

DEC 16 1933

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GIVE TOMORROW  
A Voice  
Today

VANCOURIER  
To "The  
Voice"



# The Whisper

A Journalette of Prevenient Thought

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

1933

NOVEMBER ... DECEMBER

## Thanksgiving

APPRECIATION is the grate-  
fulness of understanding.

How many realize that "Thanksgiving" means "Appreciation," and that Appreciation is impossible without deprivation.. It is impossible without having suffered. To those who have not suffered, to those who have not been deprived, to those who have had all they desired, true Appreciation, heartfelt gratitude, is impossible. To them therefore, "Thanksgiving" is more or less meaningless and superficial. These unfortunate people who have been deprived of the sorrow which is the south pole of joy, are only half alive. They seldom experience that activity of the brain which is called "Thinking," and when they do, they desire it only to be pleasant, pretty thoughts which have no roots to blossom into deeds of progress.

What shall we be thankful for? Let us first of all be thankful that we are able to be thankful, and what is this but thanking God for those sorrows, those "depressions," those periods of deprivation, which make it possible for us to experience and thereby know what Appreciation means.

The greatest word to those who seek joy is Appreciation.

The greatest virtue of achieve-

## Christmas



A DAY to For-  
give,  
And forget our  
"troubles",  
Joining our chil-  
dren in their

happiness of receiving  
their small gifts,  
Remembering the "Gift"  
That was first given Hu-  
manity on this Day,  
1933 years ago.

Forbid them not the plant-  
ing of those Seeds  
In soil made fertile by the  
memory of Jesus,  
The Master and Founder  
of Christianity,  
Who did "suffer little chil-  
dren to come unto Him"  
That His love might take  
root in the Garden of a  
Child's Heart,  
That the Spirit of Truth  
may free man from his  
Cocoon of Mortality.

## New Year

The Wash-Day of the Year

First Glimpse of New Light  
and Resolutions

The Day of Prevenience

**GIVE IT A THOUGHT**

Were last year's days  
Empty bottles of Cures?

ment is Appreciation.

Appreciation doubles the value of what you have. It makes time and old age give to you instead of taking away. Appreciation turns what you spend into profits.

Man too often forgets what fortune he has. He forgets to appreciate, or to remember, the price of his struggle.

We all must have little difficulties, a little apparent bitterness with the sweet, so that we may compare, and know the taste of appreciation—that we may place a higher value upon our gifts, possibilities and loved ones. That which requires years to attain is priceless, far stronger, and far more beautiful than that which lives but a day. The things



## The Whisper

VANCOURIER TO THE VOICE

An Independent, International Journalette  
of Prevenient Thought

Published Monthly

By

JOSEPH A. SADONY

and

WILLIAM ALVIS GUTHRIE, M. D.

Forerunner to the  
VOICE OF TOMORROW

Official Organ for

The International Board of Prevenient  
Education



25c per copy

By the year \$3.00

Vol. II Nov. -- Dec. No. 8

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By Joseph A. Sadony

(Printed in the U. S. A.)

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lation into foreign languages

“He was one of those rare souls with a serene philosophy of Life, and a sincere ambition to alleviate the suffering of others and to convey the truth that made life worthwhile for him.”

With the passing of Dr. Guthrie The Whisper has lost a co-publisher. Again the full burden of sustaining a non-profit Journalette rests with Mr. Sadony and our subscribers. The Whisper will of course continue, but whether or not it remains a monthly periodical in 1934, as Dr. Guthrie wished, and heretofore made possible, now depends largely upon its readers. The number of renewals and subscriptions received at this time will determine whether it will begin the New Year as a 12-page monthly or a 16-page bi-monthly until it is possible to be otherwise.

of Eternity symbolize Permanency.

What requires years for man to achieve, he forgets in so many hours. Saturation drowns appreciation. Remember this when dissatisfied, and you will open the sluice gates to turn the wheels of the mill of your enthusiasm; for when one sack is filled, it will hold no more. And so it is with desire and ambition.

It is the depth of the brackish water, and the slime of sorrow and despair that give birth to the pure white water-lily and joy. One must be chilled by the cold blast of winter to appreciate the warmth of a happy home. And what gives birth to Appreciation, if it is not “What might

have been?”

Be thankful that all your wishes were not granted, and already forgotten; that your anticipation is still alive, and that you are still blessed in seeking for Tomorrow's unborn in hope and faith. Be thankful that your keen, good, wholesome appetite will be appeased, regardless of the years back of you; and though your basket may have shrunk to a handful, it may hold the largest diamond on earth.

Be thankful that your foundation is the new, clean American soil, virgin and less blood-stained than the foreign soil of a dead, religious fanaticism in its place of three hundred million people. Analyze your God here, the atmosphere through which the sun shines clear compared to some Oriental and Asiatic nations. Go and look up facts: then love your country here, where we have set aside one day each year to remind us not alone of our blessings, for which we may be thankful, but also of the struggles and suffering of pioneer forefathers whose blood in our veins can hardly have forgotten in these few generations. Let this memory be awakened, then, as the roots of our present-day Thanksgiving, if we have been so unfortunate ourselves as to have been deprived of the struggles and tribulations which alone give birth to Appreciation and intensify our joys.

In Memory of

William

†

† Dr. William Alvis Guthrie †

August 31, 1864

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November 9, 1933

## Godly Homes

(An extract from “God First”)

By William Alvis Guthrie, M.D.

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The greatest need of the American nation today is Godly homes.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. Only a few can obtain the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the home. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection. Its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of home enameled upon the heart of childhood defy the rust of years and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after years. Home, sweet home, graced with pictures, refined with books and gladdened with song; the place where children are trained to become useful citizens of the government, and loyal citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven, where the members of the household are to be gathered one by one. Give God first place in your home, then it will become the nursery of the church, and the symbol of the fellowship of Heaven.



# At The Fulcrum



A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

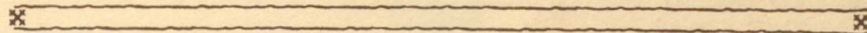
familiarity? Can a group of men not develop a certain mental trait beyond the capabilities of those who are so constituted by nature or inclination?

Many pictures have been exposed in past ages, but only their temples and structures remain as silent evidence of their labor only. Still, words, meanings and acts remain of the picture of Jesus. And why did they live in the hearts and minds of men all these years if the chemical was not true and permanent so we dispute over its authenticity today? A thing that lives that long must bear its weight by its own meaning.

Is it not a probable theory to accept that the manner in which the story was introduced has had that effect to live according to the mental conception of men to make martyrs of them, to impress the more

the truth of Christ? We call baked wheat, BREAD. Still, the word does not name all the constituents of that bread. You adopt a shorthand method which you alone can read. May it not be so with the Holy Gospel: a shorthand method, as a reminder to the true followers of a Christ?

Is not a grand concert but a lot of noise to a primitive man or a fool; and the weak spark of a dying ember a powerful vibration to a scientist? Where is there any basic evidence to contradict any historical fact, even though it be a composite placed to meet the understanding and customs of the times? A good, analytical, spiritual student may read this misused, misspelled shorthand of the Gospel, and prove its points to anyone capable of realizing these facts.



# MANY MANSIONS

**D**O YOU SEEK MASTERSHIP? Then why do you not concentrate on obeying Nature's law first - that law which forgets not even the orders given or obeyed by the infinitesimal enemies of a mite?

Next, awaken your power of intuition, where true faith is born: the subtle, true law of God.....

Then you will receive orders by inspiration. Your action follows as an effect of the great Cause which initiates masters into the great and only Truth and Faith toward which your first ambition led you: or why long to be a master, if the very end of that Light's rays did not impinge itself on your very soul in thought, and upon your heart in action, so that your God-given compass influenced the hand that grasped the tiller of your life's Ship, thereafter to sail toward that Harbor of Many Mansions.....

There is a new wave of thought that has been sweeping the great Subconsciousness of Humanity, as we well know, since the beginning of the twentieth century—the first swell of a new Vibration that is in the atmosphere as the old wave has passed, which is the religion of the past for those in the past.

The new wave contains the Spirit-

ual Laws, which are all that is Natural, and this causes modern objective thought to seek those laws, again, which are the same that Jesus of Nazareth knew, and spoke in such a way that His words are even a better foundation for the new religious spirit than they were for the old.

All mankind seems to have been

You condemn the Bible and Christ because of the miracles which you do not believe? Suppose they were but hallucinations; suppose they were recorded, or translated, wrong: the fact that they were written was a means for man to search for their truth, finding truth itself by the efforts to prove. Even then it was justified in its expression. Until we have absolute proof can we affirm or deny? We have created more than past miracles in modern science; so it behooves us to know what NOT to believe, or what to believe. Does not competition in opinion keep alive both sides of the question?

The story of Jesus was the most permanent picture ever exposed. It but remains for us to translate it, to understand and believe the motive intended. Could you be able to recognize your own features were you to see your reflection in a mirror for the first time? Then how do you expect to recognize a picture if you have never seen it before.

If you are able to sense a thing recognized, though you never beheld it, how can you account for its



seeking in the very air for something new to believe: something that will give them proof and understanding: something that will give their minds different food for thought, and of which they are now in greater need than food for the body.

The more intelligent the world becomes, the more food the mind needs, for food that has been digested has gone to the limit of its strength. And so it is with the Bible, until a new light has been shed upon it through the lens of a periodical "new" wave of thought which is but the return on its cycle of the same wave of Thought that taught the boy, Jesus of Nazareth, how to become a Man inspired by God. He was sensitive enough to be susceptible to, and to understand the spiritual laws governing the subjective mind.

There are many sects the world over who expect the coming of another world Teacher, or even a second coming of Christ. But that has already been established. The last Master to come was Christ, and He "died," saying that his blood was shed for the "sinners."

Rightly interpreted, this means that every drop of blood contains blood corpuscles which when carried to the brain, create thought. When there is insufficient blood in the brain, one "faints," and becomes unconscious. The blood He shed when he might have saved Himself instead, was to place the ever-lasting symbol of the Cross before men's eye, to make us think of His sacrifices, and the conditions which make them necessary for every soul that strives to overcome: and in thinking, we plant one of those seeds which create many Masters: "For in My Father's House there are many Mansions."

There are millions of human mansions today where dwell souls who seek the light. Therefore, there will not be one Master come to the world today, or in the future, but many of them, each one from a different land, many of them, among us now though we know it not, each one carrying a peculiar shaped stone, which is numbered as his special individuality; and, like spokes of a vast wheel, will travel to the center:

and there you will find the teachings of the entire world, which, after the words have been shorn of their shape, will be found but one word, condensed from the Bible, which is the nucleus of the entire universe: spelled "Love," but which has thus far more often been pro-

nounced backwards.

So each must look for the coming Master in his own heart, and play only the song which the strings of his heart can vibrate, and he will find, after all these years of search, that paradise existed within his own doors.

—Give It A Thought—

AS THE ever-cleansing waters of Nature ever drift downward, with their burden,  
So does the ever-enlightening Understanding of Man rise ever up  
Into the Light and Love of God.

## The Tests of Universal Religion

A correspondent from India asks me: "What are the tests of Universal Religion?"

From my viewpoint, the tests of a true religion are its doctrines, its morals, and its lasting benefits to the human race: encouraging the Arts and Sciences, seeing Simplicity and Beauty in everything; mercy, charity and love; humbleness in all greatness, in the recognition of the divinity of material evolution and mental progress; the understanding of consciousness; a fraternal interest in the welfare of the human family; giving due credit where it is deserving; with science and religion the two banks of the river over which spans the Bridge of Time.

A Religion of this kind is holden to the law of life and infinity, where everything has its known place, where there can be no disputes because of face value; each individual a law unto himself; each environment to be considered in a judgment of things; where leadership means only service; where intolerance, arrogance, aggrandizement or false pride are obsolete and only mark the termination of progress. Such a religion is supported by eternal laws that have, but know no death.

Religion should be like the cleansing water which in itself is pure and

wholesome. It levels unsightly mountain tops, fills dark poisonous valleys, bathes the trees and foliage, feeds them all with its dirt gathered, then purifies itself in the ground, comes up pure and cool as drink for man and beast; then carries messages from its labor of cleansing and allows it to fill up the depths of the sea: ends its epoch of a day, then once again called to labor by the Sun, the god of earth, scattered in clouds to repeat its daily task of purification, life and transformation.

Why do so many sects lean so much toward the past? Is it that the childhood days only appear greater? See how many religions have not grown one new branch. Are we to evolve mentally only, by which we have thus far created what would have been termed miracles years ago? Should not religion grow as well? Or do we not moisten its roots practically, in fear of being too natural, when it should be divinely "super-natural." Do we recognize any of the power today that was given the Apostles? Has it been lost? Not so, according to the words of Christ: "Even ye shall do greater things than I." He said also, "Ye shall be hated in My name." Where do we really stand as to the phenomena Jesus taught the Seventy? Does God choose His



### GIVE IT A THOUGHT



GOD UTTERS the Word.  
 Some one man obeys,  
 But thinks himself the author.  
 How can he be,  
 If he be not his own creator,  
 And knows not why he knows?  
 Unless he does  
 He will be blind to what he is  
 Until he recognizes his own shadow,  
 to recognize himself  
 As a letter in that word uttered.

servants?—or does man select them from those who have applied for that position . . . . .

instead of always facing that apprehension and question of death. If this is not true, deny it openly.

happy physically: no death, for that would be discordant . . . . .

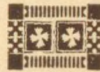
Truth shall make you free of "sin" and disease, of bitter discord and doubt; for servitude in serving makes you free of the flesh by your will, free from inherited taint, free of the shackles of discordant habits, of anger and enemies. Truth shall make you free to free others . . . . .

What did Christ mean when He said, "THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE?" Free from what?—not from bondage, mental and physical: mentally to be harmonious, and

—Give It A Thought—

**I**T'S NATURE'S responsibility that man should die;  
 But it is man's duty to find how to release his individual deeds while he lives.

## Shavings and Dust



**I**N ORDER TO FIND the trade of a man,  
 Is it not best to visit his workshop  
 And examine the shavings and dust?

Let us understand God in the same way:  
 Not too much reason, (our poor reason), but  
 Wisdom;  
 Not too much "science", but logical "common sense" —  
 And let us look among the "Shavings and Dust"  
 for Truth . . . . .



Most "isms" teach men how to fly, till their feet become useless, but omit how to land. So they must fly themselves to death, or into fanaticism where they need no feet on the ground. Should we not teach the feet, the foundation of mortality? Is it not the duty of a tenant who leases a home to keep the basement in repair as well as the parlor?

Most men seldom go into the attic or basement of a human temple; seldom care where they walk; and seldom go into the attic of their brain to think alone. They live mostly in the parlor of their emotional heart, to entertain their desires. Likewise with a selfish employer who remains only the hub, in contact with the spokes, his officials: seldom giving thought to the steel rim that takes all the abuse and shock—the common workman who is in a continuous whirl compared to the hub, and has not time to find what it's all about, until death relieves him, and a new wheel of men take his place . . . . .

And the pathetic part of it all is that the hub itself doesn't know what it's all about; for the blind lead the blind; the hungry starve to death just for want of a little freedom of thought. They are like the many tired work-horses who are only too glad to bunch together in a corral to await a harness for Tomorrow, instead of having time to think of any free pasture, to take a run and be thankful just to live

Where there is flexibility of motion there is life. God reveals His power through vibration. If we will look into Nature's work, into the Beauty of all things, into the elements—into the power there manifest—we will find "God."

In these "Vibrations" is the Fountain-head of Life. Without them, there would be no life. All would be void. Through vibration alone this world came into being. Through millions of centuries through all ages and stages of life—forward and backward—from mineral, through vegetation to animal; then man.

We are born—we bear children—

then die. Our children bear children, then die. . . . A perpetual cyclic vibration. Spring, summer, fall winter. We throw pebbles into the smooth surface of clear water. Small rings generate where the stone strikes, spreading larger, slower, striking the shore and returning again—the everlasting negative and positive.

There is an unseen pulse or vibration in the trend of human life that affects all mankind at the same time. Hundreds of years may pass in the coming and going of one cycle or tide. But into its path this wave of unseen power sweeps all in-



telligence, wearing channels of history in the soils and rocks of Time.

Behold the ages of darkness, and the floods of religion and art. Behold our mechanical and electrical achievements of today; yet we cannot duplicate the works of five thousand years ago, the labor of ancestors with primitive tools.

Great Nations sink year by year, the hidden wave passing them by, their Intelligence resigning to oblivion, while in their secret Domes are works of Art that we are unable to surpass in workmanship and beauty.

Behold peaceful countries in the path of a "wave" that turns them into fighting men, making restless a Nation's sons, leaving discontent and selfishness in its wake—to the limit of endurance. Then once again peace reigns. The "Wave" has passed.

Children born at the time of war are influenced by the seed of destruction or desire to conquer and are not aware of it until it blossoms, at maturity, say at forty. Thus in forty years or so the martial spirit arises again. It may or it may not blossom into another war as an echo of the last, but the impulse is there, unless it be prevented.

The Vibration passes again. It acts slowly—slowly but surely. And so with men, poor crawling worms that we sometimes are, thinking that we can "kill time," while Time kills man by the slow wave made by a Pebble thrown in the water—the Pebble of God, forcing all Intelligence from that Fountain-head of Wisdom—endless circles, the symbols of what we see every day.

The piston-rod of our steam engine goes back and forth—a wave. The round wheels revolve. But there must be a fire to generate the steam to cause the "power"—as the pebble thrown in the water to cause the waves. . . . Who threw the pebble? Where the Intelligence or force? What force is back of the fire? An intelligent being—a Man. But who is the Author, or what the Intelligence that is the Cause of the vibration or wave-motion of the Universe? There must be some Power back of it? What is it? It

is that of which we perceive the shadows, and call them by vague names such as Electricity, Magnetism, Goodness, Intelligence, Love, Wisdom, Knowledge, Memory, Reason—merely words. But in the minds of a few there is a meaning to these words, cast by the shadow of that great Mental Background of which their own soul is a part—and God is the Power which propels Electricity to do its work, called Nature.

And in the "shavings and dust" that are left on the floor of this great Workshop where the Master-piece is being formed, man crawls and searches for Truth. He perceives the struggle for Existence, in which the great Knife of Destruction hews away from that great Body, the unfit. He perceives the hand of Evolution molding slowly and patiently through the survival of the fit. He perceives the cooperation throughout Nature, with creation and destruction proceeding hand in hand. He perceives the Cooperative Law of Duality, in which Good and Evil progression and retrogression play equal parts in the constant production of its resultant, amalgamate and inclusive third.

He perceives also an Indestructibility and a tendency toward Equalization. He perceives the Potentiality of Waste, and that nothing is useless. He perceives the utilization of waste, and selective absorption, with a purpose for everything, and the medicinal use of evil in small doses.

But only dimly has he as yet perceived the significance of the vast UNCONSCIOUS PREPARATION OF TWO BIRTHS COMING INTO ONE—under a condition of Relativity, that gives equal weight to both the vast and the minute, each of which

fulfills its purpose, so that it is just as important for a fly to scrape the dust off his legs, as for the King to give orders to wipe out a nation; and while the expert hunter cleans his rifle, and selects his shell, the bear is at that very moment preparing his stomach to meet the hunter at the spot of death.

Nature knows her work. The Sun draws up the waters of the Mighty Sea—purifies it in its rays. A wind carries it for miles in clouds, through a current of cold air where it is scattered drop by drop to lands that need it most.

The wind carries the seeds where they will grow, because there it has been before, millions of times, and carried the drops of water to make it fertile.

When people become too filthy, Nature produces disease to kill those that are filthy. A fly starts a journey laden with germs. It passes by a clean, neat kitchen. It stops at one that is also fairly clean, but about the sugar bowl is sugar spilled: spilled in extravagance; left there by neglect, the father of filthiness. The fly remains, and finds other food upon which to light.

The children take sick and die. The mother cries out in bitterness against an unjust Fate. She looks with bitter longing at her neighbor's children.

It is impossible for Fate to be unjust. The Universe would topple in chaos and explode, were not the balance perfect down to the most minute detail. Action and re-action would swallow each other, and life would cease.

Nature knows her work. Extravagance and filthiness are broken laws. The design of Perfection has been drawn. Survival into perfection cuts off all that does not fit the shape.

(To be Continued)

—Give it a Thought—

He who has knocked on the door of God  
Has heard the whisper of a soul.

## AFTER ARMAGEDDON

Edwards Davis

XXXXXXXXXX

THE VOICE of God, in holy stillness heard,  
Is not like unto his that failed to bring  
The dead up out of Hades, but as His  
That spoke to Lazarus, and Lazarus  
Arose!



## Wheat and Dreams

A Gospel of Prevenience  
for a New Day and Night

By  
Joseph A. Sadony

*Night: The swish of the Water that we  
call Dreams.*

*Day: The grinding of wheels to crush  
Wheat for Daily Bread.*

“.....And these thoughts fill the air,  
Not my own, but like a thief, I take them.....”

Since the adoption of “WHEAT AND DREAMS” as the title of a manuscript of one of the first volumes of Mr. Sadony's works to be prepared for book-publication, its departmental use in THE WHISPER will be discontinued as a “Garden for Singers of the Night and Day”.

Henceforth this department will be devoted to the full significance of the symbolic title as so aptly embodied in the volume mentioned, by Mr. Sadony.

“WHEAT AND DREAMS” symbolize the combined practical and visionary, mundane and poetic, real and romantic, logical and idealistic, scientific and religious, material and spiritual aspects and values of Life. They are the Alpha and Omega of creation as we know it. They form a fitting title for the collected work of a fundamentally practical mind functioning against the vast background of an intuitive Realization of all Life, from its humble origin in the soil from which springs the staff of life, the fruit of the earth, to its transformation and evolutionary culmination in the fruit of Man's brain. With his feet on the ground, his head in the clouds of Intuitive Imagination, Man spans the universe as Product and Heir of the Creator and His creation, sowing the seeds of both “Wheat” and “Dreams”, and reaping the harvest thereof, in his Daily Bread to sustain his body and mind, and that Inspiration that gives form to Hope, sustenance to Faith, and birth to his soul of Immortality.

## Genius Never Thing of Past

Man waits too long for the seed of genius to sprout, by trying to wear the hat, clothes and shoes of the geniuses of the Past, who are dead and gone. The man of today will awaken in death to find his own greatness.

A genius is not a thing of the

past alone. Do you realize that you might become one, were you to awaken to the fact that we are all here for a purpose?

Why not investigate the cause, so as to leave an effect indelibly stamped upon the books of progression. It may give others an example that

will inspire them to do the apparently impossible: And even if we but awaken the slumbering genius, in another, we are responsible for his success.

The greatest of past geniuses all lost the companionship of mankind, because they were worshipped by those who knew not the man, but the envied acquirements. So in loneliness many a genius drowned his sorrow to forgetfulness in drugs, debauchery or licentiousness.

But we have yet to see one genius fail in his desire. There are very few, however, who have not suffered the tortures of hell, because at the zenith of their success, their baser nature was given full sway—ignorant of the physical law of their material being.

It is when one studies the works of these, that he finds thoughts the children of insanity. For does not partial genius rest in the grave of contortionism, a warped, one-sided human mind that recognizes but one door, one path, one prismatic color, and like one of the five fingers, cannot claim more than one fifth? In such manifestation, “Genius” is “abnormal.” But there is greater genius which may be normal.

We have each been endowed with a certain number of plants of attainment. If we grow but one, we become a genius for daring to specialize. If we grow them all, we are human.

The genius teaches us to aspire: but by neglect of other seeds he has out-stripped companionship: the penalty, loneliness. The human is ignorant of his adaptability: nothing realized, nothing lost.

If the Achievement of Genius gives him no pleasure in life, and peace of mind, then it is but the weight that holds him down. A prophet is without honor except among the children of his executioners. Our forefathers burned their martyrs at the stake, imprisoned their discoverers, shot their emancipators, and destroyed thousands of their geniuses by the flattery and praise which allowed them to starve to death.

He who would hold high his head, must ever beware of pride, ever ready to humbly bend, for his eyes behold more than the multitude,



while they gaze at him alone, because of his success. It is the curse of the multitude that it reaches up to tear down the works of genius—seldom to preserve.

The greatest genius sacrifices the most at death, from one point of view. Still, he received his possession because he was susceptible, and at death he but returns that which he has borrowed—emblematic of the Creator's clear, limpid pool of reflection, the human soul.

All knowledge is borrowed which creates genius. What matters is the use that is made of timber, not how it is obtained: For it "Was," or we could not have made use of it in our making.

The human brain is but the fertile or unfertile ground for the expression of the soul, depending upon the pure rivers of blood to feed it. Self-control governs its appetite. Education cannot create mental achievements if "quality" is lacking, any more than a farmer can grow the choicest grain in poor soil. The activity within becomes transferred into equal power in a different form. The knowledge of a genius can give birth to nothing without application.

A harvest may not be gathered by evolution. It is that which runs over the brim that makes "Genius" and clear profit—but not the delinquent cup that is only half full.

Without Love, Imagination and Ideals, genius sleeps. He is nothing. It never thunders without lightning. It does lightning without thunder. It is thus with men whose words are like thunder, harmless but awesome. It is the silent lightning which is fatal—the man who thinks, then acts.

A beautiful green meadow covers the unsightly earth of dead resolutions. Each blade of grass is a monument to the masses; each flower and blossom reaching into the air, a genius, or a martyr: a man or woman who dared to carry out the inspiration of his soul.

Patience, determination and appreciation terminate the triangle of Genius and Success.

## DIVINATION

(Continued)

As we glance through history we find many records of unshaken faith in the various forms of divination. In Ezekiel (XXI-31) we learn that the King of Babylon "shuffled arrows, consulted teraphim, looked in the liver" etc. Teraphim were the idols used in divination.

Haruspication was a profession. The Haruspex made professional examination of the entrails of the bullock's that were sacrificed, and reported the aspects of the head, of the liver, or of the cleft in the lungs, as a sacred guide to warriors and statesmen in the conduct of national affairs.

### Why it Works

Coscinomancy, or divining by a sieve, was at one time widely practiced. The sieve was held suspended, and gave its indications by turning according to popular belief. In later times this gave way to the ordeal by the Bible and the key. The Bible was suspended by a key tied in with its wards between the leaves, and the key supported on the forefingers of two persons. This was used in such cases as theft, where it was desired, for instance, to prove the guilt of some servant maid who had been accused. The efficacy of these things, the fact that they worked more often than not, lies in the fear of the guilty person causing

—Give It A Thought—

**EACH MAN must be in tune —  
But with what? . . .**

**If not as one of the minutes of the  
hour,**

**One hour of the day:**

**No more nor less than sixty min-  
utes,**

**Equidistant, proportioned accord-  
ing to capacity and capability,**

**Each as one bead of a necklace  
or rosary.**

some betrayal of their guilt. The effect is identical with that caused by the use of some of the pseudo-scientific "Truth-testing instruments" of today.

In Australia when a person died, it was supposed that some sorcerer had "killed" him. They then set out to find the guilty person. Bearers would be selected to lift the corpse, and they would wander about, allowing it, apparently, to push them in the direction of the murderers. If this did not produce the desired results, other methods were used. Perhaps the flames of the grave fire were seen to flicker toward the guilty person, or as has been mentioned before, some insect will be seen creeping toward his home. In the case of a real murder, or a genuine guilt these methods often succeeded in locating the guilty one. It is all a matter of a very crude and primitive psychology, an early groping to clothe intuition materially as they did their God in images.

### White and Black Magic

Intuition is supposed to be stronger in women than it is in men. This is a natural assumption, inasmuch as intuition is associated with susceptibility and reception, a faculty requiring a certain degree of negativeness, rather than the positiveness of doing, giving, or broadcasting. In the complete human magnet, man is the North Pole, woman, the South Pole; man, positive, woman, negative. In the human mind, intuition and imagination make up the female principle, will-power the male. It has been observed by travelers in Africa that "White Magic" such as they consider Divination, is mostly practiced by women; whereas "Black Magic", medicine men, which involves "bewitching", the casting of spells, and various other forms of hypnotism, is practiced by men.

### Each Philosopher His Own Language

Turning to China, we are told of



the five sacred books, KING — the most ancient monuments of Chinese literature, containing the fundamental principles of the earliest creeds and customs. We are told that the first in date, the most renowned, but the least intelligible of these sacred books is the "Book of Changes" — Y-KING — a treatise on Divination, founded on the combinations of sixty-four lines (some entire, others broken), called KOUA. The discovery of these is attributed to FOU-HI, the founder of Chinese civilization. Fou-hi, we are told, found these mysterious lines on the shell of a tortoise. He found them capable of explaining all things. This is but another way of saying that Fou-hi was a philosopher who had discovered in his own mind an understanding, or a way of explaining all things. He sought an alphabet, a language, a set of symbols in which to crystalize his own comprehension. If he had been Pythagorus, he would have formed geometrical figures of lines, with understandable, mathematical laws and symbols. But he was Fou-hi, whose language was Chinese, which is composed of combinations of lines unintelligible to us. Each philosopher has his own language for the expression of the same comprehension. Confucius, as wise as he was, was not able to throw much light on the meaning of Fou-hi. We are told that more than fourteen hundred and fifty treatises, memoirs or commentaries have been written on this "famous, but whimsical work of Y-King." The secret is buried, not with the shell of the tortoise, but with the skull of Fou-hi.

(To Be Continued)

—Give It A Thought—

DO YOU write to be heard? Or to be understood.

For sound? Or feeling.

To passify quietly? Or eliminate vice.



How does your reading affect you?

Some writers think for you, while you rest.

Some converse, so you may question.

But some make You think and answer problems.



When you deal with kindness, intentions form the wick; faith, the match.

## SUPERSTITION

(Continued)

### Superstition a Feeling

The science of "Psychology" is still in its infancy. Man is still groping in the dark that is back of his own eyes, where he cannot see. There he can only think and feel. He is moved by feeling, not by knowledge. Superstition is a feeling. It originates in the feeling of apprehension or dread of the unknown.

Knowledge destroys superstition. The "powers" and "forces" that govern the trend of human events are mysterious only because "unknown." To shackle by superstition arrests progress. Scientists and psychologists tell us that "Progress and our wholesome habit of disbelieving that which we cannot see or feel has had a great deal to do with the breaking down of old and deep-rooted superstitions."

### Disbelief vs. Superstition

One is as bad as the other, however. The habit of disbelieving everything that cannot be "seen" arrests Progress as much as Superstition does; perhaps more. The will-to-believe in the groping antenna of intuition testing those paths into the unseen and unknown which lead us to greater possibilities, and hasten

our progress.

The scientist who literally goes to the extreme of destroying that which gives birth to superstition, will also destroy the womb of intuition which contains the answer to all the problems that he will then seek in vain.

### Superstition, evidence of Ignorance, Not Untruth

"Science" has admitted, in studying superstitions in the light of modern discoveries, that "a surprising number of notions once thought queer, are correct, though not for the reasons originally thought."

If you were travelling in Africa, you might tell a savage that it is unlucky to spit in a kettle of boiling fat. If you had won his faith in other ways, he would no doubt believe you without asking questions, and without experimenting. He would pass the word along from generation to generation until the vague notion lodged in the mind of a doubter that great misfortune would come upon a man who should do such a thing. This doubter might be told that the devil would punish a doubter.

Finally, however, he gets up courage to make the test. He spits in the kettle of boiling fat, and it explodes in his face. The belief was correct. It was indeed unlucky to spit in a kettle of boiling fat. The doubter was punished severely. Misfortune fell upon him. In fact, it hit him in the face. He could no longer doubt.

Superstition is evidence of ignorance, but it is not evidence of untruth. The error is in the interpretation and explanation of causes.

If, then, further conclusions and beliefs are based on an erroneous deduction, these are apt to be entirely incorrect, whereas that which gave rise to the original belief might have been an observed fact.

The same situation exists in the



civilized world today. People believe that certain medicines and remedies are good things, because they are cured. There are many cases where sugar-pills would produce the same results. They are cured because they believe they are being cured, and because they have faith in the physician or in the advertisement of the medicine. A good physician knows how much of the trouble is mental,

and how much is physical as a result of not thinking right, and therefore of not living right. He will inspire faith in himself, and by the use of a little harmless medicine and a great deal of common sense, will cure mental cases as well as physical ones by means of an erroneous belief if the patient is incapable of facing and comprehending the facts of the case.

(To be Continued)

—Give It A Thought—

SOME ARTISTS feed and expect too much of  
Imagination;  
Hence fail to complete the picture of their  
dreams,  
Which to others are but night-mares of confusion.

## Language, Logic and Life

Continued

Few suspect the many ways there are of "Knowing." Every day we see evidence that one man may "know" a thing in a manner unknown to another. The blind man can never know by sight, nor the deaf man by interpretation of sound. A man with a cold will never know there are flowers in the room unless he sees them. Their perfume is non-existent to him. Similarly the material man will never know by intuition, nor an over-educated man by instinct.

It is but the ignorance of man that soothes its wounded pride by claiming that because Truth is "relative" it is therefore unknowable: which it is, without the "core" of a reference frame and a knowledge of the laws and principles of Relativity which Science, because it cannot well proceed without it, will be obliged to accept.

Thenceforth there will be greater silence on the part of supposedly learned men who are not sure in their hearts with an intuitively-

rooted conviction; for the elements of their opinion, the constituents of their arguments will reveal not alone to Science as well as seers and prophets, but to every high school student with a smattering of mathematical ability, the exact position of the supposedly learned man upon an evolutionary scale of "Graded Consciousness", which is no respect- or of persons, and may therefore wound many a false pride and undermine authority which now, perhaps undeservingly holds sway.

There is a science of "Zonological Thought" whose "core" of coordinates is the Reference-frame of a Universal Language of Thought in relation to which every conceivable idea or human viewpoint may be "Zoned" in a manner in no way related to "space." The "environmental" laws and relationships may be determined, and "Meaning" or "Significance" ascertained before "words."

By this means ordinary human arguments may be eliminated, which

as a rule result from a failure to take into account the zones of individual viewpoints. In many instances, without this understanding, logical argument is not even possible between viewpoints of obscurely related or diametrically opposed zones. An intermediate zone must be found in which discussion is understandable by "translation" of each viewpoint into terms, as it were, of a common denominator. Thus if one man speaks in thirds, and another in halves, common arithmetic teaches us that both must change to the zone of sixths before they are even in a position to discuss or compare. Then it is clear that one-third is equal to two-sixths, and one-half is three-sixths, in which terms they can proceed to deal with one another.

The same process must be employed with regard to human motives or viewpoints based upon states of consciousness. The man who is obeying the animal law of self preservation can never agree with the man who is obeying the spiritual law of race-preservation, until the zone of a "common denominator" may be discovered and made clear to both. The one is selfish and the other unselfish; the one will kill a thousand men to save his own life, and the other will gladly give up his life as a martyr if he perceives its justification in benefit to the race. They may, however, find a common ground as fathers, in the "Family Zone." The one may be convinced, by the translation of his instinct into the motive-terms of this zone that the perfection of self-preservation is to be found only in terms of the Family. The other may be convinced, by translation of his intuitions into this zone, that charity begins at home, and that the foundation and seed of race-preservation is to be found at the point where self-preservation culminates in its own perfection. The two, though opposite in polarity, thus find their zone of agreement, and thereby of cooperation. They will both fight for the Family.

Similarly, a purely material person and a highly spiritual person will "know" the world and interpret its meaning by means of entirely different physical and mental organs, finding nothing in common save upon a mental plane wherein



they may balance and complete each other in ideas understandable to average men.

Properly conducted, a practical application of this "Zonology" removes all argument, for "Truth is Truth," and a Science worthy of the name can admit of no mere "opinions" after it has discovered the mathematics of Logic which establishes the validity of, and clarifies the relationship between, a limitless scale of varying views.

When it is understood that "Lan-

guage" as we have come to associate it with "words" and written characters, is but one of many modes of soul-expression, and one of the most artificial at that, we will begin to suspect the many means of "Knowing" which are all equally scientific, and we will begin to sense deeper meanings than we have yet discovered in the Languages of music, the arts, science, human history, animate nature and the interweaving motives, motions and emotions of Man.

(To be Continued)

—Give it a Thought—

HOW MANY of us have committed mental suicide?,  
Living only in memory because we refuse to grow in our interest or ambition;  
And like an old contented cow, having eaten enough of experience,  
Sit back and chew the cud, waiting for Father Time to strike the blow.....

## In Case You Seek:



(Continued)

Our desire for knowledge is the knock which opens the door to truth. It is the supreme law that he who holds the truth in his palm must give it to the one who asks for it, no matter at what sacrifice he obtained it.

After all, truth is as light as it is heavy. It is as transparent as it is opaque. It is as good as evil may appear. And although we have suffered, the suffering is but the mother that gives birth to the child of joy.

Do not become blind to the simplicity of life, for true friendship is frank: Truth is all simplicity. It needs no clothing or covering, because it is not ashamed. It is not mysterious: neither does it grow in darkness. And these facts we all must face, but at the same time remain flexible enough not to allow our interest to be centralized, so as to make us forget how to play.

Obedience to a law depends upon the capacity of your knowledge. The

greater the capacity, the more your responsibility depending upon the intensity to actuate motives. Pressure denotes a resistance: activity, the result. Volume denotes a power unharnessed, waiting for man's ingenuity to become his slave, for the brain's playground of toys: appetite governing it all.

Man's accomplishments denote his growth. He harnesses little creeks to grind his grain, while the large wide river flows lazily and sluggishly by, defying him—even making sport of Man's toys by engulfing his efforts, destroying his crops and land. But man's intensity of purpose, according to his volume of thought, aspiration and inspiration, awakens his ingenuity by the birth of new motives. And after this has been harnessed, to form a law of determination, then nothing can face the progress of human knowledge along the path of Truth.

We all build a reservoir. The

## GIVE IT A THOUGHT



IT IS OFTEN better to live in the memory of a friend by deeds  
Than in one's own forgetfulness.

strength, temper and capacity depends upon what value we place upon the clear pure water of truth. And if we value this precious liquid, which is indispensable, we will build the walls with the finest rock of acquired tested facts, and then bind it into one common mass with the cement of love and common sense.

We will allow a day's labor to become set, ready for the next step: as it is but natural to suppose that everything has its limited time and price; so that if the water is more powerful and represents more value than the hand that holds it, (for the want of good work), it will break its bonds to seek its own level.

If, therefore, we have thus held every drop, let us continue, and at the end of our labor alone, judge by the security of our achievements, and to what territory the arteries of our conception of truth are distributed: For they are the arteries that carry the precious fluid which we would give to those who thirst—which in turn creates a circulation of blood and loving friendship. Though we may find a leak of unappreciativeness at times, let us cement it before it wears a hole of blind habits or revenge, for each drop lost will be recorded at the dedication of the spiritual building at our re-birth.





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



## Breaking the Shell



Is it not about time that we break the shell that holds us in Ignorance, and dare to believe that which is believable? Let us dare to turn our Hope into Faith, as long as that Hope is legitimate, born of Imagination, and Imagination born of inherited facts that have not been completed, for it remains with us to hit the nail on the head the last eighth of an inch so the Board of Knowledge is secured.

Whose duty is this, if not each one of us who breathe today? For tomorrow today shall be dead; and that opportunity is gone.

As long as you can say "This day is mine" there is no excuse for you not disposing of it morally and spiritually as it should be. Your complaint tomorrow is but to admit your neglect. There is no excuse for beggar, king or minister of the gospel; and you cannot hide it under rags of poverty or purple robe of authority, nor behind the admowitions of Christian doctrine: for the truth still remains the truth, no matter what you try to shape.

The form and shape in which you present it matters little, but its constituents: for after all, if you take a cube of rubber and shape it into

the face of a god or devil, it is still rubber. And if you leave it alone, it will resume its former shape. And this is the way truth is handled by all men, either for glory or aggrandizement: a sinner using the cloak of a saint, or truth for what it is, in all humbleness and dignity.

A substitution is advertisement to draw your attention. But it is up to you to judge with what truth you have to recognize itself; for the personal responsibility rests upon him who accepts it, regardless. Man is an entire individuality that represents millions of ancestors. He should be capable of right judgement and held responsible for his moral opinion. For if he has a power of sin, he has a power of virtue. Why doesn't he use it? It is just as foolish to expect him to use a sling-shot in the charging of a lion, when he has a high-powered rifle in the crook of his arm. But men do it, at the sacrifice of their own life to realize it.

When will men reconcile themselves to these facts, and quit squawking because of a black eye, when they themselves bumped into the fist that was there before they were?

