on-he, grimly.

He smiled upon Jorice, saying, gracefully, "The

beauty of the White Rose from the sea has spread, as the rose dawn of morning, over the OR-OG-AN. And," he added, quizzically, "it seems that four bold braves of the La-lae-an, who even now glower at me, have won equal favor in your eyes; which means that the sleeping custom of Wa-hu-ya is to be awakened."

Jorice flushed at Or-on-he's florid compliment; but her expressive face lost its color at the mention of 'Wa-hu-ya.'

She said, eagerly, "I was ignorant of the customs of the OR-OG-AN, and watered and fed the ponies in innocent friendliness. Will you please explain to them, so this dreadful thing may be avoided?"

Or-on-he shook his head in kindly negation, saying, "The customs of the OR-OG-AN are as fixed as the mount of Shas-ta, and even the Great Chief, Or-og-on, may not set them aside."

Jorice stamped her foot, asking, spiritedly, "But what has Jorice Howard to do with the customs of the OR-OG-AN?"

Or-on-he shrugged his shoulders expressively, saying, "The stranger in the land of the OR-OG-AN is bound by its laws as the OR-OG-AN would be bound in the land of the English. The only way you may avoid the bloodshed of the Wu-hu-ya, is to select one of the four for husband; or have a favored one enter the lists."

"But I want none of the four for a husband," declared Jorice, with rising anger.

"Under the law of the Wa-hu-ya, you must become the su-qua of its survivor," concluded Or-on-he, with kindly firmness.

Jorice was about to blaze forth in passionate defiance, when Wa-wa-his-si intervened, saying, "Calm thyself, O Breath of Tiger-lilies, for the evils of the day become the blessings of the morrow, and kindly time will solve thy puzzles. Bear in mind that a favored one may enter the lists for thy favors. But, come! Let's be on our way to OR-OG-AN-YA, where Or-og-on waits to welcome us."

As they proceeded, Louis pondered much over the fact that a favored one might enter the lists for Jorice's favors. The thought came to him that, as a last desperate measure, he might enter to save Jorice from humiliation. Not that he had any hope that his secret love was returned, but that he might save her for Terry, whom she doubtless loved. He hoped and believed that Terry would return with Petroff as his prisoner. He must bide his time, hoping for a bloodless ending to their various entanglements.

San, who had walked a bit in the last two days, now said he was strong enough to finish the journey afoot. But Louis insisted that he ride a pony, dismounting for occasional walks.

As the cavalcade spread out on the giant causeway,

Wa-wa-his-si pointed out the different features of the novel panorama spread before them. Pointing to the north, where the cross-shaped lake nestled at the feet of gigantic cliffs, she said, "The waters of a lake a sun's journey north, overflow into a narrow gorge and then disappear underground. This lake is higher than the Valley of Fire, and the overflow is discharged from its underground channel thru a flat slit high above Lake of the Cross, and falls into it in a broad sheet. Look closely and you will see the sun reflected on this silvery sheet, and a rainbow in the mists just above the lake."

And it was even so, for, as they focused their eyes on the spot, about four miles distance, they saw a ribbon of flashing water, etched on the umber cliffs, with a curtain of mist arising from the lake and a rainbow limned in the mist. So stupendous was the background of cliffs that no adequate idea could be had of the height or width of the lucent ribbon of water. It was a third of the total cliff height, however.

At the end of the causeway, the flaming Spirit of the OR-OG-AN was half a mile away. Wa-wa-his-si said that no OR-OG-AN, save Or-og-on, had ever ventured closer. Here the trail divided, one beaten path going to the left, the other to the right. They turned right. The trail descended in easy grades, circled half around the giant cone and zigzagged to its eastern foot.

The oval central lake was a deep ultramarine blue, set in a frame of trees and meadows, and encircled with low cliffs, save where the river entered and left it. The river was the same shade of blue.

"What a wonderful harmonic of Nature!" said Louis.

"It is blue enough without added pigment, to paint in water-colors," responded Jorice.

"Hi-yu! Alla same blue enough to wash clothes," added San.

"What a thoughtful husband you would make!" gurgled Wa-wa-his-si, peeking San's arm with the parrot beak.

"Hells bells!" muttered San, subsiding.

At the foot of the cone the trail pointed straight for Crater Lake. Their journey ended in a grove of trees on the banks of the lake. Here, in a wigwam framed with poles and stuccoed with colored clays, Or-og-on greeted them, saying, "Welcome to the Valley of Fire! Rest and eat! We will chatter over the wine of friendship."

Lo-lo-ta led the weary Jorice to a warm spring bath, in a secluded nook, chattering hospitably.

In the darkness of the early night they sat in rustic chairs, facing the flaming Spirit of Fire, sipping the wine of wild fruits and subdued by the flaming spectacle.

The Spirit of the OR-OG-AN was behaving in an interesting manner, as if conscious of its place of honor in the center of the stage. It faded away to a small semi-circle, with golden perimeter and bluish-green heart; flared into an enormous fan, with ribbons of purple, blue, green and yellow, tipped with orange streamers and threaded with snakey crimson ribbons that writhed from top to bottom. This lasted several minutes: Then the fan began to close, to recede, to resolve itself into fewer colors, until, a ghost of its former splendor, it was but a sickly yellow jet of gas.

Conversation had ceased during this vivid display. Now Louis, drawing a long breath of satisfaction, asked Or-og-on, "How long has the Spirit of the OR-OG-AN been burning?"

"It was burning many generations before Gaston Piequet ventured down into the Valley of Fire, and he passed to the land of Spirits many generations before Or-og-on first opened his mouth to squall for the maternal breast. The Spirit of the OR-OG-AN was so named in stories hoary with the moss of ages."

Jorice asked, "O Or-og-on, why is the central lake such a deep blue, while the smaller lakes are light green?"

Or-og-on stroked his chin thoughtfully, replying, "Crater Lake and Crater River go down into the heart of the mountain below the reach of fifty ropes. Deep water is darker than shallow water. And the high walls make it appear still darker. Why the Great Spirit made these holes and how He made them: why the Spirit of Fire burns on, Or-og-on knows not. Yet they comfort him and he watches them with hushed spirit."

Later Louis and Jorice were left alone with the Fire Spirit, and it fascinated and soothed them. Only the thought of the errant Terry pained them. As they separated for the night, Jorice said, sighingly, "I hope Terry gets back safely with Petroff, for he is very dear to me."

And Louis, with a slight contraction of the heart, responded sincerely, "For your sake, more than my own. I want to see him back with Ivan."

CHAPTER IX

Jorice and Louis were eager to explore this enchanting Valley of Fire, but were uncertain of Louis' status as hostage so they went to Or-og-on for information. It was a clear morning in July. The valley was an enchanting panorama of hills, cones, streams, forests, meadows, flowers and blooming shrubs. The tremendous cliffs made a dark-umber background. Over all was arched the bluest of blue skies. The depth of the crater added pigment to the sky as well as to the lake, and gave it the appearance of a monster, ultra-marine, translucent lid set over a mighty kettle of the gods.

They found Or-og-on hoeing in a vegetable and

flower garden near his wigwam. He was in his favorite costume of trunks and moccasins, and his supple body moved with the grace of a Greek god in action. He greeted them with upraised palms. His mellow, resonant voice soothed the ears, as he said, smilingly, "Or-og-on and his garden give you greetings, friends! His spirit tells him that you have something to say to Or-og-on. His ears are open!"

Jorice was in native costume of short skirt, sleeveless tunic and moccasins. Her long, lustrous hair was hanging to her knees, unconfined, save for a chaplet of wild-flowers with a large, crimson blossom at her forehead. Her face was bronzed. Her liquid black eyes were glowing with health, yet they held hints of a troubled spirit. She was trying to live up to her father's last request, "Keep a brave heart and a smiling face," but it was difficult to keep smiling when a terrible death menaced one of her dear friends. And she was dismayed over her embroilment with the matrimonial customs of the La-lac-an. However, she spoke cheerfully, saying, "Greetings to Or-og-on and his garden! This is such a peaceful, beautiful scene, it seems hard to realize that death hovers over one of my friends."

Louis, also in native dress, said, cheerfully, "Greetings, Or-og-on! Your spirit spoke truly, for we would like to know just how much of a prisoner I am. We would like to explore this Valley of Fire. Am I free to do so?"

Or-og-on's face grew grave as he replied, "Ajax, you are free to come and go, here in this valley. You could not escape as long as there is a guard at Devil's Mouth, for these cliffs are unscalable. Or-og-on hopes you will make your first trip to the Fire Spirit, for he is eager to know more about it. But, perhaps Ajax's moccasins are as timid as the moccasins of Or-og-on?"

Louis laughingly shook his head, saying, "I have no fear of the Fire Spirit. I am very curious about it. Tomorrow we will make the ascent. We would like to have you with us."

Or-og-on grimaced wryly, saying, "Or-og-on will go as far as the low cliffs beneath the Fire Spirit, for there is good running-away from there. His moccasins say he must not climb the rocks."

Back at Jorice's wigwam, they found Wa-wa-his-si, with a basket of fresh fruit and a message that Jorice would have visitors within the hour. More she would not say, tho Jorice questioned her artfully. Then Jorice thought of something else to ask.

"O Wa-wa-his-si, you have not told me what Or-il-on means!"

Wa-wa-his-si smiled wryly, saying, "OR, the sun: IL, proud-haughty; ON, man: Haughty Sun Man!"

"It fits him perfectly! Now Or-on-he comes next," said Jorice.

Wa-wa-his-si smiled fondly, saying, proudly, "OR, the sun; ON, man; HE, smiling: Smiling Sun Man. Is he not handsome, Breath of Breezes?"

Jorice smiled banteringly, saying, "Wa-wa-his-si, he is a regular La-lae-an Apollo. I might consider him, where the other four braves do not appeal to my heart."

"But he is to take a maiden of the Wa-ka-na-si-si-an for su-qua, at the harvest festival. She is a daughter of the Chief of the Wa-ka-na-si-si-an," Wa-wa-his-si hastened to answer.

Jorice laughed and pinched Wa-wa-his-si's arm, saying, teasingly, "Let the Wa-ka-na-si-si-an maiden beware or her lover may fall into a strange snare!"

While they were laughing and bantering, there came five gorgeously bedecked braves, riding their ponies. Jorice saw the smiling face of Og-he-he, the pinched face of On-wi-wi, the yawning mouth of On-zi-zi, the scowling visage of Lo-lo-gur-ra and the haughty mask of Or-il-on. She gasped, murmuring, "Sweet spirit of Venus! What means this parade of La-lae-an warriors?"

Wa-wa-his-si gurgled, "Son Or-il-on hath fallen a victim before the flashing shafts of thy lovely eyes, O Breath of Orchids. Thank the stars thy head is free from the fumes of wild-plum wine, for thou must keep the face of a monk at prayer."

But there was no need of the friendly warning, for Jorice, realizing the import of the visit, felt a surge of impatience akin to anger. Her anger was tinged with fear as she felt the tightening bonds of OR-OG-AN custom. So it was a sober-faced Jorice that saw Or-il-on dismount and tie his pony to the nearest tree, while the other four suitors watched him jealously.

Or-il-on, forbidden by custom to address Jorice directly, saluted Louis, saying, "A word with you, Mister Ladore!"

Louis, always master of himself, smothered a tinge of resentment, saying, "Greetings, Or-il-on! What may your pleasure be?"

Or-il-on bowed slightly, saying, stiffly, "Or-il-on has entered the lists of the Wa-hu-ya for the hand of Jorice Howard: To its survivor, she is the lawful prize." The last sentence he spoke distinctly, slowly, and with a slight raise of voice. Then he bowed, turned and strode away haughtily, accompanied by his mounted rivals. Every word was distinctly heard, so Louis was saved a repetition of Or-il-on's message.

Flushed and angry, Jorice turned to Wa-wa-his-si, asking, "Wa-wa-his-si, what am I supposed to do now, that I may fall no deeper in the pit of barbarian customs?" Her voice was acid.

"O Breath of Peppermint, if Or-il-on's light shines

brighter in thine eyes than the light of the others, put a garland of flowers about the neck of his pony and lead him to feed and water." answered Wa-wa-his-si, as she calmly rubbed her cheek with the parrot's head.

Jorice smiled wryly, saying, "Wouldst thou accept Blast of Peppermint as the great-great-great-great granddaughter of Wa-wa-his-si, with open arms?"

"Indeed so, Breath of Mischief! But, if all are equal in thine eyes, then lead Or-il-on's pony to water and feed, forgetting the garland of flowers. Then must his fate be decided by the test of Wa-hu-ya. If, perchance, Or-il-on's light shines dimmer than the light of others, then feed nor water not his pony. He will then be denied all right of contest, a most humiliating disgrace."

There was more than a suspicion of "peppermint" in Wa-wa-his-si's last sentence, which did not escape the sensitive ears of Jorice. She said, soothingly, "Or-il-on is a proud and handsome man, far above the others in my esteem, but I love him not, so I cannot marry him. I hate to subject him to the hazards of the Wa-hu-ya in a hopeless cause. Nor would I humiliate him by seeming to place him below the others in my favor."

Wa-wa-his-si turned to San, saying, sentimentally, "San, beloved, the chickens are squawking for feed. Come with me, my hero!"

She smiled kindly upon Jorice, adding, "Perchance Agamemnon may show thee the light of an easy trail, O Flower with Veiled Eyes!" She pecked Louis' head with the parrot beak and drifted away with San, gurgling throatily.

As soon as Jorice was certain that Wa-wa-his-si was beyond hearing, she exploded, "Damn these strange customs!" Then she heaved a mighty sigh of relief and smiled up at Louis, who was saying, "I find them amusing, instructive, and highly entertaining, Jorice."

"May thy mirth increase when Wa-wa-his-si and other maids of the La-lae-an tie their favorite ponies to the knob of thy door, thou heartless tantalizer of a maid in distress!"

"Wa-wa-his-si sees many things to which thine eyes are blind, O Breath of Hearts-ease," retorted Louis, gaily.

"Wa-wa-his-si's fanciful names have turned the head of the bookish Mister Ladore, I fear," returned Jorice, uncomprehendingly. Then she added, "Is your serenity impregnable, Deep Waters? Have you no word of council for a sorely perplexed woman?"

"Your dilemma is tri-horned, Jorice. Why not grasp the middle horn, feed and water Or-il-on's pony and leave the outcome to the soothing touches of time? Perchance a sixth, and more acceptable suitor, may

appear upon the matrimonial horizon, and your troubles dissolve in air. Terry may be back any day."

"O you Man in the Moon!" said Jorice, mockingly.

"I believe he is nearer, tho he may be 'moon-struck'," replied Louis, quietly.

The next day they delved into the mysteries of the Fire Spirit. Taking San, and accompanied by Or-og-on, Or-il-on and Wa-wa-his-si, they rode ponies to the intersection of the giant causeway and the Peak of Fire. Here Or-il-on and Wa-wa-his-si remained, while Or-og-on went with them to the foot of the cliffs that barred access to the Fire Spirit. Louis carried a coiled rawhide rope; San had a skin canteen of water; Jorice carried an emergency kit containing bandages, unguents and cold-cream.

It was a steep climb from the causeway to the foot of the cliffs surrounding the Fire Spirit. Or-og-on frankly admitted that his moccasins were filled with snow, and declined to go further. They found a narrow crevice, easily climbed, and soon stood at the edge of a crater eight hundred feet in diameter and two hundred feet deep. In the center of the crater was a gigantic rock nipple, four hundred feet higher than the crater floor, and easily climbed. It was flat on top; and, from its crest, the Fire Spirit was flaming a hundred feet in air, with the soft, crooning sound of a thousand cooing doves.

Louis and Jorice had observed that the rise and fall of this giant flame had a variant regularity; that is, the periods of high and low were usually of the same length. The flame was now about a tenth of its maximum volume, and was slowly diminishing. A few minutes later, they were able to approach within fifty feet of a low, bluish flame, coming from a slit in the rock, a foot wide and ten feet long.

Louis, eager to get a closer look, fastened the rope around his waist, gave the other end to San, and edged forward. He reached within twenty feet and got one glimpse of rainbow colors in the vent, when there came a spurt of flame in his face. His hair was singed and his face severely burned. He sprang backward, caught his heel in a rock crevice and sprawled on his back. The fumes were sickening. For a moment he was half-conscious and helpless. With a cry of alarm, Jorice tugged with San at the rope and dragged Louis back to safety.

"Hotty Hell! Flend Louis face alla same boiled lobsta!"

Louis gulped water from the canteen, while Jorice bathed his head. Then she got unguents and cold-cream from the kit and smeared them liberally over his face, neck and head.

"Great Algernon! Those are gorgeous colors in the

lining of that vent. But that Spirit kiss was too hot for comfort."

"You should have thought of that and protected your face," scolded Jorice.

"Even flend Louis sometime blunda lika hell," added San, seriously astonished at the burst of glee from Jorice and the hearty laughter of Louis.

"I'm going to see those wonderful colors," declared Jorice. She took the blanket and cut two slits for eye-holes. She poured some water in a rock basin and soaked the blanket around the eye-holes. San tied the rope around her waist. She held the blanket as a shield and approached the brooding Fire Spirit, getting within ten feet, where she stood entranced at the dazzling colors. She tried to get closer, but the hot rock was burning her feet. She ran back, stepping high, and stood in the little water left in the basin, heaving an explosive sigh of relief. San guffawed and Louis laughed, saying, "That was a perfect example of hot-footing it, Jorice."

"And you are a perfect example of hot-facing it," retorted Jorice, as she removed her moccasins and tenderly cold-creamed her blistered feet.

"File Spilit sneak up on Jolice lika jealous woman," said San seriously.

They dared tarry no longer so close to the uncertain flame. They retreated—painfully on Jorice's part. Louis wanted to carry her, but she protested, saying, "No! The La-lac-an must never know that I suffered injury by the Fire Spirit. My prestige would be gone for good."

They were soon back with the others. Their movements had been watched with awed superstition by many La-lac-an, who expected that the daring ones would be consumed by the angry Goddess. When they saw that Louis was severely burned, while Jorice, apparently, was unharmed, Or-og-on said, with solemn conviction, "The Fire Spirit is a woman. Only a woman understands her secrets. It is good!"

And Jorice kept the secret of her blistered feet; but she was glad to have a pony to ride back to Or-og-an-ya.

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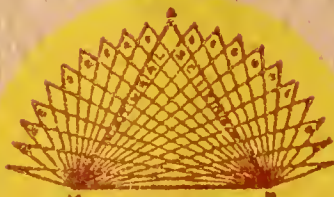
The Great Eternal Will

Ella Wheeler Wilcox



*There is no noble height thou canst not climb;
All triumphs may be thine in Time's futurity,
If, whatso'er thy fault, thou dost not faint or halt;
But lean upon the staff of God's security.*

*Earth has no claim thy soul cannot contest;
Know thyself part of the Eternal Source,
Naught can stand before thy spirit's force,
The Soul's divine inheritance is best.*



The Philosophy of Individual Life