



JULY / Valley of the Pines, Montague, Michigan, U. S. A. 1934

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 Genera-
tion rather than patch up Yesterday's
mistakes."*

GIVE IT A THOUGHT

IF WE made as much effort to pre-
vent as to cure,
We soon would have nothing to
cure,
But would create a new profession
OF PREVENIENCE.

IT DEPENDS upon what you
THINK you shoot at
That constitutes the sin,
Not what your bullet strikes.

ARE NOT DEEDS the result of
thought?

Then why not think the very best
To give birth to greater things
which beget miracles. . . .

APPRECIATION is the first step
to Prevenience.

The American Triad: LIBERTY ▲ EQUALITY ▲ FRATERNITY

A New Language for Each Epoch

The apotheosis of the experi-
mental or material is Science, of
the theoretical or spiritual, Religion.
The union of these in a perfect
adjustment of both fact and faith,
known and unknown, has yet to be
attained by Man collectively, though
it is fairly certain that it has been
realized from time to time through-
out history by individuals in a phi-
losophy adapted to the psychology
of the day.

The language of Psychology is
composed of the faculties and con-
stituents of the mind, and their re-
action or relationship to environ-
ments. The language of Philoso-
phy is of symbol and parable, us-
ing combinations of simple things
to talk a language composed of the
ideas which they arouse.

It is therefore apparent that
while the same fundamental idea
may reside in the human mind today
as two or six thousand years ago,
the clear expression of that to the
understanding of others is in a
measure restricted by and to the

specific material objects which be-
cause of experience are capable of
arousing the expected and necessary
woof of ideas that our philosophy
attempts to weave into the warp of
another's mind in the re-creation or
duplication of that design which in
itself is but a symbol within sym-
bols of a naked thought which we
hope to convey in the faith that as
with chemicals, similar substances
have like effect upon similar sub-
stances—taking it for granted that
the warp of human nature is fairly
uniform, and that experience has
given the same value and meaning
to the common objects used as sym-
bols to generate the supposedly same
ideas that are expected to arouse a
feeling identical with that produced
in us by the original idea.

All of which but leads to the fact
that each generation in the progress
of mankind produces a new form-
ulary of ideas which necessitates
the re-interpretation or re-expres-
sion of age-old truth for those who

(Turn to page 6, column 1)

The Whisper

VANCOURIER TO THE VOICE

An Independent, International Journelette
of Prevenient Thought

Published Monthly

By
JOSEPH A. SADONY

Forerunner to the
VOICE OF TOMORROW
Official Organ for

The International Prevenience League



25c per copy By the year \$3.00

Vol. III JULY No. 7

Copyright 1934
By Joseph A. Sadony

(Printed in the U. S. A.)

All Rights Reserved — Including trans-
lation into foreign languages

POLICY

Prevenient Education.

*International and Inter-organiza-
tional Understanding and Intellectual
Cooperation.*

*Ethical, Educational, Non-political,
Non-commercial, Non-sectarian Union
of Science and Religion.*

LOVERS OF LIFE

Edwards Davis, who will need no introduction to readers of The Whisper, has returned to Los Angeles from New York, visiting the Valley of the Pines en route. In the "Voice of Tomorrow" Book Mart bulletin, will be found full announcement of the publication of his new book, "LOVERS OF LIFE", an Epic Biography of a Soul, which is acclaimed a masterpiece by its "first forty readers" who are among the most eminent literary authorities in America.

PREVENIENCE LEAGUE

I have been asked by several recently if the International Prevenience League is "growing." I have replied that we are allowing it to grow slowly but surely within the shell of its incubation. We are purposely refraining, at this stage of its development, from firing it with our own vitality and enthusiasm. If the idea of Prevenience does not cause groups to form and stand on their own feet, the world then is not ready for the external hatching of a Prevenience League, and we, the embryonic councils must bide our time yet awhile until it is.

To stimulate the formation of a League such as this essays to be, by personal magnetism and unusual display of vitality would draw into its fold a flock of "sheep" and require an "organization": whereas our intention is to attract only the leaders, and let them organize independent little groups of their own which will not wax and wane with emanations from a "Headquarters," or the Central Council; and which will therefore be less likely to cease to function when we all pass away. The goal of an International Prevenience League is hardly to be realized within the lifetime of any of us who are giving birth to the Idea and its ideals. We are but planting a seed for the protection of our children's children in future generations.

Though years more be required to complete the foundation by this process, it is the only solution left to us outside of organizational methods that have been tried before and found wanting.

SPEAKING OF PREVENIENCE

Speaking of Prevenience, Dr. William Wolf of New York City writes me, "I note your question, 'Are you the man who kills a mosquito, the man who screens off his house or he who drains the swamps?' May I just add another line, 'Or he who makes himself immune to mosquito bites'."

Dr. Wolf goes on to say, "I felt that, inasmuch as your motto is prevenient thought I should imagine you would emulate the man who does not depend upon outside sources for his happiness and well being, but rather who has within himself as many of the necessary factors as possible. Many times it is impossible to con-

trol environments but one can almost always adjust oneself to the environment as we find it. It seems to me that the man of the future will and should be the man who can enjoy his environment, make use of it and improve it, but who is clearly more emancipated in that respect and can be happy by turning to the powers within himself."

I replied to Dr. Wolf that my only alibi for not making myself immune was that if I were immune I would go where the mosquitoes could sing and sting, but I would go alone, and would get too lonesome. I'd rather have them sting me and make me build a little summer house on the front lawn where we can all congregate except the mosquitoes.

Seriously speaking, however, I confessed the real truth of the matter to Dr. Wolf, that I have had my mind for so long upon draining the swamps of the birthplace of troubles so the whole human family can enjoy a little greater peace of mind, that I have not only overlooked immunizing myself, but have even found it necessary to suffer all the insects there are, the better to know what those troubles are, and where their birthplace. I have found too, that the fellows who are immune are apt to stand by and watch me work, whereas those who are getting bitten, as I am, pitch in to help me drain the swamps; which they are not so apt to do either in the case of immunity or if they have screened off a comfortable little screened porch of their own.

In justice to Dr. Wolf, however, it should be pointed out that there are three different, distinct and legitimate interpretations for every symbol known to the human mind, and the constituents of each viewpoint should be incorporated in every parable and metaphor so the story may be complete from whatever angle it be viewed. Dr. Wolf's point is a good one, and vital to the viewpoint from the side of the Trigon which he represents.

This brings up the thought that one of life's primary Trignons, so far as enlightenment in Personal Prevenience is concerned, is composed of the Doctor, the Teacher and the Preacher, representing the prevenient guardianship of man's body, mind and soul: physical prevenience, mental prevenience and spiritual prevenience. The venerable institutions

of the Family Doctor, the Public School, and the "Little Church Around the Corner," will rise upon the crest of the same wave when the impending American Educational Renaissance ushers in the "Age of Preventence."

Tomorrow's "Doctor of Preventence" will be responsible for a great deal more than preventive medicine in which alone his activity and practice will grow to bounds far exceeding the expectations of his day of curing. The responsibilities of the Doctor, the Teacher and the Preacher extend through all of life, from the cradle to the grave, but the especial province in preventence of the Preacher is in the planting of moral precepts in Youth, the husbandry of these moral precepts during middle age, and the spiritual solace and education of our declining years in preparation for the great transition, whatever it may involve or mean. The especial province of the Doctor of Preventence begins with the young, to help them stabilize their physical and mental foundation before they choose mates and give birth to children. He will assist them in applying such principles of prenatal influence as may then be known to science. He will be versed in all the subtleties and possibilities of Preventence as manifest in the training and conditioning of physical reflex the architectural functions of pre-designed mental photography, and the preventive application of emotional chemistry with its attendant control of ductless glands and adjustment of the nervous system of children. In short, the special function of the future Family Doctor of Preventence will be that of consultant during the formation of the "family" and until the last child has given birth to the family of a new generation. But from the attainment of school age to the age of fatherhood and motherhood, the responsibility of the Doctor as to the children is divided with the Teacher.

HE WHO IS big enough to respect all religions,
Whose faith has the foundation of goodness
Is sensitive enough to receive the inspiration of God,
And strong enough to hold it.

At The Fulcrum



A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

Frank and friendly comment regarding the "vagueness" of some of my writings, the lack of clearly outlined themes of thought and specific instruction, the purposeful lack of continuity in that one often looks for sequels and fails to find them, indicate that a number of readers fail to realize my purpose. I feel called upon to elucidate what I am really trying to do.

The main purpose of most of my writing is not to formulate thought in such manner that I shall be relied upon to think FOR my readers, but in such manner as to cause them to think for themselves. It is my definite aim to provoke thought and then fail to satisfy it completely. At the same time this has enabled me to test the modern pulse and hunger.

It is to be expected, therefore, that much will seem vague, but I have noticed a significant point as a result of experiments made in connection with my daily newspaper feature "Give it a Thought." I have found that that which seems vague to one is not to another. The vagueness is not upon the same subject.

In other words the entire life history of a man may be analyzed by

means of that which appears vague to him. In short, the "vagueness" is in the mind of the reader, lacking that in his experience which recognizes instantly what is between the lines if not in them.

I have many times had the experience of writing letters to men who knew instantly everything I was referring to, and exactly how it applied to problems at hand, whereas another picking up the letter and reading it would not know what I was talking about.

If I express an epigram in clear language of specific application, it not only ceases to be an epigram, but somewhere one man will write me, "You must have meant me when you wrote that. It hit the nail on the head." If I use the language of parables or metaphor, which seems "vague" to many a scholarly mind, hundreds of "just human" folks recognize themselves therein, as if a mirror to their individual soul; and many will write or say to me, "You shot that right down my alley, and it rang the bell."

Pure intuition expresses itself in what may be termed the universal language of pure thought: a language of apprehension and realization that clothes itself in natural symbols which are the same for any language into whose words the thought may be translated. Incidentally this is the only possible basis for a World Tongue, or an international understanding. All attempts to devise a Universal Language without considering this inherent Language of Life itself (which has not been designed by man), will most certainly fail and be superseded by other attempts until at last the least adulterated crystallization of a universal language of thought has been achieved.

In a subtle way I have tried to instill my method into the practical education of young people by forcing them to think instead of laying the rails of clear expression over which they may glide without mental effort. I have found that in many respects it is not so great an educational service to write clearly as it is to arouse thought and then, after directing it into a beneficial territory, abandon it to its own momentum. Many feel that we must write clearly and completely for the so-called "mass-mind," to fill its mental vacuum and govern its action; but

this is teaching "what to think," not "how to think." It is "putting into", which is not properly "Education" which means to "draw out from," to liberate what is within, so that new thought may flow forth into the world from new Springs of Wisdom and inspiration freshly tapped, not endless repetition of water from reservoirs of knowledge accumulated by other minds.

Taking another man's word for things through clear and definite expression, whether or not it be true, (as in the case of text-books and histories) cause one to lose confidence in himself, however subtly and world with this product of mistaken education which composes the 'mass-mind' as we know it today, and imperceptibly at the outset. Our educational systems have flooded the which is responsible for much of the so-called "inferiority complex" and lack of self-confidence which lends such weight to "public opinion," investing with such shameful power those little words, "They say." It robs men of the courage and ability to express themselves unless fortified by an arsenal of quotations from supposed "authorities" who have themselves erected their mansion of borrowed bricks cemented by shifting sands of opinion wet down by stagnant waters of knowledge from the reservoir of the dead that should be allowed to bury and amend their expression to the day and hour by their influence only, in awakening and directing the flow of new, fresh-running Springs of thought.

There are plenty of men and women to educate the mass-mind, so I have made it a life's work to search out those all-too-few whose independent genius will be awakened not by what is written, but by what is "between the lines" and unexpressed. By that, in all writings throughout the ages, will these few be led to think, (thereby to do): discovering, thinking, living and concluding for themselves that which will further entrench the spirit of truth by a cloud of independent witnesses so that its victorious crystallization in human flesh and its elevation to the Throne of Reason on earth may not be postponed by the crucifixion of one man nor the martyrdom of a few.

HE IS NOT RICH who has great expenses.

There Goes A Man



I'm sitting in my car, as I write this, parked by the side of the road, watching men pass by. The name of the town doesn't matter. It might be any town. Call it the City of Human Nature.

There goes a man who thinks he is cheating his neighbor. He doesn't seem to realize that he is deceiving and cheating no one but himself . . .

There goes a man who is able to bear grief as it comes. He can hold prosperity in depression. He is able to suffer in patience that which is inevitable; therefore will find joy which is just as permanent . . .

There goes a man who is slow to condemn and judge. He shall be requested to be present at the bar of Judgment to pass his opinion upon those who gloried as false witnesses . . .

There goes a man who inspires kindness and love. He will seldom be in want of friends . . .

There goes a man who is becoming calloused to pain, to achieve success. He is also becoming calloused to joy that may be in his possession, and he doesn't know it . . .

There goes a man who has given up hope. He has made a contract with death by welcoming the darkest night in which to read the Bible for faith, and trying to count the stars by day to prove he is justified in his action . . .

There goes a man whose hope is strengthened by faith. He can with safety buy shingles for the house that stands upon the foundation of his desires . . .

There goes a man who is idle. He knows not the value of time within his hands; and as if upon a wall before him, writes the history of his opinion that might have been, had he not chosen chalk before a rain-storm . . .

There goes a man who has both friends and enemies. He becomes more cautious in his actions, and more tolerant in deeds. He has a better rule to measure his friends through heights of his appreciation

from the depth of the level of his enemies . . .

There goes a man who knows not the good that he does. He does not look into the mirror of vanity. Neither has he a competitor of evil within himself to make comparison, or advertise in glory his strength by his own weakness . . .

There goes a man who has fed a strange, hungry dog. He has fed a King, for a kind deed unseen shall be heard, even among the stone deaf; like an echo that repeats itself unheard for years to come . . .

There goes a man who is a poor listener. He has the shelves of his brain already filled, hence longs to hold the conversation, as a good salesman in selling all his wares . . .

There goes a man who is misjudging another. He uses but vengeful thoughts of guilt which at the time were lightly spoken, but when confronted, emphasizes probabilities as a self-defence of opinion, trying to believe a lying doubt the truth . . .

There goes a man who has nothing to give. He has no ambition, no ideal, and is asleep though awake. Beside him is one who has quite a lot to give. He seems to be expectant, even in a desert, and senses a congestion of an emotional ambition that easily awakens into action . . .

There goes a man who thinks himself wrong. He is a pal to himself. He is open to conviction, and a good listener to his conscience. With him is a man who disputes in anger, is not certain himself, and entirely without tolerance. He forgets that if he were in the right, that right would prove itself for what it was and is, for it existed even before discovered . . .

There goes a man who prays louder than his neighbors. He has not the faith and patience of the man who whispers but a few words of

A STRONG MAN may give courage to a coward
If he hesitate too long in striking the first blow.

thanksgiving to God in the silence. Man, like a scared boy, likes to hear himself pray, as the boy sings or whistles in walking through a dark haunted house . . .

There goes a man who has accepted charity and been fed. He has given an unselfish spirit an opportunity to draw wages . . .

There goes a man with a good memory, imagination and action. He

can create what he will . . .

The man who really wins, is the man who smiles at misfortunes, believes in the law of compensation, and sits down to figure out every conceivable plan to carry out his ambitions. Surely no man is capable of constructing ideals that he cannot realize, nor of imagining anything that he has not recorded mentally.

The Passion Play



The Third Centenary of The Passion Play is now being celebrated at Oberammergau. The play will be repeated thirty-three times from May 21st to September 23rd. One performance lasts from eight o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, with two hours intermission at noon. Were it not for these special Centenary performances of 1934 the village of Oberammergau would remain undisturbed until 1940; but as it is, the eyes of the world are again upon this little group of people, and all is astir.

We received a letter from Anton and Mrs. Lang as their rehearsals drew to a close, urging us again, as they did in 1930, to visit them and see their play into which they pour their heart, and to which they devote their lives.

Mrs. Lang writes us of how hard everybody in the village was working, in spite of the great difficulties under which the entire country suffered. She tells us "One can see in their faces how they enjoy it and how pleased they are to look forward to the summer season, however strenuous it may be for each and every one. Our youth has been enjoying the rehearsals lately, which were favoured by some glorious spring days. All the trees and meadows are in full bloom now and nature seems so beautiful all around. How great and kind our Lord is to us people and how He is able to comfort us through the beauty shown us in God's Nature."

We were unable to make the trip in 1930 to see The Passion, but our good friend "Bonnie," (the late Jessie Bonstelle, founder of the Bonstelle Civic Theatre of Detroit) vis-

ited Oberammergau for us, and we have always felt that we saw it through her eyes, so vividly did she tell us of her experience.

Among the papers left in our care at her passing is a scrap of paper upon which she wrote in pencil, dated August 3rd, Oberammergau:

"Who can describe or analyze the effect of this little village nestling in the Valley as you approach it by train, which winds around down the mountain to deposit its load of pilgrims in this quaint tiny town.

"It seems so very small to have made itself known all over the world, to draw people of all kinds, of all nations, of all grades of thought, to it. What is there there?

"About twenty hundred inhabitants, a dear little church, a group of lovely, simple little homes, a few stores, a school or so—and the mountains. Is that enough to make the world turn its eyes upon it? Yet, as the little town of Bethlehem has cast its fame and influence over the world, so this little town of Oberammergau has caught and held the thought of millions of people; and for the same reason: for it is the recreating of the thought of that Babe of Bethlehem, that Man of Nazareth; the reliving of the great Drama the World has ever known: reliving it as a sacred privilege, the keeping of a sacred trust that rings the name of Oberammergau around the world.

"Whether we be Jew or Gentile, atheist or believer, whatever race or creed, we love a hero; we worship a hero-martyr. And there is none in the history of the world that touches us and quickens us so, whether we

believe in Him or not, as this man Jesus of Nazareth. This man from a village and a country so small that you can hardly find it on the map; this man who was born of lowly parents, given a name as common in his day and country as John is today: yet who in the thirty-three years of his life made that name Jesus completely and entirely His, and the universe His.

"Between five and six thousand people pour into this little village twice a week, having journeyed by train, motor, airplane and boat over . . ."

. . . And there Bonnie's pencil stopped, somewhat as did her life when she passed away: seemingly in the midst of it all, seemingly a task unfinished; but a deeper thought will come to us, as it must have come to Bonnie, pencil poised: "Why go on? Haven't I said it all? I was done and didn't know it."

And thus it is with many lives, as it was with hers. She had done all she could, though the momentum caused her to keep on. When she realized it, she raised her hand, pencil poised, then smiled and laid it down . . .

Each human life in some small way parallels the great Drama of the Passion Play in which the world of men has found a mirror for its soul. In this is the power and universal appeal that draws the world to a tiny village in Bavaria every ten years, where the devotion of its inhabitants to this sacred trust bequeathed to them by their forefathers has not dimmed in three hundred years.

Mrs. Lang writes us that it is with deep regret that they realize that many of their old friends will be unable to make the trip to Oberammergau this year.

She writes, "We are asking you to say a prayer for us some time that our Passion Play may be a full success in such a way as to be a help to the visitors who are coming here to get an uplift of their souls when their life is cruelly worried. We do

IF WE WOULD but encourage virtue a little more than we condemn vice,
Virtue alone would exist.

so wish that the Passion Play may become once more a World's Mission and that thousands may get strengthened for the daily struggle of life which has grown so great throughout the World, especially during the last years.

"This letter carries to you the great joy of an Oberammergau who is once more permitted to join with a full heart but a very grateful one into the greatest drama that ever in the World occurred through the death of Jesus Christ our Redeemer. Every member of the family feels so happy about it and this happiness we want our friends to feel as well. Please join us in the thought of it if you cannot come."

Continued from 1st page

cannot do so for themselves. And as man can produce or invent nothing that is not already contained in Nature or in his own mind, he is unconsciously 'exteriorizing', or externalizing himself for his own edification—not in theory, but by analogy in fact.

Thus the phenomena of electricity, sound and light have furnished mankind at various epochs with symbols for the expression of known and unknown facts. That the nature of electricity and light are both unknown, and cannot be explained, does not alter either the observable facts, or their use as symbols. But where Theology has made the mistake that has grown thorns for the hand of Science, is in the dogmatic over-emphasis of apparently rootless theory in precedence to natural growth from "facts."

The way to teach a boy is not to tell him what not to do, nor even what to do — but give him something to do. Then don't place a hammer in hand and tell him to go ahead and use it. Give him a board to put up, and when he asks "What shall I fasten it with," give him a nail. When you see him trying to hit it with a rock, or when he asks "What shall I hit it with?" — give him a hammer. Then he will appreciate it, and know what to do with it. Lead him a step at a time, and travel with him, and he will be kept busy and happy in a desert.

But show him a picture of a mansion made of unknown substances, on a high mountain, and he may sit down on the desert and dream — but he will never build it.



What Matters?

It matters not how we fight in this world, but Why.

It matters not why we live, but HOW.

It matters not that we die, but what memory we have left behind, because the great cycle God has created continues without our will. And in this is the satisfaction of saying, "Thy will be done."

It matters not how you adorn the altar of your God with rules and laws, as long as the circle or square is perfect. It should not be "language." The principle is too sacred. Let it be Thought, that needs not the flesh to express, but silent good deeds of love. It makes no difference how the altar is adorned as long as the name of God is symbolized upon it.

It is not what we express that counts, but what we mean; for many a man has shot his friend by accident, but never neglected him. It is not how the minister preaches, but how susceptible you are: whether you are a blotter or oiled paper. It is not what you read, but what habits you acquire by reading.

It is not what a man is capable of doing that is worthwhile, or how powerful the rifle that is shot. It is what he actually does, or what mark he hits; because many a genius has died uncrowned, just for the want of doing.

It is not alone what you make of yourself in your own estimation as to what you really are, or represent, but that which you create in the minds of others. For they do or undo their personality by that of yours, as you value your own with advantage toward higher aims, and as the law of gravitation tends to go down, the law of mental efficiency upward toward perfection.

It is not alone how we hold our fork or spoon as we eat, but what

we eat, that counts.

It is not what we want tomorrow, but what we need today.

It is not what we have to have today, but what did we do with yesterday to expect tomorrow's results? That's the answer, instead of like a centipede who had all of his left legs cut off shorter, then started to run in a straight line, and wondered why he never reached his destiny travelling in a circle.

It's not what we openly do, but what has been silently done that lives and counts. It's not the bullet that hurts, but the powder back of it. It's not the act, but the motive back of it. It's not the loyal soldier who murders, but the power he obeys. It's not the gratification of love that counts in our make-up, but its results in construction.

It's not the amount of work we do, but the wages received for it. It's not our wages, but what we did to earn them. It's not our intentions, but our accomplishments. It's not what we liberate through our tongue, but what our eyes and ears record. It is not by force of will to conquer, but by receptivity to fact. It is not how we have lived, but how we are able to die. Do not count a man a coward until the end of the battle. It's not what we have been, but what we are. It's not what we give, but how it is received. It's not what we give, but as we give. It's not what we teach, but what we practice. It is not the flower of genius that we carry while we live, but the century-plant of our efforts, which blooms years after our dissolution. These things matter most.

"POSSESSION"

It's all well and good to have all the comforts of a home and harmony in times of prosperity; but what really counts is to have it in times of depression. It's not what you have had, but that which you were capable of keeping. A thief may have in his possession a 5-K diamond. But does he feel safe in wearing it.

WISDOM is the original spark that ignites the lamp of knowledge.

Demonstrable Immortality

The Venezuela Council of the International Pervenience League expresses itself regarding "Theological versus Demonstrable Immortality:"

"We believe that too much emphasis has been given to Theological Immortality. Theologians have harangued immortality from pulpits with little thought as to its effect upon the congregation. In this manner we believe that they instil a tendency of indolence and laziness in the congregations - since no matter what you do, you will be punished and eventually reach a state of perfection. We believe that they would be doing much better work for us if they would see the wisdom in diffusing Demonstrable Immortality. i. e. immortality of a demonstrable or material nature to be striven for and its benefits perceived or realized here and now. We have said that 'they would be doing much better work.' By this we purport that since Theological Immortality is inevitable, they should emphasize Demonstrable Immortality in order to avoid instilling indolence and indifference in us."

When a man preaches too much of what he has done instead of how he did it, it may be evidence that he is surprised himself at what he has accomplished, but is reticent in repeating that accomplishment, in fear of failure.

When a man teaches Immortality and shows no landmarks how to get there, he is in doubt himself, and preaches only what he has heard. A reader of Adventure is not half so interesting as the explorer himself who wrote what he has read. We all know of lightning and thunder, but why not find out what makes it so, and relieve it of its power for our own use, in order to reach the sooner to its understanding. A house that is finished was built by a carpenter who knows where he placed every nail. A preacher who emphasizes Immortality must give some phenomenal demonstration before he assumes the fact. He must have lived it and driven nails and shaped timber, not just echo or re-live the experience of him who has had it.

When a hungry man listens to a sermon, first feed him or he will think of nothing but food when he should be listening. And so it is in building your building. If you use joists, purloins or rafters, you examine them as to their strength and will reject those unfitted for the strength of the building. How many men are taught this in religion? Still, each denomination will place a wall about itself; will fight for its own truth. But if they will but seek the depth of their foundation, they will find that each represents a finger attached to the Hand of Unity; the Hand governed by the arm, fed by grass; and the Arm governed by brain cells awakened by Want and Self-preservation.

So religion is but the grasp of the Hand to stretch out, to seek, to find, to knock and to hold. These are my sentiments of a lifetime experience, and I have exchanged views with men in every walk of life along these lines. I have yet to find the man who can emerge from facing the facts without admitting the truth of these things, unless he is deceiving himself as well as others.

One very prominent ecclesiastic who is also a good friend of mine, said "They teach a system meant only for the very ignorant, to awaken them to thought. Then they may go on."

I observed, "But you still hold them, even after they do awaken."

He made the remark, "They support us, so that we may go on with our work with the ignorant."

What is the answer to this circle? Is it a vicious one? How far have we advanced from the systems of Yesterday, which martyred men who dared to tell the truth, and crucified a Christ?

Is not a Captain held responsible for his ship, through his compass and the power of the winds, Has he any excuse to offer if he breaks the laws of the seas, or runs on the rocks by neglect? Is it not so with Man, with his human ship and human freight?

Truth has a subtle way of seeking liberation, like the bloodstream

of man that finds a brain cell, gives strength to the nerve that leads to it, becomes a Thought—then into action and creates what the seed was intended for—like the receiving set of a radio, where even the rocks preach sermons of past ages.

I respect and appreciate all religions, and have devoted friends, in nearly every religion, on earth who know me well enough not to misjudge my intentions nor condemn my frankness. But if one religion represents the little finger of the Hand, I do not believe it is right and just that it envy the Thumb. If a religion possesses spiritual truths, I believe that its leaders will be able to prophesy and prove it. If they claim that God is at their head, they must give Free Will to that God. He does not need men to prove His existence. The touch of His hand upon the heart of man is enough. God's gifts are as free as the air in which they live. If we are born from and of Him, we need not go abegging and paying for truths. Yet turn the advertising pages of many a periodical today and note the "secret knowledge" advertised. Follow it up, and see what you will be obliged to pay to be told that knowledge, which may or may not be the truth.

Who shall tell us of these things save the directions printed upon the bottle of our hearts, which can be read through the inspiration, the language of God constituted, where prophets are subject to prophets, masters to masters, and fools to fools. Do not children speak in a language best understood, not by others, but only by themselves? Watch them play and you will be convinced how they understand each other. If you are wise, this will give you a clue to the understanding of all religions, of Immortality, and of God.

A MAN FORCED into Christianity

Is not a true Christian at heart,
But only a muscle Christian,
Disciplined by fear of the unknown,
While one at heart is one in deeds
and action

By love for it, and by it, and
through it.

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

Whom Shall We Follow



If you base your faith in any materialistic principle, it cannot be eternal. You will outlive it, to see it crumble. As long as it be governed by hours of time, it becomes mortal only. But if you base your belief on the immortal Abstract, you must die first, before you can realize this. Then there can be no death to your principles, since they are beyond death. And if not possible, how could you have conceived them? And if possible, how could your objective faculties understand them from a mortal viewpoint that is composed only of the grains of sand without the mortar to form subjective bricks.

In order to "form" an object, not only must you possess matter, objective mortality, but a definite design to shape it purposefully, subjectively. For if things have a personality, are they not individual identities to recognize personality? They are common sand until in shape of thought, self-created under that still unknown law of straight lines, horizontal, perpendicular, and right angles: that law of construction gov-

erned by an independent thought of energy, freedom and eternal constructibility according to the flexibility of the material elements of the thinker.

The limitations that have been reached, have been classed as "insane". What might have been reached, if accepted, remains yet in the abstract, untouched save by him who dared to dream and die, an awakening, leaving a few fragments of his dream to be recognized thousands of years later by scientists who have diligently labored, grain by grain, to rebuild what was cast aside; a unit of facts in existence, but outside the pale of sight.

Whom, then, shall we follow? That man sustained only by mortal food? Or him who knows no hunger while in search of truth. What strength is most sustaining, most dependable, less collapsible? That of one who dies in his search with shovel in one hand, pen in the other? Or he with adulterated history in one hand and a leg of mutton in the other!