



The Whisper

A Journalette of Prevenient Thought

JULY ... AUGUST

Valley of the Pines, Montague, Michigan, U. S. A.

1933

It is the Thought for Tomorrow that Shapes Great Nations: not Brute Force.

"Give Tomorrow a Voice Today."

"Prevent Rather than Cure."

"Let us shape Tomorrow's Generation rather than patch up Yesterday's mistakes."

The correlation from every field of scientific and prevenient research of a Knowledge of Consequences, equips us with the means of avoiding them or producing them at will.

The time has come for this subject to assume the vesture and import of an educational process both among children and old men.

Education as we have known it in the past century has been but a substitute for Wisdom. Prevenient Education, by teaching HOW TO THINK rather than WHAT TO THINK, tends to awaken that natural WISDOM OF INTUITION which is the protective reflex and directive attunement, by whatever name it be called, of that INFANT OMNISCIENCE that supplants animal instinct by fruition of the human brain, in conjunction with the sympathetic nervous system as antennae, into that synthetic, telepathic and prophetic susceptibility that is the spiritual heritage, and the only conceivable means of realizing the spiritual unification, of mankind.

The American Triad: LIBERTY ▲ EQUALITY ▲ FRATERNITY

"PREVENIENCE"

The Key-note of an American Educational Renaissance to assist and to accompany Industrial Recovery

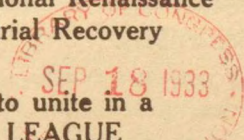
A Challenge to Young America to unite in a NATIONAL PREVENIENCE LEAGUE

To set an example before the nations of the world of a method never before allowed to prove itself in the strength of National Unity as the only permanent solution to individual, national, or world problems: A Scientific and Educational Battle of Preventive Forethought and Directive Foresight:

The Battle of the Unborn: A War of Wars, without Bloodshed: A Battle not "unto death" but unto Rational Enlightenment and Life

Action proposed through inter-organizational cooperation and Prevenient Education. Not in itself an "organization", but the establishment of an "organic mechanism" and a consentient Voice for a newly awakened and forward-looking National Consciousness to express itself in shaping its own Destiny; a movement to unify and give body to the scientific correlation and stabilization of a protective and directive trend of "Prevenient Thought" designed to rejuvenate the spirit of already existing organizations; and of churches, theatres, schools and homes.

The Ideals of a National Prevenience League are fundamentally race-preservative rather than self-preservative. They are basically, in the



The Whisper

VANCOURIER TO THE VOICE

An Independent, International Journalette
of Preventive Thought

Published Monthly

By

JOSEPH A. SADONY

and

WILLIAM ALVIS GUTHRIE, M. D.



25c per copy

By the year \$3.00

Vol. II JULY--AUGUST No. 6

Copyright 1933

By Joseph A. Sadony

(Printed in the U. S. A.)

All Rights Reserved — Including translation into foreign languages

To Subscribers:

THE WHISPER, as a 12-page Journalette was published monthly until JUNE, 1933. Its function has been as a forerunner to the proposed Magazine of Preventive Thought, VOICE OF TOMORROW. A summer vacation was found advisable, the better to complete plans toward which it has been aiming. A proposal has been made to preface matters of international interest by first establishing a "National Preventive League", with "The Voice of Tomorrow" as its official organ, to be launched with the January issue, 1934. Until this is definitely decided, The Whisper plans to increase its size to 16 pages; to produce combined the July-August, Sept.-Oct., Nov.-Dec. issues; and to furnish its paid subscribers with booklets or bulletins to offset the change.

ordinary sense of the terms, non-commercial, non-political, non-sectarian, save insofar as it is expedient to give equal voice and hearing to all that affects that prosperity, that justice and that spiritual unification without which we cannot hope to evolve into a nation great enough to broadcast the leading "Culture" of a new epoch.

We believe that national preventiveness is impossible without individual preventiveness, and that the most direct road to self-preservation and permanent individual prosperity is in united efforts toward race-preservation and national prosperity. Physical or mental revolutions are but eruptions of a boil. It is then already too late. The "Meridian of Preventiveness" is past. It is high time for some one to point out the necessity both of beginning early enough to prevent recurrence in succeeding generations, and of allowing existing "boils" to run their natural course of self-amputation, at the same time, in cleansing the bloodstream of their cause.

We do not aim at Utopia. We do not consider the complete elimination of many so-called "evils" as either desirable or humanly possible at this time. Nature's own good method in all things is superior to force and surgery if given half a chance by recognition of the elementary principles of Preventiveness in minimizing unnecessary ignorance which is sheer neglect. PREVENTIVENESS must be the foremost concern of all leaders and teachers who expect to remain at the helm in the impending epoch. Until all education deserves to be called 'Preventive', until the spirit of Preventiveness is infused into every home, our problems as a nation cannot adequately be met and solved. We may pride ourselves as having been a forward-looking nation. It is true that PREVENTIVENESS is but a tardy scientific arrival at what has always been the goal and fruit of the Wisdom of the Ages; the sum and substance of all that inspired the world's great men throughout the evolution of mankind; the fabric of ideals that stimulated our own American Pioneers, that found voice in Washington, Emerson, Whitman, Lincoln, and others known and unknown; and the vision now newly nascent in America, with forty years of test and research work behind it, in the origin of this prophetic trend of thought which has already found voice in the nucleus of a NATIONAL PREVENTIVENESS LEAGUE.

This is the vision proposed. Many minds are required to embody it in men. The power of united Preventiveness still sleeps within our breasts. Therein, the synthesis of all Sciences, the true essence of all Religions, the art of arts: the art of Living; the art of crystalizing character and shaping destinies in flesh and blood; the art of making better men and women of our children than we ourselves have been. In this alone is that Keystone of Progress which binds one generation to the next in achieving that individual mastership without which the "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" of a great nation cannot be realized and maintained. Has modern Young America the vision and stamina to undertake the responsibility of laying the cornerstone of such a Monument of Preventiveness for the sake of future generations? We believe that it has. If so, then history will record this fruitful hour as that of the travail preceding the birth of an American Renaissance of the Twentieth Century: the revival of a higher, more potent National Hope to accompany, to assist and to deepen the significance of Industrial Recovery.

BUT AH! presently comes a day, or
is it only a half-hour,
With its angel-whispering,
Which discomfits the conclusions of
nations and of years!

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

GIVE IT A THOUGHT



Is there any organization where man may be admitted as deserving only by his merits and totally without monetary influence? If so, where is it? How can that mind find it who deserves it most? Why are not men sought for who fail to find this organization?

There are scientists who may say "We possess it." Many religious leaders say likewise. But it is neither. Such an organization could not possibly exist anywhere except between the two, where the water is not too shallow to flow to the sea, nor so deep that slime and creeping things may flourish in its dark recesses.



Is there no organization in the world broad and Christian enough to accept the truth I have found of Prophecy? Are they all afraid of it, ignoring it because they cannot prophesy themselves unless they know what I have found? Must one defend such truths because they are true? Or is there to be racketeering in heaven too—crucifying anyone who dares to shine a light in dark places. Why preach when action is more convincing? War and blood are seldom forgotten by the help of scars compared to a story of fiction. Do we really want to believe greater naked Truth?—or shall we believe only in the clothing of it, adorning it with wealth in order to accumulate wealth.

**HE ALONE lives to conquer who learns to believe
In eternal things of his soul's ambition.**

Is IT NOT far better to crack a whip harmlessly, to prevent,
Than to use spur, knife and gun to force through pain, wounds or
death?

At The Fulcrum



A PERSONAL EDITORIAL



It's not alone to ask God as a receiver, for many have received: it is for us to broadcast our message received, instead of asking until our load is too heavy to move, and those waiting starve for the want of it through our selfish devotion toward spiritual attainment; receiving a bead only, but not strung on that golden chain of kind brotherhood that symbolizes the human family: to receive by your left hand, hold it to your heart and brain, then pass it on with your right hand to your loved ones as that endless chain of love and duty.

Why all this worldwide discord and bitterness if not that the progress of the world symbolizes dice in

the hand of God; shaking them again for the garments of Christ, to bring us all back to our real Christian Brotherhood of Man: eating at the same table, food and language to understand our real impulse of charity and tolerance; placing every man and woman in the right place deserved . . .

Who among us, the living, today is worthy to lead, to admonish and judge morals, deeds and actions? Are they of the wealthy who have not earned it? Those who have, but are not able to use it judiciously? The very poor who have nothing to enable them to judge its value? The philosopher who may know, but be influenced only by his own sacrifice? He of a tribe who has not been allowed voice for centuries, but a slave to the stronger who accepted and became strong in physical power only, where might was right? Or should not that hand of progress accept one finger from each, as a complete Hand, of the viewpoint of the Human Race: so that the human family on earth may be complete according to credit due in labor, love and understanding.

If the magnet of your electric generator has lost its magnetism, (soul), no power on earth can generate its electricity, (propagate itself). So it is with the ambition, (magnetism through your nerves), the seed of man for future generations, if its lifegiving properties have been strangled or if they have not been allowed to take possession. Even the magnetism of a ten-cent magnet may induce a dead ten thousand watt generator to become alive: and the seed of a fool may regenerate a dead world, to evolve to its real greatness.

A friend of mine observed that when coming out of an anaesthetic he could not bring back thoughts or dreams. Similarly, at times, in normal sleep when he knew that he had dreamed, he could not recall the dreams when once awake. I told him that the impression was not made deep enough. The thoughts were but released, as charges of memory in composite association of thought and emotion. I know of men who have "died" and come to

life, but could remember nothing, because there was no impression made on their mortal consciousness or memory. But this does not prove that they did not know before they returned to use their material memory again. Remove the magnetism of a magnet, and return it. Where was it while "gone?" Did it bring back the memory? Or was it different magnetism?

The Relativity of Freedom

From where I sit writing this in my new Summer Study, I can see one of our faithful old watch-dogs tied to a long wire by a pulley which enables him to run for a hundred feet or so. Periodically he seems to feel that he is in prison, with no freedom; so I tie him short for a day, and he whines and begs to be let loose. Then I give him his length of run again, and he is excited. He runs and barks in joy of that freedom (?) to which he was blind yesterday. Is it not thus with you and me—tied to our personal responsibility until we fail to appreciate, and Nature unbuckles our earthly collar at last, with entire freedom of Eternity . . .

Shaping Life into a Record

Someone expressed himself the other day that he could not understand why, busy as I was, I should occupy myself with such a large collection of curios . . .

I gathered relics and beautiful specimen as a reminder of the thoughtless forgetfulness of man; as a reminder of what was, is and can be.

Pick up one of the coins, a few hundred or thousand years old. Through whose hands of sorrow or joy did it pass? What did it buy, or what debt did it pay? The beautiful agates and petrified wood remind me of when they were alive breathing life, leaving all the color of the rainbow imprisoned within itself millions of years ago, a photograph of that which once was . . .

I have centuries-old books. Who wrote and read them? What use made of the knowledge acquired? Ivory carvings from China and India. Whose hands, long passed

on, carved them—and for whom?

Then the many little miniature mummy castings from Egypt. What do they represent; whom, and why? All once breathing, living ideals, ambition and power—all silent now save we who look and handle these things, which try to speak and awaken the bridge between themselves and Tomorrow. For are we not today the living workers of all these things? But tomorrow we too may be questioned as the relics that once were like you and me. Shall we be strong enough to be questioned when we are no more? It is up to you and me, while we are able to shape life into a record.

Life Like Radio

Here is an enclosure from Mr. J. B. Chittenden of Sylvan Beach: "Apropos" he writes, "of your column in the Forum." It is from one of the John W. Hall bulletins: "Jerry Fleishman Says—It seems to me that life is a sort of receiving station and that we "get" just about what we tune in on. For instance, if we're always looking for and listening for trouble, we'll pick it up. If the antennae of our hearts and minds are searching only for the little things, the sordid things, the worthless things, it's pretty certain that over the wireless stretch of the years there will come to us just about what we're expecting and desiring. If we can't send out anything but mean thoughts, hate thoughts, malicious thoughts toward our fellows, better close up our stations and go out of business. But if we really want to and try to send out helpful, kindly, courageous thoughts, there'll be an endless army willing and eager to listen in. Life is, after all, pretty much what we ourselves make it. And we make it by the kind of impulses we receive and broadcast."

Crow-bars for slivers

Here is another clipping: "Don't Think Too Much"—"Specialist Points Out the Danger of Over Exertion of the Brain." Who this specialist is, is not revealed to us by the reporter. It is true, the dangers of brain-cramming or over-exertion in fruitless worry are greater than may be supposed. The facetious may say, "The trouble with man is that he

either thinks too little or not enough." It is true, however, that most think either too much or too little. Few know when and when not to think, or how and when to stop thinking on a thing. When education teaches children "How to think" instead of "What to think," there will be less use of crow-bars to extract slivers.

Coming: "The Nerve Age"

Daily my mail brings evidences that the trend of Modern thought is toward the realization and substantiation of the viewpoint we have so long foreshadowed.

Attention has been called to the experiments of Dr. Emilio Mira, of Barcelona, Spain, who recently described them before a group of psychologists at Northwestern university. They were offered, it appears, as the basis for a new conception of moral behavior which recognizes that the morality outlook changes with the attitude of mind at any given moment. The inability of a group of lawyers, philosophers, and other cultured persons to agree on a method of moral behavior is cited as a case in point, to prove the non-existence of a norm of moral conduct. It has been demonstrated that the highest moral conduct may result from motives that are in themselves immoral; and it is contended that conditions essential to decide whether an action is moral or immoral depends on the purpose the individual had in view while executing it.

It might be thought that Dr. Mira's conclusions argue against the possibility of a "Science of Ethics," but as a matter of fact they fortify a corner-stone of the foundation for such a science with which I have experimented for a quarter-century. This involves three factors: the science of human "Zonology," the principles of Relativity, and the proper utilization of the human mechanism. The latter involves the attainment of mental susceptibility as a "human radio," which in turn infuses into the "Science of Ethics," the hitherto and otherwise lacking "norm of moral conduct" by intuitive response to spiritual laws which involve the purpose of our existence. Instinct is all that prevents chaos in the animal kingdom of Nature; and

GIVE IT A THOUGHT



Don't ever try to force Intuition
If you expect the truth.
You can only be impressed by it.
You can never influence or govern
it,
For it only comes to you
According to your worthiness
And the ability to receive it.

it seems reasonable to believe in the light of tangible experiment that moral chaos will exist in the realm of human nature until Intuition is sufficiently well developed to be universal in its effect and to play the part in human life that instinct plays in animal life. To achieve this will be to complete the Bridge between experimental science and operative religion. Theoretically we walk over it every day. Speculative science and idealistic religion have long been wedded in the human mind; but the child is only now making itself known which shall LIVE its religion instead of preaching it, and achieve its science instead of theorizing about it.

We are upon the threshold of "THE NERVE AGE," of which we shall have a great deal to say in the near future, to prove that with each evolutionary epoch the laws of survival and self-preservation undergo adjustments necessitated by the material mechanism. In "The Nerve Age," it is the "survival of the intuitively fit."

Returning to the tests made by Dr. Mira and his associates, (as reported for the Chicago Tribune by Philip Kinsley,) Dr. Mira holds that while his conclusions may sound pessimistic to those who believe in the existence of an objective and transcendent moral criterion, there is still another field to be studied before the final judgment can be pronounced, "and this must be done by experimenters, not by 'armchair psychologists'."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "there exists a process called thought which must necessarily modify in some measure the automatic process of the primitive emotional mechanism of reaction. Small

part is played by logical argument in the determination of moral conduct, but we must not infer the entire uselessness of thought in this regard.

"Besides cold logic there exists the 'intellecto d'amore' perceived by Spinoza. By this we are able to free ourselves from the limitations of time and live in the past or the future. This projection modifies moral behavior and provides the ideals of the self.

"It is the conflict between this ideal and the subjective realities that determines the adoption of emotional attitudes and that remains incomprehensible for any one who tries to explain the moral aspect of human behavior in purely

mechanical terms. This is a study that the modern psychologist cannot shirk if he seek to extend his knowledge of the mysterious enigma of human personality."

There is a very simple reason why I am able to speak with authority as to what "science" has not yet discovered, and wherein science is misleading itself by overlooking the most vital things: it is because I find these things operative and experimentally available in my own physical and mental machinery, to say nothing of the two hundred thousand other human beings it has been my privilege to study experimentally, not theoretically, during the past thirty years.

(To be Continued)

—Give It A Thought—

IF THE WORLD would improve as much mentally and spiritually as mechanically, the scientific world would be a thousand years ahead.

IF MUSIC HATH its charms, you may expect a revelation in Ethics throughout the world touched by the power of radio.

Adventures in Prevenience

Continued

For years I have practiced analyzing my thoughts to find their origin, whether from my physical condition, environments, my own memory, someone else's memory, the thoughts of someone else by telepathy, events transpiring elsewhere at that time; and whether literal or symbolical, purely telepathic or prophetic. If I cannot account for what occurs to me at the moment, I make a note of it, or tell it to my family or friends so that I will have corroboration in my study of these things.

I have before me now an unsorted bushel-basket full of notes made and

clippings gathered in this way. There is a note, for instance, made on last April 25th, on a Friday evening. Sometimes, late at night, when all are asleep, I scan the horizon mentally, as it were. I "imagine" that I am in a watch-tower, or in the "Crows Nest," taking one last look in the four directions to see if there is anything that will attract my attention. Sometimes things come to me when I least expect it. On this occasion the sensation came to me of a man in the air. I imagined a plane falling from quite an altitude, and a man jumping out of it to save himself with a parachute. This is a

common occurrence nowadays, apparently, but it is seldom that the sensation takes hold of me along with the thought, so I spoke of it to my family and some guests who were with me at the time.

A day or two later a clipping was handed to me dated April 26th, from Cleveland, Ohio, "An air mail pilot flying alone across 'Hell's Stretch' over the Pennsylvania mountains last night leaped from the center of a cloud with a parachute to escape death."

When these things come closer to me, as being in the territory of my friends or neighborhood, I am often seized with a premonition which I am not always able to analyze. One instance comes to mind that a few who read this may remember. It was toward the end of the season. I had the Spring before predicted in the presence of fifteen or more that there would be five deaths from drowning in White Lake: first two and then three. Dr. Montgomery and a lady were drowned. Then came the occasion that I have in mind.

I took my family to Montague to attend a birthday party at the home of Joe Apoll. I was told that a Joseph Hazeltine had promised to come there to meet me for the first time. He had been called out on duty as Deputy Sheriff, however. I was told later that he had been nervous and had made the statement that he would much rather "have met Mr. Sadony."

At midnight or after I began to feel nervous and depressed. I went to the graphophone and played "Nearer my God to Thee." I looked around at the "birthday party" and in my mind it took on the aspect of a funeral. I began to feel badly but said nothing. It was about two a. m. when we left for home. As we passed along the shore of White Lake I looked at the rough water and listened to the wind. "Wouldn't it be terrible to be out there on a night like this?" I remarked to Mrs. Sadony. "What if two or three men were out there hanging on a boat: God help them." But these feelings were not clearly defined. I dismissed the matter from my mind. We went home to bed and the incident was forgotten.

Next morning, however, the bodies of three men were found: Joseph

Hazeltine and two who had accompanied him on his duties.

It may well be asked what "Fate" or "Providence" is it that decrees when I shall be able to prevent these things and when not. It is a legitimate question to ask why, if it is possible for these things to come to me in advance, they do not do so and prevent catastrophies. Many times they do. The world will never know how many accidents and catastrophies have been prevented, for the only proof of what could be prevented is to ignore the warning, and ac-

—Give It A Thought—

IMAGINATION is a clear bright flame,

**But beware if it smokes;
For then your fire is adulterated
With unfit fuel.**

**HE WHO INVITES fear by doubt
Gives birth to cowardice by resignation.**

cept the results. Unfortunately there have been all too many such cases, as my files will prove.

Occasionally, however, I am led to prevent a thing without being aware of it myself. A pronounced case of this kind occurred in 1900 while visiting relatives in Kalamazoo, Mich. A strong desire seized me to go up the river three miles just to see how a certain bank looked and how much the current had washed it away, since I used to go swimming there.

I was so anxious to go that I could hardly wait to get started. When I arrived, I saw a man running along the bank, and when I reached the point I saw an arm disappear in the water. I threw off my coat and dove in after him, bringing him to shore. I forgot all about looking at the bank to see how much the current had washed it away. I felt satisfied that a more important mission had been responsible for my haste and strong desire. How can this be explained?

The rescued man proved to be one of the staff of a local paper: a Mr. Hall. There is an account of the matter in the Sunday Kalamazoo

Gazette for January 26th, 1902.

I know that many of you have often "sensed" things just as I do; but perhaps you have not attached the same importance to the matter that I have, nor thought it worth recording or studying. My purpose in sometimes telling you of experiences I have had is in encouraging you to pay more attention to your own, which will lead you eventually to all that I have discovered, and perhaps more, if you follow your own path as I have followed mine.

If we sense it sometimes when a good friend is thinking of us strongly, perhaps writing letters to each other which cross en route, should we not be all the more aware of it if that friend is in serious danger, or on his death-bed? We may not at the time know what makes us feel or think as we do. We may not have any idea who is the cause of our thoughts, but if we will analyze the matter carefully we will the better learn to study our nervous system and intuition as a human barometer, thermometer and compass, if not a telescope and microscope to see definitely.

If I feel a certain way, which causes me to play a certain theme of music on the piano or organ, I can swear to it that someone among my friends, somewhere, is passing away. In many years this has never failed. In every case the date and hour has been written down, and sooner or later we have heard of a death among our friends, which checks up with it.

Sunday afternoon, July 2nd, I was showing one of my guests, (a good friend of the late Jessie Bonstelle), around the Valley. When we reached the little organ in my Study I sat down to play for this good friend of Bonnie's some of the pieces that Bonnie had loved. Before I finished, however, I found that more or less unconsciously I had drifted into the music that always means to me that one of my friends is passing on. I did not fully realize the usual significance of this, however, for my entire playing was more or less in the thought of one already passed on.

The peculiar feeling that usually

Night: The swish of the Water that we call Dreams. Day: The grinding of wheels to crush Wheat for Daily Bread.

Wheat and Dreams

A Garden for Singers of the
Night and Day

AFTER ARMAGEDDON
Edwards Davis

If it be true that we have come of Dust,
Which fell, bound by a filament imposed
With Force, intensely charged with energy,
Then surely as we plumb the curving ways
The stars in their galactic courses ply,
It follows not the more miraculous
That He, who flashes His sheen signature
Upon each perfect atom's walls, is God.



MUSK DUST

M. FATHULLA KAHN

I met one Potter who did not turn
the wheel to sell his pots.

Self-imposed poverty is the sign of
true greatness.

Now I have come from the prosti-
tute to the chaste, I am filled with
awe — even at the touch of her
fingers.

The shedding of the tree's foliage
one single Autumn
Reveals the world's secret.

Every Dawn reveals to the Night
That God does not yet despair
Of man.

The fact that I think
Proves there is something to come.

TO ACT that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today,
—Longfellow.

No more noisy, loud words from
me —

Such is my master's will.

Henceforth I deal in whispers.

The speech of my heart will be
carried on in murmurings of
a song.

--Rabindranath Tagore

FLOWERS

The beautiful flowers we behold
Are but inspiration to us as roots,
To strengthen our hope and faith
To blossom as well.

THE COMING ROSE

Why should we not with expectancy,
joy and anticipation
Watch the bud of the coming rose,
Rather than with tears and regret
the dried petals of our forefathers
Whose good seeds still live in the
coming flowers
Of our next generation?

J. A. S.

accompanies a realization of Death did not strike me until my Detroit friends had left and I sat down to dinner with my family and some friends from Chicago who were visiting us. When I heard the radio playing the same theme I had just been playing on the organ, (the first time I had ever heard it over the radio,) it affected me very strangely. I jotted down the date and hour on a piece of paper and told all present at the table that one of my friends was passing on at the time.

Herbert Callner of Chicago was also strangely affected by the music that was playing and what I had said. He remarked that it "chilled" him up and down his spine, and he would not feel right until he had found out who it was that was passing on. The next day he drove back to Chicago, stopping on the way to see friends from whom he learned that one of his good friends, Norman Feinberg, had met with an accident July 1st and had passed away July 2nd. Feinberg had gone to Michigan City for the week-end, and while lighting an odorless gas stove, it had exploded.

This explained to my mind the fact that Herbert Callner was so strangely affected July 2nd when I amplified the thought to his consciousness; otherwise he would have been just a disinterested witness to my experience; but it did not account for the way I had felt, for the young man who had met with an accident was a stranger to me.

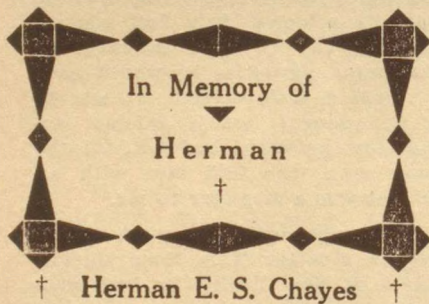
It was not until this week that I received a letter from Rose Martell Chayes of New York who had been unable to notify me sooner that her husband and my close friend and co-worker Dr. Herman E. S. Chayes had passed away on July 2nd.



I have long observed among my friends that in addition to any presentiment I may feel as to their passing on, they have themselves betrayed evidence in their thoughts of that which does cast its shadow before. It may be written evidence. It may be a passing remark. It may be but an obscure thought which is quickly banished from their minds. It may be all unconscious or unobserved on their part, nevertheless it is there to be found if one

looks closely enough.

When Margaret Thomas (at one time Mrs. Andrews Allen of Chicago and Sylvan Beach, active in the Chicago Little Theatre) visited us with Betty Compson a few years ago, I feared to have them go on to New York from here, urging them to return directly to Hollywood, which they did. This was my presentiment and the only symbol I could think of in connection with Margaret Thomas was a rose I had cut from the stem and placed in a glass of water. But before leaving the Valley Mrs. Thomas asked to be taken back to a shrine hidden in the woods. It was pouring rain, still she insisted on making the trip. Before leaving for the West she said, "That's all I wanted: just to come back here once more before I die. Now I am happy, but I'm not going away for very long. I'm going to be right back here again, waiting just outside your front gate." The day my rose wilted here in the Valley, Mrs. Thomas arrived back in Hollywood. No sooner had she reached home and greeted her husband, telling him of her trip, than she passed away in his arms.



I could cite many cases, but uppermost in mind at the moment is the case previously mentioned of Dr. Herman E. S. Chayes of New York, whose passing on I sensed so strongly Sunday, July 2nd.

When Dr. Chayes last visited us he told us of his father who spent the last months of his life, after his retirement from active work, preparing for his own death. He built himself a little place off in the woods, to which he walked every morning, there to meditate and read his Bible until the waning of the day, when he would return to his

family and a simple supper.

But one morning he returned before noon. He said, "Send out for all of my children. Gather my family all together, for I am going to bathe and dress and then my hour has come." So he proceeded leisurely and calmly to bathe himself. Despite his age, he was in good health, strong, and with a clear mind. He dressed himself all in white, lay down on a couch, summoned his family to his side, instructed them in all his wishes, admonished them in little details, clasped each one in affectionate fare-

—Give It A Thought—

The responsibility of the world's progress depends upon men
Who dare to be truthful against all odds and creeds,
And regardless of their station.
Truth should be paramount
And infallible, regardless of rags or the purple robe.

well as if departing on an ordinary journey, lay back his head—and passed away.

In Herman Chayes I found the echo of just such a great soul, and recently I have found in my possession the evidence of the prophetic inner trend of his thoughts the last few months of his life.

Those who read the Christmas number of our little "WHISPER" may remember a poem by Dr. Chayes which he sent me at that time, inscribed "To dear Joseph and his loved ones, Christmas 1933." This poem consisted of two stanzas, which follow :

When your years have turned to decades
And your gold or raven hair
Has acquired a sheen of silver
And your shoulders stoop with care,
When your ear has lost its tuning,
And your eyes grow dim with sight,
And the snap has left your muscles,
On your march to eventide;
If it be in crowded places
Or upon the desert bleak,
So there be a ready answer
When you smile or when you speak,
So there be a friendly heartbeat
When you reach the age of pain,

And a soul which suffers with you,
Then you have not lived in vain.

What I have just discovered is that when Dr. Chayes wrote the above poem, he wrote five stanzas. For some reason, in presenting the poem to me last Christmas, he intentionally omitted the last three stanzas. Their significance in his thoughts however, now that he has passed on, will be apparent. In the spirit of the music in connection with which I was made to feel aware July 2nd that one of my good friends had passed on, I later felt impelled to search in the files of our correspondence for some more tangible echo of his voice. There among manuscripts and many beautiful letters he had written me, I found the three missing stanzas:

You may go into your temple
To the temple of your dreams;
Sit upon your golden throne chair
With the other kings and queens;
Listen to the sweetest music
Ever made for human ears
As the symphony of sorrow
Rises from the friendly tears.
Listen while the angel chorus
Joins the symphony of tears,
Filling all the space with music—
With the music of the spheres.
And your temple walls will vanish
And your sorrow will take wings
As you float on up to heaven,
There to meet the king of kings.

There to grow into completion
And to merge in cosmic tryst
With the source of all Creation,
Nebulous, amorphous myst.
Thus to rest for many eons
In supernal peaceful bliss,
'Till awakened to new action
With a mother's loving kiss.

In closing this memorial to one of the handful of sincere souls who have learned to love the whispering Michigan pines of our little Valley, let me quote from a prayer written down for me by Dr. Chayes while at the feet of the same trees where Margaret Thomas sensed that by returning again to White Lake, her cycle of life had been fulfilled:

"Teach me the way, God, the steady way, the way of solid noble purpose, the way of service in Your service. Give me the wisdom to know truth, to know life—the inner life, the life of sleep. Teach me to be awake in sleep, to consciously crawl into Your great heart and find my dreams a reality, to find my great peace in Your great love."

Man Is Like God

(An extract from the manuscript: "Dust to Divinity"
By William Alvis Guthrie, M. D.)



Man is a creator.

In speaking of creation, when referring to man, we must use it in its limited yet commonly accepted sense. We refer to it in the same sense as when we speak of Handel's creation, "The Messiah"; taking the things that are, like scores and notes, and making something entirely different and better out of them. So man has taken things and forces and changed the complexion of the world.

An old settler, almost ninety years old, lives next door. In her lifetime she has seen us pass from the stage coach to the automobile and aeroplane. She no longer has to wait for her children to come to visit; she can talk with them almost at will over the telephone. She has seen the household tasks harnessed to electricity—the vacuum sweeper, electric washer, and so on, instead of doing them in the old way. She has no need to use kerosene to read by but has electric lights which give off light equivalent of the mid-day sun. She has seen fear leave men and women as they think of the dentist's office or the operating room because anaesthetics have almost abolished pain. Her mail is no longer dependent upon the train but is sometimes brought part of the way by aeroplane. This is a new earth to her. And this is possible because man is a creator.

Man can not only create things but is like God in that he can "make men in his own image." Here is a young man who is a pastor or a high school superintendent. He sees the boys living aimless lives. They have no ambition to be scholars, scientists, explorers, or men of splendid character. He organizes them into a Boy Scout troop. Before long they are beginning to think differently and their thinking begins to affect their actions. They study better. Instead of destroying things they begin to construct and build something worth while. The cigarettes fall from their lips. Their whole life has been changed. It has come about because some clean, robust young man has breathed into them the breath of life, his life. So whether we think of things or character, man, like God, is creator.

Man, like God, has the power of projecting his personality beyond his body by potent and swift thought. I sit at my study, lean back in my office chair and my mind takes its flight to the old home town. There I see parents and friends and the layout of the town quickly passes through my mind. Every teacher knows what this means. Many of the boys' bodies are in the class room but they themselves are on the ball diamond.

This extension and expression of man's personality

through space is finding its way more and more into men's minds. By his thinking one man can effect another through space just as God affects man. According to the philosophy of telepathy I sit at my table and think of my mother as hard as I possibly can. My thought sets into operation certain forces and if my mother is tranquil and her mind passive she will be in a position to receive my thought of her and to understand my message.

The operator must have intense mental activity; the receiver must be tranquil and passive. This is an almost established scientific fact. It shows us that man is Divinity on a small scale. God enters men's minds as men enter each others — through this law. He calls upon men "to be still," tranquil, "to know God." God projects Himself by the power of His thought, and thus makes revelations of Himself to men of tranquil minds, like Moses at Horeb, Samuel on his cot, Saul on the Damascus road, and Peter on the house top. And in the same way, only on a more limited scale, man penetrates space and projects his personality.

Man is like God, a spiritual being. He has not only powers of creation and expression of personality beyond his body, but also possesses the same qualities of character. It is this spiritual quality, even if one does not accept the foregoing facts, that makes him above all the rest of creation. This spiritual quality is not merely found in men who have accepted the Christian religion or been influenced in any way by Christianity but is found in men of every land and language who have not heard of Christ.

No matter what tribe has been visited this spiritual quality of man's make-up has expressed itself in some form. As Augustine would say we are so made that we find no rest until we find it in God, because we are spiritually constructed, "As the heart panteth for the waters, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." This spiritual quality of man causes him to be dissatisfied with a life of sin. It is against his better nature. The Prodigal Son not only finds a famine in the far country, but also a heart hungry for his Father. In his better moments the gambler and burglar detests what he does and the harlot craves for a cleaner and better life. If a man is down he finds no satisfaction in his degradation as Jerry McAuley and Dan Batey could testify. He could be as satisfied as a hog in the mire, in his degraded state if he were not like God a spiritual being.

(To be continued)

The Human Radio

(From a series of articles which have been running in The Whiteball Forum, Whiteball, Michigan. The underlying theme of all these articles has been the susceptibility of the human mind as a "human radio.")



There are low forms of life that might be called "touch-minded." Our dealings with them are based on their sense of touch. If we seek response or reaction, we must touch them, for that is their language.

Ascending the scale, we come to animals who sense things at a distance, as a low form of "radio," by the finer touch of emanating molecules. This is the sense of smell; and so efficient is it in some of these animals that they could do easily without eyes. They are "nose-minded." If we wish to communicate an idea to them, we must do more than make a sound or show them something. We must let them smell of it, for that is their language.

If we cannot translate our idea into olfactory terms, it is meaningless to them. It requires the association and training of man in the domestication of the more highly developed species to produce by much repetition and the creation of expected, associated circumstances, an apparently intelligent response to sight or sound.

"Higher" in the animal scale, and lower in the human scale, there are "ear-minded" beings, to whom the slightest sound, according to its pitch, intensity, duration, carries a wealth of meaning to the capacity of their understanding. Their sense of smell is also keen, it is true, and the slightest movement may be seen by their eyes; yet if there be no sound, they are confused. The situation is not completely translated to their understanding unless they "hear," for that is their language.

It is a simple language, directly connected with life itself. The sounds must be from the thing itself, not as in the speaking of words, where sounds are merely representative, and understood only by long

association of thought.

Man then becomes "eye-minded," as most of us are still today. "Seeing is believing." We must "see" to understand, albeit this is one of the least accurate and most illusory of all senses.

The primitive requirement was to see "things as they are"—not mere symbols or representations of them. The first languages were sign languages, picture-writing, in which the symbol was not far removed from the idea it aroused or conveyed. The expression of these in sound, too, was very close to the sound made by, or associated with, the thing referred to. The sense of smell and touch still keen, perhaps, but generally subservient to sight.

Yet every man's imagination is just in the dark on his path of progress, rejecting all but the next step which he fastens upon unto crystallization, because that next step is the only thing that finds the focus point, the fulcrum, the proportion of constituents, the balance of comprehension into the action that materializes it. Aside from that, all else is still "only imagination," as we would say, (whose sophistication has brought distortion into the realm of Fancy); yet more real to the primitive, who has not yet departed from

—GIVE IT A THOUGHT—

IF THINGS be impossible,
Then make them as possible as
you can,
With what you have,
And you will find that by putting
on your hat first
You will stumble over your lost
shoes.

the simplicity that has furnished his mind with the elements to composite.

Nature has given animals legs for speed; birds, the speed of wings; but God has given Man the speed of "Imagination," that outstrips all the endurance and speed, without the loss of energy to enjoy.

Imagination has been Man's advance guide into the limitless, unknown future of possibilities. It is the womb in which the Past gives birth to the Future, which differs from its father according to the blood of its mother,—and from the amalgamation arises an identity of its own.

All of life, then, up to this point, has been of one major result, and therefore we may assume of one major purpose. From the womb of Nature has been evolved an organism of which the roots are flesh and blood of herself — a plant raised from the earth by the obedient spine of reflex action, the medulla oblongata being the naval cord to the Eternal, watchful pulse of her own heart; the spine which did at last rise from the earth to stand erect, even as the flowers

Let's not say "Hang him!", but "Show him!"

MAN INHERITS all the sin and evil of him whom he murders,
And all of the calamity and poverty of him whom he robs.



MAN DOUBTS, hence gives birth to reason in order to believe
what he fears to doubt.



MAN JUDGES TRUTH with his brain, instead of letting truth
judge his brain by its capacity to realize the truth.

GIVE IT A THOUGHT



THINK you not that a ladder or building can be built high enough To crush itself by the weight of its own power?

Does not a fool learn to be wise Only to become a greater fool Through pride and contempt for what he once was, And knows not he still is?

reaching toward the sun, but to return each night, even as in death, lying prostrate upon the breast of his Mother, rising with another dawn; and each time more stable, more permanently erect: blossoming even as the flowers; his blossom, a brain into which each fibre of the roots sent up its tentacle of representation into that blossom whose emanating odor and perfume was the world of Thought. This, the fruition of the plant of man—patiently pruned and cultivated through countless generations by the wise though stern and relentless laws of Survival.

What end or justification of the fruit-tree but for its fruit?—of the plant but for its flower?—And of what the fruit or flower composed, but of the chemicals and constituents of the Earth, as shaped by cohesive-repulsive laws in a process of selective absorption somehow governed by the same specifications and designs hidden in the seed or replica of itself—a pattern molecule which clothes itself in what it can find of likeness, or “dies” if deprived, not in itself, but to the world of form.

Seeds are the keys which release the hidden Eternal Kingdom of Vegetation, which never dies, and needs but the moisture of a fertile cell to blossom in this world and realm of time.

What, then, are a million blossoms? There is one Blossom, one Seed, one Sun that reflect in the myriad facets of a diamond. We see a million minnows in a pool—a million tiny fish. There is one min-

now—one fish—The addition of the quantitative term is superfluous. There is “Minnow”—“Fish”—And similarly there is Man.

And just as a tadpole never becomes a frog if he does not find and absorb in his environments those constituents to materially clothe the germ pattern-mole-cule, or idea that

(To be Continued)

is its seed, so a Man is not in full dignity able or worthy to assume the cloak of Identity as a representative of his specie if he lacks one cell, one fibre, one chemical, one “experience” to fully “clothe” or reflect that central sun or Idea of which his form is but a momentary offshoot, himself but a “Ray.”

THE FEAR of offending fools has made many men of understanding unhappy;

And the ambition of applause has made many great men commit great errors.

—Appolonius of Tyana.

—Give it a Thought—

READ CAREFULLY: you fill your bins with seed.

WRITE, and you measure your seeds.

THINK, and you sort them.

Language, Logic and Life



There does exist a scientific approach to, and substantiation of conclusions already arrived at by subconscious processes of Intuition. This method may also be used to investigate and verify things “believed” or concluded by ordinary methods of thought combined with those obscurities and subtleties which often result in an inner conviction without possession of all the facts. This inner and “unscientific” type of conviction seems all the stronger in proportion to the difficulty of justifying it by argument and evidence.

As one of a variety of illustrations, consider the words supposed to have been uttered by Christ upon the cross: “My God, Why hast Thou forsaken me.” Dr. George M. Lamsa, distinguished Biblical scholar of Kurdistan, speaks the language that Jesus spoke. He is now translating the Bible for the first time directly from the Aramaic into the English tongue. We have recently

received from one of his publishers a review copy of “The Oldest Christian People,” which is “A Brief Account of the History and Traditions of the Assyrian People and the Fateful History of the Nestorian Church.”

What Jesus said, Dr. Lamsa claims, was not this unworthy complaint to His Heavenly Father, but “My God, my God, This is My Destiny. For This Was I Kept.” Quoting from the account of this matter in one of the American Weekly Sunday features: “The last words of Jesus on the cross, as quoted in the Gospels according to St. Matthew and St. Mark, were the Aramaic words: ‘Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani,’ which have always been translated in Greek and Latin versions of the Bible, and later English versions, as “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” In the Aramaic Bible, which the Nestorian Christians have used for 1,700 years, the

word 'lama,' which means 'why,' is replaced by the word 'lamana' which means 'for this'. Dr. Lamsa says the word 'sabachthani' in Aramaic does not mean forsaken and has been wrongly translated. It is a form of the verb 'to keep', and only in the sense of the word as it is used in the phrase 'keep away from me' could it have even a vague similarity to the English word 'forsaken.' In that sense it might mean 'rebuke' and a free translation of Jesus' words on the cross might be, 'My God, my God, why hast thou rebuked me?' But in the Aramaic Bible of the Nestorians, the phrase means simply, "My God, my God, for this I was kept"—that is to say, "this is my destiny."

There are those who are so thoroughly "zoned" in the letter of precedence that no departure of meaning will find easy access. But there are those who, without examining the evidence, without requiring it, and without knowledge or consideration of the above-mentioned points of translation, will instantly believe Dr. Lamsa, though they may find it difficult to state all the reasons for their belief. It will, somehow, seem more "logical," perhaps, more in keeping with ideas generally associated with Jesus, the Christ, but which an average person would find it difficult to analyze. It might be sensed without full comprehension, that the words supposed to have been uttered were the expression of a "zone" in which it is not expected that the Christ would be found at the point of His death.

The science of "Zonology" toward which we are paving the way, is capable of definitely "zoning" all the elements of such problems as this, and determining perhaps not the exact words uttered, but clearly indicating which of several possible meanings is the most logical to believe, granting known factors by means of which the zones are determined.

The fundamental principles of mathematics as a language of mental economy have applications and uses still to be developed by means of which it will be possible not only to solve problems involving unknown "Quantities," but unknown Qualities, Meaning, Significance, Motives, Consequences of human conduct, and in fact all that is requisite to make

of Ethics, Psychology, Preventive, and other hitherto "vague" fields of thought the more exact science which they now are not, but against which there is no reason save human ignorance why they cannot be. There remains to be discovered the key for translating the external sciences back into the zones of the human mechanism which is responsible for their existence in the conscious understanding of the modern mind. We will then have a chemistry of human emotions, a dynamics of human motive-power, a mechanics of mental motion, a science of human electricity, etc.

And at last it will be discovered that none of the sciences of what we have believed to be the Universe or external world have any permanent

value or logical end save the elucidation of the physical, mental and spiritual constitution of Man. Thus by apprehending the mystery of an atom, a drop of water and a man, we have without realizing it penetrated the secret heart of the universe as Nature; as an infinite, restless Sea of Life; and in the cup of our skull which is made up of these atoms and drops of water, we will find the Key in the form of a Seed whose function is to unlock the Omniscience, release the Kingdom, of the Almighty God into the affairs of men when they have by discovering it, and by understanding it, proven themselves worthy and ready both to receive it and to accept the penalty of its mis-use.

(To be Continued)

THOUGHT is the Perfume of the Soul.

The Scientific "Hunch"



(Continued)

Children play with blocks and toys to learn the use of the alphabet and tools which Youth sets out to master so that the man may build the next rung of the ladder for his children to stand upon. So also does man exercise his mental faculties in games and ventures fruitless save for the nursing of that spiritual alphabet and the tools with which he may create his own immortality by erecting thought-mansions not built and not destructible by human hands.

There is a curious paradox. From birth to death man's body travels from childhood to old age, from youth to maturity; but his soul is "old" in physical childhood, and in normal men becomes more youthful with the advance of years. In short, the birth of the body is the "death" of the soul, and the death of the body is the soul's "birth". There is a thoroughly scientific explanation of this fact which will eventually be discovered by those who are as yet unable to comprehend the law of inverted equilibriums as necessitated by the principle of relativity in the field of conjunctive phenomena, of

which all life consists, and of which man is the trijunctional Apex, or neck of the hourglass.

He stands upon the apex of the earthly pyramid, a single point without "dimension", yet representing all, constituting all, incorporating all. He gazes up through the inverted funnel above him, and from the infinitesimal junction point of his ocular nerves he beholds the universe of immensity. And the unseen "Light" of universal life, as through a lens, a burning-glass, concentrated to a single point in his involuntary brain, kindles the flame that is the birth of human life, maintaining the heat that is the preservation of human life, and igniting the fire of inspiration which first purifies and then transforms.

Nations follow slowly along the paths of single men. Two thousand years ago a Man said "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Little did His followers for many generations dream that He was stating a scientific fact. He was wise, and therefore simple. Had He expressed

the law in scientific terms, He would never have been crucified. And if He had not been crucified, He would be unknown today. He would not have provided the point of concentration without which masses of mankind cannot be unified and held in check along constructive evolutionary lines.

Such points of concentration are necessary for reasons that are also scientific. That which produces a need, produces also that which is needed at definite, historical, psychological moments. If it had not been Jesus of Nazareth, it would have been another, less worthy. Whatever its name, there is always a particular grain of sand in the neck of the Hourglass at a particular moment. A tree will bear fruit, regardless of which branches, so long as there is nourishment and moisture for the roots. Similarly the highest faculties of the human mind will reach fruition first in a few minds, pioneers, regardless who they may be, and the rest will follow along in due time.

Long before the final uses of the faculty of Intuition are conceived, men play with it in its infancy as a "Hunch". Before me is a newspaper clipping of last year: "Hunches play big part in game of golf champion, Ouimet says." It is the same in every other clean sport or game. Even business is but a game, and the men who really win in life are still but boys at heart.

Francis Ouimet, golf champion, said: "Hunches, or what I prefer to call 'golfing imagination', is an indescribable something that is the spark behind almost every good round played. A fine golfer when this imagination strikes him performs miracles and does the seemingly impossible."

Telling of a few cases in his experience, he adds, "Invariably when you ask a golfer who has just performed such a miracle he will say he had a hunch he was going to do something out of the ordinary." The Hunch always precedes the play. Which brings us to the point that in one of its most valuable phases, a Hunch is but the shadow cast before, of a high degree of coordination, whether physical or mental, causing the organism to prepare itself, be it for action or thought.

(To be Continued)

"Lest We Forget"



Though old the thought and oft expressed
'Tis his at least who says it best. —Lowell.

From the MAXIMS OF GOETHE:

Modern poets add a lot of water to their ink.

There is a poetry without figures of speech which is itself a single figure of speech.

A man hears only that which he understands.

The best that History has to give us
Is the enthusiasm which it arouses.

Everything that frees our spirit without giving us the mastery over ourselves is pernicious.

How can a man learn to know himself?
Never by hesitating, but by doing.

The whole art of living consists in giving up our existence in order to exist.

SEEKING FOR GOD

(Continued)



Many men imagine that there is no wisdom outside of their own brains. They do not believe that there is Power, Wisdom, and Knowledge in the very atmosphere.

Who takes care of the great forests which man has never visited? If the intelligence of man can make machines to save the labor of his muscles, it is a natural assumption that intelligence may produce planets.

Dare a genius claim his works? Where has gone the Intelligence of all our Forefathers? Is it not still in the atmosphere? The combining strength of all this knowledge, and the good qualities of all this Intel-

ligence is that which governs the earth—and the Universe.

This force of Mind is called God.

It is this force that we worship.

The abstract is the work-shop of God.

We should believe in God because of His creation, and not Himself.

Why should we be ashamed to believe in an unseen God when we must admit that there are greater things in existence than we can see or understand.

Surely, the cause of it all, even if a law, must be greater than that which is held to its obedience. Can we not, therefore, call that law,

God, making life more agreeable for others, and happier for ourselves.

Without the love of a God we but drift from a path of faith materially, forgetful of what the other half of our real consciousness represents: that half the spiritual guidance of intuition or faith, while the line that separates both is that faculty of reason and logic, trying in a subtle way to seek and prove that which intuition suggests, in order to convince the earth half of the spiritual half of our makeup.

Why should it not thrill us to hear spoken the name of God?—just as it does when we peek through the eye of a compound microscope and behold millions of little shells, within a half-inch square of marl, in rocks or chalk, and with the knowledge that our greatest mountains are composed of these little dead animals, so small that they will float like dust—still, each one possessed instinct of its own species. Who taught them of these things?

How few realize what a great many souls pass away each twenty-four hours. And who directs their likes and dislikes? The most perfect animals, men and women, have power to analyze themselves, to think a thought, to condemn their own acts through a conscience which cannot be bribed. Surely a soul of justice was given us at our birth, as a companion, to bear witness, on our return to the Master.

It is noticeable that those who profess to be atheists always have the most to say. Those who have most to say seldom think, but hear what they say. A philosopher who thinks much, says very little, in fear of losing what he has seen. Then it is said that there is no God! The very fact that the atheist denies one, is proof that there is one: for why try to deny that which is non-existent?

Why do you question the possibility of a God or Immortality, when you even neglect to question the why and whence of your own bodily functions so as to live longer and happier, when those ambitions are uppermost in your mind?

Since we have not yet passed beyond the grave, it will be more logical to prove that there is a God than that there is not. And as long

as we are subject to disease and early death, and all know that disease runs in our blood, so that the disease itself may transfer into diseased thought that there can be no creator of that spiritual essence whereby Masters have shown men how to die as a god, let us admit from our viewpoint that man and woman have suffered, and have called upon a God to save them.

Do you know just what preceded the broken dam of the great lake that was released to obey gravity, giving no thought to its destruction after the man-made dam broke, obey-

—Give It A Thought—

Don't "let it go at that", if it is not just as you would like it.

Make it perfect, or not at all,

But perfect in the first place.

Don't sacrifice the next masterpiece to repair the first.

Prevent rather than cure.

ing man's hand until released to obey Nature's? It taught man the danger of doing work not well.

It is true we die of painful disease. Did man give us this birth-right, or God, before we were born? Do we, as atheists, not assume that there is no God, hence assume that we are the highest perfection of man, discounting all power of a supreme being, and still fear the unknown, and the possibility of God's existence? What part does disease and suffering take in the scheme of things. Why not wait until we reach the goal in our race of evolution, before we shout the race is ours. If death be only the fourth part, why not let the last man on earth judge that, and let us believe a little more those things we think we understand, in order to build a stronger foundation for truth to follow.

Where is there more peace than in that country where a God exists, where there is dignity and order. In every country on earth you will find a belief in a spirit of Goodness, war or peace. Why use evidence of

It is a greater error to attempt to elevate an individual beyond his capacity,

Than to hold him down unjustly below his level, which but strengthens his determination to do.

a blind God blind to human suffering, the disastrous snow-slide, when we ourselves made the first snowball. Let us find who created wars, and we will find how the millions of people begin through the first man and woman, with all their sins or errors. Let us not worship the stars and stripes alone, but the blood of the men shed for its birth and life to come. We might live in a foreign country of enemies, with an American flag on a flagpole and expect it to protect us from being slain. The answer is, "What are you doing in the enemy's camp, and with the flag?" Are you not from under its protection in a land with a law of its own?

Just give more thought to the parents before you judge the newborn babe: more thought to that which preceded the act of providence before you question your own ignorance. What use is disease if not a milepost to alleviate it to evolve to perfection by labor and perseverance, the greatest medicine known. If you possess many jars of sin, and some empty, empty the sin and fill them all with virtue, and there will be no disease. Providence means to circumvent disaster, and you will not become neglectful to free disaster that you know exists within the harness of your own creation.

Of course it is not best that a child should be taught algebra and fractions before the alphabet, numerals, and their value: any more than the layman should be taught philosophy or psychology before he can earn his wages for self-support. A wild animal seeks food before a safe place to sleep, just as a wise man satisfies his animal emotions before he realizes the value of spiritual principles.

All requires time and patience. Though the world inhabitants have constantly been converted to some spiritual teaching because of its good

results, all varying in their method of preparation, yet the results for its people are the same.

If one wants proof of the great benefit of Christianity, let him read a short story of the gospel, and then look at "evil," and see if the poisoning is not removed. Then let him read an immoral story, and look at virtue to see if he has not tainted himself. What must be his conclusion?

But Christian men are apt to listen too much to their own words of opinion, to clothe them as they wish

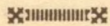
to be known. Their concern is more for their prestige and returns, than the record they care to lay at the feet of the Master. And most of them battle, and even shed blood in the name of religion alone, without a God of mercy, pity or love: each foe holding aloft their offspring for God's protection, and 'e're He can grant this they become food for the worms.

Has the name of Jesus been heard for two thousand years in vain? Do we become deaf as soon as arrogance and selfishness enter our hearts?

—Give It A Thought—

HUMANITY would long ago have settled into the depths of that mire of depravity

Had not the Rock of Christianity, built by what has come to be called the CHRIST, sustained it.



EVEN though there were no CHRIST, the thoughts of millions have created One.

Where then is your criticism?

Does not a conception mean a birth?

A reality to a myth; a myth to reality?

The Book of Life



If one person has followed and will follow these articles to the realization to which they lead, it is worth the labor of having written them, and justifies the fact that many of them have been difficult for some to understand. But I have tried and will continue to try many methods of approach, such as that of religion, of science, of personal experience, of symbol, parable and "Words," and shall try yet other ways in hopes of finding access to the understanding of someone by each method.

During these years I have endeavored to supply the missing or overlooked blocks to the picture-puzzle of life, such that if one were

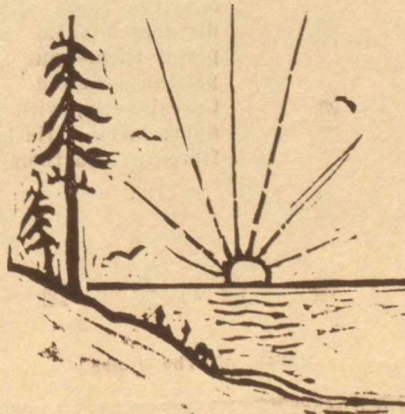
to gather them all together and placed them in the proper position, the so-called "mysteries" of the ages the "riddle of life," would be made clear, and you would find as I have found in making my discoveries that there are no "mysteries," but truth is so simple that we fail to see it. We fail to see it because it is that with which we see, and we are obliged to examine only its reflection, which is Nature, even as we must look in a mirror to see our own face.

Experiment proves that if a man gazes up into the sky at night he will see in the myriad stars only those figures which are most dominant in his own mind. No man will

see even the "Big Dipper" whose experience has not involved a dipper. One man will see rectangles first; another, triangles; another, crudely shaped letters of the alphabet; another, aimless lines traced across the sky. But no one will see the classical figures of Orion, the Crab, the big and little Bears, unless they have been told not "How to look," but "what to look for." And it is the same with Nature, which is the entire Book of Life spread out before our eyes. But in which we fail to perceive the great Truths because we have been taught not "How to Think," but "what," unmindful that the "What" cannot be exactly the same for any two individuals in the world; but the "How" is universal, if it includes all faculties of the human mechanism in its directions "How to use."

We cannot divorce ourselves from Nature, nor Nature from us in our process, for it is not only the background and foreground of our thought-process, but its entire material constituents, as we shall see. And here is a viewpoint few seem to have considered, as to its consequences: physically we may be a part of Nature, a few atoms of the trillions upon trillions gathered together into a functioning Form, a living Garment for our Soul, the "Word" made flesh, and yet representative of all Nature even as a drop is representative of the sea, chemically revealing all the sea contains. But mentally, spiritually, Nature, as such, is the garment, and within is the Tenant, in whose heart there flow the seeds of all that is yet unborn.

(CONCLUDED ON REAR COVER)



*G*I*V*E* *I*T* *A* *T*H*O*U*G*H*T*



RUSTING that there are many who understand the Language of Nature better than that of science, I offer as an answer to many questions concerning my philosophy of life, the story of.....



The Little Plant



There was once a little plant who longed in its very fibres to reach that Light and Perfection from whence it came. Its whole existence was a prayer, a blind groping for "heaven," for its God . . .

It reached up toward the sun, moistened with rain and dew—reaching deep into the soil for strength that it might reach still higher into the air for warmth and sunlight.

At last it blossomed in all its perfection—only to "die" alone, unknown, unnoticed. But this was only winter. In the spring it awoke again; and lo and behold there sprang up about it many tiny shoots, duplicates of itself—seeds of the previous year's maturity toward perfection, living in them as well as in itself: and these young shoots grew up, more perfect, more tender, and more enticing than the mother plant, who still longed to become still more perfect.

At last there came a Man. He saw the little plant—took some—discovered them to be edible: prepared them—put into his mouth a portion—chewed it thoroughly, thoughtfully, with thankfulness and appreciation. He broke up the little fibres, mixed them with saliva from

the glands in his mouth, swallowed them, extracted the essence, its spirit and strength, which entered his blood, the lifeless fibres being sent on to be returned to the earth from whence they came . . .

The soul of this little plant then traveled through long rivers of blood—until at last it reached the top of its journey, in the head of this wonderful organism, the Man. There it entered a cell of his brain, and was transformed into a Thought.

The Big Wonderful Mechanism, this Human Body, moved in obedience to the thought in the tiny cell—went forth into the fields—chose by natural reflection of selection those plants like the one that lived in the thought—took with them the mother plant—placed them all in a beautiful Garden—cultivated them—nursed them—watered them—until they multiplied a thousand-fold. Then he dispensed them among men, who also nursed them, so that veritably they covered the earth—in every garden a place of honor—all from the one Mother Plant—her life-offering to her Creator—coursing in the blood of thousands upon thousands of Men—giving habitation to Thought that wrote the History of Nations—evolving at last to the Glory of God . . .

