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THE PHILOSOPHY OF  
INDIVIDUAL LIFE

YOU

*An Individual Intelligence!*

A Tangible Material World

Outwitting Arthritis

Blunders, Errors, Mistakes

"Judge Not"

Transition

The Pyramid of Character

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

# TO YOU!

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



Volume 7

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# To You . . .

## Just You

### A Tangible, Material World

**A**MONG church-going people and cultists in general one hears much glib talk of the hereafter, the future life, the spiritual world, and the celestial plane. It usually is of a hazy nature, indefinite, flowery and idealistic; seldom is there any concept expressed indicative of a tangible, livable, material and practical world to which people go when the physical one is left behind. Comparatively few individuals think of the future life as in a country where their fellowmen and women live and work, who are of approximately the same degree of development as they, and who are making the same struggle for happiness among numerous other citizens. Usually it is thought of as a mysterious place where the inhabitants are perfect, and a goal of perfection is set to which they attain (at least in their minds) before they reach that other world, that they may take their places among the perfect ones. Many strive to become perfect over night, still knowing how very imperfect they are, how many weaknesses they have failed to control, how many small acts they do, knowing they are wrong. But they go smiling on their way, content in their lofty ideas of the hereafter. When once an Individual grasps the idea and reaches a realization of the tangible, material, natural condition of the spiritual world and people, his entire outlook on life and living changes, for he then begins to build with a view to taking his normal place in that material world of higher vibration and greater refinement. His entire activities become keyed to that new note in his life.

One of the important activities of physical living is the cultivation of *friends*. An Individual in the course of his work and play meets numerous people and makes many acquaintances, some of whom appeal to one phase of his make-up, others to another, and some not at all. He meets them and passes them by. Out of the many he chooses a very few who fit into his scheme of life harmoniously and in a manner to add to his general enjoyment and contribute to his individual progress. These few he cultivates to form a friendship; they are invited into his home, they share his confidence; they participate in his joys and sorrows, his failures and successes. He learns to know them intimately, and they enter thus into his life; they know each other's faults and weaknesses, and are patient and tolerant with them, and they appreciate and understand the finer points of character. They have a good time together—all of which adds to the beauty and pleasure and value of physical life.

When once such friendships are built and established, the participants make a continued effort to be worthy of them, to maintain and strengthen them; and as the years pass by, a beautiful bond is created and constructed that withstands all the winds of gossip, adversity, and even separation.

The same condition exists in the spiritual material world. Each Individual as he travels to that world will meet numerous people, make many acquaintances, and from among the many he will choose a few friends; the degree of their development, the extent of their refinement, the status of their educa-



tion will depend upon his own status—he will attract, and be attracted to, people of his own standard of living and soul status that he has built and constructed during his journey to that point.

During your present lifetime You probably have met hundreds or thousands of people. The majority You probably do not care to meet again. There may be many whom You would like to meet again and know better, but time is not available for that. On the other hand, how many of them have made You uncomfortable, nervous, and irritable, without knowing why? These You do not care to meet again or have them enter into your life. You study all these people, respond to the harmony or inharmony of the association, and make your choice among them. All of this signifies that You are searching for the association and environment which will prove harmonious and constructive to You.

No doubt You have met men and women far advanced intellectually whom You admire and respect, yet they would not be chosen as friends or constant associates, because their enjoyments are not yours, their moral standards are not yours, their ideals are different.

It is pleasant to meet people of high intellectual development who can discuss and discourse on subjects which are of interest to you. But when the conversation and discussion transcends your understanding and knowledge to the extent that You are incapable of following them into their realm, after a time You lose interest. You then seek the association of some person of your own kind and state of development who talks your language and meets You on equal ground. You do this in the physical world; You will do the same in the spiritual among the spiritual people. Life would become very trying if You were compelled to associate always with people who talked a different language, dwelt in different intellectual realms, and enjoyed pleasures which had no appeal for You. Such association would be very unsatisfactory. Under the law of Attraction such condition never exists for long—all Individuals seek their own equals

as water ever seeks its own level, whether they be in the physical material world or the spiritual material one.

What kind of environment and what type of people will You fit in with when You reach that world? Have You given it conscious and studied consideration? Time is passing and character cannot be built in a day; neither can perfection be reached in a lifetime; but great strides can be made toward both when attention and effort are rightly directed.

As an experience, look back over your life to the people with whom You have been associated. Regardless of relationships and ties, which among them would You choose as intimate friends and associates when You reach the spiritual material world? Be honest with yourself now—whom among those already passed on, and those still here, would You greet and hold with a cry of joy in your soul? Would You choose the same husband, the same wife, the same children, the same parents and friends? Never mind shrinking from the answer—it remains your secret and that is your privilege as an Individual. No disloyalty is involved in the act whatsoever; by the time You actually reach the spiritual world You and they all may have made radical changes which would alter the various associations and attractions.

There are in the human kingdom people who work into an emotional jag when they think of the spiritual world and environment and vow they will lift themselves up by the bootstraps, so to speak, in order to improve their condition there over what it is here and not be forced to associate with their present companions. For a time they strive hard and feel very good and are sure that several steps up have been taken. But alas, comes the slump; the emotionalism wears and tears, depletes the energy, wearies the nerves, and down they go into the dumps of the what-is-the-use attitude. While the emotional jag was on they thrilled and delighted, were sure they could continue on their righteous way indefinitely until the

migration had taken place and they were located in the marvellous environment, among wonderful people, just as they had envisioned they would be.

It is just as well that the tempo retards, for when they return to a normal state these people have time to think, to rationalize, to get their bearings, and start again on a saner, more wholesome basis of reality. But until such time as they have progressed in their development to the point where emotionalism is under control, these spurts of goodness and unbalanced effort are bound to occur. The main point is, *if* You happen to be one of this class of people, that You do not slump too far and remain slumped too long. In other words, as the current phrase says—"Don't let it get you down."

There are many fantastic ideas advanced about the future life—you know, golden stairs, harps, sitting at the right hand of God, joyous living, freedom from self, a cleansing of all one's weaknesses, etc., all of which is aimed at the emotional side of human nature, to appeal to and stimulate it, so the Individual will make greater effort to live a better life. But the better life built on the foundation of emotional stimulation is not permanent; only when it is built on the solid foundation of intelligent understanding, rational action and personal knowledge can the wholesome life and living persist consistently. A clear-cut understanding and acceptance of the normalcy, practicality and beauty of the spiritual material world in which one can live and work in the environment harmonious to himself, among harmonious friends and associates constitutes a solid foundation for consistent better living. With all mystery removed, all fantastic statements forgotten, and all elaborate word paintings dissipated, that is what the spiritual material world is—a normal, practical, livable place wherein people live and work, play and progress as in the physical world, but in a higher vibration and with greater opportunities.

There is a satisfying, comfortable and warm

feeling which is legitimate to every one who has gained control over a habit or weakness or characteristic that blemishes the Soul. It comes as the compensation for effort made toward progress and advancement. It also comes when one has made an effort on behalf of others without thought of reward. The feelings are legitimate—something earned—and act as an urge to further effort. It is thus that progress and growth take place, and refinement, too, as the coarser pleasures drop away and the appreciation of the finer vibrations develop. So one by one broader vistas of the Soul unfold as the traveler wends his way along the pathway which leads onward and upward into the Light of Spiritual Life and Activity.

If you have reached the point where You are dissatisfied with your present environment and associates because of the coarse, crude vibrations, You may know that You are ready for advancement to a higher and more refined vibration through your own efforts. You are prepared for the next step. Have no fear about taking it. You have earned it and deserve it. The strides You take in this world will set your stride for the next world.

It is easy for people to speculate on the spiritual world and of how they will be saved and blessed when they arrive there; but You know better—You know that You can only be saved and blessed through your own efforts, and that the joys of the spiritual world are wholly dependent upon *your own self*. There is no mystery or miracle about it; all is according to Law and Order. As You put forth effort, so shall You achieve results.

Look ahead. The past constitutes the experiences by which You can choose those environments and people that You have enjoyed and by which You have profited, as well as those which have had the opposite effect on You. Through a study of them You are able to make your deductions and conclusions as to your future life, environment and associates when You become a dweller in the spiritual world of Tomorrow where the vibrations are higher and the refinement is greater.



# The Pyramid of Character



William J. Candlish

**W**HATEVER our station in life may be, the fact has been repeatedly borne upon our minds that there is a great dearth of definiteness as to practical ways and means for the development of strong and well balanced character. If we look for example to the wisest of our race, we are met with fresh proof that man is mortal and full of error. Moral codes and religious systems contain the essentials in the aggregate but to the few only is it given to extract therefrom the cardinal virtues in particular. Were one wise enough to extract them for himself, then also were he great enough to have little need of their instruction. Of theory there is a great sufficiency; of precept an abundant ocean; the most prevalent vice of the age is advice; but where shall we turn for a practical standard of living which shall afford us a working code for the development, elevation and cultivation of that nature which is implanted in each of us?

The finer forces need educating as well as the body or the mind. As a current of water rushes through its channels unlogged by obstacles, so one's finer soul forces should be permitted to find all the channels of expression perfectly free.

The human attributes should be put under perfect control—such discipline that in their exercise there shall be perfect freedom: wherein one's self is free from one's self, no longer the serf of the law, but the vehicle of the law's expression so perfect that its manifestation becomes a part of one's being.

The great elements that make up character are not newly discovered; they have existed through all time, but in order to acquire them, it is necessary for each of us to make them his own by individual effort. The elements of mathematics, or any other form of knowledge, is taught alike to thousands, each of whom by earnest application, must make the learning his own before any benefit is derived. In like manner as he thus acquires, is he benefited. The great forces of nature have always been ready for use, but yield only to the most strenuous endeavor and ceaseless application of human energy. To be utilized, they must be sought for, fought for and applied.

If we desire to build character, we must proceed along the same lines and after the same manner as though it were some special faculty we wished to develop. If we were desirous of acquiring music, it would be necessary to secure the services of an accomplished teacher, and then by diligent application and painstaking toil gradually acquire the art. A trained voice is a wonderful accomplishment but can only be acquired in the same painstaking manner. Physical perfection is acquired only by systematic exercise. Character likewise is the result of growth and training and may be as readily acquired.

Character is the philosophy of expression, the revelation of the inward thought through the outward agencies. Everything we produce is merely the form of what exists in our mind. Every stroke of the artist's brush is made within ere it glows on the canvas. Each act of life, good or evil, is but the outer reverberation of the forces within. Our thoughts and impulses are the forces; our acts the effects; our character the resultant.

A standard or definite working code, is therefore essential. As an architect plans beforehand the details of a handsome edifice, so must we construct the perspective of the composite structure known as character. Each stone used in building must be selected, marked out, hewed and fitted for its appropriate place. The work from day to day must proceed in strict conformity with the plans and specifications else the structure will be full of flaws, if indeed it proceed to completion at all.

But will the study of these rules and formulae make one mechanical? No. Why should it? All perfection presupposes rules, methods and mechanism: All genuine art is created by infinite technique, which is merged and lost in the art.

A man is never thoroughly taught until he has forgotten how he learned. One walks without thinking how he learned; one speaks correctly without thought of the rules of phrasing. The mechanism of conscious effort soon becomes the antonym of unconscious action. Mechanical expertness precedes and makes possible the perfection of art. The great musicians have attained their high powers only through the

slavery of mechanical labor, yet their efforts are in no sense mechanical.

The skillful surgeon, the propound thinker, all follow and give great heed to the mechanism of their labor, yet none are so free from mechanical thought as they.

One may study and practice every point of character given in various volumes, until by sufficient preparatory work in getting control of capabilities, they have become part of his being, with full assurance and consciousness that in the very degree he has succeeded, is he free from anything mechanical.

Do we consider the blossoming into beauty of a rose mechanical because we soften and moisten the sod through which it must force itself into being? We make the soil flexible and fertile for the tender rootlets, as we aim to make the clay of which we are made plastic to the emotions of the soul.

Beneath the rind of this mechanism dwells the life; and through these tangible forms that life must and shall be revealed.

To the searcher after true character Natural Science offers suggestions in the capacity of guide or interpreter, assuring him that by the acceptance thereof he will avoid many years of labor in clearing away the driftwood of confusion that has so long been a barrier to those whose time and opportunity have not been ample for the task.

I feel assured that those who study "The Philosophy of Individual Life" for the purpose of making its principles their own, will find it to be the very key of success and happiness. The study is a charming one, and I doubt not but that it will readily commend itself as the first inkling of knowledge draws on the inquiring mind. And as portal after portal is passed in the unfolding of knowledge, the subject will grow intensely interesting, until desire shall have become infatuation and your very life blood will tingle with its peculiar but pleasurable sensations.

Notwithstanding assertions to the contrary there is a royal road to success but it is trod only by the self made Kings and Queens of the race. To travel on this royal road requires only one password "Mastery," and in exact proportion as one possesses this may he hope to breathe from his life those finer perfumes that create a pleasant atmosphere about him. The highest power is mastery and the highest mastery is self mastery the perfection of which expresses itself in the perfect repose of noble character.

The object then of a character student's endeavor is to gain that perfect mastery of self of which repose is the emblem.

It follows almost as an axiom that this perfection is only to be found in symmetrical and evenly balanced development. This is at once the great requirement

and the great lack of humanity. The vast majority of people are not symmetrically developed. While much thought and training has been expended upon their development, certain points, and often times an entire side of their character has remained uncultivated, with the result that the growth is erratic. In slight degree, we simply note the discord in what would otherwise be harmony; in excess, it produces eccentricity.

Even among our best people this uneven development is strongly marked. Awkward growth is always an exerescence. Cranks, bigots, enthusiasts all merit approval of their strong qualities, but none of them are ever called upon to do more than agitate. They are not well balanced. They handicap and retard more frequently than assist the cause they support. We admire the Puritan forefathers for their virtues, yet cannot deny that they saw and developed but one side of character.

However much we may admire genius, its fullmeed of praise we can never accord where its brilliancy is marred by the disfigurement of eccentricity. History is replete with instances where the highest honors have been withheld from capable individuals simply because of some abnormality which caused their fellowmen to distrust their general fitness for the highest trusts. A mediocre constant is far preferable to an erratic genius.

On the great plains of Egypt, pointing through countless centuries their great capstones to the sky: builded we know not how by generations forgotten before recorded history began; destined to survive centuries after the generations which now gaze upon them are likewise forgotten, stand the great Pyramids.

So on the great plains of life, at once the wonder and admiration of beholders, their mighty angles ever suggesting higher attributes and attainments, stand the great characters of the world.

A well balanced character is a strong citadel, a pyramid of strength and durability. Like the pyramid it has four walls thus presenting a square front as we approach from either of the four sides of human nature.

The strenuous side, the great working force that manifests the hidden qualities and presses through all obstacles to the goal.

The ambitious side, providing the fires that furnish and support the motive power.

The serious side, which directs the forces that nothing is lost, shaping all our efforts to the accomplishment of some practical good.

The aesthetic side, which enables us to enjoy the beauties of life as we journey through it broadening and expanding our natures and assimilating all that is best from our contacts.



These walls are built of solid granite taken from the quarries with great labor, carried with infinite toil and patience along the highway of life and thoroughly tested as to desirable qualities.

While in transit this material is marked out and worked upon, the undesirable and useless cut away, until when finished the hewed stone is fitted into its proper place in the Pyramid of Character to abide for all times.

Work is begun and carried on upon all four sides at once. A house cannot be built of one wall, nor do good mechanics erect one side at a time. If our structure is to be symmetrical and permanent, it must be built upon a solid foundation, and rise equally in all its parts. Thus each stone, well placed, strengthens and supports the rest, and with them, forms a perfect whole.

The foundation is built of determination, the unchanging adamant that supports any weight and defies all attack. Unless it is properly constructed the building falls ere it is completed or stands crumbling upon the sands.

Perseverance is the cement with which the materials are united into a perfect whole. Like the foundation, it must be carefully composed and applied, or an imperfect structure is the result. We are building for all time, and must use none but the finest materials and workmanship.

We thus erect a most constructive harmony of architecture of common material uncommonly well used. All the virtues and attributes have their elevations, and integrity runs through all from foundation to capstone, the granite of the whole structure.

So we may see the merits of each stone, but we must not forget that it takes all of them to make the pyramid.

Genius, power and capability of originality in the exercise of any art spring from a mastery of the principles that underlie that art, the mastery of the root ideas.

You will find three stages of development. First, you must master the principles of this philosophy. Second, there will be a period during which you will consciously apply those principles; third, as a result of habitual application, you will apply them spontaneously and unconsciously.

The master does not think of what he is doing; his method is so thoroughly part of himself as to make the action appear to flow spontaneously, as water from a fountain.

To accomplish this requires labor. But all perfection requires labor. Days, weeks, months of daily practice will be necessary ere one can say that the pyramid is complete.

As we journey to and from the quarries, we shall

proceed along a time worn, well beaten path, a path traveled perhaps by every individual who peruses these pages. But the beauties of that pathway lie hidden to the casual observer. When we have travelled this pleasant and soul enchanting route for years, having retraced our footsteps many, many times and become more familiar with its objects of interest and beauty and recognize numerous land marks well known as the scenes of arduous labor, soul trying experience and the sweets of victory, we shall feel well repaid for our efforts. When once we have completed the pyramid, we shall find it impregnable. We would not choose to live outside its walls, and the dweller therein is superior to the world both in sunshine and in shadow. He is master of himself and of his environments.



## Youth

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.

—Anonymous.



# Are You Word Shy?



## Blunders --- Errors --- Mistakes

**B**LUNDERS, errors and mistakes cover a vast field in the lives of human beings. Think of it for a moment—there is not a living human being who is free from them in a lifetime. This category of human activity is common to all peoples, in one form or another. The majority of people are shy and embarrassed when their blunders, errors and mistakes are exposed to the scrutiny of others. Every effort is made to conceal them; when this is not possible, then is the time for understanding, sympathy, and encouragement, on the part of friends, relatives, and companions.

There is something humorous connected with the three words. When thinking of them there is a subtle, irresistible desire to smile, or even laugh. A blundering character in a book, picture or play, one who is always blundering about in rooms and situations, never fails to elicit a laugh from the audience. The blunderer in a recent picture who stepped on the train of the leading woman's evening gown, tearing it from its moorings and exposing the lady's underdress, completely upset the audience into a prolonged and wild laugh. The idea of the proverbial "bull in the china shop"—which is nothing more or less than the blunderer—is always amusing to one whose sense of humor is developed to any extent.

An error is not as funny as a blunder, yet it too can be very humorous. For instance, one individual holds to an idea which definitely is erroneous. Another individual endeavors to explain the error, but makes slight headway because of the first person

trying to convert the second to his own erroneous idea. He uses words and words and words, with the result that a comedy takes place.

Is there anything more ludicrous than an innocent individual who is constantly involved in mistakes? Does it not stimulate your risibilities?

Yet there are other aspects to this category of words and acts than those which are conducive to humor. Grave tragedy can follow blundering, and heavy trouble can result from errors, just as disruption and heartache can follow in the wake of mistakes. Because of this, and because of the common occurrence of them in all human lives, is well to study Webster's differentiations of meaning which are interesting and instructive.

*Blunder: n.* Confusion; disturbance. obs. 2. a gross error or mistake, resulting from mental confusion or blindness, carelessness, stupidity, or ignorance. *v. t.* To mix, to mingle confusedly; to roll, muddle, also to derange. 2. To cause to blunder. 3. To utter awkwardly, stupidly or blunderingly—usually with *out*, as, he blundered out an apology. 4. To do or treat blunderingly; to bungle. *v. i.* To move in an awkward, clumsy manner; to flounder and stumble. 2. To act blindly; to make a serious error or commit a fault through ignorance, stupidity, overconfidence, or mental confusion.

*Error: n.* Belief in what is untrue, the state of holding such belief, or an instance of it; as, honest error is no sin; to stand in, or be led into error. 2. A moral offense; violation of duty; a sin of transgression; iniquity,

fault. 3. An act involving a departure from truth or accuracy; a deviation from, or failure to achieve, the right course or standard; a mistake; as, an error in spelling, interpretation, calculation, taste, etc. Also there are mathematical errors, baseball errors, and, in fact, errors of all kinds. The above are the important ones from the standpoint of human character analysis.

*Mistake*: *n.* An apprehending wrongly; a misconception; a misunderstanding; a fault in opinion or judgment; an unintentional error. *v. i.* To do evil; to offend; to trespass. obs. 2. To make a mistake; to err in knowledge, perception, opinion, or judgment; to misapprehend; to commit an unintentional error—more usually in the passive. *v. t.* To take wrongly or wrongfully; to take through error. obs. 2. To choose wrongly, as, to mistake one's way. 3. To take in a wrong sense; to misapprehend the meaning or purpose of; to attach an erroneous interpretation to the words or actions of; to misunderstand, misapprehend, or misconceive, as to *mistake* a remark. 7. To err in recognizing, identifying, or estimating; to misidentify.

Have You studied as You read, and noted the distinctions between the words? All three acts are the common lot of all people, high and low. There are two main aspects of them which are of particular interest to You, an evolving Intelligence on the trail of evolution:

To what extent do these blunders, errors and mistakes apply to You personally, and to what extent do they play a part in your everyday life? Just how many of them do You commit in your daily round of activities?

Second, to what extent are You a victim or subject of other people's blunders, errors, and mistakes? This is quite as vital to You as the other aspect, for You can be as gravely affected by them as if You yourself were the perpetrator of them. As an example, suppose You had worked diligently and tirelessly on a certain work, putting forth the best of your effort and intelligence, and just as You were about reaching the com-

pletion of it, some relative, partner or associate with you in the work, blunders, makes an error, or inadvertently makes a major mistake which wrecks all that You have accomplished and necessitates your beginning all over again. In this case the other fellow's blunder, error, or mistake proves a catastrophe to You. Such a situation calls for the utmost patience and places a burden on You; in view of which it becomes essential to your own welfare not only to consider your own blunders, mistakes and errors, but also those of others. And too, You must consider the effects of *your* blunders, errors and mistakes on *others*.

Naturally you do not desire to injure, annoy or hurt any other person intentionally or otherwise, which brings your blunders, errors and mistakes to a point of profound consideration, for through them You can be responsible for considerable damage to others. Perhaps you have never thought of yourself in that light; perhaps You have always been conscious of the other fellow's blunders and errors, leaving your own nicely out of the picture in their relation to others. From this point on You cannot conscientiously continue to do so. Read, study and analyze meanings, impress the ideas on your consciousness and in memory that You never again may consciously evade or avoid their application in your life and activities.

Homes have been wrecked and enmities engendered as a result of the blunders and errors and mistakes of the individuals concerned in the relationships. One's daily life is so full of them that they are difficult to conceive—the little blunders about the home, the wrangles and quarrels coming out of errors in business, the social mistakes that sometimes disrupt an entire neighborhood. All have their humorous aspect, but also their tragic one.

While many people are willing to admit these weaknesses, there still are some who refuse to admit they have made them. They act sincerely and, as they suppose, intelligently; when they find they have committed a blunder, an error, or a mistake, rather than to admit it, they stand their ground, regard-



less of the result; which adds to the tragedy—and to the humor, if one's sense has been sufficiently developed.

And do not allow yourself to become like the ancient priest who mistook the word, *mumpsimus* for *sumpsimus*, and who persisted in his error. Webster tells of him: *Mumpsimus*: *n.* (A blunder for the Latin *sumpsimus*, we have received, the story running that an aged priest, when corrected for saying *mumpsimus* in the service, declared that he had said *mumpsimus* for thirty years, and would not change his old *mumpsimus* for the new *sumpsimus*.) A long and firmly established error, esp. one due to ignorance; an incorrect form or usage which one obstinately refuses to abandon.

And there You have an Individual who sticks to his blunders and errors and mistakes and believes most definitely that he is right; it is virtually impossible to register an idea or concept which does not meet with his preconceived assumption.

Now what is *Sumpsimus*? A correct form or usage which should, in strict accuracy, replace an old error; hence, a pedantically correct form or usage.

A true student does not desire to be obstinate as in the definition of *Mumpsimus*, nor to be pedantic as in the definition of *Sumpsimus*, but he does desire to be progressive and on the constructive road. There is an attitude of Soul in which it is possible for him to replace his erroneous ideas and concepts free from all obstinacy and pedantism.

Another aspect for the student to consider is that of the blunders, mistakes and errors of countries, organizations, and institutions, in their relation to himself. While all of these are but composed of groups of individuals who represent them, as such they must be considered if one is to protect himself and continue constructively on his way. A group of Individuals may organize themselves into an apparently patriotic organization, the policies and ideals of which appeal to every true citizen; yet underneath the most destructive subversive activities may be conducted. Any Individual may commit any

number of blunders, mistakes and errors in joining these; and the organizations may commit just as many. To safeguard against this in these crucial times when every sincere Individual is endeavoring to do his part in maintaining the government, it is very necessary for him to make a thorough investigation of the personnel, the policy, the credentials of any and every organization before he joins it. He should know what he is joining before he joins it—otherwise—look out for blunders, errors, mistakes, and their inevitable consequences. It is not at all uncommon for honest, patriotic individuals to be used to “pull the chestnuts out of the fire” for subversive Individuals, to increase their power and influence. Be on your guard.

Again, honest, patriotic persons form an organization to carry on good and worthy efforts. Later, when it grows in power and influence, unworthy people gain control over it and divert it to destructive uses. The Individuals who do this are not blundering, nor are they in error, and neither do they make mistakes. Their motives and intent are very definite; they do their work knowingly and intentionally; but the ones who join are the ones who do the blundering, erring, and mistaking—again, be on your guard. If You join, the blunder is yours; the error in judgment is yours; the mistake is for You to rectify. Why? Because, having joined, You have given your moral support, and perhaps financial, and your responsibility carries on. If it fails to continue on the basis of construction, it is for You to remedy your mistake and leave it. Beware of what You join. Do not allow yourself to be *used* by organizations, or countries, or Individuals operating under the guise of patriotism or other constructive activity.

Under existing conditions of the world, it is necessary for every student of Self-Unfoldment to check his own blunders, errors, and mistakes, as well as those of others in all walks of life. For a blunder, error, or mistake today may develop into something far more serious than a mere incident in your life tomorrow.

All people, even those in authority of organizations, countries and governments, make blunders and mistakes. They do not know "all the answers," and it is for the individuals, and the citizens, to remain on guard, alert and active, that they may not become a party to the errors and mistakes, so far as it is humanly possible to avoid them.

All people are going to find it a difficult bit of work and effort to maintain a well balanced poise and attitude in the midst of the tragic mistakes and errors being made today—keeping ever alert, ever active, ever doing to the best of their knowledge and ability in spite of all odds.

If You become involved in the category of these mistakes and errors, do not stop and bemoan your fate; admit it, go on your way, and try not to become involved again. Keep up your courage and face whatever tomorrow may hold, with strength and determination to do all You can to continue the good work of growth, development and unfoldment, on and on, to the end.

## Individual Study



### Questions on "Intelligence"

(The questions of this study department are based on the "Your Morals" article of the last magazine number. The effort is to "point up" the salient facts contained in the elucidation of the fundamental principles of Nature under consideration in the article. First read and study the article carefully. Then answer the questions without reference to the text. When you have finished check your answers with the statements in the article.)

1. What is the "Great Unknown" to Science?

2. What do you understand by the term "Great Universal Creative Intelligence?"

3. What are some of the observations which have been made that have caused Natural Science to accept Intelligence as the primary cause of all that is?

4. Why is it impossible to establish irrational forces as the producing cause of intelligent manifestations?

5. In what concept is found the basis for all religions and philosophies?

6. Does there seem to be a limit to the possibilities of manifestations of the Great Universal Creative Intelligence? Explain.

7. In what two general methods does Intelligence manifest?

8. What seems to be the purpose of Universal Intelligence in the creation and maintenance of the Universe? •

9. How is progress in the accomplishment of Nature's purpose traced by man?

10. What is the function of all organic physical organisms? What is the function of all rounds of animal organisms?

11. For what purpose does Universal Intelligence seem to have developed Individual Intelligence?

12. In a study of the Universal Intelligence wherein are its manifestations evident and what only does man contact?

13. What is the highest Intelligence that man contacts directly and personally on any plane?

14. Does Natural Science know anything about the beginning or ending of Individual Intelligence? Why?

15. Although human effort to acquire knowledge of Universal Intelligence in its essential nature seems to be futile, what are some of the things an Individual can learn about Individual Intelligence?

16. Why is knowledge of individual human Intelligence of greater value to man than knowledge of animal Intelligence?

17. What governs the conscious acts of Man? Of what is it always the controlling force?

18. To what is due the diversity of status in individual evolutionary unfoldment?

19. What are the essential things for an Individual to do and discover if he would develop and improve his Intelligence as a result of personal expenditure of energy?

20. What inevitably forces upon an Individual the concept that Intelligence was bestowed upon him for a definite and specific use?



# The Constant Star . . .



J. W. Norwood

(CONTINUED)

MELCHISADEK

**T**RANSLATION of the Garden of Eden story from Dilmun on the Persian Gulf to the plain of Edin in Babylonia by Enoch (Enki) and Nimrod (Nimurta) represents merely the extension of civilization's frontiers into Asia Minor from the east. That there was a previous culture among the nomads and mountaineers there can scarcely be doubted. They were not "savages".

To the west was Egypt, probably older in civilization than Bab-El, yet not particularly interested up to this time, in the desert peoples beyond which were the little known riches of the Tigris and Euphrates valleys—agricultural riches to be exploited by whatever new settlers on the land chose to do so.

According to the Egyptians, the peoples of the North Mediterranean shores likewise had a culture that must have existed for a thousand years before Nimrod's expedition up the Euphrates. Its remains in Greece, the Balkans, the Danube and Rhine valleys and around the Mediterranean shores indicate that in general features it was similar to that of the Africans and Asiatics.

So our story is of civilizers teaching more primitive peoples the ways of city life and the benefits of scientific agriculture, good roads, and orderly business methods. The village, town or city "kingdom" enlarged the unit of social organization to embrace tribes as the tribe had enlarged the family social unit.

Nimrod's establishment of Bab-El brought the diverse populations of what is now Iraq and Mesopotamia, into a social cooperation through trade relations and common interests. The plan was Enoch's but adapted from a much older plan by which other civilizations and cultures all over the world had developed.

Its preservation through many ages had been possible only through the development of that allegorical and symbolical system of story telling hung upon the stars that obviously paid obeisance to the one in the North that never moved—so far as human eye could

see. This "Constant Star" therefore became the representative of man's highest conception of a Supreme Power and Universal Intelligence governing our universe.

Egyptian civilization, now contacted from the East by Nimrod's Brotherhood of artisans, likewise developed from this ancient pattern traced among the stars. Its earliest traditional civilizers appeared there, according to the Egyptian legends: a full precession of the Equinoxes before Nimrod's expedition would seem to have been possible.

Even if Ptah and his secretary Toth were more nearly contemporary with Enoch and his secretary Nabu, the Egyptian civilizers used somewhat different methods and developed their plan to fit the Africans rather than the Asiatics. With them agriculture rather than trade received first consideration. They began before the Age of Metals—if we may rely upon Egyptian chronology. Yet the Age of Metals which converted both Egyptian and Babylonian cultural heroes into "gods", so useful as characters in their primitive equipment for recording events, found Ptah and Toth and their companions right abreast of the times. Ptah was the Great Master of the Artificers. Toth, the scribe of the gods, invented writing and all the learned arts and sciences. Ptah became Hephaistos to the Greeks, their way of pronouncing the Egyptian name no doubt. And Hephaistos was Vulcan in Europe and Tubalcain in Asiatic circles that developed our Bible.

All this is evidence of the intercommunication of Mediterranean peoples due to trade and the Brotherhood of Labor invented by Nimrod. Through these human links between widely separated lands and peoples, there was a steady constructive force at work to bring about greater and greater understanding and cooperation between them in the interest of the individual and his own particular group, with little thought apparently of building huge kingdoms or empires under one group's rule. The natural development of such an ideal as this may seem naive, yet it was obviously the plan of the Wise Men of the Star. They were certainly not naive enough to believe all

human greed could be eliminated nor that war as a tool of politics could ever be banished from the earth, because they regarded this world as a great school in which the educated were responsible teachers and the uneducated not responsible until knowledge had been attained by them.

As Masters of this School their duty was to offer them opportunity for knowledge. If it was refused, then knowledge could be defended against their ignorant assaults—but without wars of conquest for aggrandizement of the schoolmasters. Such were the original “Sons of God,” to use the Biblical phrase.

Another people with traditions extending back a full precession of the equinoxes, or more, were the Phoenicians—teachers of seafaring and shipbuilding. Those traditions went back to the Persian Gulf. They likewise included the Egyptians among their contacts and also the Greeks after they came to the Mediterranean coast.

The Phoenicians claim that the ancient Temple Mysteries were the joint work of themselves and the Egyptians and that these mysteries solved one great problem of the school-masters of civilization, in theory at least. This was done in the Metal Age by establishment of a course of instruction especially for rulers of the people, designed to make them dispensers of absolute justice to all without favor to any.

This equivalent to a modern university course in law and religion, was called Melchisadek, a term translated in our Bible as “King of Righteousness,” or as the Phoenicians said, “The Just King.”

To be a “priest of the Order of Melchisadek” was therefore an aspiration of every judge, mayor, king, ruler or other civil authority charged with responsibility for spreading the constructive teachings of the one god of the Constant Star—whose original name was Love.

Melchisadek's prototype in Egypt was Ptah, but the invention of the mystery “degree” of Melchisadek by his followers probably dates from long before his personal exit from earthly life. The word Melchisadek is composed of Malek (King) and Sadek or Syduk representing Justice or *Right-eousness*. There really may have been a Phoenician prototype in human form called Syduk, but mythology is not to be relied upon in this case to prove it. One story will have it that Misor, establisher of the mysteries, was Syduk and another that they were brothers.

Melchisadek was invented “before the flood” and Nimrod's work was “after the flood”, so that we may assume Nimrod and Enoch were both Melchisadeks in all likelihood. Theirs was the knowledge of the Wisdom Religion that floated across the “flood” or was found in stone and metal pillars thereafter by a

wise man called in guild legion Hermes or Hermarius. This is the Greek “god” Hermes, the Roman Mercury and the Egyptian Toth, the Thrice Great.

But the Guilds only refer to him as human!

It was a Melchisadek, then, that established the first Federation of Labor in the world and this Federation kept its faith with the Constant Star down into modern times and until the last historical remnant of it went out of existence as an operative body in the twentieth century.

Nimrod's Federation outlived all the artisan mysteries based on the philosophy of the Constant Star, by more than two thousand years. It was antiquity's contribution to democracy. For the Brotherhood was from Nimrod's time until the Greeks experimented with political democracies, virtually the only human organization where the individual worker could be assured of his natural rights to “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” It was the world's travelling Republic in which religious toleration and freedom of speech were safeguarded as nowhere else.

Egypt had its Trinity just as Sumeria and other countries had. Originally a trinity of Earth, Sky and Waters whose paths led to the Constant Star. Certain theological changes of great antiquity have preserved different names and a somewhat different conception of it than found in Babylonia.

In Isis, Osiris and Horus. The historical Egyptian trinity, we see the Mother Earth, the Sun and the Sun's son rather than the trinity of the Star. Yet Horus the son, and the third person of the trinity under the theological change, is obviously the oldest name—Har or Hor, same as found in Persia, Skandinavia, Babylonia—the original name of God that meant Love as well as light.

We have to look to the skies to discover this god-name. There we see Orion a constellation which none can say any special people or place named. Orion was the great hunter, the sea wanderer, the pursuer of the Bear and other animals in America as well as in the eastern hemisphere long before our story begins. Orion is merely the Greek version. In Skandinavia we find Aurdil. Orion was “father of the gods”—the ruler of the sky, the associate of the star lady who became Isis (Ish Woman) or Astarte, or Artemis and many other names.

It was Orion who gave us the Persian Ahura-Mazda, the Babylonian Ouranus (Aur-AN) and the Egyptian Hor (Aur). If we knew Orion's complete story back of the one with which we are now concerned, we should probably discover him as a culture hero in some long forgotten land where only hunters could exist. He too was connected with the Constant Star and the early development of sky-writing.



From Orion to Melehisadek is a long time in human evolution, bridged only by the story of the Constant Star.

Melehisadek and the Brotherhood that acknowledged his judgments as just and right, were the highest ideals of the ancient world or such part of it as moderns have been able to explore. To follow the course of these two ideals, one spiritual and the other material, throughout history, would require many volumes. Their story is the story of the Constant Star, the Magi (Wise Men), and the Cross.

The Brotherhood served in every European, Asiatic and African land where civilized men needed skilled workmen. Its engineers, architects, sculptors, artists, builders, metal workers, physicians, jewelers, and dozens of other crafts built pyramids, palaces, dwellings, public and private buildings, furnished them, supplied the people with the necessities of life and answered the call of employers from princes to the humblest freeman wherever the work of civilization or reconstruction was to be done.

It taught the world discipline, law, organization, human rights. Its crafts eventually became separated as each developed along separate lines—the Traders and mercantile crafts, the Sculptors and Architects, the Physicians, for example—until only the invisible bond of the Star held them together. When at last political states could not abridge their ancient rights or make political use of them, they were dissolved. But the spirit of the guilds still exists in both craft, trade and industrial organizations that sprung from them.

Unfortunately most of these have lost sight of the Constant Star even while they yearn for stability.

Melehisadek today is perhaps a more powerful influence, although the very word finds refuge only in theological sanctuaries where it is something of a mystery. Yet the people still recognize and will follow a Melehisadek as did Abraham in the Bible story when he paid tithes to the one ruling the city of Peace that was afterward Jerusalem.

And the Constant Star has become the Star of Bethlehem to all who call themselves followers of the Prince of Peace who was accounted by those who knew him as “a priest forever after the order of Melchisadek”.

#### (NOTE TO FRIENDS AND READERS)—

This can end the story of the Constant Star, embracing the Biblical mystery men—Enoch, Nimrod, Melehisadek.

Should a *historical* summary of events from the Sumerian (Babylonian) times to the present be desired some future time, I will be glad to oblige. This would cover such semi-historical characters as “Sar-

gon of Agade; Gudea, the builder; Hammurabi, the lawgiver; Solomon of Israel; Hiram of Tyre; Trojan War; Greek Experiments with Democracy. (Under titles of Phidias, the Architect-Sculptor; Lyeurgus; Solon); Roman, same; Numa; Cincinnatus; Marcus Aurelius; The Guilds from Solomon to York, England to their children; Modern Labor Unions; Industrial Organizations; Agricultural Co-ops; The Christian Movement.

To digest so much in a small compass is quite a chore as I have found the foregoing digest to be. But it may be worth it. There are many strange parallels between what is happening today in our world and what happened long ago. But humanity got out of it every time and was ready for an entirely new chapter of the story as soon as its senses returned—with the aid of some Melehisadek. Or, as the American Indians would have said—a Tamanend!

If you will indicate your wishes by writing to the editor of the magazine, I will be glad to do my part.

J. W. NORWOOD.



## Ruminations . . .

With each one of her gifts Nature hands to man a price tag. This tag says, in effect, "Use my gift constructively or lose it." A normal mind becomes strong, incisive and clear depending upon how and how much it is used. If an arm is confined in a sling for a period of time and not used it becomes shriveled, flabby and weak. Mind operates under the same law. Use it or lose it.

\* \* \*

Tomorrow we will be what we think and speak and act today.

\* \* \*

I have a poker playing friend. Gambling, to him, is perfectly right and proper. But he is death on liquor. To his way of thinking a man who will take a drink of liquor is hopelessly immoral. Ain't human nature funny?

\* \* \*

Man is the victim of himself.

\* \* \*

Would you like to just get away from things? Just drop everything, your troubles included, and get clear away from it all? Wouldn't it be nice tho? But have you ever thought of this—Wherever you go, you are.

\* \* \*

Breathes there a greater fool than he who has Knowledge and fails to use it for his own greatest good?

—John L. Billups.

# From The Files . . .



## Correspondence

DEAR FRIENDS:

Thank you for the good letters I have received from you. Though each of your missives is like a "god's sent" to me, I can appreciate the time and effort it takes to favor me with one. It is the same with the magazine. You know, it is a long interval of time from one number to the other, so it seems, yet the lesson learned in patience has to make up for that which we think is missing. But when your message does come, it more than fills the apparent gaps.

That the publishing of "To Those Who Serve" has not brought much response is perhaps not as discouraging as it seems on the surface, if the quirks of human nature are considered. Even if only one other struggling Soul has been cheered on by it and feels not the urge to let anyone else know about it, still I would have that intuitive feeling that I have passed on something to someone else that first gave me the most comfort when I badly needed it. You helped me in passing it on, and I am grateful for that.

The subject of Roger Bacon is one which I would like to pursue myself but I feel that I should be hampered in that at the present. Among the handicaps is one that Bacon himself found to be most formidable in his studies of ancient writings—the lack of a thorough acquaintance with the "spirit" of the language, with which, of necessity inherent in the nature of the subject, it would be inevitable that such study should have to be carried on.

Looking for the works on Roger Bacon in the local public library I found that only the Encyclopedias had reference to him. Otherwise, the library catalogue did not show a single volume to be on the shelves under that heading. It was different in the public library

of New York City. There I found over a hundred items listed under his name. Of interest to note is the fact that, whereas the *Britannica* has comparatively little to say about him and the best of that is only that he was a child born of his time (which may be true of any one Individual)—the *Catholic Encyclopedia* treats him more like a favorite son. Here he is listed under his Christian name, Rogers, and several pages are devoted to him. His incarceration is mentioned in an apologetic way and his Works made the most of to "the greater glory of the Church." It reminds one of the treatment Joan of Arc received then and receives now at the hands of that "glorious institution."

On the list in the New York City library (Reference room) is one item that claimed my attention. There is a pamphlet written in the Hungarian language and published by the author in Budapest in the year 1915. The author calls himself *Mester Janos*. The title of this work names Bacon as Rogerius Baco. Not the spelling of Bacon's name, but the name of the author himself it is that seems peculiar to me. *Mester Janos*, transliterated into English, would mean: "Master John." I have to investigate that at the first opportunity I can make for it. I also wish that I were more of a Latin scholar so that I might be able to read Bacon's works at first hand.

For many years now I have watched the shelves of the public library of this town (in New York) for progressive works of the sort that the advanced intelligence would peruse. And things do not look very encouraging. For instance, King's "Facing the 20th Century" disappeared long ago. I saw a copy of the history of the Jesuits with fifty or seventy-five consecutive pages torn out deliberately



and others, one, two, or more pages in a bunch. That volume is still on the shelves except that it has been rebound, the torn pages neatly cut, but still mutilated. There were some volumes by a Mrs. Tingley on Theosophy which gradually disappeared. Only lately I noticed a few were replaced—again as a gift from the author.

So-called progressive periodicals are there, but only as donations of the publishers. Popular treatises, of course, are well represented, such as Modern Education, Economics, Sociology, mostly of the new trends. They cover much of the shelf space. Encouraging is the fact that the Co-operative Movement is given much of that. One thing I have noticed lately that might be called peculiar: Among the Works on Economics, I have seen several new copies of Bellamy's "Equalities." The Library Board is not in the habit of buying more than one copy of a certain book, yet there were several of that volume. Maybe they were a gift of someone who thought perhaps this work should be better known.

Only a couple of days ago I received back a copy of "Harmonies of Evolution" from a member of the Board of Trustees of that library, with a message that told me that she, the member, could not make anything of it after having it over a year and intending to subject it to a thorough study. I do believe she meant it though she is, or may be called, a very well educated individual.

This town has at least ten Masonic Lodges. In feeling my way I found that there is no library in connection with the Temple. The members, if so inclined, borrow books from the New York Masonic Library, near by. And perhaps it is my misfortune, if there would be such a thing, that I connected only with members who did find no time for study. In this connection I wish to remark that my own general experience with the members of the Craft seems to point to a solution of what seemed to me a puzzle—the revision of the Text Books of the Great School in which the Work was not addressed as directly to the Freemasons as it formerly was. I cannot help but think that "He came to His Own, and they knew Him not."

Well—"Peace on Earth, and Goodwill tow-

ards all men!"—This is more than just a pious wish. It is something all of us individually strive for. All our efforts are bent towards the realization of that Ideal. Knowing that you are doing your part, I am trying to do mine, remaining, cheerfully expecting the Right Outcome.

Yours Sincerely,  
S. R.

Dear Mr.———

The contribution "To Those Who Serve" fulfilled the purpose for which you sent it and for which it was printed in the magazine. Words of appreciation were received from a number of readers, but these were included in letters concerning other matters and could not be printed. One cannot judge the value of any written word by the direct response received to it; only the few among the many people enjoy expressing their thoughts and ideas on paper; a comparative few take the time to do so even though their intentions are good; and to the majority, the thought does not even occur that their written appreciation of an article or poem could mean anything to others. So, one must not be discouraged if he receives no direct response to an effort he has made to share with others. He never can know just what widespread effect and influence he has had. It is so with the Work of the School and with the literature. Only the few who have contacted them keep actively in touch with the headquarters; the very large majority of them write a note semi-occasionally—and mostly occasionally. Over and again a person who has contacted the literature but whose name appears nowhere in any of the files, will write a most friendly and enthusiastic letter, for some reason or other. His (or her) letter will be answered. From then on the silence is again complete for maybe years—but still the Individual retains his active interest in Natural Science and continues his effort to square his life by the principles of it. If the Work of the School were conducted on the strength of active contact with all those who have read the books, there might be a basis for discouragement; but it is not, knowing from experience that the influence continues on throughout the world, regardless of the amount of active appreciation expressed.

So you, too, in your efforts through life, will learn to realize that you cannot judge the results of your efforts to help by the immediate response you receive from them.

It is sincerely hoped that at a future time, not too far distant, you will find the opportunity and inclination to do further research on the life and work of Roger Bacon, and will share the benefits of your work with the readers of the magazine. It is a worthy and educational subject.

The disappearance of books from public libraries is not uncommon; for any books which deviate from the beaten trail of orthodox beliefs and dogmas and which are intended to enlighten the people, are subject to disposal by individuals still clinging to old ideas and who feel assured that the world and "all dat in dem is" is lost if their fellowmen are allowed to read them. It is always this gantlet of doubt, fear, and fanaticism that Truth must run. The books of Natural Science have run the gantlet throughout the years. Many have been placed in libraries throughout the country—in fact, the world—by individuals and by the School itself; many of these have been withdrawn from circulation by fanatics, and even by librarians themselves, who believed they should not be in circulation. In one library in a large city as many as ten sets of the Text Books were taken out of circulation; when the incumbent librarian left, the books remained on the shelves!

The fact that an Individual is "well educated" in the general sense of the term, is not an indication that he is sufficiently broadminded or developed to understand and appreciate progressive ideas in so-called religious thought. In fact, some of the most highly educated people have been the greatest critics of the literature of the School. Only Individuals who have attained a particular state of soul development are capable of understanding, accepting, and applying the moral principles of Nature as stated in the literature.

On the other hand, is not this an encouragement? A former resident of a small town in Texas, recently contributed a set of the books to the public library of the town. With her order she wrote: "For a small town library

it is surprising the amount of really good literature they have; especially when so many folks in that part of the U. S. seem to live almost entirely in the physical material world as to interests. Just shows we never do really know, for evidently someone connected with this institution, or who has been connected with it, has a very high degree of intelligence and good literary taste."

The books were graciously accepted by the librarian who wrote a very fine note of appreciative acceptance, stating that they would be catalogued and placed on the shelves immediately.

Constantly new contacts are being made with the School through the books and magazines which people find and read in the public and Masonic libraries. So there are at least *some* libraries whose officials are sufficiently broadminded to allow the books to be read—and that is cause enough to rejoice and to continue the effort.

You are right—"He came unto His Own, and they knew Him not." For that very reason the direct appeal to the Masonic Lodges and Members was discontinued in the revised books, and made to the "Progressive Intelligences of the Age" wherever they might be—in lodge, in church, in school, in public life, in the cities or in the country. And to these the Work shall continue to be addressed, for after all, it is only the truly "progressive intelligences" who are ready for its acceptance at any time, in any place.

So be not discouraged, dear friend; no effort ever is lost. The way may be long, but the compensation is bound to come.

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# Outwitting Arthritis . . .



*Lillian R. Carque*

**T**HEY say only the stubborn get arthritis. I say it takes that stubbornness to fight it," states Miss Mildred Lager, tireless and enthusiastic Founder and Director of the House of Better Living in Los Angeles, whose dauntless courage and uncompromising spirit caused her to pursue unflinchingly a course of resistance which culminated in her triumphant conquest of Arthritis—Public Enemy No. 10. Statistics show unanswerably that over one and one-half million persons in the United States become victims of arthritis yearly, many remaining disabled.

Unheeded went years of misunderstood, unspeakable wretchedness termed rheumatism in the early stages, followed by a futile attempt to stem the on-rushing tide of soreness and swellings. Finally stiffened fingers were exasperatingly evident. Then hands, wrists, elbows, feet and knees became very much enlarged and deformed; her left hand was badly drawn; her elbows and right arm were ankylosed i. ie. locked—a pathetic figure indeed! The uncomfortable assurance was also given her that she must bear this intolerable burden stoically, for she would never be able to use her right arm again. Profoundly discouraging also was the statement of a medical advisor that her unfortunate indisposition would make her more and more crippled.

Then followed two and one-half years of doctoring of every description; Miss Lager availed herself of all possible remedies and subjected herself to everything recommended to ameliorate her condition. Indeed, she assumed the status of an amiable guinea pig with no tangible results but that of a flattened pocketbook. But her's was not the role of the weak-kneed and cowardly swimming with the current and bemoaning her lot with mournful countenance. No longer did she view critically and resentfully the grotesque awkwardness of her fingers; she likewise steadfastly refused to resign herself into becoming a helpless, palpitating human fragment. So she flung her then puny strength into a brave beginning of a great battle over peculiarly vicious forces that persisted in holding her captive and in frustrating her life.

Like all brave and big men and women of robust fighting spirit, she welcomed her indisposition as a genuine test—a challenge—of judgment and courage; it merely excited her determination to outwit her handicap. She had an uncanny capacity for sensing the follies of conventional methods of treating arthritis. With unerring judgment, she gave endless time and intelligent direction to drugless methods—sweats, baths, heat lamps, natural eliminative methods in the form of enemas and colonic irrigations, deep breathing to increase lung elimination, constructive mild exercise, hot packs and compresses, proper rest, relaxation, sleep and sunshine. Complete rest and relaxation revivify the system and combat lowered vitality and nerve exhaustion; overstrain and overwork are known to aggravate the condition. All unnatural nerve pressure must be relieved.

Succinctly, every channel of elimination must be kept open to aid Nature—skin, lungs, kidneys and bowels. The activity of the skin is particularly important; hence the need for sponge baths and friction. The liver should be stimulated to a more normal function. It is imperative that fermentation and putrefaction be diminished to lowest levels with compatible food combinations. Self-poisoning due to faulty elimination and menacing acid wastes, poisonously hostile, must be effectively routed out. Miss Lager opposes deep massage for sore joints, for Nature if not impeded in her zealously to house clean, has the capacity to reduce knobs and lumps to a fluidic state and carry them off via the normal avenues of excretion. Gentle massage and electricity have proven their merit. Because exercise aids in strengthening abdominal muscles, in overcoming prolapsed conditions and in stimulating circulation, it should be taken as much as possible, but without strain or exhaustion. The arthritic needs plenty of water to encourage kidney elimination; distilled water is preferable if there is arthritis deformans, cautions Miss Lager.

But her suffering was not completely assuaged until it was supplemented by fasting and followed by rational dietetic treatment. Spiritual serenity, moral

fortitude and a positive conquering mental attitude were equally paramount in helping her earn her winnings in successive struggles. But let Miss Lager speak for herself: "No one will know the thrill I had when my arm straightened and the swelling went down and stayed down; the first time I walked five miles; the first time I put on skates and struck out across the rink. I was alive again—every moment was a thrill! Life was good. I had won. It was worth all the time, effort and denial I had been through, and I would be willing to give up certain things for the rest of my life."

The fasting regime adhered to by Miss Lager was a juice diet fast; this might not be interpreted as a true fast, for in total abstinence from food one has recourse to water only. None the less, Miss Lager observed that fruit juices exerted a more salutary influence than that achieved by water alone. This is because fruit juices provide light yet sustaining nourishment, quickly and readily assimilated and utilized by the body. Their beneficent nutrients are found almost exclusively in their juices; the dry pulp left after the expression of the juice contains almost nothing except cellulose and a little protein. Abounding in protective minerals and vitamins, fruit juices preserve and increase the alkaline reserve in the blood stream.

So orange juice was taken by Miss Lager every two hours, while awake. Her health improved markedly, persuading her to continue her fruit juice fast for four weeks. Of course this restrictive dietetic program was accompanied by plenty of sleep, rest, sponge baths to keep the skin active and artificial irrigation to rid her organism of all encumbrances lodging in the intestines. She also drank her required quota of distilled water. All was done on schedule time. The consummation of this four weeks' regime found her twenty pounds lighter, but free from pain; the lump under her right knee, which she accepted with resignation as a permanent fixture, passed out into history; her elbows straightened.

Miss Lager recommends any kind of juice, but gratifying results are obtained with those not too heavy in natural sugar. Grape and berry juices are best ingested in diluted form. Heading Miss Lager's list as the more desirable fruit juices for the arthritic are grapefruit, orange, tomato and pineapple. While vegetable juices have won justly enthusiastic acclaim among health seekers, it is Miss Lager's firm belief that acid fruit juices are best when one subjects himself to a rigid fasting and eliminative program.

Celery juice, however, is ideal because it contains more than four times as much organic sodium as it does calcium. Sodium is an effective solvent of calcium, and hence celery juice has proven itself invaluable

to the arthritic in dissolving and removing years of accumulated non-functional calcium lodging in the cartilage of the joints. It is, moreover, beneficial in rheumatism, sister affliction of arthritis, and efficient as an eliminant of irritating drug poisons, indicates Dr. W. H. Graves in his *Medicinal Value of Natural Foods*. A pint a day may be profitably added to the diet. Dried powdered celery in the form of tablets may beneficently replace fresh celery juice, if the latter is not conveniently available.

If the weather is chilly, the juices may be heated and warm water used. It is best not to mix juices, insists Miss Lager. She suggests only one kind of juice during the fast throughout a single day. If relished, she recommends that the juice be varied from day to day, but maximum results have been noted when the same juice is partaken of for three or four days.

Because of the absence of bulk, enemas are highly desirable to flush the colon of its morbid wastes. Miss Lager has found hot tub baths and heavy sweat baths too enervating during a fast, despite the fact that they have proven their merit as eliminative measures in regular non-fasting routine. One need not be bed-ridden, though severe exercising should not be indulged in; walking is excellent. If unable to be active, circulation may be encouraged by heat through agencies of hot water bottle, electric pad or blanket. Manipulation and light massage also keep the blood circulating freely. A note of caution is sounded by Miss Lager, namely that no one should be subjected to the so-called juice fast for a long period of time without the supervision of a doctor who utilizes the fasting technique and who understands it.

"Mind Over Platter" is Miss Lager's earnest dietetic recommendation to the arthritic. The recipes and menus outlined in her *Menus and Diet Aids for the Arthritic* are attuned to the every need of one so afflicted. Through constant experimentation, Miss Lager can demonstrate irrefutably that the consumption of certain foods aggravate soreness and swellings. This points to the absurdity of clogging the body further with those very constituents it is exerting a tremendous effort to neutralize and expel from the organism. Hence where arthritis is due to metabolic disturbance, food allergy tests determine unmistakably which foods the system can and cannot tolerate. The diet should be varied to cope with such individual idiosyncrasies.

In Miss Lager's own case, she has determined as most desirable such edibles as are low in calcium and high in phosphorus, sulphur and sodium. Hence those fruits and vegetables should be selected that contain a minimum of starches and sugars—not exceeding ten per cent. Fortunately tablets containing vegetables



and minerals high in phosphorus, sulphur and sodium are now available. Garlic, either fresh, in dried powdered form or in the consistency of garlic oil is acknowledged as effective in diminishing fermentation and putrefaction of foods in the colon, and is suggested by Miss Lager also as an excellent source of sulphur.

On her restricted diet, Miss Lager warns against all dairy foods because of their high calcium content, barring unsalted butter and thick whipping cream with about forty per cent butter fat. She has observed arthritics who have been on a milk diet respond at once when put on a calcium-free diet. It is Miss Lager's earnest conviction that in the case of arthritis deformans, where there is wrong calcium metabolism, starches, sweets and milk are decidedly objectionable. "If the body cannot take care of calcium, if it forms nodules, if it goes wild as they say, why add more?" pointedly remarked Miss Lager.

For every arthritic, Miss Lager insists: "Very little salt—none if possible save a true vegetable salt; no vinegar, spices, tea, coffee, alcohol, etc.; no heavy starches—cereals, breads, cakes, pies, cookies, crackers, desserts or starchy vegetables; no sweets such as candy and sugar; on a strict diet, I would say no sweets at all; no dates, honey, etc. Stewed fruits or plain gelatine dissolved in fruit juice may be used for dessert."

One and one-half pounds of fresh fruit may be consumed daily, taken preferably in uncooked form; do not peel. If raw fruit is distressing, it may be cooked or consumed in the form of juice, though cooked fruit has often been found by some arthritics to be as distressing as the fresh. No sweetening should be added, she insists. The fruits suggested by Miss Lager are: "Apples, apricots, berries, cherries, grapes, grapefruits, loquats, melons, nectarines, oranges, pears, passion fruit, peaches, pineapple, tomatoes and papaya." A small dish of stewed or canned fruit, minus sweetening will add variety to the arthritic diet; the fruits indicated by Miss Lager for stewing are: "Unsulphured apricots, figs (black and white), prunes, pears, peaches, raisins, nectarines, currants (highest in phosphorus), berries, cherries, baked apple or applesauce."

Topping Miss Lager's list of vegetable juices which exert their greatest therapeutic potency in arthritic pathology are: "Celery, cucumber, carrot, spinach, watercress and parsley." For soups, broths, purees, stews, etc., Miss Lager's recommendations are the following low starchy vegetables: "Asparagus, beet tops, celery, cucumber, chayote, endive, greens, eggplant, bean sprouts, lettuce, mallow, okra, oysterplant, pumpkin, small beets, small carrots, small parsnips, small turnips, spinach, small string beans, summer squash, turnip tops and zucchini." As imma-

ture vegetables have less starch, small tubers such as beets, carrots and tiny small beans are emphatically preferable. Salad vegetables served plain or with a small amount of salad oil, olive oil or mashed avocado are: "asparagus, celery, cucumber, endive, lettuce, mallow, oysterplant, parsley, small beets, small turnips, small carrots, spinach, tomatoes, watercress, ripe olives." For those whose colon is inflamed, a teaspoonful of powdered okra with each meal will provide mucilaginous soothing bulk.

Lean meat in the form of Salisbury steak, made from ground beef, has proven itself a profitable protein addition to Miss Lager's diet; it may be properly prepared with raw celery, tomatoes and hot water. Other lean flesh foods recommended by Miss Lager are lamb, mutton, chicken, turkey, rabbit or fish. Such viands should be baked, broiled or boiled.

A small amount of nut butter or well masticated nuts may replace meat in the diet of the vegetarian. The almond and the pecan contain a minimum of starch. The soya bean too is an excellent source of vegetable protein. The avocado likewise furnishes protein and fat in a most assimilable form and may replace meat. As nuts, nut butters and soya beans are too rich and concentrated alone, they should be well combined with salads or cooked vegetables. Following the strictly eliminative fasting regime, Miss Lager's dietetic recommendations permit a tolerance of whole wheat melba or soya bean toast, 100% whole wheat bread, potato baked in the jacket.

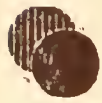
It is now Miss Lager's fervent wish to help and guide others similarly afflicted. This desire has culminated in the founding of her Institute, the House of Better Living in Los Angeles, where pervades the spirit of food reform; where heart and mind are geared to the highest pitch in readiness to serve.

("Vital Facts About Foods" by Otto Carque, and wholesome, unadulterated foods can be procured through Natural Brands, Inc., of 4326 San Fernando Road, Glendale, California.)

## Notice . . . .

The new volume of the magazine begins with the next issue. This means that many renewals are due. Please be as prompt as possible in renewing your own subscription and the one sent to a friend last year, that you or he, may not miss a single number. If you cannot pay immediately, kindly send a note to that effect; it will be a pleasure to continue your subscription until such time as you are able to remit. The same courtesy will be extended in regard to the new subscription you are sending to a friend, or relative, or library. Payments may be made at your convenience, in installments. But be sure to send in your renewal note.

# Personally Speaking....



## To the Students and Friends

**T**HROUGH your generous and loyal cooperation The Great Work In America continues to carry on its educational work in the field of ethics and morals. The coming

July will mark the fifty-eighth year since its inauguration—fifty-eight years of continuous effort and help extended to those persons who have been ready to receive its teachings and who have been able to avail themselves of its fund of information. Many things have transpired in these years and many advancements have been made. The old order is rapidly passing, with the new one following close on its heels. The entire world is in the throes of a re-birth. The upheaval is so violent in the human kingdom that people in all walks of life are being thrown out of equilibrium and mental balance, losing sight of the fact that from the standpoint of Nature and evolution the upheaval is no more serious than an analogous one in the mineral or vegetable kingdom. When the current tragedies and horrors overwhelm and discourage, it is well to remember that earthquakes, floods and tornadoes have come and gone, causing damage and difficulties. Continents have vanished, types of animals have disappeared from the physical world, and even races of men have been lost. In the sublime operations of God, or Nature, evolution—that is, growth, development and unfoldment—erases the scars of these many catastrophies and as time passes, only slight traces are left by which they may be identified.

When the present world convulsion has ceased, cleansing many of the poisons of society

which have accumulated throughout the years, the healing process will begin and man's struggle for Happiness will continue to follow its natural course along lines more harmonious. When this time arrives The Great Work In America, it is hoped, will have reached a place of security and strength wherein it will be better able than ever before to give of its knowledge to a welcome world. During these past years it has been a powerful influence; the desire is to extend this influence to greater and greater fields. With the continued cooperation and help of the readers, friends, and students of Natural Science, this will be possible and will be achieved.

During the coming year the outlook will perhaps be the darkest. It will seem that the entire world will reach its end. Some people already are visualizing the "millenium." There will be need for courage and determination on the part of every Individual who hopes to stand strong and constructive; there will be required intelligence, intuition, imagination, reason and logic for every such one that he may steer a safe and sane course through the troubled waters of emotionalism, fears, and hatreds. To wend one's way through the morass of the present conflict and at the same time maintain an optimistic attitude of soul that can courageously face the hardships, sorrows and travails unflinchingly, calls for the greatest effort of all self-sustaining Intelligences.

To view the world situation in its true light without feeling that all is lost, is an achievement. To ignore the conditions, to close one's mind to them, to gloss them that they



may be more acceptable, and to deny their effects, is no personal achievement; it is merely a suppression or a repression. The constructive way is to acknowledge the conditions, accept them as a part of Nature's scheme of evolution, decide for yourself what You desire to attain from the experience when the cataclysm has passed, and then make every day count in the accomplishment of that goal.

People have been known to say—"Why acknowledge the horrible picture as it exists today? Why not live in the ideal conditions and ignore the terrible ones?" There is a very good reason—God, or Nature, has two processes in the scheme of evolution, one constructive, the other destructive. It is as necessary for every Individual to acquaint himself with the destructive that he may avoid it as that he learn of the constructive so he may cooperate with it. In learning both, acknowledging and accepting them, he can establish, maintain, and sustain an attitude of soul which will enable him to gain greater knowledge and experience and profit by the vicissitudes of the upheavals taking place about him.

The Great Work In America has been an effort to assist these conscientious Individuals who so desire to build their characters that they may be braver and stronger and more independent; that they may enrich themselves by the intelligent solution of their many problems; that they may lose the fear of death, replacing it with a faith and even knowledge of the continuity of life in the world to come.

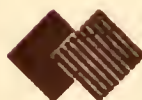
Let all who have profited from it look forward to the coming year with heads held high and courage and determination uppermost in their souls. Let each do his or her part in promoting the welfare of that from which they receive their inspiration and encouragement, in maintaining and sustaining the work of Natural Science, that those who follow in their footsteps may also be privileged to profit by its teachings. The past years have not been easy for the Work any more than for those of You who have been loyal and true to it. But it has held fast to the trail and shall continue to do so, with

your continued help, interest and cooperation.

The many holiday greetings received have brought encouragement and assurance from the many friends throughout the world, in spite of the upheavals in the various countries. These greetings gave evidence that throughout all the difficulties, the Great Work was vitally alive in your souls and consciousness, as it is in the souls of those who are devoted to the effort of conducting it. This opportunity is taken of expressing appreciation and gratitude for the kindly thoughts sent by the friends and readers at Christmas time. It is not possible to acknowledge each personally; to do this would detract from the more important work of extending the force and influence of Natural Science during the coming year, and through the medium of the magazine during the eighth year of its existence. It is needless to say that the same effort to make it of value and inspiration will be maintained.

Valmont Knoll, the home of The Great Work In America, is now green, with flowers blooming and wild flowers beginning to show their pretty heads; and the doors of the School are open wide to permit of the beauties of its information and knowledge to go forth to You to dignify and enrich your life and living.

So Mote It Be!



## Condolence . . .

E. P. Martin

There is such a little time  
Between now and tomorrow,  
Such a few brief hours to span  
The depths of human sorrow;

There is such a little space  
Between the earth and after,  
Even while in tears we feel  
That just beyond is laughter.

# "Judge Not, That Ye Be Not Judged"

Helen P. Thurman

**F**OR the thousandth time I had turned my face to the South, resolved on a steady march onward and upward, and for the thousandth time I had stumbled and fallen and picked myself up bruised and shaken and a little resentful at being thwarted by a malignant fate.

Then I began to take stock. In the first place, my good resolves were always accompanied by a good deal of emotional effervescence and came at a time when I had just reaped a bitter harvest through some unwise sowing of my own. Such resolves may be alright as an initial impulse, but they are static and unfertile if there is no follow-up of right choices and right actions. So far, so good, but just why did I make such consistently bad choices; just why, after several years of this sort of thing was I such a short distance from my starting point?

Well, in the first place, my brave resolves were usually based on some rather vague idea that from this moment onward "I shall follow the straight and narrow path to the goal of self-unfoldment". Now, that's a pretty big order. I began to see it was too big for me, and if I was ever going to make any personal progress on that universal journey, I'd have to approach it from a different angle. Then an article in the "To You" magazine gave me an idea. The writer mentioned the fact that no good builder, whether of houses or of human character, would attempt to do the job from cellar to garret in a single gesture, as it were. It would only be confusing to attempt to dig the basement and put on the roof as a simultaneous enterprise.

So it would seem that my first step might be to choose the phase of my character most in need of repairs and begin the job very quietly and with as little blaring of trumpets as my nature would permit. After due thought, it was decided that the tendency toward criticism was in most immediate need of attention. My first inclination was to affirm most solemnly that never again would I utter a word of negative criticism about any fellow traveler. But I had fallen into that trap so often that I decided to try something a little less blatant.

I had only to analyze my own life, however sketchily, to know that energy does indeed run over paths of habitual pattern; so, to begin with, I mustn't underestimate the strength of my opponent. But I had a lot of faith and a little knowledge to assure me that the individual intelligence has the power to divert that energy and force it into new and different paths. And

I began to take stock of my weapons at hand.

In the first place I had a strong and constantly deepening desire to follow the path of self-unfoldment. Suffering, that most poignant of teachers, had shown me the necessity for this if I were ever to achieve peace and tranquility.

My next weapon was self-consciousness. Had I been born a tree or even an angle worm I couldn't have done much about a crooked branch or an inadequacy of length. I probably wouldn't have sensed my imperfections. As it was, I could sit apart and judge this person who was myself. What is more, the sum total of my past experiences prompted me toward the right. The prompting might be all but inaudible, but there was this about it: The more it was heeded, the more powerful it grew; so that some day I might hope for that jewel of possessions, that keen and trusty weapon "A Wakeful Consciousness".

Then there was my power of reason. It didn't take a great deal of intelligence to observe the working of the law of cause and effect. Time and again my attitude of criticism had reaped ill not only for myself but for others. I felt that if that power of reason were encouraged there might come a time when it would say in an emergency, "The pleasure which you will derive from criticising another human soul is transient in everything but its destructive effects. Quick, my dear, before it is too late, say something good about this person, and mean what you say."

And if my reason could do that for me, that other powerful ally, the individual Will, could direct the saying of the thing that was good and I would have taken a tiny step forward.

But it wasn't only in pointing out the mistakes of others that this attitude of criticism was evidencing itself. I was critical toward nature for permitting rainy days; evil and the presaging of evil was in all I beheld. So this brought me to the idea that my Attitude of Soul needed a serious adjustment. If the dual principle of construction and destruction were a reality in nature, then it was my business, literally, to look for the good.

Platitudinous? Of course. A soul stumbling at the foot of the mountain cannot expect to discover new truths where great ones have passed by on their upward climb. But these truths of the soul are fresh and vital to each individual as he makes his own discovery. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Just words, until one day the individual sees in those words the expression of a universal principle. Then never again can he criticise another individual with a clear and easy conscience.



# Fixing the Blame . . .

Tasso W. Swartz

**D**ID YOU EVER work in a group where opportunities were ample but ignorance and lack of training were the great common denominator? The whole gamut of jealousy is manifested in the fear that a particular one or just anyone will be allotted tasks permitting the gaining of knowledge which will result in preferred advancement and recognition by superiors. Obeying the impulse to secure all good things attention is focused on self by outlining the shortcomings, either imaginary or real, of the supposedly favored one. Amplification begins. Occasion is fostered to lay bare in minutia specific instances in his work for the purpose of excoriating his methods and judgments. To assure plausibility, right and wrong are insinuated as material to the issue with only wrong assessed to the fellow workman. By emphatic accusation it is alleged that culpability is fixed. This fiction serves to promote the inference that the purveyor is the logical choice to supplant the bungler. Thus arranged the picture would be just about perfect.

Observation indicates that correctly evaluated, the responsibility for fixing blame on associates is an inherent function of position that few are required to perform. To do so with equity and justice is a labor completely divorced from the disparagings of spite and jealousy. Wouldn't the energy spent in slaying manufactured opponents bring unassailable fruition of aspirations if devoted to self improvement?

In the design of daily work personal disagreements and disputes arise most often from differences in favored methods or concepts of detail. After the heat of argument cools the action to be selected still involves which course will produce the desired result most economically, sound structurally, of appropriate quality, with the craftsmen available, and at the proper time. How does morality, right or wrong, become a factor in such a premise? Whatever the scheme adopted its completed value hinges on the knowledge, experience, mental development, and ability to execute of all interested parties. These considerations are basic in all judgments. Conclusion reverts to beginning: the personal equation. Ignorance avers correctness. Learning avows a broader understanding. Both contend in terms of right and wrong.

In our souls all are aware of fallibility. Responding

to the urge of ego it is especially easy to form the habit of emphasizing the defects of character and weaknesses in coworkers as a cover up for the same imperfections which we ourselves exhibit. Conduct so unworthy may be instituted either knowingly or unwittingly. It is a delusion attempted to direct unfavorable attention away from self. Gratuitous fixing of blame is born of fear. It is a cowardly resort to excuse self or to acquire aggrandizement in the eyes of others by laudatory personal comparison. In any form it is a pernicious manifestation of the *critical attitude*. It feeds on that eroder of the soul *vanity of intelligence*. "Oh would the Gods the gift tae gie us to see oursels as aithers see us. It wad free mony a blunder frae us and foolish notion." Do we assiduously avoid the silly spectacle of shaking hands with ourselves or bleating from a pedestal "*I like I.*"?

No matter how bitter the mental prophylactic it is justified to escape the rotting leprosy of *Blameitis*. Search for an antidote discloses that our business is to develop constructively, keeping clear of whatever is outside our province. Intelligent observation discerns KEEP OUT signs all about us. A Wakeful Consciousness impels us to make comparisons and to draw conclusions from everything engaging our attention. BUT—Nature does not impose a broadcast of every concept. Ignorance rather than wisdom is liable to exposure. Attacking with derogatory opinions runs the risk of unloosing upon one's self as well as on a fellow traveler "Pandora's Box of Evils." This road leads to destruction. Wouldn't it be wiser to practice the art of storing facts and noting observations for personal perusal? Let judgment be reserved until *full* knowledge is acquired.

Self control is a prime requisite for achievement. Among its attributes are the curbing of insidious thots and a crafty tongue. Conformation to the laws of constructive living necessitates the meticulous scrutinizing of every item engraved on the pages of the Book of Life before publishing it to all within sight or hearing. By the law of compensation we are requited according to exact moral values. Should not our prayer be for guidance in both private and public contacts to demonstrate kindly discriminating consideration toward our fellows? Only thus can be earned the reward pronounced by the Master Jesus in the parable, "Well done thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

## Transition . . .

*M. A. B.*

The world marches to a quickened tempo today, with lengthened stride to shortened time beat, for a new age approaches, and all must be made ready for its birth.

Dictators and mighty rulers of the world sit in high places of power. Actuated, so they claim, by the most unselfish motives for the progress and increased opportunities and wealth of their countries they have taken unto themselves more and more authority, until, made drunk by power, made blind by satisfaction of greed, they have hedged their peoples about with near impenetrable walls of falsehood and command, until they are as prisoners of the realm.

Moving mighty armies of men and machines across the lands and hurling murderous bombs from the skies of night, they dethrone kings, and move their human pawns of conquered men as in a chess game, to do their will. They shout democracy as barriers to their progress and to the world's best good, and cry their whole intent to wipe it from the earth. "I", they say, "Yes, I, will sit in majesty atop the world and rule it for its greatest growth."

Know they not they are themselves but pawns, or tools, to which the forces of the past have given birth? Know they not that in an age that's spent there must come at the last the harvest of the seed the centuries have sown? Are they so ignorant of the struggle that's in progress as to think that they themselves initiated it, and will be the arbiters of its final outcome?

For today are the forces of good and evil, construction and destruction, evolution and devolution, arrayed against each other in a mighty struggle for supremacy, and the prize to the winner is the individual freedom of the Soul of Man.

Only with the victory of the constructive forces can progress and development of the individual proceed. The destructive forces, employing as their weapons, every material, mental, moral, and psychical means at their command, prey upon the ignorance, passions, fears and other unreasoning, uncontrolled emotions of man, to create a welter of confusion to attain their ends toward the enslavement of mankind. Equally, the constructive forces labor through the finer, nobler employment of the individual's reason, courage, self-reliance, unselfishness, his highest idealism and spiritual growth to preserve his liberty and freedom of choice and action.

The struggle may be long and arduous; it may require the last ounce of strength of which man is capable of expending; it may call upon the courage and endurance of each individual to the utmost of his ability, but the end result can not be otherwise than victory for the good and constructive forces. In "The Great Message," TK tells us that "the time is coming, and if we may judge by the accumulating evidences, it is not so very far distant, when the ever-increasing volume of Truth will sweep every obstruction of error before it and come down to the humanity of the near future, with the benediction of the Great Father, the Great Masters, and the Great Universal Intelligence."

Even now the first faint rays of the dawn of the new age cast a glow upon the earth. We, of this generation, may not live to see that glow burn any brighter than the promise it now gives. But if we dedicate our lives to the cause of freedom, to the unselfish service of our fellowman; if we hold high our banners to the sun, we shall have the peace in our hearts that comes from knowledge of a fight well fought and a task well done. And we will have fulfilled our responsibility toward bringing nearer to realization the final goal of Earth's civilization—the Brotherhood of Man.

## Pine Needles . . .

*Joseph A. Sadony*

No one who has lived in artificial environments all his life knows how to think or what to believe so far as coping with the problems of this world is concerned. This world and everything in it, including man, is subject to the laws of nature by which all natural things and he were created. Outside of the natural struggle to survive (by which he is made to know the laws, and strengthened first to obey them, then to master them) his only problems are self-made, by violating them (either in the external world of his environments, or in the internal world of his own being).

But instead of befriending nature and making an ally of her, many seem to have come to regard her rebelliously as a cruel and unreasonable task-master if not actually an enemy. Yet nature herself has provided man with the materials and powers by which he has been able to put up walls against her, and build shells within which he has set up worlds and laws of his own. But he cannot do this in the world of his body. So he has studied the laws of his body to find out how to offset or reduce the consequences of violating her laws. For he is determined to defy and violate those laws. At least so it appears at times; but in most cases undoubtedly such violation is more the result of ignorance and carelessness than of determination.

The daily life of millions has become so far removed from direct contact or even the harmony of tempo that would maintain a distant attunement with nature, that they are helpless and unprepared to survive the ordeal of meeting her again, or to solve the problems to which this most tragic of all divorces has given rise. All those whose childhood was spent in her arms (instead of in cradles of concrete) sense this and long to return to her again. Thus they start the movement of the pendulum "back to nature" again. But there are those in whom these instincts have died of starvation. Their entire thought process rises from artificial premises that contain no elements of nature. These are the "floating" intellects that have neither roots in the ground nor antennae in the clouds of the abstract, to make them responsible either to the laws of nature or to the will of God. Derelicts if loose, they fasten themselves to positions of power in the man-made world for which others like them are responsible, and proceed to extend it and fortify it, bringing up their children likewise, not in accordance with nature's laws nor as an embodiment of God's will, but toward more complete immunity to both the instinct and intuition which are man's only receptors for maintaining a conscious relationship to these past and future (earthly and heavenly) aspects of the Creator of his own being.

What is the result of this? You will find the usual answer in the history of past "civilizations," for that is the name for this state of affairs. We may sigh and resign ourselves to the apparently inevitable laws by which history repeats itself. But why does it repeat itself? Because the tillers of ships are allowed to pass into the hands of men who have lived artificial lives and who therefore know neither "how to think" nor "what to believe" to motivate themselves or others along the paths of right living and right thinking in constructive harmony with the laws of nature and of nature's God. If we escape this fate in the future development of American civilization, it will be because the tiller shall continue to be grasped in every crucial hour by Abraham Lincolns who rise from cabins and potato fields to lay down hoes and axes without cutting those roots of their mind which maintain their mental nourishment from nature and permit the blossoming of the antennae of intuition by means of which alone is man ever activated to pray as the necessary preliminary of receptivity to being inspired of God.



# Your Morals . . .



## Preparedness

**A**LL the study lessons in Natural Science begin with, and are based upon the conception that the Individual into whose hands they come is sincerely desirous of acquiring accurate, dependable, usable information concerning the nature, character and quality of every ingredient that enters into the complex compound of every day life, and their relation to, and bearing upon, the eternity which lies out beyond the episode called physical death.

In its final essence, there can be but one firm basis for this desire; that is, the fundamental craving of the Individual Intelligence for a fuller, higher and nobler life; for a deeper insight into the conditions which surround and underlie its accomplishment; for a more extensive acquaintance with the principles and laws which govern its acquirement, and the forces, activities and processes through which it is wrought out.

So vast is the aggregate of things to be known that it is a hopeless task to undertake the acquirement of all knowledge in a lifetime, or many lifetimes. So far as one is able to judge from what is known, the process and labor of accumulating knowledge began eons ago with the dawn of intelligence, and has its limits far beyond the possibility of even the wisest to conceive or comprehend. The best that anyone can hope to do is to take up the problems at the particular point he finds himself on the evolutionary path, and use his best endeavors to expand the horizon of his consciousness and ability rightly to use the faculties and powers with which he has been endowed and invested, in the light of all he knows at any given time.

In this undertaking, he will find many difficulties to encounter, numerous obstacles to overcome, and an abundance of limitations that hem him in and bind him to his status and environment, until by his own efforts and acquired strength and ability, he is able to surmount them and rise to a new level of accomplishment and progress.

Nature has its own method of doing everything, and the only way Man can progress is to discover this way and adapt his energies and efforts to a harmonious relationship therewith. So long as he pursues this course without interruption, he finds his path leading onward and upward. He has but to desert this method, or desist in his efforts, to discover that he is making no headway.

The particular limitation that constantly confronts him, and frequently impedes his efforts and desires, is that of Preparedness. He daily and hourly discovers anew that he is prevented from doing many things that he would like to do, because of the fact that he has not acquired the ability to do them; he has not learned how; he does not know. He is certain they can be done, for he sees others do them, but accomplishment lies outside the limit of his present abilities; he is not yet *prepared* for it. Thus again and again he is reminded of the fact that Nature will not permit him to advance otherwise than in exact conformity with, and adjustment to, his *preparation*.

Nature, always consistent, sets the example by following the same rule in its own activities. Untold ages were spent in preparing the earth for the habitation of man; nor was he permitted to occupy it until it was prepared and ready for his use.

In the realm of minerals, a study of geological formation shows that the enormous deposits of iron, coal, gold, silver, and other minerals are but the achievement of long ages of tireless activity in preparation on the part of Nature. Nor is man permitted to enjoy the benefits of these without the due expenditure of labor and wealth—the accumulation of the results of toil—expended in preparation for removing them from the earth, and their refinement and adaptation to the needs of mankind.

In the vegetable kingdom, ages of development were necessary to prepare the surface of the earth for cultivation, and to generate the innumerable varieties of vegetable life which abound so prolifically. So, too, the planter must spend much time and effort in cultivating and preparing the soil to receive the seed; for seed sown upon stony or unprepared ground, brings forth no growth or fruition. Care for and cultivation of the planted seed and the growing plant, as well as the labor of harvesting and curing the crop, are likewise necessary in the process of preparing them for human sustenance. The animal kingdom is admittedly the outcome of eons of evolutionary progress of genera, classes and sub-classes, as well as the refinement, growth and development of the individual entities of which these are composed. The range between the lowest forms of animal life and the most advanced types discloses the tremendous energies of Nature expended in the generation, growth and development of individual Life, and its refinement to the point where co-ordination with the Soul Life Element\* was possible.

In the realm of man, the highest plane of Nature's activity connected with earth life, the Principle of Preparedness shows itself in the most constant and exacting, as well as the most interesting, lofty and beautiful manifestation. The early years of the growing child are spent in preparation for future duties, responsibilities and achievements. All these various activities were and are but steps in preparing for the advent of man, his growth, development and attainment of Completion. Viewed as a whole, it is one

stupendous *preparation* on the part of Nature for the inception, development, and completion of its purpose—the Individualization of Intelligence, and the perfection of the Individual.

In order to take up any course of study and follow it with any probability of success, one must have had a certain preliminary training so as to be able to apprehend the nature of the problems to be presented and considered. It is for this reason that the entire system of education in standard institutions has been carefully worked out into an exact method of orderly advancement, beginning in the kindergarten, and ending with the intricacies of the technical schools.

To a very large extent, the education of the past has been a “pouring in” process. Definite *amounts* of information have been regularly submitted to the learner, without due regard to his ability to digest, absorb and assimilate the material thus presented. This *amount* has usually been regulated according to the estimated average ability of the several intelligences to avail themselves of it. Too often the capacity of the most intelligent has been made the standard, with the result that those beneath these in ability have been unable to keep pace, scattered their energies over too much territory, without adequate consideration of any of the detail.

Some, not able to keep step with the progress, have lost interest, become discouraged, and fallen behind, their minds disturbed, dwarfed and defeated by a sense of inferiority; others, by straining every energy, working themselves into an unnatural condition of mentality and nervous tension, manage temporarily to master enough of the instruction to meet the tests, without acquiring any permanent knowledge of benefit therefrom.

Instruction in Natural Science proceeds upon a very different basis. Its aim, intent, and purpose are to establish and maintain a *drawing out process*, the object of which is to encourage and assist the Individual Intelligence in independent, self-reliant and



self-sufficient acquisition of knowledge, strength and power out of each and every opportunity presented to it.

This cannot be obtained simply by committing something to memory, any more than physical hunger can be appeased by gazing fondly at rolls or cakes in a bakeshop window. The only physical food that furnishes nourishment is that which is masticated, ensalivated, digested, absorbed and assimilated into the system. Anything short of this is a waste of time, money, energy and good food, with no resulting benefit accomplished.

In like manner, the Individual Intelligence itself cannot grow only by means of the earned increment of knowledge rightly used. It cannot use what it does not possess, for knowledge is one thing which can neither be borrowed nor lent. The Individual either possesses it or he does not. If he does not, he must get it, or do without it. There is only one way to get it. That is by acquiring it through honest, toilsome experience, and adding it to the sum total of his possessions.

It is likewise true that the mere acquisition of an item of knowledge does not of necessity add anything to the real possessions of the Individual Intelligence. Before it can be listed as a permanent asset, it must undergo a transformation, or transmutation.

The physical food consumed by man, after undergoing all the physical and chemical processes necessary to prepare it for use, must be absorbed and assimilated by the physical body before any benefit is derived therefrom. When this is accomplished, it has been transformed and converted into the living tissues of the body. It has ceased to be "food" and has become an actual part of the physical body, adapted to the uses of the Individual Intelligence.

In an analogous manner, every item of acquired knowledge must be assimilated and made part of the Intelligence. This means using it constructively, which exercise manifests itself as growth and development. Continued application brings proficiency, realization, advancement and actual possession, with readiness for use at any time.

Non-use deprives one of the power to thus add to the store of knowledge, or to retain it in possession after once being acquired. Non-use for a long period of time necessitates re-acquirement and re-assimilation.

The fact that an Individual is studying this lesson in Nature's fundamental principles establishes the fact that he possesses the necessary preparation to take up the search for knowledge of the truths of Nature and their application to his growth and development, with pleasure and profit to himself, and resulting benefits to all with whom he may come in contact.

Each lesson on life's journey presupposes the understanding and mastery of those which precede it. Each is a logical stepping stone to the one that follows it. The mastery of it is therefore preparatory to the next one, and the Individual's progress depends in a large degree upon the thoroughness with which he masters, assimilates and applies each lesson in turn.

Any Individual would find the advanced lessons in any course of study very difficult if he attempted their solution at the outset of the study; but thorough preparation, by careful and complete conquest over the succeeding steps, will so equip him that when he reaches the more difficult problems in their regular order, he has no serious trouble with them.

As well might a school-boy undertake to calculate an eclipse before he has mastered the rudiments of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, as for a student to undertake the solution of the higher problems of the Individual Intelligence before he has prepared himself to receive this knowledge, and improved himself in many ways; not merely theoretically and in imagination, but actually, intrinsically and permanently.

The most that can be accomplished by Natural Science, or any course of study, is the presentation of "the facts of Nature and their relations" in such manner as to insure their transmission to the consciousness of the student clearly, forcibly, and without ambiguity of thought, meaning or purpose. In

what manner, and to what extent, these presentations of truth will appeal to the differing Individual Intelligences who shall contact them, is a matter which cannot possibly be known, anticipated or decided in advance. These are problems which lie in the exclusive domain of each Individual Intelligence itself. Yet one thing is definitely positive and certain: Each particular item of truth will be met with in as many differing ways as there are Individual Intelligences to meet it.

It ordinarily happens in life that one Individual will eagerly devour any new presentation or view of truth from the standpoint of ascertaining to what extent it exploits or upholds his own understanding of, and attitude toward, the particular topic under consideration. The truth itself is of little importance to him, compared with its bearing upon the vindication of the ideas he holds on the subject. If the treatise measures up to his standard in that regard, he adopts it with enthusiasm, and becomes at once a partisan of it, offensively and defensively; if not, he gives it but passing attention and credence, and lays it aside as unworthy of his time, thought and energy.

Another begins the consideration of any theme with a mental attitude of skepticism. He is open to conviction, but defies the world to convince him. As soon as he discovers that it contains thoughts and ideas that are out of his beaten path, he arrays all his intellectual forces to combat it, priding himself, not upon his ability to grasp, compare, weigh and estimate the value of the new idea, but rather upon his shrewdness and ingenuity in evading, avoiding or trampling upon all facts, deductions or applications of principles that do not agree with his established point of view.

These and many similar attitudes represent a status of Intelligence wherein it is impossible to gather any worth-while knowledge on any subject. All the avenues to advancement are closed until such time as the Individual decides to open them of his own accord. He is not *prepared*.

That student is prepared who has reached the point where he is earnestly and sincerely

seeking knowledge that he may make use of it to further his own betterment and unfoldment, and is willing carefully to consider a presentation of truth, analyze it, study it, weigh it, test it, and compare it with all he already knows, until he is able to decide whether or not he accepts it as true.

Resolve to see and know things for yourself. Depend upon yourself for your ideas of things. Be your own authority. In this way you develop certainty about facts; increase your self-confidence; and build your self-reliance. Thus you insure your progress.

The character of any contemplated achievement determines the kind, quality and quantity of *preparation* necessary to accomplish it. Up to a certain point, this training and preparation are general. Its values lie in the discipline of the thought processes and the acquirement of the knowledge which experience has demonstrated to be valuable in every line of endeavor. Beyond this point, attention must be directed to the accumulation of knowledge and experience peculiar and special to the particular line of activity which the Individual purposes to follow as his business, or life work. Success in this is largely determined by the thoroughness with which the Individual has mastered the details that enter into and make up the chosen avocation.

The more one advances in any line of endeavor, the greater becomes his skill. This is but another way of saying that he has more thoroughly *prepared* himself for more difficult tasks, and more proficiency in their execution. He is expert because he has *prepared* himself to do extraordinary things, or ordinary things in an extraordinary manner. In either case, his excellence lies in, and is due to, his preparation.

As a task grows in importance, in like measure does it require increased preparation. No sensible Individual ever approaches the execution of a difficult and important undertaking without having done everything in his power thoroughly to prepare himself for every eventuality. Conscientious men in every walk of life refuse to assume the responsibility of action in momentous af-



fairs, when for any reason they feel themselves unable to manage the matter in the way it should be done. However willing one may be to assume the risk of making a mistake in a matter of small import, he wisely refrains from attempting a serious task unless he feels every confidence that he is thoroughly prepared to meet the conditions and requirements, and carry the enterprise through to successful accomplishment.

In the final analysis, Preparation resolves itself into a problem of Personal Responsibility. It is commonly understood that when an Individual undertakes to do a thing, he voluntarily assumes the responsibility of carrying out the agreement in a manner and form as agreed upon. This he cannot do unless he is prepared. Certainly in this case, Preparation is one of the basic and vital elements that enter into his responsibility in the matter.

At all times, and under all circumstances, the Individual is charged with the Personal Responsibility of discharging his obligations, of making the Right Use of all his faculties and powers. To whatever extent he is *prepared* to meet the duties and emergencies of life as they arise, to that extent is he *able* to cope with and properly discharge the obligations thus accruing. To whatever extent he is *not* prepared, in like measure must he fail to fulfill the requirements of his responsibilities. Personal Responsibility thus becomes an essential ingredient in the problem of Preparedness.

A student can greatly augment his preparation for future growth by using each lesson as a stimulus to initiative and originality. As he is busily engaged in mastering the lesson and relating the principles and truths to his own life and conduct (thus adding them to his stock of knowledge), many new ideas, questions and problems will form themselves in his mind. New lines of action, new concepts and new associations constantly will arise. He will find himself contemplating and conceiving many lines of endeavor, legitimately suggested by his own thought processes. These are proper products of his toil, earned increments of his

efforts to improve himself. They should be studied. An open mind should be kept until greater knowledge concerning them shall come with future study. This practice aids in the mastery and assimilation of the lesson being studied; it broadens and deepens one's appreciation of the truth; it increases his ability to adapt his daily life to the new knowledge; it widens his horizon; and prepares him for the work that lies ahead.

Nature systematically works from the basis of the Individual Intelligent Entity and has so constituted it that each entity shall have a process of training peculiar and necessary to itself. What may be excellent regime for one Individual in fitting him for the duties and responsibilities of life, would probably be poor preparation for another. Since humanity is formed of an infinite variety of Individuals, there must be an infinite variety of experiences to those Individuals as a preparation for future activity. To meet this requirement, Nature wisely has provided that each Individual shall receive from an experience in exact proportion as his previous preparation qualifies him to respond to, and garner from, it the knowledge he alone is capable of acquiring. As the wondrous melodies of a master orchestra mean much or little to the hearers, according as they have been schooled to grasp and appreciate the music, so the splendid symphonies of Nature appeal to and impress Individuals. Each receives and responds according to his own capacities. Nature always *gives* all the Individual is capable of *receiving*.

But Nature does not stop there. While it is provided that man shall receive full value for all the work performed and labor expended, each step he takes forward and upward reveals a wider horizon with new and higher aspirations and nobler aims. Before him spread out new fields of conquest and new rewards of victory; an infinite series of goals to be attained.

The crowning value of Preparedness lies in the fact that each experience is a preparation for a future and better experience. Man is forever attaining, and forever receiving

the just reward of his efforts. Each effort and each attainment prepare him for, and lead him on to greater heights. Circumstances and events are so closely linked and interwoven that each thought is a preparation for a succeeding thought. Each day of living is a preparation for a succeeding day of life. Each life is a preparation for a succeeding life.

Preparedness becomes a very important consideration in view of the fact that it is universal in its application. In every manifestation of life can be observed the orderly trend of growth and development, proceeding by regular degrees in strict accordance with the laws which govern the particular species of being. Whether it is mineral crystal, vegetable cell, animal organism, or human entity, all alike respond to the law of orderly progress.

The same law obtains, with equal certainty, and far greater accuracy, throughout all the realms of spiritual life, and out beyond all the earth planes as far as the wisest of the Masters have any knowledge. Everywhere preparation is preliminary to achievement; progress and unfoldment dependent upon the thoroughness with which the Individual has mastered the antecedent steps.

Whatever your status on the path of evolution, you have arrived at it one step at a time, each step a preparation for the next. Whether you have travelled ten miles or a thousand, the Law is the same. Nor will it ever change. It is therefore not a question of how fast you can progress, but how thoroughly you can master each succeeding step. Your part in the great plan of development is to take care of the Preparation. Nature can be confidently relied upon to do its part, abundantly, and provide unfoldment in exact proportion to your readiness.

As you build, so you grow.

## Are You Stale?

The following questions are based on the teachings of Natural Science as prescribed in the eight Harmonic Text Books. After You have answered them, check your answers with the references given elsewhere in this issue. The numbers indicate the volume, page, and paragraph where the answers may be found, as: 1-25-4 has reference to Vol. 1, page 25, par. 2, etc.)

1—What is the one hope which has impelled the Great Souls of all times to travel forward and upward from Individual Darkness to Personal Mastership?

2—Has the Great School of the Masters ever allowed itself to become static or to turn its back on humanity because of repeated failure?

3—State some of the facts which prove that the individual intelligent activities of human life are governed by the Soul, or Individual Intelligence.

4—What point of development do the most highly developed men and women of the superior races mark?

5—Give a brief resume of the aspirations and perceptions of the best manhood and womanhood as a result of mutual relations.

6—What pursuit is rightly said to be the highest occupation of an Individual Intelligence, or Soul? Elucidate.

7—What is it that measures the difference between the ethical satisfactions of man of low intelligence and the man of greater intelligence?

8—Give some of the different names for that fundamental Principle of positive and receptive energy which is forever seeking equilibrium through individual entities.

9—What occurs when the emotions control the Will?

10—How many kinds of Pride are there? Define each.

11—Why is it necessary to qualify Pride in its constructive aspect by the adjectives "just" and "worthy"?

12—Why is it that the Individual who enters into the condition erroneously called "Auto Hypnotism" is in such extreme danger?

13—What is necessary before a physical vibratory process can be recognized by an Individual Intelligence as "sensation"?



# What Do You Think?

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

## ONE CAN WAIT

I would not ask that you answer every communication that I send you. Over a period of years, it has seemed to become a natural thing to write you more or less regularly, and to be glad that you are there to accept these varied and sundry communications. The small complexities of daily life in the average family today are such as to consume much energy and time, and there are times when much of it seems futile and wasteful. Yet we find ourselves cast in certain roles which the past has brought us, and it is our responsibility to play that role as constructively as it is within our power to play. And when the trivial (seemingly) duties of some of its days exact an undue amount of nervous energy and physical exertion, and we get caught up in the confusion of little things so that we are impatient in many ways, it is good to be able to turn to the Great School and what it represents, and to feel that thus far its doors remain open, though our steps along the path to which it points are spasmodically made. Time was when it seemed of paramount and vital importance to study, to work, in order to progress and develop in line with its great and constructive teachings, and one must not waste time in the labor of this constructive work. Now—well, I still think that such labor is of paramount importance, but I do not think it can all be done in one lifetime. And so there has come a greater patience. One can wait, even while he labors—and be glad.

Texas

A Student.

## A DREAM

You have been very kind in sending me your magazine but as I am still financially unable to do anything about paying for it, I do not feel that I have the right to impose on your kindness any longer. I always enjoy it but feel it is asking too much for you to continue sending it.

I am sending you the enclosed. If you can use it, do so—if not, at least it will prove an interesting study of how far dreams will go, as this is one I had a long time ago and it is still vivid. It has helped many people through my telling of it, so I thought it might be of use to you and the readers.

## THE LADDER

How long I had been climbing I do not know. Thousands were climbing, struggling, slipping beside me. We climbed a weak bamboo ladder which was constantly breaking. At last I reached a jagged hole and saw the rungs of an iron ladder above me. With great pains and struggles I succeeded in pulling myself through, and as I did so a voice said—"That is Death."

From then on the way became easier; the groups thinned out. Helpers appeared along the sides of the road. I asked them—"Why were there no helpers on earth?"

"There were, but you were too blind to see them. A bird,

a sunset, a little flower, a child—"

Soon I became aware of rare and beautiful perfumes and colors. From below on earth I could still hear dreadful sounds. "What are those sounds?" I asked. "Your most beautiful earthly music—but oh, how much more beautiful are those above," was the reply.

"What is that lovely perfume?" "Your rarest perfumes—but above, oh how much rarer they are."

Soon I found I was not only walking upright but on firm and lovely material. Also I was taken aside to help others. The groups were thinner now and once in a while I would see a person standing on the side admiring clothes, gems, etc. They had not yet overcome the human love of pomp and station. Until they did they could not progress. Then suddenly I was alone facing a great abyss; a single trail, very, very narrow, spanned it.

"This you travel alone" said a voice. "And if I fail?" I asked, "I have always feared the heights."

"If you do, who knows—"

So, trembling in every limb and throughout my body, I set out on my lonely trail, clinging, struggling, faltering. Then I awoke.

Pasadena, Calif.

Mrs. W. B. R.—.

## FROM THE WAR ZONE

Dear **Friends**: I don't know why I have been addressing you as "Gentlemen" for so many years! It must be some of my English insularity left in me, but since you have been and are my friends I should like to address you as such.

I don't know whether you received my last letter regarding my subscription for the magazine, but as letters are often being censored it is as well not to enclose notes as it might lead to unpleasantness since this, among many other things, has also been prohibited. Also, there is the chance of loss of money thru sinking. I **do** hope you will understand my position, and that I shall be able to send you back dues and bring the account up to date at the first safe opportunity. I notice I have not received the magazine lately, but am quite willing to wait until I can pay up.

I have just started re-reading and putting aside extracts from the magazines since I first commenced taking them and am finding it most interesting and helpful. In-deed, whenever I read anything to do with the books, my spirit, low as it often is these days, improves and I am able to look again at the bright side of things. I can never begin to be grateful enough for having been brought into touch with these studies. They have given me a hope—indeed, a faith—that not even English living conditions, plus war conditions, can put out entirely. Life was generally worth living in the States, but it certainly isn't here, and more especially at present.

I wonder how matters are faring with you people? I trust

the School is still "carrying on" and that Valmont Knoll grows lovelier every day. I don't ever expect to see it in this life and it is no good crying over spilt milk. I've got to stay here until the war ends, like it or not. Unless you have **lived** in England you could not possibly realize the deadly dullness of life here. Until the war nothing ever happened, nothing new was ever thought of, and people went on in the same stolid old way as they had done for centuries. At any rate the war will wake up the people, bad as it is.

Torquay's population has been increased by between 12,000 and 13,000 people as it is, so far, a comparatively safe area and evacuees and firms are pouring in here; then of course, we have thousands of Air Force here with a good sprinkling of soldiers; so the place is actually waking up a bit. Also the Cinemas have just been allowed to open on Sundays, and that is an unheard of state of affairs for narrow-minded England! Since the Church and State are not separated, as they are in our States, the Church generally has the say, and thus places of amusement in general are closed on Sundays. People from other countries may well dread an English Sunday, especially in such a rainy and foggy climate. Rationing is in force for butter, tea, bacon and sugar, but the allowance is not **too** bad. The black-out is the worst thing to my mind. The way "Civilization" crawls about the unlighted streets after two centuries of "Christianity" is certainly funny! Probably there have been as many, if not more, accidents through the Black-out than thru the war itself so far. All you hear is "Put out that light!" said in a loud tone of command.

Questions enter my mind about which I should like to ask you sometime, but at present my mind is in no state to study or to think—one just exists from day to day and, in my case, praying for a bomb to end this section of existence. Humanity in general seems to want to fight and squabble, so let them do it. Unfortunately the innocent have to suffer for the guilty.

I am sending this letter by Air Mail and so will not stop for more now. Perhaps you would kindly acknowledge it and so give me the pleasure of hearing from you once again before the end.

Torquay, England.

A Student and Friend.

**Ed. Note:** The foregoing letter, written on November 20, opened and censored, was received after Christmas. An immediate answer was sent, air mail, to assure the writer that it had been received, that her magazines have been sent regularly and would be so continued, and that Friends on both sides of life were interested in giving moral support to her during a difficult condition of living. An effort was made in the reply to give encouragement and stimulation, that she might meet the problem of life wholesomely and constructively and thus make some worthy strides on her individual pathway before making her transition. The hope is that she may receive the letter in time to render her some help.

## THE FIRST REACTION

Thank you for publishing my letter in the "What Do You Think?" column. The Editor's note to it effected me most profoundly. To me it is a very strong incentive to more effective self-effort and a renewed exertion in the Great Work. The fact that it was published in the hope that it might help some other individual is what makes me feel, indeed, grateful.

My first reaction after reading the editorial note appeared to me as somewhat ludicrous. It reminded me of an experience I had when I was yet a youngster. Relating this perhaps will make my meaning clearer than if I tried to define it. So here:—

He was a student in the second year High School, somewhere

between twelve and thirteen years old. It happened in the first or second month of the first semester. The students, by that time, had some instruction in physics and elementary mechanics. One day the teacher of physics decided to hold an exam. The subject, the "pump."

There were at least forty pupils, called upon by the teacher in alphabetical order. Half way down the roster he had received no satisfaction yet; or, in most cases, no answer at all. Disgusted, he called upon the class to discover if there were anyone present who thought he could answer the questions. Yes, there was one who would brave his disgust and anger and had enough self-confidence to think he could answer the questions correctly. He raised his hand. Given recognition, he stood before the blackboard, properly answered the questions, and was asked to illustrate the answers with diagrams.

Satisfied and pleased with the success of the youngster, the instructor turned to the class and right then and there held the young man up as an exemplary student whom the other pupils should emulate.

You should have seen the change of expression on that young fellow's face! Self-confidence gave way to shamefacedness and self-consciousness; it seemed as if he would have hidden himself behind the teacher where no one could see him if he could have done so. It seemed that though the boy felt pleased over the praise, yet he thought the teacher overestimated his scholarly achievement.

As I recall the incident, praise was not the only thing that resulted from that experience. For the two ensuing years that the teacher was with that class, he never again called upon that boy to answer questions. More than that, he gave little attention to the boy in the class—as if he did not need it. Probably thinking that the young fellow would keep his attention on his work and the subject under study, anyway.

Well, while this teacher of science may also have been a good psychologist, yet I well remember having any uneasy feeling that I barely escaped a permanent injury. But for my intense interest in physics, mechanics, and kindred subjects, my vanity might have proven to be a great stumbling block in my way. Luckily it can be said that though it still is somewhat present in my make-up, it has not tripped me up. And I pray it may never.

Similarly now, though the Editor's praise pleases me and I accept it gratefully, still I feel that it is not I, but "those" who stood by me in my dark hour and who still stand by me now, who really deserve the praise. The Great Friends, the Great Helpers; some from whom I did not expect anything; some of my good friends; and last, but not least, my wife and daughter who contributed all they could and did the best they knew how to make my condition bearable—all these are the ones who deserve the credit, if credit is due, for the help they gave and the aid they brought to sustain my courage and give me strength. They deserve not only praise, but thankfulness for the work they did, and do, for me. In all this there is one thing that must not be forgotten:

### The Great Source of All Things.

THAT is something about which I feel myself too incompetent to speak. Although I always maintain that THAT is the Source of all the things I or anyone needs at any time, under any circumstances—still, the opposition of others and their unbelieving attitudes with which one has to contend, has me at times wavering; and this often forces me to hang on to my faith tooth and nail, intellectually and physically speaking. Be that as it may, having deep, grateful feeling to the Great Creative Intelligence shall not, and does not, prevent one from being grateful to the Individuals, as such, who serve as the instruments of the Great Beneficent.



I hope the time will come when, without self-appröbation, self-appröval, self-righteousness, or the least trace of intellectual vanity, I can say: "Thank God I am not ungrateful! Till we meet again,  
New York

S. R.

#### THE PROP

I want to thank you from the depths of my Soul for your kindness in continuing to send me your individual magazine far beyond the date of its expiration. Perhaps there is no need to tell you how impossible it has seemed to get this money to you before now; but I am sending it at the first opportunity, as I must have "To You" as long as I continue to function on this plane of existence. For so many years it has been the prop on which I and my family have leaned, helping us to go ever onward through life's battering storms.

I find mere words are a poor medium with which to express my gratitude, and thankfulness, for you and to you. May you continue in this Great Work.  
Santa Maria, Calif.

Mrs. E. J. D.

#### SOMETHING PERSONAL

Enclosed find my renewal. The only way I might suggest that you improve the magazine is to print more material and more often—its a heck of a long wait between issues.

I see my friend, Mr. Rosenzweig, has a column in the magazine (and that reminds me I must pay him a visit or he will be exposing me in some subsequent issue) which is very interesting reading—but confidentially, who wrote the Shakespearian plays?—That is, what was the author's true name? I have heard so much stuff by Shakespearians—Baconians and what not that it has made me dizzy trying to figure "who done the deed." How about a write-up on this controversy in some future issue? You might reply that the name of the author is not necessary inasmuch as he was a student of the Great Work—but on the other hand, for my sake I'll like to know his "real moniker."

Now for something personal. Back in 1933—Washington's Birthday to be exact—three of the best doctors in Yonkers, N.Y. told me that I hadn't one chance in a thousand of living—that they thought I was going to "kick the bucket" within a year or so. Well, here it is 1940. I work harder now than I did before—I even go to school at night to improve my working knowledge—and I do some pretty tough work at times around the garden; all to the amazement and honor of the "medicos." And all this while I am conducting a professional wrestling match with a couple of "half starved, blood-thirsty lions" that I have met on the way onward and upward.  
Yonkers, New York.

R. A. M. Jr.

**Ed. Note:** The key to the answer of the controversy which has continued on throughout many years past, and probably will continue for future years, can be found in *The Great Message*, wherein a statement is made concerning Shakespeare.

It is hoped that you may be as successful in your battle with the "blood-thirsty lions" as you have been in the one of your health. If so, you will make splendid progress on the long trail.

## The Searchlight . . .

(The Student who is striving for self-improvement and unfoldment will find it helpful to retain a written record of his answers to these questions designed for the purpose of self-analysis. A year from now, after he has endeavored to improve his character along the particular line of the questions, if he will review the questions and answers in the light of his then present status of character, he will be able to determine how much progress, if any, he has made in the interim. It may prove enlightening.)

What do you understand by the term "Emotionalism" as exemplified in human conduct?

From what ethical standpoint is it constructive? Explain why.

What is the difference between Sentiment and Sentimentality? What is the relation, if any, between them and Emotionalism?

To which are women more given, Sentiment or Sentimentality?

Is it true, do You think, as charged by women, that men have too little of either sentiment or sentimentality, or is it your experience that they are on a par with women?

Is there any confusion in your mind as to the distinction between the two words?

What is the mission of Tears? When are they justified and when not?

Are they always the sign of sorrow? If not, what other impulses or motives may move one to tears?

Have You found it true that women employ Tears to accomplish many ulterior designs?

Do they, as often charged, weep to conquer opposition, to avert condemnation, to insure attention, to awaken sympathy, to gain their point, and to acquire "things"?

What, in your opinion, is indicated by the "ready weeper"?

Why is it that a few tears can win sympathy, but copious weeping is wearisome?

Do you weep easily? (Even men have been known to do so.)

If so, do You think that any Individual who indulges in tears or gives way to the emotions over trivial matters, can consistently claim Mastery or Self-Control?

Explain why and give your reasons.

# Fiction



## The Kindly Kiss of Death . . .

Ambro S. Park

(CONCLUDED)

CHAPTER XII

**K**NOWING that Terry could live but a few days, Jorice felt very tender toward the erring Irishman, as she administered to his comfort. With the aid of Wa-wa-his-si and San, she moved Terry under a skin shelter overlooking Crater Lake, where he could see in all directions by moving his head.

Terry was entranced with the wild panorama of the Valley of Fire, with its towering Fire Spirit alternately dimming and blazing forth in rainbow colors. He grudgingly admitted that the scenery was almost as beautiful as that about the Lakes of Killarney. He smiled whimsically as he said, "'Tis too big, too awesome to snuggle about the heart av ye an' croon to ye like the Lakes av Killarney, Wildfire."

"But it lifts one's spirits to dizzy heights, Terry, and makes the petty frailties of humanity seem so ugly in comparison," responded Jorice, unthinkingly.

Terry winced at the 'frailties of humanity,' looking into Jorice's eyes appealingly, as he said, contritely, "'Thue, Breeze av the Mountains! An' that's why I love Killarney: 'Tis sweetheart an' mother to ye, an' the sins av ye be little sins in the eyes of love. This is grrrand an' pure, an' lofty an' virtuous as an iciele, makin' the sins av ye leap out an' slap the face av ye." Terry turned his eyes toward the Fire Spirit, concluding, softly, "'Tis me wants peace for the few days left, Heartbalm."

Jorice felt a sharp pang of contrition at the thoughtlessness of her words, and a flood of tenderness at Terry's humble confession of defeat. She placed a hand on his fevered forehead and playfully tweaked his crooked nose; then smoothed his reddish-black hair back from his brilliant blue eyes, saying, "I feel that Louis and Or-og-on will capture Petroff and be back soon. Then you'll have nothing to prevent your getting well, Terry, dear."

Terry clasped Jorice's cool hand in his hot one and kissed it reverently, saying, with quiet conviction, "'Tis me that hopes the wound in the back av me will finish me before I taste the fire av the La-lae-an:

It has quit hurtin' an' 'tis a sign that its workin' fast. I could master the slits in me chest, but the gangrene in the back av me has gone too far." Terry stopped as if groping for words to express his meaning, then continued, casually, "'Tis best fer all av us that Terry goes on. He's too weak in the flesh. The crooked nose av him turns to the left an' that's a bad sign. The sooner his spirit escapes from his crooked body, the sooner will it have a chance to grow straight, accordin' to the plans and spifications av the Great Architect. An' there's no plum wine nor Irish whiskey to blot the blue-prints in His Shop. The love av ye was a beautiful dthream while it lasted, Wildfire, an' I'm glad I had it; it was its own reward. But 'tis all *man* that'll win ye, an' ye'll be happy with Louis, here and ferever afther. 'Tis best so."

Jorice flushed at the mention of Louis. She asked, "Louis told me that he fought in the Wa-hu-ya so that I would be saved for you, Terry dear. Isn't that so?"

Terry chuckled, saying, "Louis thought it was so: he still thinks it is so. But the big heart av him yearns fer ye an' ye love him, as I saw by the eyes av ye when ye saw he was free from the stake. An' that was Terry's moment av peace with vict'hory, fer he then knew the meanin' av his own crooked life, dearie."

Jorice bowed her head and whispered gratefully, "You're a gallant gentleman, Terence O'Dey."

They sat in silence for a little, while Terry twisted strands of Jorice's glossy black hair in his fingers, as a child would play with a Madonna. Finally Terry laughed outright at a thought which pleased him and which he put into words, saying, "Louis Ladore is an innocent gossoon in love. He'll let the heart av him crack before he'll mintion love to ye, thinkin' that the heart av ye is with Terry, Heartsease. Ye'll have to crack the head av him with a club av love as big as his bump av humility, before he'll awake from his honor trance."

Jorice laughed heartily at Terry's quaint speech, as she released her hair from Terry's fingers and brought him a cup of the plum wine he liked so well. As she gave him the wine, Wa-wa-his-si and San



strolled up and gave them something else to think about.

San was wearing a garland of yellow blossoms about his neck and his face was redder than the opals in the eyes of Wa-wa-his-si's parrot. His arms were filled with yellow and red flowers mixed. He was plainly half-mad and wholly uncomfortable.

Wa-wa-his-si gurgled as she pointed to San's load of flowers, "Isn't our Chino hero positively handsome in an aureole of yellow blossoms? I'm teaching him how easily they are acquired. But he is so ungallant as to say, 'Me eally yella flowehs to flend Telly, but gota no damn use foh'em.' How can he be so ruthlessly cruel with my tender maiden heart!" Wa-wa-his-si sighed and wiped her eyes.

San threw his arm-load on the couch beside Terry and tore the garland from his neck, swearing, "Calamba, take damn flowehs! Me belly sick."

Terry and Jorice laughed and San grinned sheepishly, as he helped himself to the plum wine. However, he did have the grace to carry a cup of the pleasing liquid to Wa-wa-his-si. And that wicked flirt attempted to kiss him as he gave her the cup. San squawked like a frightened chicken and backed away, as Wa-wa-his-si's lips pecked at his cheek and the parrot's beak pecked at his head.

"Better surrender, San, the fire's too hot and heavy," chuckled Terry.

San, as usual, took refuge behind Jorice. From that port of safety, he made faces at the almost hysterical Wa-wa-his-si, as that seemed the only retort that his boyish mentality could evolve.

Jorice's intuition told her that there was something back of Wa-wa-his-si's excessive gayety; something ugly that was worrying that white-haired, youthful-bodied Cleopatra. A little later she left Terry in San's care and strolled with Wa-wa-his-si to the mound of the Spirit Drum. There they found that the teepee had been stretched horizontally, protecting the drum from the rays of the sun and chance showers, but leaving it visible from all sides. The drum-sticks were on top of the gigantic instrument that cleverly utilized Nature's cavern to swell the volume of its music. Jorice felt an itching to play on that novel instrument, but held her desire in check, asking eagerly, "Wa-wa-his-si, what is it that is troubling you? I knew the moment you came up with San that you were worried over something. Tell me, please."

Wa-wa-his-si stroked the gaudy plumage of her pet parrot, thoughtfully, fixing brilliant amber eyes on the Fire Spirit with a look of somber inquiry, as if she would wrest the secret of the ages from that mysterious goddess. Instead of replying at once, she laid the parrot wand on the ground and took the drum-sticks from the drum-head. Taking the big stick, she

beat a light tattoo on one of the minor drums, finishing by giving the large drum a single blow that set the air vibrating. Then she picked up the parrot, clucking to it as if it were alive, saying softly, "Polly and Wa-wa-his-si have looked upon many generations of men. Wa-wa-his-si has mothered many generations of men. Most of them were good men. None was ever all bad until—" Wa-wa-his-si hesitated, her breast heaved and her eyes clouded with pain. "Or-il-on came with Or-on-he. Or-on-he is kind, just and lovable; his spirit follows the straight trail of light. Or-il-on is cruel, deceitful, morose, hateful. His trail is crooked and crowded with evil spirits. When Lolo-ta gave them birth, there must have been but one good spirit-soul at hand to enter Or-on-he's body with his first breath of life. It must have been an evil spirit-soul that entered Or-il-on's body when he drew his first breath. Does the Fire Spirit know why, I wonder!"

As Wa-wa-his-si paused, Jorice said, "I know you worship Or-on-he and are displeased with Or-il-on, but surely nothing new has arisen to cause you more sorrow?"

"Nothing, Breath of Ferns, that Wa-wa-his-si can lay her finger on and say 'this is so', but her spirit sees the secrets of her people. Or-il-on is proud, haughty and revengeful. He is plotting to possess your lovely body. In two nights the Great Council of the OR-OG-AN tribes will meet at the Devil's Mouth. The Chiefs of the different tribes meet then. With Or-og-on away, Or-il-on will be the Great Chief of the Council: His word will be final, and matters of law and custom must be definitely settled. Wa-wa-his-si hopes that Or-og-on returns before the Council meets."

"Wa-wa-his-si," said Jorice kindly, yet firmly, "I would die by my own hand before I would submit to Or-il-on, or any other man I did not love. We English women insist upon the right of free choice, according to the law of natural selection, and may not be coerced. What do you particularly fear?"

Wa-wa-his-si flushed at Jorice's decisive rejection of a *la-lae-an* husband, for she was a strange mixture of modern intelligence and ancient racial pride, with a leaning to the war-club as an instrument in the wooing of women. But she stifled her stung pride and answered calmly, "O Breath of Tarts, Wa-wa-his-si fears that Or-il-on, in the role of Great Chief, will invoke the law that all matters must be settled at the Great Council: that he will have the wounded Irishman die at the stake, and that Louis Ladore will be declared to have forfeited his rights by not being present to defend them. His influence with the chiefs of the other tribes is very strong, for most of them are impatient with the kindly policies of Or-og-on."

Also they have suffered much at the hands of white races, and they have not the direct, softening influence of Wa-wa-his-si's counsel and presence."

There was nothing boastful in this last statement, but a simple statement of fact, and Jorice acknowledged it by asking, hopefully, "Can't you use that wonderful influence at the Council, Wa-wa-his-si?"

Wa-wa-his-si shrugged her shoulders as she replied, resentfully, "Wa-wa-his-si is only an honored guest at the Great Council and may take no part in its actions, beyond greeting the chiefs in the name of the Fire Spirit."

Jorice was alarmed by Wa-wa-his-si's pessimistic words. She hoped that Or-og-on and Louis would return in time for the Council. However, she secreted the vial of deadly poison on her person for emergencies.

Jorice's gloomy thoughts were dissipated by the arrival of Lo-lo-ta, who had been summoned by Wa-wa-his-si's playing of the Spirit Drum.

Lo-lo-ta greeted Jorice with a friendly hand-clasp and inquired about Terry. When told that Terry could not survive his infected back-wound, Lo-lo-ta said "The Land of Spirits is the best place to end his sufferings. Lo-lo-ta hopes he goes on that long trail quickly."

Jorice was amazed and nettled by this speech, but Wa-wa-his-si gave her no chance to reply. She seized Jorice's arm and led her close to the Spirit Drum, saying, "O Breath of Music, Wa-wa-his-si knows that you are dying to play the big drum. Take the big stick and beat time as Lo-lo-ta and Wa-wa-his-si send a message to the La-lac-an."

"But I don't know what you are going to play," protested Jorice.

"The rhythm will tell your ears when to strike and Wa-wa-his-si will nod her head, Eager One."

Jorice grasped the big drum-stick with eager anticipation and watched the women closely as they took their places on opposite sides of the drum and started to play. She fell into the rhythm quickly and tingled with delight as the monster responded to her caressing strokes with rolling bellows of Titanic joy. And little did she dream of the import of the message she was helping to send to a pair of listening ears at the Devil's Mouth.

Or-on-he stepped from his guard cave as the first notes reached his ears, and saluted the Fire Spirit. Then he sauntered toward the last cave on the north side, listening intently. He reached the entrance to this cave as the last notes died in silence. Thrusting the skin curtain aside, he called, "Sa-la-na."

A little, old man came nimbly forth and saluted Or-on-he gravely, inquiring, "Sa-la-na's ears are open?"

"Take dried meat for five suns! Trail Or-og-on

and sleep not 'til his ears hear that Or-on-he says he must return for the Great Council, even if he comes alone. Go!"

"Ee-ya-ya!" responded Sa-la-na, as he grabbed a skin of dried meat from a rock shelf and darted away.

Or-on-he smiled as Sa-la-na disappeared into the yawning Devil's Mouth. There were many swifter runners, but Sa-la-na was a tireless runner who had once trotted nine suns without rest. And Or-on-he knew well why Wa-wa-his-si wanted Or-og-on, for he too, guessed the evil designs of Or-il-on.

The two days preceding the Great Council passed quietly. Terry's chest wounds were healing rapidly, but his back wound grew worse. Instead of growing weaker, he gained strength as he recovered from the starvation and sleeplessness of his pursuit of Petroff. They watched anxiously for the return of Louis and Or-og-on, but the two days slipped by without their welcome appearance.

At sunset of Council night, Or-il-on came with ten La-lac-an braves, all hostile to Terry. Jorice was with Terry, while Wa-wa-his-si and San were in sight on the cliffs at Crater Lake.

Terry was sitting on a fur-covered bench and Jorice was standing beside him as the eleven scowling warriors halted before them. Jorice was smiling, though she felt an icy pang of terror at sight of the hostile faces.

Or-il-on's face was set in lines of hatred and jealousy. He made no effort to disguise his feelings, saying, bluntly, "Or-il-on may be fooled by the strange wrestling tricks of the white men, but he is not fooled by the wiles of the cunning white woman. The giant fought in the Wa-hu-ya for his friend O'Dey, and not to win the woman for his own wigwam. Is Or-il-on's tongue straight, Jorice Howard?"

Jorice, stung to fury by Or-il-on's insulting looks and words, and too proudly independent to deny the truth, said hotly, "And what if it is so, papoose-fighter and killer-of-men-by-stealth? Or-il-on fears to face the Irishman in open battle but would bribe the Evil One to kill him shamefully. He has the heart of a buzzard, the head of a fox and the feet of a skunk! His trail stinks! Pah!" Jorice finished by spitting contemptuously at Or-il-on's feet and drawing her pistols.

Terry now stood with rapier in one hand and pistol in the other.

The sound of their voices, high-pitched in anger, brought Wa-wa-his-si and San running. San arrived with saber in one hand and pistol in the other. He would have attacked Or-il-on at once, but Jorice cried, "Wait, San!"

Or-il-on was too convulsed with rage at being publicly insulted by a woman to control his voice. He



turned as if to order the braves to attack, but Wa-wa-his-si called imperatively, "Stop! A Chief holds his temper and wars not on women, Son Or-il-on!"

Or-il-on folded his arms over his heaving breast, saying, "Or-il-on asks this woman for the truth. She admits it and insults him before his warriors. She admits that the giant fought for his friend O'Dey. It is a trick that the La-lae-an will defeat. O'Dey must go before the Council and say why he should not be burned at the stake for letting the Evil One escape. I have spoken."

Terry grinned insolently and spat at Or-il-on's feet, saying "Terence O'Dey is half-dead on his feet, but he can lick the five La-lae-an as easily and shamefully as did his friend Louis. But, when the fight's over, the La-lae-an will all be in hell instid av shakin' icy wather from their stinkin' carcasses. Haw-haw an' ho-ho to ye, ye dirthy coward, Or-il-on!"

Wa-wa-his-si flushed with anger at this open insult, for her racial pride was stung, despite her disapproval of Or-il-on's actions.

Jorice laughed insultingly and backed up Terry's play, for she divined that he was goading Or-il-on to either fight or kill him at once. She said, bitterly, "Or-il-on is too cowardly to fight a real *man*!"

At this Wa-wa-his-si flared up, saying tartly, "Breath of Mustard, leave the men to fight their own battles!"

"But I am afraid Or-il-on won't fight!" retorted Jorice.

"The La-lae-an do not fight with their prisoners. O'Dey must lay down his arms or the La-lae-an will bury their spears in this insulting woman's body," yelled Or-il-on, making a sign to his warriors.

The entire eleven poised their spears to cast at Jorice.

Jorice cried, "Fight, Terry, fight!" and fired at Or-il-on.

But Wa-wa-his-si knocked Jorice's pistol down with her parrot wand and the bullet plowed in the earth at her feet.

At the same instant she tripped San, and that astounded Chino found his nose digging after the bullet.

Terry's unrestrained laughter tore open the wound in his lung. He fell unconscious, and his pistol exploded harmlessly.

Jorice dropped on her knees beside him, all thought of fight gone. She labored to stop the flow of blood from Terry's mouth. As she worked, she looked up at Or-il-on scornfully, saying, "Go back to Devil's Mouth and brew your Devil's broth! I will bring First-Officer Terence O'Dey to the meeting of the Council. He is not afraid to die like a man. GO!"

And Or-il-on went.

The flaming beacon of the Great Fire Spirit of the OR-OG-AN cast its rainbow tints over the assembled La-lae-an and the chiefs of the widely scattered tribes of the OR-OG-AN, met in solemn annual council upon the roomy platform at the Devil's Mouth, as the full moon looked coldly on. They were twenty-five hundred feet above the floor of the Valley of Fire and two thousand feet of sheer cliffs were at their backs. A dark, circular spot in the center of the valley marked the unguessed depths of the mysterious Crater Lake. A sinuous dark ribbon above and below the lake, traced the course of the unfathomable Crater river. Cross Lake, with its thousand cliffs, gleamed dully molten in the moonlight. Pear Lake, at the other end of the winding ribbon, glowed in phosphorescent tints under the full moon. Dark splotches of timber were woven with the lighter greens of open grass-land into a fantastic mosaic threaded by silvery streams of opalescent waters. The whirring wings of early night-hawks cut the air with sibilant hiss. The warblings of joyous robins, the lilt of belated larks, the raucous cry of sleepy jays and the evensong of silvery-throated canaries, mingled with the bark of foxes from the valley below, the yelp of the coyotes, the howl of wolves, and the wail of cougars from the wooded heights above. The narrow trough through which the Devil's Mouth spewed the raging waters to burst in sheets of foam in a thousand feet of sheer fall, shone like a mill-race of the gods. And a single, spear-shaped mass of fleece hung motionless in the zenith.

Wa-wa-his-si, in her ceremonial silver-tipped furs, gleaming with mother-of-pearl buttons, sat enthroned on a rock dais. Her throat was encircled with its necklace of pearl figures set with gleaming fire-opals. Her golden bracelet set with opals, was on her left wrist. Her right arm was twined by the silvery swift with opal eyes. Her white hair and eyebrows shone with soft moonlight radiance, and her large amber eyes shone with the secrets of generations of the OR-OG-AN. Her open bosom and bare legs glistened as bronze in the reflected glow of the Fire Spirit. And the precious parrot a-top its ebony perch, swayed gently in her hand, emitting sparks of fire from its red-opal eyes.

Or-il-on, in full-feathered headgear and war regalia, stood behind her with arms folded, as the visiting chiefs passed them and were greeted by the silvery soprano voice of the regal great-great-great grandmother of the reigning Chief of the OR-OG-AN. And there was naught in voice or looks, save the silvery white hair, to mark her other than a vibrant woman in the flush of maturity.

Jorice, Terry and San were seated on piles of furs, placed on a mound where they could see all. But they were disarmed and closely guarded by a dozen

stalwart braves.

As each Chief in turn saluted Wa-wa-his-si, she greeted him, saying "O-la-la, Ae-no-ma-wi-an, Al-gon-ki-an, At-hap-as-an, Ca-la-poo-i-an, Chek-koo-an, Chimak-u-an, Chi-no-ok-an, I-os-ut-an, Ka-lo-shi-an, Kil-aut-an, Ki-us-an, Klam-at-an, Ko-kil-an, Lu-tu-a-mi-an, Mar-ca-no-ot-an, Mo-doe-an, Mo-la-la-an, No-ot-ka-an, Ok-an-og-an, Sa-li-shi-an, San-ti-an, Sha-hap-ta-an, Shas-ta-an, Shas-ta-cost-an, Sho-sho-ni-an, Spok-ok-an, Pi-ut-an, Tu-tu-ti-an, Um-ka-an, Wa-ka-na-si-si-an, Wa-ka-shi-an, Wa-il-ut-pu-an, Yon-ka-la-an, Yu-ka-an, So-no-ma-an and Na-va-ho-an."

As the last one passed, and they stood massed before her, she stretched her parrot wand over them, saying in high, pleasing tones, "The La-lae-an welcome their brothers of the OR-OG-AN to the Great Council in the light of the Lu-tu-a-OR-OG-AN." She raised her arms aloft and all faced the flaming Fire Spirit with palms extended and breathed a mighty "O-la-la, O Lu-tu-a-OR-OG-AN!"

Under different circumstances, Jorice would have been thrilled and fascinated by the weird spectacle, but now she was chilled and depressed and watched the Devil's Mouth with sickening anxiety. "O Louis, O Or-og-on, come, come, COME!" she murmured. She expected there would be extended discussion over Terry's fate and her own. She hoped that it would be prolonged, giving more time for succor. But her hopes were shattered with bitter suddenness, as Or-il-on addressed the Council, saying, exultantly, "The Great Council, in its wisdom and love of justice, has decreed that Terence O'Dey must die by slow fire, so that the spirit of outraged Or-in-ta may rest in peace. He must die before any other matter is considered in Council. Also, in their great wisdom, the Chiefs have said that the Wa-hu-ya was decided by trickery and deceit, and that it must be fought fairly by the five suitors for the hand of Jorice Howard. I have spoken."

At the instant Or-il-on ceased speaking, the guard swooped upon the prisoners and rendered them helpless. Jorice was held in the grasp of four warriors, while six over-powered the struggling Sam. Terry, disarmed, made no resistance. He was borne to the stake and securely lashed to it.

Or-il-on lighted the pile of pitch bundles at Terry's feet. A great cloud of smoke rolled up, hiding Terry from view.

Jorice, surprised by the suddenness of the move, nearly fainted with horror. But her soul conquered her body and drove it to its duty. Stealthily, she extracted two of the pearls and slipped them into her mouth. Then she appealed to Wa-wa-his-si, saying, "For the love of humanity, Wa-wa-his-si, plead with Or-il-on to let me bid farewell to a brave man!"

Wa-wa-his-si responded by running to the stake and

kicking aside the burning faggots at Terry's feet, as she waved the parrot wand, crying, "Let Breath of Fire bid her man farewell, or Wa-wa-his-si will call the Fire Spirit to curse the OR-OG-AN forever!"

The OR-OG-AN stood in awe of Wa-wa-his-si, and the four braves holding Jorice, released their hold in doubt. Jorice sprang free and ran toward Terry, crying, "I am coming with the poison-pearl, Terry dear! You shall not be tortured!"

Or-il-on reached out to stop the flying Jorice, and got the crowning humiliation of his life. She ducked under his arms and butted her head forcefully into his stomach. He was knocked some distance, falling flat on his back. Jorice ran on to Terry, threw her arms around him and the stake, crooning, "God keep you, Terence O'Dey! You are a kind and gallant gentleman."

Jorice pressed her lips to Terry's and slipped a deadly pearl into his mouth with a lingering kiss.

Terry laughed exultantly, saying, "Whist, Wild-fire! The Kiss av Death is sweet from the lips av ye!"

Jorice stepped back from the bound form of O'Dey with peace flooding her soul. She saw that Terry's spirit was beyond the reach of man to torture. Her spiritual eyes were opened to the Truth that Death had no sting. She saw the spiritual body of Terence O'Dey rise quickly from its physical body and ascend, smiling. She saw the spiritual forms of her father and mother, with two others, the parents of Terry, greet and accompany him. And the five were smiling and happy. They saluted her gaily, again and again. This was a conscious personal experience that brought absolute knowledge. She thankfully realized that a horrible Duty was really a Privilege that had served to open her spiritual eyes to the Truth that "THERE IS NO DEATH." Her father's last words from the stricken Moonbeam were scientifically accurate.

Wa-wa-his-si put an arm about Jorice's waist and rubbed the parrot plumes lovingly against her cheek, murmuring, "O Breath of the Spirit, Wa-wa-his-si is glad that your spiritual eyes are open at last. And did you not see that the spiritual Irishman had left all his physical blemishes behind—that his spiritual body was perfect?"

"I saw and sensed so many wonderful things, O Woman of Light, that my tongue falters at the thought and my soul is bowed in humility. Thought is an active force that needs no lips to interpret it. The souls of all five impressed my soul with many grand truths, even more vividly than word could express them." She paused a moment and fixed dreamy eyes upon the fiend Or-il-on, who was piling more fuel on the fire about the still form of First-Officer Terence O'Dey, in an ecstasy of savage, relentless hate. Terry's bound head was upright and he was smiling, with eyes closed. Or-il-on guessed not the truth. Jorice con-



tinued, her voice ringing with joy, "Terry would have died in lingering agony from his wound. Now he is free!"

Wa-wa-his-si led the weary Jorice into the Devil's Mouth beyond the sight of the sacrificial stake. No attention was given them nor to San who joined them, for the frenzied OR-OG-AN were intent on drawing shrieks of agony from the lips of the strangely silent Irishman. But Terry smiled on.

They went beyond the sound of the orgy of racial hate and personal fury. They stopped in a little alcove that they felt out with their fingers in the stygian darkness, beside the soothing murmur of rippling waters. A thin ribbon of pale luencee, two thousand feet above, was dotted with a single sparkling star. Wa-wa-his-si sat with her back against the lava wall and drew Jorice's tired head into her lap.

Jorice murmured, sleepily, "The Kiss of Death is kind. Illusion leads the mind astray, to wander-blind; for Nature's cosmic scheme so clearly shows her theme is, 'Death is but a Dream', a night-mare menacing the soul of Man; a horrid, hateful hurt to his elan. The Kiss of Death is just a gentle, loving thrust, a token of her trust, that heavy-lidded eyes may open to the skies in glorious surprise, to find that Nature has no lethal breath. The Great Truth flames to Man—'*There Is No Death*'!"

Then Jorice slept peacefully. San sat beside the Woman of Centuries and timidly touched the hair of his sleeping goddess.

Some time later, Jorice was awakened by the sound of a beloved voice, and opened her eyes to see Louis, holding a fir torch. Or-og-on and Petroff were with him. Petroff was bound astride a pony. Louis and Or-og-on were a-foot.

Louis asked, anxiously, "Are you harmed, Jorice?"

Jorice smiled as she sat upright, saying, "No, Louis! Not only am I not harmed, but I am more at peace with the world than ever before in my life."

"Terry, then, is out of danger?"

"Yes, Louis! First-Officer Terence O'Dey is far beyond danger and suffering." Then she told the tale, and Louis was glad that they had arrived too late to stop the orgy of savage custom, for he saw the hand of Divine Intelligence in the merciful release of Terry from lingering, painful death.

But Or-og-on was incensed at the betrayal of his authority by the crazed Or-il-on; he urged the party on.

On the way they felt a distinct tremor of the rocky floor and heard ominous rumblings, as if the mountain were suffering from acute indigestion. As they came out on the rocky platform in the full light of the moon and the glare of the unusually high Fire Spirit, they saw Or-il-on and Og-he-he crouched in deadly combat. At one side was the dead body of

Lo-lo-gur-ra. On-wi-wi and On-zi-zi were standing apart, looking on gloomily.

On-wi-wi was plainly disturbed, but On-zi-zi yawned and rubbed his sleepy eyes, as if little interested in the fight and its bearing on his welfare.

Or-il-on's teeth were bared; he was taunting Og-he-he with threats of speedy death. He did not see the party and was startled when he felt the firm hand of his father on his shoulder and heard his stern voice saying, "Son Or-il-on has betrayed every sacred custom of the OR-OG-AN! The Council lives until the rising of the sun. The Great Chief, Or-og-on, could not be marked as absent until the sun kissed the lips of morning. Or-il-on has caused the Irishman to be burned to ashes and the Evil One is here, alive. Or-il-on's trail is dark and ugly with dishonor. Let him fight the Evil One to the death! If the Evil One kills Or-il-on, he shall be free to go where he wills. My spirit has spoken!"

Or-il-on, temporarily dismayed, quickly regained his haughty insolence, saying, disdainfully, "Or-il-on will fight any man if the Great Council bends to the will of Or-og-on and says he must. What has the Council to say?"

Wa-wa-his-si intervened before one could speak, saying, vibrantly, "Lu-tu-a-OR-OG-AN is flaming to heights of fury and the Valley of Fire is shuddering with wrath at the evil deeds of Or-il-on. Let the Council heed the voice of its Great Chief, Or-og-on, lest the Fire Spirit destroy them. My spirit has spoken!"

As she ceased speaking, there came another rumbling roar from the throat of the Fire Spirit, and the rocky platform swayed with enough force to throw some of the people to the ground.

Then came a mighty wail of superstitious fear as the Fire Spirit flamed a thousand feet in air and gargled her titanic throat angrily. The people cried aloud, "Or-og-on must be obeyed!"

Louis unbound Petroff and set him to exercising, explaining, "Ivan, Or-og-on says that you must fight Or-il-on for your life. If you win you will be set free. If you lose, you will die quickly, and without the fire-torture. Will you fight?"

"Sure I'll fight the dirty skunk! I'd rather die fighting than roast. How do we fight?"

Or-il-on was eager to fight at once, expecting easy victory over his short-armed foe, but Or-og-on said that Petroff must be given time to unlimber his cramped muscles. The fight was to be with knives to the death.

The OR-OG-AN formed a semi-circle facing the raging millrace of the gods. But Jorice, sick of clamor and bloodshed, went to the lower edge of the platform, where the giant causeway led to the flaming Fire Spirit. She fixed her gaze and thoughts on that

erratic goddess, trying to shut her ears to the sounds of battle. Thinking she was alone, she spoke softly, saying, "Terry, dear, you are freer with your physical body burned to ashes and its magnetism destroyed, leaving your spirit unbound to the earth. That is one of the beautiful truths that your spirit impressed upon me. Is it not wonderful, dear?"

"Yes, it is wonderful," spoke Louis's mellow voice in her ears, as she felt his arms lightly across her shoulders, "and I am glad that you are not grieving for the man you love, for that would hurt him and make him unhappy in his spiritual life."

Jorice leaned against the giant's respectful body, feeling a thrill of comfort from the magnetic contact, as she murmured, "I am not grieving for the man I love, Louis, for he has not really left."

The innocent giant could not see hidden a tender smile, and he replied, sincerely, "Of course Terry has not left you, Jorice! And, now that your spiritual eyes are opened, you may see him at will. That will be a great comfort, dear one!"

"It is a great comfort to be near the man you love, even if he be somewhat dense at times."

"But Terry was never dense, dear girl!"

"Of course not, Louis! Terry was keenly alive to every mood of the woman he loved. He knew her heart better than she ever dreamed."

"I do not seem to be able to follow your line of thought, Jorice! Just what do you mean by . . ."

Louis's speech was cut short by a mighty yell from the OR-OG-AN. The startled two turned to the mill-race, which shot over the cliff a few yards away. They saw Or-il-on frantically struggling to free his neck from the death-grip of Petroff, as the two bodies shot out into space and whirled to a common grave on the rocks below.

Or-il-on's death-wail floated up mournfully, to be answered by wailing voices of OR-OG-AN and Wa-wa-his-si chanting the requiem of their erring son.

Another full moon frowned quizzically upon two couples, a little distance apart, on the cliff beside the shimmering Crater Lake. The Fire Spirit of the OR-OG-AN, flaring to greater height since the eruption of Council night, cast three shadows on the lucent waters where there should have been but two.

Jorice, seeing the intertwined shadows of Wa-wa-his-si and San, pointed to them, saying, whimsically, "Even flend Louis sometime blunda lika hell!"

And Louis laughed, saying, "Great Algernon! I wish Terry could have heard that! He would appreciate it!"

For a moment, Jorice looked disgustedly into the face of the innocent giant. Then she reached and pulled Louis's arm about her waist and rested her

head upon his broad breast, saying, "Terry was never dense. A few days before he left us, he said to me, 'Louis Ladore is an innocent gossoon in love an' he'll let the heart av him crack before he'll mention love to ye, Wildfire! Ye'll have to crack the head av him with a club av love as big as his bump av humility, before he'll awake from his honor-trance.' Wasn't he the brightest of gallant Irishmen, Louis dear?"

Louis gasped and chuckled whole-heartedly as he folded her in his arms, close to his yearning heart.

When Jorice had recovered enough breath to speak, she called, "O Wa-wa-his-si! You never told me what Wa-wa-his-si means."

Wa-wa-his-si cleared her throat with a gurgle of mischief, saying, demurely, "Wa-wa is 'talking' and his-si is 'serpent'. Does Breath of Joy understand?"

Jorice laughed delightedly as she called to San, "San, you hero! What are you doing?"

San, the unregenerate, blurted out, shamelessly, "Hell's Bells! San planin' ti laise helluva lotta yella blossoms!"

And Wa-wa-his-si gurgled contentedly.

## THE END



## A Color Scheme for Living

Pat C. Davis

Let's stop this regretting of yesterdays year  
For yesterdays 'morrow is already here,  
Today is the future which we gave a vow  
To turn a new leaf and that future is NOW.

Let's tear down the slogan, how much can I get,  
And hang up a new one, a better one yet.  
Let's hang in our hearts, just how much can I give,  
And show by our actions we know how to live.

We know that the spirit of giving is fun  
Where mind and where hearts and where hands are as one,  
There is no more drudg'ry when giving we do  
And everyday's Christmas and every deed's true.

We don't have to go far afield to begin  
In everyday duties the magic creeps in,  
Let's turn it to action in tasks which we dread  
And make life so happy it's Heaven instead.



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## A Creed

John Masefield

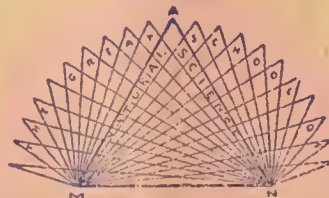
*I hold that when a person dies  
His soul returns again to earth;  
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise,  
Another mother gives him birth.  
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain  
The old soul takes the roads again.*

*Such is my own belief and trust;  
This hand, this hand that holds the pen,  
Has many a hundred times been dust  
And turned, as dust, to dust again;  
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone  
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.*

*All that I rightly think or do,  
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,  
Is curse or blessing justly due  
For sloth or effort in the past.  
My life's a statement of the sum  
Of vice indulged, or overcome.*

*And as I wander on the roads  
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;  
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads  
To urge to heights before unguessed.  
My road shall be the road I made;  
All that I gave shall be repaid.*

*So shall I fight, so shall I tread,  
In this long war beneath the stars;  
So shall a glory wreath my head,  
So shall I faint and show the scars,  
Until this case, this clogging mold,  
Be smithied all to kingly gold.*



*The Philosophy of Individual Life*