

# The Occult Digest

*A Monthly for Everybody*



AN APOSTROPHE TO THE  
SOLDIER

REACHING MARS  
BY THOUGHT WAVES

A PROPHECY OF THE NEXT  
FIVE YEARS

THE  
ASSASSIN

by  
*James Beacham Starr*

WHO ARE THE  
FAKE MEDIUMS?

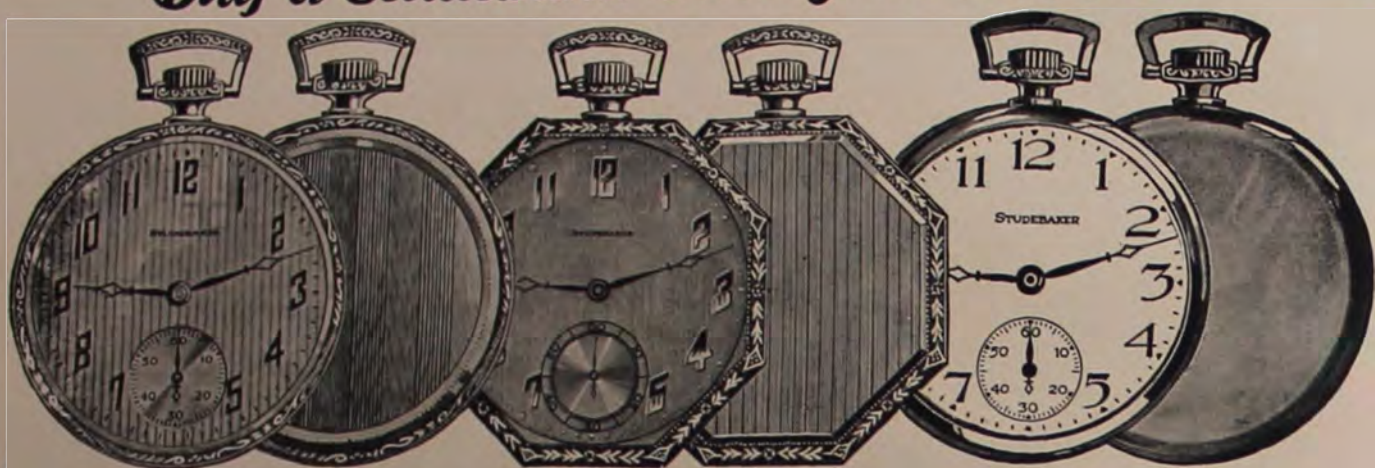
MYSTICAL INTERPRETATION  
OF "EVOLUTION"

THE WAIL OF THE  
UNBORN SOUL

A PUZZLE FOR SHAKESPERIANS TO UNRAVEL



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## INTRODUCING *The Occult Digest*

THE OCCULT DIGEST in its initial issue brings to the world "THE SPOKEN WORD" of Health, Happiness and Wealth. It will fan into flame the dying embers of the *Lost Word*—the tidal wave, all but swept away. Truths, not revealed to man for eons of time, will again be brought forth through the pages of THE OCCULT DIGEST.

Wellsprings will be revealed which will hold spellbound those who have sought to hide the truth about Life under the cloak of religion. Old religions and new—old cults and new—isms that abound, seeking expression, will open wide the eyes of their understanding mind and wonder how they could be so blind—how they could have led their trustful, faithful followers, decade after decade, in the blind faith of their forefathers, who knew only the false interpretation of Life which was forced upon them through fear and superstition by the hand of the rulers and their clerical advisers in each succeeding reign of terror.

The true history of the world has never been revealed to man; the history of a few human beings who succeeded in getting an audience has been written; the history of Nations is written with the red blood of the human race; but, concerning the world and its possibilities, history is a closed book.

Murders, malefactors, slanderers and defaulters—to these the records have always given first place and are still doing so—thereby holding back the progress of the human race.

The mission of THE OCCULT DIGEST will be to search the records of time: to open the sealed archives—to thrash the wheat—separate it from the chaff—till the soil—plant and reap the harvest for Humanity. Nothing shall be beyond the reach of THE OCCULT DIGEST's explorers. The stars will talk to them—the sun will reveal its secret of light—the moon's pale rays will carry the explorer far into the night, until no rock, or grain of sand, shall hold a secret from man.

THE OCCULT DIGEST shall be eyes and ears for you, shall set a feast table from which all can be served and none need go away unfed.

THE OCCULT DIGEST is not designed to usurp but to help other progressive magazines in their search for truth. It will bring you the message from loved ones whom you mourn as dead; it will aid you to a better understanding of your own life; it will unravel your tangled skeins, solve your daily problems—in short, all who weary and are sore perplexed, in sorrow or distress; those whose hearts are full, those who aspire, those who have visions, those whose lives are wretched from whatever cause—all, all, can come. There is room for everybody and a balm for every wound.

THE OCCULT DIGEST, true to its name, can and will help to straighten the winding path of Life. Knowledge is its watchword; pointing the way, its mission. A magazine for everybody. The busy business man—the toiler and the tiller, father and mother, the young man and woman—the boy and girl. Every page especially adapted for the reader.

The voices of the GREAT MASTERS of other days may be heard if you listen as you read.

The Editors of this prophetic magazine listen for you and teach you how to listen. From its pages, a new light comes—the dawning of a new day is at hand for its readers. Like a great, white ship, filled with precious cargo, it will come into your port, bearing the nutritious fruit for which you have long been craving.

We greet you—we bless you—we bring you glad tidings from other hearts in other days. We guard you—we direct you and hold you in a strong embrace that will not fail you. We spur you on and on, until your feet shall touch the goal of your high calling and you have won the race.

Again, we bid you come—join the great throng and travel The Great White Way that leads to the understanding of ALL Life.

Not one need be lost; not one may stumble; all, all shall enter in. Awaken, Oh Humanity, to the call of Life! Know ye there is one Law and one Life: *Eternal Progression!*

# The Open Door to New Worlds

**L**IFE is an unceasing activity—a strange mixture of love and hate, romance and adventure, toil and rest, tears and laughter, sorrow and joy, failure and success—all about us on every hand.

The very passing of time brings us face to face with an ever-changing world every hour. The elements of nature are forever changing the form of things, attacking the worldly creations of man, all of which shall pass away—incessantly working to bring *this* world back to its *original* state of *being*.

The fires of "The Life That Knows No Death" never expire. The new *OCCULT DIGEST* aims to catch the spirit of that Life—as it is, here and hereafter, and to interpret it through the eyes of the Unseen—the reality of things.

"The Greeks discovered skepticism . . . says James Robinson in his great book 'Mind and the Making' . . . and this was their supreme contribution to human thought . . . then came the Middle Ages where 'over the Portal of Truth they *erased* the word 'Reason' and wrote 'Faith' in its stead, and the multitudes listened gladly to new prophets . . . for it was only necessary to *believe to be saved*, and *believing is far easier than thinking*."

. . . And the world sank back a thousand years in the long sleep of spiritual oblivion . . . the long night of intellectual darkness.

Scientific revolution has ushered us into the greatest commercial era of history—the world of today. Science has explored the heavens, taken the forces of nature by storm, and material progress has far outstripped spiritual progress.

Today we face the dawn of a new Liberty of Thought—the Aftermath of the Greatest War

of All History that has broken the shackles of the religious bondage of a thousand years—but millions still sleep within their creedbound heritage of fear and superstition in which a world drunk of dreamers' fiction.

You cannot be everywhere, but the *Occult Digest* can. Like a Crusader it shall bring back to you, glimpses of immortal truth—*real* lessons of Life.

*The Occult Digest* strives toward *one* ideal—to make life more worth the living—and to leave the world a little better each month.

To *The Occult Digest* we comprise One People—One Humanity—One Citizenship of the World—ONE LIFE—ONE TRUTH—ONE GREAT MESSAGE and we want you as *individuals* to catch the spirit of its new editorial policy and help us carry *The Great Work* to all parts of the world.

Every writer in the world can contribute. He has only to write something *worth while*. The *best* is none too good for the *Occult Digest*. Let's work together as partners to make *The Occult Digest* a greater power for good. Our readers shall guide our policy, and we want *your* suggestions, *your* criticisms, *your* opinions, and most of all—*your* helpful *interest*.

Thus the *Occult Digest* shall be the ATTRACTING MAGNET in its search for strange truths more fascinating than Fiction—a realistic portrayal of LIFE in its various occult phases—presented to you by a large staff of co-editors in which you get the *best* from *every* field.

*A True Digest of the Occult for Busy Men and Women*



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# The Occult Digest

*A Monthly for Everybody*

January  
1925

EFFA E. DANELSON, Editor

ROSS K. NEW, Managing Editor

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# Next Month

## *Psychical Effects of Certain Drugs*

A study of abnormal states of consciousness and their relation to time and space.

## *Confessions of an Occultist*

Exceptionally interesting story of a prominent business man and his bitter struggle against the forces of evil.

## *How to Think to Be Well, or Scientific Psychotherapy Made Practical*

It is only once in a decade that a real work is written—This is the ONE that all of us have long been awaiting—of interest to the layman, occultist and scientist, alike.

## *Who—How—When to Love*

An amazing revelation of the love that builds—and the love that kills; the love that creates homes, and the love that blasts human souls, painted in word pictures so alluring that it holds you spellbound.

## *Spiritual Dynamite*

Its influence for good and evil on **your** life—constructive and destructive—its influence on Nations, their rise and fall.

## *How Can I Become a Master Genius?*

What is Genius, the Awakening of Genius, the Mastery of Genius, Genius at Work, and the Master Genius. You positively cannot afford to miss this illuminating article that will place within your reach the pass key which enables you to grasp and use powers now unknown to you.





## What Shall 1925 Bring Forth?

WITH the coming of 1925 who shall say what treasures shall be discovered, what storehouses shall be opened and what banks closed?

Let us look close at the handwriting on the wall. What does it reveal to us as denizens of earth, searchers after knowledge, citizens of any country and close observers of the times? In which direction does the finger point? What does the dial of the clock say? Are the hands set and motionless or are they moving at a rapid race?

1925! What shall the registration count be? One-two-three. The quarter of the year and the Nation's big event is registered. Four-five-six and midsummer has been enthroned. Seven-eight-nine and spring and summer have gone to decay. What is there left for the cold winter day, ten-eleven and twelve?

The dial of the clock brings us up with a short turn and here we are again at the threshold of— Shall it be prosperity for all? Shall it be opportunity for all? Shall the closing of 1925 find us only making the rounds like the watchman who has only so many turns to make; or shall it find us with cellars and attics well stocked from the harvest?

Have we sown the seed for such a harvest? Grandfather, did you start your boy or girl right that the child of today be not handicapped from the sowing of your wild oats?

That grandchild! Did you think of its inheritance when you were given the keys of the Nation?

The whole world is agog today about crime. Who committed this crime? Where was this child who is hanged, imprisoned or acquitted for a crime committed before the bud of youth has really settled on its cheek? Who had care of that seed from which it sprang into being?

Who was that dear old grandfather and grandmother? Did this modern child, this child of adversity, this child of today, not inherit its possessions? Empty handed and without authority it came. What bed did it arise from and who made that bed? Will the child of today be revenged; will it demand an accounting from its guardians? You say youth is running wild. Youth is only taking toll. Youth is gathering the harvest of the sowing of other years by other hands. Where wheat was sown, wheat is gathered. Where tares were sown, tares will be reaped. Where the crop was blighted, cripples will be the harvest.

Where did this wave of crime receive nourishment?

Where did this awakening of earnestness among men receive its nourishment? May we not place the blame and give the credit to our grandparents who nourished our parents?

Think deep, readers. Don't get peeved. You believe in the Trinity: The Father, Son and Holy Ghost. You believe that the sins of the fathers visit the children; can you not also believe the good tendencies, the good deeds of the fathers visit their offspring?

If the world today is going to perdition, who started it on its way? Not you and I. We are the "son." Not the child of tomorrow. He is yet to come. He will redeem and rescue, return and restore the kingdom. That child of the future is the "Holy Ghost." That is why the sin against the Holy Ghost is the one unpardonable sin.

Men of today! You are the "Son." Men of yesterday, who left the inheritance of good or evil deeds, are the Father; and the sins of the father are like the chaff that piles high and must needs be trampled down by many feet while the good deeds are the grain for which we must tear down the inadequate barn and build it larger for the abundant harvest.

Hang the hangman! Give his salary toward the education of the child; put the jurors to work building homes and the judges driving the bus to carry these little ones to school. In short, protect the expectant mother, shackle the despoilers of the cradle and the howls of the calamity howlers will become fainter and fainter and be lost.

Give the son a chance that the Holy Ghost may not be sinned against; prevent the father of tomorrow becoming a defamer of motherhood that his seed shall rise up and call him blessed. \* \* \* \*

The robbers in politics, in church, in school, in the home, in public are the master minds that made it possible for the highwayman, the safe blower and the petty thief to be born. They are their Father.

What shall 1925 bring forth? Shall it leave a trail of blood or shall homes be built? Shall it be a destroyer of motherhood and a despoiler of youth; or shall it go down in history and be recorded as the banner year of progress of the human race? Shall its records read: Youth has vanquished crime and is building great schools; youth has ousted the great usurper of ancient days, thrown off its inheritance and stands on its own foundation. It is victor over the sins of its fathers from the first to the last generation.

*Youth Stands Acquitted!*



# Living EDITORIALS OF TODAY

## Looking Forward or Back?

THE NATURAL position of man is an indication that Nature intended him to go forward. Man will not reverse his position.

In reverie we stand on the summit watching the race of man. From the highest to the lowest, each earnest face we scan.

From mountain-top and foot-hill, from plain and gully deep emerging from the shadows, on bended knees they creep.

The World War brought humanity up with a short turn. They saw the uselessness and the folly of many nations praying to the same god to deliver the enemy into each others' hands. Blind faith at last was broken. The voices of the living dead were heard. The flood-gates were opened. Heaven and Hell were located and routed. In every home where there is a vacant chair a new picture of life is engraved on the hearts of the members of that household.

Inventions, discoveries and excavations have brought the old worn-out creeds into severe criticism from leading clergymen from all religious denominations.

Humanity is at last on its feet and can never again be submerged by a creedal wave.

Up the hill of progress is their cry!

Looking forward or back in reverie, time was—time is, and is to be—an open door from slavery.

## The Lover of the New Race

THE FATHER of the future child will seek his bride to be and into her ear will say: come unto me. I am clean; my hands are not stained with my brother's blood; I have not robbed my friend's home. Little children do not cry for bread because of me; I have arranged my resources so that the interest goes to help those who have not, as yet, evolved from the sins of their fathers.

Come, my bride! I can give you tender care. I can protect you and our child that it may come forth unhindered and unhampered from lust. Let us build the home in our hearts, a home not made of brick and mortar alone; but a home that shall stand eternal as a monument for our children's children and theirs.

Come, my bride! Hear the songs of the birds; they are free; we shall be free. We shall build stronger than the waves, deeper than the sea; higher than the highest mountain peak, brighter than the morning star; the rosy morn shall touch our cheek; the sunbeams kiss our brow and the canopy of the sky shall reflect our life.

Come, my bride! hand in hand shall we journey down the broad river of time, blessing and being blessed. You shall be my hope, I, your tower of strength and together we shall guide the feet of the little travelers we bring with us until their hands touch other hands and the ocean of life we span, making our lives complete.

## The Independent Thinker Has Flooded the World with Light

UP TO THE last half century very few men attained fame. The worshippers of these famous men have kept their memories green through song and story. These thinking men and women of today will be remembered by posterity through the monuments of Industry and Education—the right to be free born. These will per-

petuate themselves through each succeeding generation, marking the rise of man to greater achievement.

## Human—All Too Human!

IN THE EDITORIALS of the day by the human—all too human! great editors, acknowledged as leaders of men—we find them in finance, and we find them in economics; we find them in religion and in politics; we find them in dens and dungeons; we find them in print; on the pages of our great dailies, in books and magazines, great and small; and, now and then, we find them in a frenzy and then a fright—all because they can not see and hear beyond the point of their pen. These frenzied and frightened editors are good fighters and feeders in their own stalls, but when they usurp the stall of the beast of burden that carried the Great Master into Jerusalem, they are feeding on fodder too raw for them and are only fighting the air. The future life harasses and distresses them; their tight laces hinder them; their fear binds them, and in their hysteria they turn everything into ridicule which they can not understand. In their opinion, the countless billions of people who have found the light through the dark channel of death, are fools or knaves. Father and mother, brother and sister, child or friend, all so dear to them while functioning in the flesh body, suddenly become agents of the Devil.

Yes, they live; these great editors believe they do—somewhere—but hands off the doorknob; the Devil guards that!

They live—oh yes—they live—but where? Well—er—that's past poor mortals finding out.—There are a few who can return, but they are favored ones. Joan of Arc—she saw—she heard. She led a big army against another and won. Angels guided her, you know! that's all right, but your father and mother and these great editors' fathers and mothers—they are among the shut-ins. They were good, honest, loving, pious people and were all right so long as they stay barricaded but if, they, through anguish—through the longing for their son, to let him know they had found life, progressive life, livable life, after death, should break through these bars of ignorance, they would immediately become devils or fallen angels—this depends of course on the channel through which they come. If they appeared in a dream to their son, they would be angels. If perchance he saw them while in a waking trance—they would be fallen angels—but mercy—if they sent him a message through a medium—especially a professional medium who had the nerve to charge a fee of fifty cents or a dollar, they would be devils. But if they came to their son through a high salaried minister, in a costly church edifice, they would be especially privileged for the time being and would be in line to be decorated.

If they come through an amateur or by the way of any of the fashionable isms or cults, they might have just been out on parole—who knows? But, at any rate, the human, all too human, great editors will look at their pen point and write another abridged epistle about science and its great achievements, making ridiculous paradoxes about mediums, ectoplasm and such—all because they are too frightened to lift the curtain and see what lies beyond their pen-point.

Let them sleep on and enjoy their blissful dreams! The bellwether sheep will some day awaken them when they will all be biting nails like, forlorn famishing goats of other days.



# SIGN POSTS on *Life's* Broadway

## ¶ *Are American Rich Men Buying Their Way into Heaven?*

### THE REWARD WAS ALLURING

*One Hundred Four Million, Six Hundred Two Thousand, Nine Hundred Dollars Returned to the Public Distribution Office and Reward Claimed.*

### WHO WILL BE THE NEXT?

*Taxes Are Going Up. Turn in your Cash Today and Save Money! No Questions Asked. Reward Paid on Delivery of Cash. Bonds or Personal Checks Accepted.*

### DON'T WAIT

*Millions in the Bread Line, Factories Closing Down, the Winter Is Coming on, the People Need Their Money! Monuments of Hospitals, Schools, Churches, Charity Won't Feed and Clothe the Children that Cry for Bread.*

In the daily papers, December 9, 1924, we read:

"Two enormous funds to aid charitable and educational institutions were announced yesterday. James B. Duke, tobacco and power magnate, created a fund which eventually will reach \$86,000,000 to aid education, church and hospital work in the South. George Eastman, Rochester, N. Y., kodak manufacturer, announced a plan by which education and charity will gain \$12,500,000. This makes Mr. Eastman's total public gifts \$58,000,000."

Did someone "borrow" from Peter to give gifts to Paul? \$104,602,900! Quite a gift to Paul! But Peter, well he's just standing in the bread line—a million strong, waiting for Paul's charity to send him to school or to the hospital or maybe to heaven by way of the church.

Come again, Mr. Billion Dollar Philanthropist. Peter's children need shoes for school, and bread. His wife needs a Sunday bonnet for that church. There is a sick neighbor whom Peter might recommend for that cheap bed in the hospital, or there is an older boy who has fought his way and won a scholarship prize. A little lift would encourage him. Give Peter a chance. Paul has had his share.

TOBACCO GIVES MORE THAN A LITTLE SMOKE.  
THE KODAK TAKES SOMETHING BESIDES PICTURES.  
POWER AND PULL DRAWS THE CROWDS TO RECEIVE GIFTS.

## ¶ *Heaven and Hell*

HEAVEN and Hell are two factories whose principal products are happiness and unhappiness—whose paymasters give alluring rewards known as thrills.

These factories are located at the end of the long, long Trail. Headlights are always on; the traveler is never in danger of turning in at the wrong gate or tuning in on the wrong wire; the gate keeper never sleeps.

The presidents of these two greatest institutions employ efficient help. There is one main road leading to both places of business; guards on duty at all intersections to show you around the shops; visiting hours not limited; measurements accurately given; every precaution given to insure travelers safe delivery into the hands of the receiver. Promotion guaranteed; lifers' terms

shortened if he hands over the spoils to the proper authorities; clemency for the favorites who have the passport.

N. B. These big factories have smaller institutions for the small fry; the thrills are not much but still one can get on. Sign up now and get in on the ground floor. Big men in small factories given first promotion. Answer the call; doors are open even though it be the eleventh hour.

## ¶ *Heralders of Truth*

HEAR YE, hear ye, heralders of TRUTH! Send out your messengers from every center. Shout ye, shout ye, from the housetop, ye heralders of PEACE! Hark ye, hark ye! This day there is born a life whose word is law; the light had come into the world. Open the doors and windows of your souls, oh, Men and Women and pledge again your support to the great LIVING TRUTH; the TRUTH that protects the child that IS, that WAS, and that IS TO BE, the GREAT TRINITY OF LIFE. The great silence speaks. Raise the standard of manhood and womanhood that these lives may come forth to the glory of LIFE and TIME. Let the child be born; make way, make room; rid the land of the menace which threatens humanity; the men and women who, in the name of lust would lure a life to the shores of time and ruthlessly rob it of its inheritance.

*Teachers of truth and lovers of life, rally to the standard bearer and raise the flag of truth.*

### DOWN WITH THE TRADUCERS OF LIFE

## ¶ *Do You Want the Best?*

IF YOU want the best and are in earnest, get out and hustle! You can not ride in on the other fellow's track.

Get down and dig; you are not entitled to the gems thrown up by another.

Travel the road to the heights if you want the success you feel belongs to you.

Begin by ridding your mind chambers of the bad memories false hopes have gathered.

Cast out the little petty jealousy known as sensitiveness, with its subtle influence that spoils all your pleasures, kills all your day dreams, makes your nights horrible nightmares of destructive thinking.

Kill that grudge and grouch left over from yesterday—forget where you buried that old bone of contention.

Talk supremacy, and drown that old drone, inferiority. Count the cost of your life and settle the score; if the ledger don't balance, whose fault is it? You are the bookkeeper, you set the pace. If you don't like the step, change the tune! If you don't like the gait, get a new swing!

If you want the best—go after it! It won't come to you! Be good for something, and know what that something is. The knower *must* be the doer. Do the job right. Be as prompt with the appointment you have with yourself as you are with your boss and you will get the best.



# The Sublimation of Sacrifice

By James Phillips

I am the guardian of the state, defender of the flag, protector of the home, savior of the nation's honor.

When counsel fails, and the voice of Reason is stilled, my sword makes the decision. The arbitrament of war is final. From its edict there is no appeal.

If the state be in danger, I am called to its defense. I die that the state may live. My loss is the nation's gain. I put my country's needs before my own safety—for personal safety never accomplished great ends.

I must beat down resistance; argue with my sword; decide with my life.

Obedience is my cardinal virtue. When orders are given, I must not hesitate, ask us no questions, demand no reasons, nor debate the expediency of the move.

To obey quickly, unhesitatingly, and implicitly, is the Alpha and Omega of my duty. Mine not to reason why; mine not to make reply; mine but to do or die. I must do as bidden, courting death, and facing fate on the shell shattered battlefield.

On my courage rests your freedom or vassalage. On my prowess depends whether you will be a proud citizen of a triumphant or a humiliated citizen of a defeated nation. Whether you will be a contented member of a victorious country, or a dejected inhabitant of a vanquished one.

For your welfare, happiness, and liberty, I must leave a father's care, a mother's love, a wife's devotion, a brother's companionship, a sister's solicitude; forsaking the endearments and comforts of the home for the exposure of the tent, the slime of the trench, the hardships of the march, the dangers of the firing line, the scars and discomforts of the battlefield.

In the defense of your cherished liberties, and in the protection of your inviolate home, there must be no slipping of the feet, no dimming of the eye, no flagging of the hands. I must forget selfish interests, efface my personality, and sally forth at the bugle's call, inflexible of resolution, of dauntless and manly resignation, so that I may measure up to the full stature of manhood's loftiest standards.

I must possess the warrior's qualities that I may conquer enemies and subdue foes. I must be physically strong and morally brave; inured to privations, indifferent to hardships, resigned to suffering, oblivious to dangers, cheerful under fire.

For your sake I endure lacerated limbs, bleeding body, torn ligaments, sightless eyes. Perchance I may be fated to make the supreme sacrifice of an unknown and unmarked grave in a foreign clime and on hostile soil.

For your ultimate benefit I am constrained to snatch a little sleep reposing on the damp ground, in wet clothes, and stormy weather; courage for a pillow, the broad canopy of heaven for covering; stars for sentinel and the silvery moon for companion!

In summer's scorching sun or in winter's icy blasts, I must face the foe. Sometimes tired, often hungry, I must bare my breast and combat a cruel adversary. I must leave the comforts and endearments of the domestic hearth to make it more secure and sacred for others.

Danger lurks wherever I go. Hidden menace crossing the stormy sea; constant peril from foes above; destructive mines from the earth beneath; never ceasing jeopardy on land. Nowhere am I safe. My life is liable to be snuffed out in a twinkling.

That you may continue to enjoy the priceless privileges and sacred blessings of Peace, Liberty and Justice I consecrate my young life. By universal acclaim, I am considered fit to live because not afraid to die. 'Tis not

by pleasure, but by service and sacrifice, that countries are saved and nations endure.

That my beloved country may never have its Honor sullied, its Flag dishonored, its Prestige lowered, its Name humbled, or its Liberties curtailed I gladly lay down my life.

I freely offer my life on the altar of sacrifice that my country's free institutions may be handed down to succeeding generations unabridged and unimpaired.

While implacable foes are plotting to destroy your life, home, and property, I am on the firing line to defend them.

To save my country's liberties and its precious heritage of freedom—I give my all—my life!

The greater sacrifice I give—the greater benefit you get.

I endure the triple afflictions of drudgery, disease, and death, for your sake. The bitterness of my death gives sweetness to your life. For your tomorrow I give my today.

Uncomplainingly and cheerfully do I have my body bruised, limbs mangled, and even life extinguished that not a hair on your head may be harmed.

I willingly give my young blood that our land's fair daughters be not dishonored; and that free men may tread the fertile fields and green valleys unafraid and unmolested.

Proud of being the nation's bulwark in time of trouble, I cheerfully give the best that's in me to free the enslaved, rescue the downtrodden, alleviate the suffering, help the helpless, protect the virtuous, here and elsewhere, and preserve undiminished our priceless heritage of liberty and free institutions.

Though humble my vocation, rough my path and hard my lot, yet earth's noblest achievements are mine. I am mightier than a monarch; for, by the power of my right arm, monarchs are subdued, rulers defeated, kings dethroned, crowns demolished, scepters broken, empires subjugated, and kingdoms conquered.

I am the real Croesus; the opulent Plutus; earth's most generous philanthropist, for while others give a portion—I give my all!

I lay with my body, and cement with my blood, the foundation of those moral and material blessings that you so much love, cherish, and appreciate.

No hiring am I—freely giving up lucrative and pleasant position in peace for the poorly paid and perilous service of war, looking for no reward beyond the thanks of my country and the homage of my friends—if living to receive them.

In contrast to the heartless profiteer and the parsimonious slacker, may be placed my prodigality in giving all! Lavishly I give that others may live.

My acts of bravery and deeds of valor furnish apostles their best metaphors; prelates their choicest similes; orators their finest rhetoric; poets their loftiest themes; painters and sculptors their immortal creations; musicians their inspiring songs; mankind their highest standards of service and devotion.

Following the hallowed example of the Redeemer of Mankind I suffer vicariously—giving my life to save yours. I pay the ransom that redeems.

Sacrifice being the purest of aims, service the holiest of motives, and patriotism the noblest of duties, taking precedence where divine rewards are allotted, for voluntarily accepting a hard and short life in the terrestrial, a just God may vouchsafe me everlasting felicity in the celestial world.

I AM THE SOLDIER!

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# Apostrophe to the Soldier

## Our Nation's Tribute to the Unknown Soldier!

*These articles might aptly be dedicated though written during the exciting days of the Great World War, and were chiefly intended to help sustain the morale of Our Fighters at the Front.*

*We are happy to be favored by the author with such a spirited compliment to The Soldier, appearing in print for the first time through the pages of the initial issue of The Occult Digest.*

Nomadic monarch of the tented field.  
Home's zealous guardian. Virtue's brave protector. Liberty's alert sentinel.  
Oppressed's intrepid rescuer. Devotion's grandest exemplar. Humanity's supreme  
Exalter. Manhood's perfect epitome. Earth's noblest hero. Acme of unselfishness—  
Sublimation of sacrifice!

When Reason confesses her impotence and Force proclaimed arbiter,  
Thy sword's arbitrament is final. From its decisive blow there is no appeal.  
Mandatory and inexorable are its minatory decrees.

Exalted monarchs bow submissively to thy imperious sway. Proud rulers,  
Subjugated by thy strong arm, promptly obey thy peremptory commands. Before thy  
Puissant and irresistible charge, empires fall; principalities surrender; powerful  
Potentates abjectly abdicate; kingdoms disintegrate; nations crumble; crowns perish;  
Kings capitulate; tyrants vanish; despots flee.

With thy omnipotent sword, oppressors are crushed—the oppressed  
Freed. Shackles are sundered; tethered hands, imprisoned minds, enslaved souls  
Set free. Liberty supplants slavery; freedom supersedes bondage.

Captivity's dark night is transformed into Freedom's radiant  
Morn by the beaming refulgence of thy beneficent deliverance.

Surfdom's deep gloom is magically dissipated by thy overwhelming  
Blow and liberating assault. Rapture reverberates through Thralldom's emancipated  
Domain as thy vanquishing sword destroys the despoiler and elevates the despoiled.

Whether bivouacked on the gory and shell-shocked battlefield,  
Domiciled in war's frail tent or constrained to shelter-immersed in Cimmerian  
Darkness—within the trenches' muddy labyrinths, contentedly thou rests, awaiting  
The bugle call for war's grim work, instantly ready to bare thy breast to the  
Enemy, and thwart his sanguinary assaults.

Unrivaled exemplar of man's purest patriotism and noblest achievements.  
Thine the proud distinction of having reached the zenith in physical prowess  
And the meridian in moral grandeur while yet in the heyday of youth!

Compared to thy noble self-sacrifice and glorious achievements, how trashy  
Mammon's sordid wealth! How paltry Affluence's smug ease! How tinsel the  
Profiteer's Gold! How odious the Slacker's gross orgies and ostentatious  
Self-indulgence!

Grateful citizens, appreciative beneficiaries of thy valorous victories,  
Commemorate thy conquests in sculptured stone and painted canvas, handing down  
To succeeding generations imperishable records of thy glorious deeds and dauntless  
Daring.

The elements pay constant homage to thy superlative virtues! The murmuring  
Winds perpetually chant a solemn requiem to thy cherished memory. The moaning  
Waves wail their ceaseless dirge in commemoration of thy deathless triumphs.

Around thy sequestered grave the fragrant flowers bloom with amaranthine  
Freshness, perfuming thy last resting place with their sweet aroma. Heaven's kindly  
Dews keep green the grass that carpets thy earthly tenement. Birds warble their  
Sweetest melodies to soothe thy slumbering spirit. Sun, moon, and stars keep ardent  
Vigil o'er thy hallowed abode!

Thy dauntless deeds and self-abnegating heroism  
The muse celebrate in immortal verse and inspiring song.

Heaven's Recording Angel, with omniscient eye, has faithfully recorded and  
Indelibly engraved thy acts of devotion and unselfish deeds on Jehovah's sacred  
Scroll. Then—when ends life's pilgrimage—thy lofty spirit, bidding the world  
Farewell, shall take its flight to realms celestial, angelic hosts welcoming thy  
Immortal soul to its rich fruition, just reward, and everlasting rest in paradise's  
Elysian shades!

Apostles, saints, and martyrs will vie in happy appreciation of thy blessed communion.  
While Cherubim and Seraphim will hail thy advent to thy divine home, delighted  
With thee to share, Heaven's Eternal Felicity!



# A Mystical Interpretation of Langdon Smith's Poem EVOLUTION

By Nathaniel I. Rubinkam

**MAN'S EVOLUTION throughout the Ages. THE RESULT of HIS SELF DISCOVERY and USE of LIFE'S NATURAL LAWS of SCIENCE**

"When you were a tadpole and I was a fish."

This charming bit of inspiration is by a New York newspaper man. He called it a Fantasy. It was begun twenty years ago, but was published in its present form in 1906. The author was mentally and imaginatively steeped in Darwin.

The poem draws quite an accurate picture of the untold ages of development. From the standpoint of biology, we see ourselves a brother, a sister, of every animal and plant, back to the first life on the globe.

It is very simple, most natural, fascinatingly democratic. You are not obliged to throw yourself into any trance or into any special spiritual mood, in order to enter into its idea. Keep your mind clear of metaphysical notions, unmingled with religious hypotheses, and you will receive genuine enjoyment.

You would do well to know a little of embryology—of the infant in the womb, of the bird in the egg, of the seed in the sack; or of paleontology, the knowledge of plants and animals found fossil in the crust of the earth at successive stages of evolution.

All scientific facts are illuminating. Wait until you have learned and digested all the truths of nature, before you mystify your mind with metaphysics.

Since I have become a lover of natural science, I have often wished that the fates had led me into the field of the outer world, into wonderful nature instead of into the useless speculations of theology.

Langdon Smith is sitting at a table in the Delmonico Restaurant in New York. His girl sits opposite him. He had a very congenial marriage with a Marie Antoinette Wright. He died at the early age of fifty years. His wife, as though unwilling to live without him, followed him within five weeks.

As he sits and sips and sups with his girl, he says in the first verse:

I

"When you were a tadpole and I was a fish  
In the Paleozoic time,  
And side by side on the ebbing tide,  
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,  
Or skittered with many a caudal flip  
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,  
My heart was rife with the joy of life,  
For I loved you even then."

This was the age when we were all dwellers in the sea. The surface of the earth was entirely covered with water.

We were all fishes. You carry in your body the vestigia of your ancient sea-existence. Your embryo shows two gill-slits on the side of your neck. You were once fitted to live beneath the waves.

Darwin tells us that our progenitors were aquatic. Our lungs, embryonically, are evolved from a swim-bladder which once served as a float. If you have not learned to swim you have forgotten your ancestry. You were once a fish. The best swimmer I ever knew had no

arms from birth, and made his living by exhibitions of swimming, gliding through the water with all fish-like grace.

In reply to an inquiry, Langdon Smith, in his fantasy, is not, in my opinion, exploiting any notion of soul-transmigration. He has no theory of continuity of individuality. He has a vision of racial and cosmic ancestral life. His poem would prove too much if it turned to prose and said that his girl was once an actual tadpole, and he once positively a fish.

Every rose on the bush is a new rose, every fish is a new fish, and every human individuality is a new existence in the world. Henrik Ibsen draws idealistically a new personality in Peer Gynt, a compound of his father and mother. Through this parentage the traits and characteristics of a vast heritage enter into his being. It has no analogy of a tenant moving from one house to another. The poet is supposed to pay a graceful compliment to his sweetheart in the first line: "When you were a tadpole and I was a fish." The tadpole is a step higher in evolution. It is a fish a tiny bit more developed. It could better bear the first air-and-land condition, as they paddled about in the ooze and slime left around the fossiliferous rocks by the ebbing tide.

"For I loved you even then." There existed the incipient love-passion in the earliest forms of paleozoic life, even before they had what could be called mind. Wherever life was, love was.

II

"Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,  
And mindless at last we died;  
And deep in the rift of the Caradoc drift  
We slumbered side by side."

The poet means here to express, in figure, those ancient prototypes, moving, mindless, in the primitive age of the trilobites.

"The world turned on in the lathe of time,  
The hot lands heaved amain,  
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,  
And crept into life again."

The science of paleontology gives us the transition, by spontaneous variation, from the death of old types to the life of the new. Of this evolutionary rise the poem is simply a pictorial expression.

III

"We were amphibians, scaled and tailed  
And drab as a dead man's hand;  
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,  
Or trailed through the mud and sand,  
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet  
Writing a language dumb,  
With never a spark in the empty dark  
To hint of a life to come."

(Continued on page 30)



By Maris Warrington Billings, Who Wrote "The Scarab of Destiny"

## A Puzzle for Shakespearians to Unravel

Get ready for a spirited revival of this famous controversy that divided the opinions of the literary world

### Shade of Ignatius Donnelly!

Did Shakespeare or Bacon Write the Famous Plays Usually Accredited to Shakespeare?

This bold, vivid and animated article will most assuredly reopen this much debated question!

The world doth puzzle its perplexed brain,  
Bacon or Shakespeare? That is the question.  
Who wrote those plays when Good Queen Bess did reign?  
If I tell ye—dost think it will end the contention?  
Oh! wise mortals; methinks the Saints in Heaven do laugh

At thy stupidity. Ben Jonson could but chafe,  
Did he but live in your day and generation.  
Were I to walk within your midst—with scroll and pen,  
And say, "Good Morrow, friends, 'tis I, Shakespeare, come again."

Oh, what a babel of voices, loud would cry, "Away! We fear  
Much learning hath made this fellow mad, poor soul;  
Perchance a month in a madhouse his clouded wits will clear."

His works are *mere doggerel*—is the opinion that I hear.  
So methinks 'tis better far, to sit enthroned  
On Fame's pedestal, but e'en to make that seat mine own.  
It seems I must make a decided protest.  
Yet I have grave doubts, whether ye consider the behest.  
Altho' ye are apt to quote a thousand times a day,  
"There are more things in Heaven and earth  
Than is dreamed of in thy philosophy."  
Yet, in your hearts ye believe not one-half ye say.  
So, perchance, 'twere a good plan to give you all a task.  
To keep ye employed while the midsummer moon doth last.

That to your sufficiency, ye'll prove, your worth is able.  
Your skill in Government is equal to the integrity of your hearts.

But of psychology—alas! ye know but the faintest sparks.  
Therefore, the wisdom ye will gain whilst drinking  
At this fount of knowledge  
Will make ye better men and women, to my thinking.  
The one, thro' whom I write, is quite out of the game,  
Never having read Shakespeare, to her he's but a name.  
This letter is to all those students, so witty and wise,  
Whose knowledge of my plays is their boast and pride;  
The Shakespearean scholars, who seek their clubs in agitation,

And search old tombs in deep and silent meditation.  
Now I'll give the facts—we can prove with your eyes  
By delving in files of long ago—we can learn the rest.  
Ye mighty minds in the 20th century, with wisdom so blest.

If ye do this, the disputed author, I'll plainly show,  
"Twill be some satisfaction to think, at last, ye know.  
Now all of ye wranglers, start in anew.  
I'll furnish the clues, and when ye are through  
Will ye acknowledge to whom the laurel wreath is due?

"By Avon's rippling waters was I born  
In 1564. My father, a merchant, dealt in corn.  
My boyhood days in school were spent,  
But, alas! to the Guildhall far more I went  
To play the parts of coquettish maids,  
Who from conventional paths had strayed.  
Until one day, sad to relate, at Charlcote Park

I stole those deer—left open the gate, just for a lark.  
Sir Thomas Lucy pondered long, and his reflection  
Ended by old Philpot's clever and quick detection  
Of the village culprit, that unruly mimic Will.  
Methought at this juncture 'twere best to jump the case-ment sill

And hie myself away to London's wondrous mart,  
Where devotees were scarce in the line of Dramatic Art.  
There I slowly climbed the hill of Fame;  
As actor at the Globe I made a famous name.  
They called me poet, actor, scholar—  
Wealth and friends flocked to the lollard.

1616 found me again at dear old Stratford  
With jolly Ben Jonson, Drayton and Rev. Ward.  
But truth to tell—I know full well—we imbibed too hard,  
And I heard my call to take the part in Death,  
The great scene in which we all doth share,  
Dressed in sad Cypress of black and white to spare.  
The play in which each mortal at the call  
Doth answer slowly—but never do they fail one and all  
To respond to their cue, nor do they any prompting need  
At that last dress rehearsal.

My final exit was entitled an aerial race,  
Or the flight of a soul into unknown space.  
Scarce two hundred years had passed  
Ere the knaves were squabbling, first and last,  
As to who should claim the honors due  
To him who slept near the whispering yew.  
Stevens, Malone, Johnson and Burney  
Argued with Ritson, White, Douce and Whally.  
Warburton, Warton, Henley and Mason  
Fought like fiends to give the credit to Bacon.  
These were wise men that gave fools pelf  
To lay old Shakespeare way back on the shelf.  
I trust ere now he's sizzling in—well,  
Like a smoldering ember memory lasts,  
I'm not allowed to forget the present or past.  
Like clarion voices ringing through the air,  
We hear this wrangling floating everywhere.  
Methinks if I met my dearest foe in Heaven,  
Like unto the Egyptian thief, "I'd kill what most I love."  
"And strangle with propriety" those who dare claim my property.

But still to retain the plaudits of the crowd,  
Methinks I must prove my claim, if I be allowed  
The privilege of speaking in these enlightened days  
Of hurry and scurry, of loud and boisterous ways.  
If memory fails me not, I'll give ye the dates  
Of times and places, and prove, if not too late,  
How Will Shakespeare opened wide the gate  
That led the way to the Thespian Temple.  
In those days acting was just in its infancy;  
Plays were only given in the palace of kings.  
Alas, we actors then had our troubles dread—  
In more ways than one we feared to lose our heads.  
(Opera first produced at Florence in 1600.)  
This worldwide dispute had never arisen  
Had not modesty kept me back as in a prison.  
For I did not wish the world should know



Of my humble birth and station, until I trow  
Time had gained for me wealth and fame  
And my design was ripe to disclose my name.

*WHAT YOU WILL—Act 1—Scene 2.*

Vio—"Oh that I served that lady and might not be delivered to the world

Till I had made mine own occasion of what my estate is."

To criticise my plays I'm not intending—

Old memories to you I'm simply lending.

Now before me lies the play called *WHAT YOU WILL*;

Say we quote from that to keep you still.

We'll just take a line from here and there.

Our space is limited, but my knowledge I'll share,

I would, I believed—that for the favor ye'll care.

I'll explain the origin of all these lines quite fair,

Then leave you to prove, by files of the times,

The daring assertions I choose to make,

For now my renown is more than ever at stake.

\* \* \*

*WHAT YOU WILL*, now called *TWELFTH NIGHT*,

Was entered at Stationers' Hall, all right,

By one known as Thomas Thorpe, August 6th, 1607.

Precisely at the hour of three-quarters of eleven,

Noted by Tom's new watch—a very suspicious thing—

We all vowed his body to Newgate would surely bring.

The plot for this story—alas, I own—was only borrowed  
glory,

Founded on Bellforest's Histories Tragiques—the 7th  
history.

Volume 4, originally old *Bandello*—part of the fifth  
Eclogus.

Of Barnaby Googe—good old soul—he furnished the  
plot,

As he published his works in fifteen hundred and sixty-  
three.

Here's the story—read if you can—and then ye'll see.

\* \* \*

"A worthy Knyght dyd love her longe, and for her sake  
dyd feale

The pangs of love that happen styl, by frowyng Fortune's  
wheale.

He had a page, Valerious named, whom so much he dyd  
truste

That all the secrets of his heart, to hym declare he muste.

He mayde hym the only meanes to sue for hys redresse

And to entreat for grace to her that caused him sore  
distresse,

So when at first she saw the page she straightway fell in  
love

That nothyng coulede Valerious face frome Claudia's  
minde remove.

This passed well, tyll at length Valerious sore dyd sewe

With many tears beseechyng her, his master's gryefe to  
rewe,

And tolde her that if she wolde not releave hys mayster's  
payne

He never wolde attend her more, nor se her ones agayne.

"And so adieu, Good Madame, never more  
Will I my mayster's tears to you deplore."

Thus concludes the first scene of the third act of the play  
before us.

*WHAT YOU WILL—Act 1—Scene 3.*

"Sir Toby"—Wherefore are these things hid a curtain  
before them,

Like Mistress Mall's pictures?"

Mistress Mall, by name Mary Firth, was a trollop, thief  
and bawd,

Born in 1584, died in 1659, believing not in man nor God.

In the British Museum a letter, dated February 11th,  
1611, lies,

From one John Chamberlain to Mr. Carlton, which  
describes

How notorious baggage Moll on the Sabbath Day  
To Saint Paul's Cross was brought—made to do penance,

kneel and pray.

Bitterly she wept and seemed penitent—but alack,  
She had tiptoed three quarts of good golden sack

Before coming—she'd made sure of this by drinking—  
And was more than maudlin drunk, to my thinking.

\* \* \*

She had the daintiest confessor I ever saw—

One Radcliffe of Brazen Nose College, in Oxford,

Far more fitted for wrangling in a court of law

Than to be where he was. His speech so lofty

Angered the crowd, who hooted, and called him softie.

Far rather they'd listen to Moll's discourse,

Which fired their imagination, of course,

Until the King's Guard made them all disperse.

I allude to this character again in these verse,

"A bold virago, stout and tall as Joan of France, was  
English Moll."

Swift did me the exceeding great honor anon

To borrow these lines in *Baucis and Philomon*.

*Note*—See further account of this woman in Dodsley's  
collection of old plays, edition 1730, Vol. 84, page  
1, and Vol. 12, page 31.

In August of 1610 a book was entered at Stationers' Hall  
—say

Called "*YE MADDE PRANCKS OF MERRY MOLL*  
—of the Bank Side

Her walk's in man's apparel—by one John Day

And Middleton & Decker a comedie did write,

Entitled "*THE ROARING GIRL, OR MOLL CUT-  
PURSE OF THE NIGHT*,"

As it hath lately been played on the Fortune Stage

In 1611 by the Prince's Players, cleverest tragedians of  
the age.

*WHAT YOU WILL—Act 1—Scene 5.*

"How Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak-  
est well of fools."

A stupid blunder of the printer that, perchance, he'd  
quaffed a beaker.

"May Mercury endow thee with pleasing and make thee  
a gracious, powerful speaker,"

Methinks I meant it should have read;

For Mercury was the God of Orators—as well as com-  
merce, 'tis said.

But the first editor, not understanding the word pleasing,

Must straightway change it—was that not teasing?

But the next must make matters still worse,

And the Oxford Edition reads—alas, that verse

Reads, "Now Mercury endow thee with learning."

But the last reading is far more humorous than the first,

For now it reads, "May Mercury teach thee to lie,

Since thou liest in favor of fools."

Act 1, Scene 5—

"Holla your name to the reveerebrate hill" should read,

"Give to the reverent, resounding hill,

Make the babbling gossips of the air to shrill,

Back thy name Olivia."

Act 1, Scene 5—

"Desire him not to flatter with his Lord."

This was the phraseology of our times,

So in King Richard II, I make use in many lines.

(Continued on page 32)



# The Wail of the Unborn Soul

By Effa E. Danelson

**Q** LIFE fascinates; its attraction is perennial. Have you ever asked: Whence come I? If we follow a life as it enfolds itself in one encasement after another, until we see the tiny babe, we must marvel. We begin to understand the value of a life.

*This consciousness is coming! The old traditions are going to decay! And not before so very long!*

*For this the truth about Life must be realized by the people. The wail of the Unborn*

*is crying today to the tomb, and the tomb will open, and the cry will be answered.*

*We have heard the wailing cry of these souls. We hear it in the hospitals, in the prisons, in the schools, in the homes, and we thus realize the bondage of the life that sought for expression and was caught in the meshes of an incomplete body. The sin of striking down a full grown man is no sin compared to that of robbing a little one of its opportunity to arise from its ocean bed into the life that gives it expression.*

## Who is there to defend these little ones?

**W**E REALIZE that there is no subject so fascinating as the subject of life. We realize that there is no subject from which so much can be gleaned as the subject of life. Let us draw close to you, let us draw you close to us, and in that harmony of thought let us construct together, not for you but of you, this great life that you are; this life, filled with perplexities, this life filled with ambitions, this life filled with obstacles barring your path at every turn you make, this life beckoning to you and encouraging you with every breath that you take.

Let us draw this picture and place you, as it were, at the foot of a long, long street, and then let us look back and see if we can trace the faint footsteps on the way over which you have come, arriving at the foot of this street. You are flung, as it were, into the physical body that you now inhabit. You seemingly had no choice in the coming. You seemingly had no knowledge of the coming. You were not, as it were, acquainted with the fact that you were expected, that you had been longed for, that preparations had been made for you. You awakened to the fact that something had taken place and you found yourself in an environment in which you could not, with your limited knowledge and understanding, have created for yourself. You could not find yourself, and so you kicked about, first this way and that, until in your frantic efforts you contacted with something that held you within its grasp and gave you something of a compass, something of a line by which you could find or feel your way.

At the foot of the street that we are picturing, is your first conscious thought. There the door of the past closed, and you knew not from whence you came and you knew not whither you were bound. You accepted, as it were, the life that was given to you without question as to your inheritance. You do ask, "Where am I going?" but you have never—rarely if ever—asked: "From whence came I?" And if we could draw the picture for you, draw aside that veil, open that door to your past, we could portray to you the first, or we would rather say, the last lap of your journey. Barring the process by which you came into this physical abode, let us consider the law, not particularly the law of attraction, but rather the law of accumulation. We could not carry you back to the beginning of mankind in a talk in such a short space of time, but let us consider you as you find yourself and let us think about you before you were thrown, as it were, into the expression that you now find yourself in, thrown onto the shores of time, a fully formed, fully equipped house, windows and doors complete. Let us

consider the process of the making of that house. Was the material carried there, brick by brick, and the mortar, placing the bricks in their position? Was this carried there by outside influences? Was it carried there by either parent, or both? Was it carried there by what is commonly called the Unseen Forces? Was it carried there by those who watched over the advent of this life?

To these questions we must answer "no," for we must go back to the beginning and stand by the law of creation, and we know that the last child brought to earth's surface was brought by the selfsame law by which the first child was brought to earth's surface, and we know the first child could not have been looked after. We know that the processes of nature, in its various moods and fancies, propounded and compounded the human life. And long, long, long before there was an earth's surface upon which man was cast, all that man is today, all that man ever will be and all that man ever was, existed. The creation of the various bodies is the result of processes, in the time that has been; changing moods, changing of location and changing of activities, all along down the way, until man became what you now observe.

If you could see a life and follow it as it encases itself in one encasement and then another, and another, and another, until you see the tiny babe, you would marvel. We must cut time in two, we must divide it, we must lash it, we must break it, to comprehend the changes that have taken place, to bring man into the environment that he is in today. Man is, or was, a figment of light, an attraction, attracting elements, breaking up, attracting again, breaking up, attracting again—a process that can be likened to the process of making bread—from the wheat to the mill and the mill to the bread.

If the thought could be imprinted, if it could be written, if it could be extended into the minds of the people, if the value of a life could be brought forth, if the process of a life could be discerned, if man could be made to understand the stupendous amount of time that it takes to create one of these little children, he would value the life and he would value the time of the child, and he would guard and he would cherish the offspring. But man is extravagant, for he sees the finished product and cares not how it came, so it is there, and the destruction of life or the destruction of the elements of which life is composed, is as nothing to him today.

When we can bring a message to you, when we can obliterate the obstructions that are in the way, when we can clarify the sight and clarify the hearing, when we can have a clear track over which to run, we can bring to

(Continued on page 34)



# Who ARE THE FAKE MEDIUMS?

## Why Are They Faking?

¶ Everything has its reverse side; every mountain has its base. ¶ There are two fundamental reasons for the fake medium to exist. *One Comes from Crookdom; the other from the Enemies of Truth.* One is a simple crook whose reason for faking is to feather his own nest; the other is a complex crook, employed to destroy Truth. *A study of the natural laws governing life would put both classes out of business forever.*

THE FAKE MEDIUM, the swindler, the bootlegger and the man who robs the government are all in one class. They are all counterfeiters in their departments. From the first named the public suffer the most for they are the most subtle of crooks. Plying their arts as they do under the cloak of religion, gains for them the confidence of the mourner, the scientific man, searching for truth, those whose lives are full of trouble and the youth and the maiden, seeking their true mates.

The opportunity for the fake medium to operate is alluring; there is no walk in life they can not enter; they are the counterfeit dollar to the cause of Truth. They disguise themselves under first one name and then another and the more bold they are, the more clients they serve. But this class of men and women are not the representatives of wisdom and knowledge; they are representing crookdom and in a gentle way, let us ask; Could there be a King if there was no Kingdom? Must there not be a Truth established before it can be misrepresented?

The Occult Digest recognizes this fact.

If there is only one true medium in one hundred, that one makes truth stand revealed; and it is to defend and provide a kingdom for that one this message is dedicated.

The editors of The Occult Digest know that our readers are looking to them to find and establish facts on all questions; but this, the greatest question of all questions, of all ages, "Is there life after the cessation of the activities of the physical body?" is the most vital.

The mourner MUST be comforted; science MUST be satisfied; humanity MUST be directed and from whom must we get the truth about life — It must come from those who have experienced life; those who have studied life, and shall their lips be sealed in death? And shall the one honest channel through whom these lips may speak be dumb because of the nine hundred and ninety-

nine fakirs who openly flaunt their tricks upon a trusting public, seeking to know the Truth?

Must the Truth forever bleed at their hands? Truth can not die; but may it not live and grow strong? Is there no remedy for this crime? Public opinion is strong against them but public opinion does not separate the wheat from the chaff. Truth seekers, you must do that!

You must, through patient toil and diligent seeking for these truths, learn to understand the law through which Truth is established.

Every counterfeit dollar has its tell-tale marks of identification; some are easily detected while others can only be discovered by the expert who knows every detail of the genuine dollar.

Every faking medium, regardless of phase or class, carries the stamp of fraud. Those who openly practice their trickery are easily exposed and quickly brought to justice. It is the subtle exponent of truth—those who are hired to get the confidence of the public that do the greatest harm. They are the vultures lying in wait for the mourners and the troubled ones, who in their sorrow and distress, seek the medium as a hungry man seeks for food.

The public should and must be protected from these purloiners of the people's confidence.

There is a right way and a wrong way for this to be done. The honest medium must be protected; the faker must be exposed.

To do this we must employ men and women who are experts in this work; men and women who understand the natural law governing mediumship; men and women who are endowed with great patience and who have the intuitive ability above the average; who will not resort to trickery for the reward they may hope to receive; men and women who, having found Truth, will proclaim it and acclaim it to the world!

*The Tide carries the driftwood. The Waves wash the shore  
The Occult Digest searches for the pearls in Truth*

## The Searchlight Turned Upon the Mysteries of the Supernatural

Are you seeking Truth? Are you really desirous of the deeper, broader knowledge of life? Do you not want to read, for the first time in print, what these high priests of cult and ism are expounding to untold thousands? What is this priceless knowledge for which fabulous prices are paid? Are they all false prophets for profit alone?

Our Duty is your Profit. Are you wondering what will happen if you take a certain adventurous step? The OCCULT DIGEST's revelations may astonish you.

The tinselled Gods of Mammon may fall when the searchlight is turned upon them. Theories and beliefs must stand the acid test! Do you not demand living, tangible proof by demonstration? Experience may convince you we fearlessly speak with authority.

This is what you have long awaited. Why is the world today in a whirlpool of the greatest psychic tidal wave that ever swept the nations? Have you been caught up in the mind maze of one of its eddies?

The DIGEST is seeking to know the psychological reactions of society to the mistakes of its individuals; to present the cause and effect of wrong and right thinking and doing; to educate men and women to think and reason; to ever be on the alert; to compel and demand proof of the real from the unreal; to educate folks to the attitude taken by those you shall never meet face to face, but may understand through these printed pages; since the understanding of one's self is the first step to success and happiness through the constructive use of your own life-powers by which you become THE GREAT ADVENTURER.



## Truth That Is Stranger Than Fiction

# The ASSASSIN

By James Beacham Starr

*An Amazing Story of the Haunting Fear and the torments it brought—revealing, though man's laws may be broken, God's laws are laws of natural science unerring in their results—"As ye sow so shall ye reap."*

**T**HIRTY-THREE murders, the drab, unassuming little man admitted, and calmly discussed the details of the one we were to commit the following week. True, there was an occasional gleam behind his meek eye-glasses, that belied the diffident appearance—a cursory glance of him gave, but that look appeared so seldom, one could hardly imagine him in any situation where even ordinary nerve would be required.

"Captain Buscher died hard," he said, in apology for the force he had found necessary to use. He sighed. "I hope the Kid dies easier . . . ; it sort of gets my nerve, hardened as I am, to kill a boy! I'll give it to him good and strong the first time . . ." he shuddered ever so slightly, "and if he struggles and suffers . . ." he made a movement as if washing his hands of the matter, "well . . . it will be no fault of mine." His voice fell, his head sank a little, and his eyes dreamed into the distance. It seemed hardly believable that those fingers—very long—very tapering—were stained with shed blood.

Outside, the wind flung dead leaves on the pavement.

Inside, we (let us remain nameless for no good would be accomplished by disclosing our identity) sat, at ease, across a table and discussed killings—those he had committed, and the others, we, together, were pledged to for the future.

Presently, he spoke again, quietly, with the assurance of a man who had complete possession of himself. "Doctor, I can't say I envy you your part in the game. Our victims never see me. I strike in the dark; . . . but you . . . your face is the last earthly thing they look upon . . . you are photographed indelibly for Eternity on their mind's-eye . . . on their soul . . . and they take a soul-negative of you with them into the Spirit-World." He laughed mirthlessly. "No . . . I'm not crazy. You, as a scientific man, know that every word I say is true. The brightest minds are admitting the possibilities of hypnotism, spiritism and the incarnation of souls. But . . . don't allow our little talk to disturb your sleep tonight . . . you have years ahead of you for that . . . if, like I, you make the taking of human lives your life work. I recognize you, in many ways, as a kindred spirit, . . . we have much in common," he laughed, I thought, a trifle contemptuously, ". . . taking the lives of our fellow-men, for instance . . ." Apparently, he was amused at my surprise of his scholarly discourse. "Sometime, we will go deeper into the matter," he continued. "I want to talk of the queer things which continually happen within these gloomy walls, and until now there has been no congenial person with whom I could confide." The strange gleam flashed from his eyes, then they took on a vacant stare, and when he spoke again, it was as if he hardly realized he had a listener. "I've a mind to initiate this until-now clean soul into the mysteries. But . . . is he strong enough to bear it?" He seemed to consider, then, "I'll take a chance!" he exclaimed. He turned quickly to a shelf and selected a book. For a moment, he thumbed the pages, and while he hunted his place, I read from the cover—works of Prof. J. W. Draper. "*Radiant Forces*," he began reading, "*are passing from all objects to all objects in their vicinity, and during each moment of the day or night are daguerreotyping the appearances of each upon the other;*

*the images thus made, not resting merely upon the surface, but sinking into the interior of them; there held with astonishing tenacity, and only waiting for a suitable application to reveal themselves to the inquiring gaze. You cannot lift your hand, or wink your eye, or the wind stir the hair of your head, but each movement is infallibly registered for coming ages. The pane of glass in the window, the brick in the wall, and the paving-stone in the street, catch the pictures of all passers-by, and faithfully preserve them. Not a leaf waves, not an insect crawls, not a ripple moves, but each motion is recorded by a thousand faithful scribes in infallible and indelible scripture."* For a few moments, after finishing, he sat silent, then he looked up at me almost pityingly. "Now . . . it is true that I strike the blow . . . but . . . their last glimpse of a human face has been yours . . . the last touch of an earthly hand has been your own. If the walls and pave record so faithfully . . . what can we imagine must be the effect on the camera-obscura of the human eye when the shutter is snapped for the last time? And . . . if it is, also, to be believed that every movement is recorded for the ages (and have we reason to doubt it?) then . . . these old walls contain pictures Hell cannot equal!" He arose and held out his hand. "Pleasant dreams, Doctor," he laughed. "My library is at your disposal. You will find such a selection as you did not know existed."

I yawned. "The job is pretty soft," I told him, "and I have no horror, whatever, of their taking soul-photographs of me with them to Hell, or wherever else, they may be bound for. As official-executioner or state-electrician, which sounds better, you are paid a very good salary to shoot the juice in such quantities and with sufficient force to enable me to say . . . 'he is dead.' You have absolutely no real work to do; you simply fulfil the edict of the law. As for myself, there is but little responsibility . . . no one to inquire of what my patients die. I feel that I am furthering the ends of justice, and my conscience is clear. During the next year, I will take up the study of those subjects, which were I employed in regular practice, I would never find time for. I have looked on death so often and in so many different forms, that the death of a murderer or of a hundred murderers, will have no effect on me. Call it legalized murder if you wish, or by any other name. I prefer to consider it simply as part of an easy day's work. Good night."

As I anticipated, the leisure of my occupation gave me ample opportunity to go deeply into those particular studies I had in mind, and also into the other in which we were both interested. His books were a revelation to me, and in one volume, Dr. Clark's *BANNER OF LIGHT*, I found the explanation of his singular temperament. Quoting, I will say my friend had "*A PECULIAR NERVOUS SUSCEPTIBILITY TO WHAT MAY BE TERMED THE 'PHYSIC FORCES,' WHICH SPIRITS USE TO MOVE THE MIND OR BODY, OR BOTH, OF THEIR MORTAL INSTRUMENT. PSYCHOLOGICALLY, IT SIGNIFIES A PASSIVE OR NEGATIVE STATE OF MIND AND BODY, WHICH RENDERS A PERSON SUBJECT TO THE POSITIVE WILL-POWER OF SPIRITS WHO INFLUENCE HIM*



OR HER." This, to my mind, explained his inability to quit a vocation that was, without doubt, in every way repugnant to the fine instincts of his nature.

After an execution, I learned, he invariably became plunged into a morbid, remorseful state. Then followed day of brooding, until realizing the dangerous condition into which he was drifting, he would exert strenuous efforts to overcome it. Hysteria was always the result, but as he kept to his room, his associates in the prison never learned of his condition, and considered him a cold-blooded man of iron nerve. Several times I gave him bromides to quiet his overwrought nerves, imagining he was suffering from a congenital neurotic disease which his harrowing experiences intensified, but they proved of little benefit, for the malady was entirely of the mind and beyond the use of drugs.

"Stop thinking," I ordered, for I really liked the queer little man. "Meditating continually will, in the end, break you down. If the job is too much for you . . . quit!"

With a sigh that was almost like a sob in its suddenness, he turned to me. "A foolish contradiction, doctor," he said. "Do you understand the meaning of the words you use? Stop thinking? Meditation? Quit the job? I am powerless against destiny! What is to be, will be! Do you realize that . . ." he picked up a copy of *THE WORD*—1912, and finding the page, read—"WHAT IS CALLED THINKING IS NOT MEDITATING. MEDITATING IS THE HOLDING OF A SUBJECT IN THE MIND'S LIGHT UNTIL THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH THIS THING IS DONE IS ACCOMPLISHED. THINKING IS THE STEADY HOLDING OF THE MIND'S LIGHT ON A SUBJECT." Suppose, then, I quit the job? There will be left to me only my thoughts. God! They would swamp me; . . . they would deluge my soul in billows of blood! Meditate? That is what I have been doing. Meditating on what has gone before . . . on the fulfillment of The Great Scheme. Let me tell you something; . . . then answer whether your science has taught you these truths." Again he read from the same volume: ". . . By inhaling for a number of counts, holding the breath for a number of counts, exhaling for a number of counts, and so continuing, at regular times of day and night, together with other observances, that by these practices the functions of mind will stop thinking, the self will become known and enlightenment on all subjects will follow." I have tried it! I have thought . . . I have meditated! . . . I have tried to stop doing either. I know! . . . Great God! . . . what don't I know!"

"Self-hypnotism," I told him, half angry that he should be so thoroughly conversant with my own theories. "Self-hypnotism, along with a distorted mental balance. Instead of bromides, I will make use of hypnotism myself next time, and convince you that imagination alone has gotten the best of you. Listen . . . and I will read from one of your pet works. I searched a book-shelf, and picked out Joseph Baldwin's *ELEMENTARY PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION*. 'SELF, AS IMAGINATION, OUT OF HIS EXPERIENCES CONSTRUCTS NEW WHOLE. BECAUSE YOU ARE ENDOWED WITH THIS POWER YOU CAN MAKE AN ORIGINAL ESSAY, A NEW INVENTION, OR A NEW POEM. THE IDEAS IN HAMLET ARE OLD, BUT THE PLAY IS NEW. IMAGINATION IS OUR CAPABILITY TO PURPOSELY MAKE NEW COMBINATIONS. IMAGINATION IS THE POWER OF SELF PURPOSELY TO PUT HIS EXPERIENCES IN NEW FORM. SELF, AS MEMORY, RECALLS THE EXPERIENCES OUT OF WHICH HE CREATES HIS IDEALS, AS THE CREATIVE ACTIVITY

PREDOMINATES. THIS FORM OF PRESENTATION IS CALLED 'IMAGINATION.'"

"Your arguments against, only go to prove my contentions," he insisted. "But suppose we leave imagination entirely out of it, and let SELF-KNOWLEDGE stand alone instead. I do not imagine . . . I know! I have sent so many souls into the HEREAFTER, that I have developed the faculty of following them with my own sub-conscious mind. I know just how many innocent and how many guilty I have sent to their Maker. Think of it! One little movement of my wrist, and a soul takes flight! And, by the way, Captain Buscher was innocent, but I sent him on his long journey! Will you believe me, doctor, when I tell you I am able to send my soul back to look on its incarnations since Time began? No? Well . . . it is true! Only . . . sometimes I get afraid; . . . afraid that in my fear I may break the gossamer thread . . . and, before I learn all there is to know, in panic I force my spirit back to Earth. Doctor, will you prove, for your own satisfaction, the truth of what I say, by hypnotizing me, and sending my soul back over the different periods of its existence? Will you loosen its bonds, and bring it safely again to its earthly covering after each journey into the distant past? I feel there is no other whom I can trust."

For an instant I was staggered by the audacity of his proposal. Whether mad-man or psychologist, I could not at the moment determine; perhaps both—mad-man through his brooding and study of the occult—psychologist, by reason of his natural psychic forces. At any rate, in the hypnotic state (and he had every indication of being a sympathetic subject) I would have the opportunity of ascertaining his exact mental condition.

"If you wish me to . . ." I told him, finally, "I will try. First, I want to know just what you yourself have accomplished. Tell me how far you have gone with this thing, and the methods you employed. Then I will be able to act accordingly."

"Always, after an execution," he began, slowly, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, "there is a period during which I am depressed. At such times I have the impression that I am fulfilling a destiny begun centuries ago. Gradually, I drift into a state of mental lassitude, repeating a formula. Sometimes I sleep and dream . . . again I am conscious, only my mind seems to be floating away. I have dim impressions . . . call it, rather, an intuition of other existences. When I become normal I remember distinctly all I have experienced. Let me read to you what *THE AMERICAN THEOSOPHIST* says on the subject: ' . . . SENSE IMPRESSIONS ARE FACT AS FAR AS THEY GO, BUT THEY ARE INCOMPLETE, AS THEY NEVER BRING US IN TOUCH WITH THE ESSENCE OF THINGS, BUT ONLY WITH THEIR OUTER SYMBOLS OR FORMS. THROUGH THE REASONING POWER OF THE MIND, KNOWLEDGE IS DRAWN FROM THE ACCUMULATED EXPERIENCE. . . . INTUITION, ON THE OTHER HAND, IS THE FOCUS OF CONSCIOUSNESS INWARD, WHERE IT COMES IN TOUCH WITH THE SPIRITUAL ESSENCE OF THINGS IN THE PLANE OF UNITY. . . . BEING A SYNTHETIC FACULTY, IT OBTAINS TRUTH BY DIRECT PERCEPTION, AND WHEN THE VEHICLES ARE PURIFIED AND HARMONIZED SO THAT A DIRECT CONTACT CAN BE ESTABLISHED, IT FLOODS WITH ITS LIGHT THE CONSCIOUSNESS ON THE LOWER PLANES.' I have felt . . . yes, I have dimly seen some of my lives as I lived them, but what is needed is the 'direct contact.' As Khayyam puts it, 'I SENT MY SOUL INTO THE INVISIBLE,' and I saw . . . I saw . . ."

(Continued on page 31)



# MARGARET FULLER

## *Literature in Spirit Life*

To a mind familiar with the literature of the ancient Greeks and Romans, which has studied the Scandinavian Edda, and is intimate with the more modern German, French, and English authors, the literature of the spirit world opens up a mine of interminable wealth.

The libraries in this world are vast catacombs or repositories of buried knowledge. Here are found histories of decayed races, dynasties, and nations which have vanished from earth, leaving scarce a monument of their progress in art, science, and mental culture. In these libraries the student of history will find the exploits of ancient peoples recorded, and a description of their cities, with the temples and towers which they built and the colossal images which they created.

I own to the surprise which I experienced when I discovered that printed books were a part of the treasures of the spirit world. But the scholar will rejoice as I did to find the literary productions of remotest ages garnered in the spacious halls of science that adorn our cities.

It is a principle of being—a condition of immortality—as inseparable from spirit existence as from earth life, that thought should express itself in external forms. Even the Great Spirit, the Creator of all, gives shape to his thoughts in the formation of trees, flowers, men, beasts, and myriad worlds with their constant motion, their sound and song.

It has been aptly said that the "stars are the poetry of God." He, the Great Spirit of all, writes his thoughts legibly; and so man, like his originator, whether living in the natural body or existing as a spirit, gives outward shape to his ideas; hence books become a necessity of spirit existence, and the writers from earth have still a desire to perpetuate their thoughts.

Oral communication is too evanescent, and therefore the dear old books still find a place in the spheres.

There are various modes of making these volumes, and the writer may become his own printer.

Some authors prefer to dictate, and a little instrument marks off the variations of sound which make the word, and thus, as he speaks, the word is impressed on the sheet.

Others, if the thought be clear and distinct enough, and the will sufficiently under abeyance, act through the mind upon a conductor, which dots down the thought in a manner somewhat similar to telegraphic printing.

The material used to receive the impression is of a soft, vellum-like nature, which can be folded up in any manner without destroying its form; it is very light and thin, but opaque, like the creamy petals of a lily.

The phonetic alphabet is used extensively, though we have many books printed in the mode usually adopted on earth.

All nature is constantly changing and progressing. The bards who sang upon the earth centuries ago—Homer, Virgil, the Greek and Roman, the Celtic and Saxon writers of old—have passed beyond the spirit sphere which I inhabit to a spirit planet still more refined, and have left behind only the records of their strange experience.

The eighteenth century cannot walk side by side with the third or fourth century more readily in the spirit world than on earth.

The character of the spirit literature of the present day is essentially scientific and explorative. We have in our world, as you have in yours, intrepid travellers—

learned men, who make voyages to almost inaccessible planets—and they return even as those of earth, with sketches and graphic outlines of the strange sights they have witnessed; and those less venturesome who remain at home are as anxious as your citizens might be to hear accounts of wonderful regions that have been visited. And such books of travel are sought eagerly.

We have but few works on theology; the nature and essence of God is discussed with us, but not so elaborately as with you.

Spirits who have passed into a second life have so nearly approached the mystery of a Divine Being that they do not desire to debate the subject.

A large proportion of our writers are devoted to what you would term transcendental thought, a kind of literature which lies between poetry and music, which awakens a feeling of ecstasy, and gives, as it were, wings to the soul.

The poets who sang upon earth during the last century, of whom Shelly, Keats, and Byron are an English type, and Halleck, Pierpont, Dana, and Willis the American representatives, are among the most inspired and far-reaching of our present writers of poetry and song.

Our literature has one great advantage over that of earth, in that our separate nationalities become merged in one grand unit. We do not need translators, as we have adopted a universal written language. There are some writers who still retain, as I have said, the modes adopted on earth, but those who have been resident any length of time in the spirit sphere employ the plan of writing by signs, which are understood and acknowledged by every nationality.

I should like, in closing, to introduce an extract from an old volume which I found in a library in the city of Spring Garden.

It was written by Addison during his sojourn in that city, in the year 1720, and is in the form of a letter, supposed to be written to a friend on earth. In it he essays to portray the expansion of mind he has experienced in his new home through the magnetic influence of thought-language:

"Behold the far-off luminary suspended millions and billions and trillions of miles in space; then turn the eye yonder and see that infinitesimal point of vegetation, earth—a speck, countless multitudes of which heaped and piled together would form but a point compared with that majestic sun!

"Yet behold it move and expand beneath the long fibrous rays which that effulgent orb sends down through so many billions of miles to the place of its minute existence. Even as that poor little existence shoots out its fibres to meet those rays which have travelled such great lengths, so a spirit in the spheres feels the quickening, effulgent rays thrown out by the brain of some prophet or poet existing millions and billions and trillions of miles away on some distant spirit planet, and his thought expands and enlarges beneath the warming action of that far-off brain, until it assumes a shape and form which its own emulation never prophesied."



# A Prophecy of the Next Five Years

## WAR—and then Rumors

By *Thaddeus Miles*

THERE WILL be much agitation with foreign countries. Much internal strife.

The moneyed men of the Western world will unite to break the hemlocks of foreign entanglements and will be very successful for two years in maintaining peace. After that there will be skirmishes between smaller nations. But the United States of America will maintain her coast guards without serious trouble.

The internal trouble will be financial and religious; there will be word bombardments and arguments will rise high. The church will declare itself against new isms and will try, legally, to sustain her position of policing the world for Heaven. In the hotbeds there will be riots between factions; also race riots more pronounced than in the past; uprisings both in the North and the South on the questions of the rights and privileges of the colored races.

A powder bed only needs a match and a feud between the races will start like a wild fire; much damage will be done before order can be restored.

Trouble will break out anew in the United States army. New scandals will reduce the confidence of the people to the breaking point; but we maintain our equilibrium in the face of all dangers that threaten us from a foreign neighbor whom we now look upon as a friend.

The President's chair will be vacated for the first time in the history of the United States for a civil offense.

Treachery and deceit abound and, through the expose of high officials, great truth will be brought to light, which will throw the people of America upon their own resources. Chaos will threaten, but a leader will arise and stem the tide which will threaten to overwhelm us; prosperity will be blighted, but enough seed will be saved that our country will not perish, although the enemy now operating in the guise of a friend will succeed in damaging our ports and some of our coast cities somewhat; but America will arise supreme, as she always does in the hour of great trial.

Great losses by fire and water will damage crops; 1925 is a feast year; 1926, a famine year; '27 and '28 will begin the period of destruction; 1929 will bring a new reign of terror from pestilence; fleas, bugs and rodents will multiply like the sands; 1930 will begin a period of reconstruction, constructively carried on, after which men will live by their brain rather than by their brawn.

A new invention for communication through the air waves will be perfected, and the present radio will be discarded.

A new flying machine which creates its own power will sail the air, and the waterways will be used for water power and irrigation rather than for sailboats.

The war-gods throughout the world will be dethroned, for they will have nothing to hold office for. The people want peace and they will have peace, no matter what the cost. \* \* \* \* \*

In twenty years the face of the world will have changed so completely that a man of today will look back and say: "Little did I think when I crossed the ocean in that dirigible that man would be able to project himself, without the aid of any instrument, anywhere in the world, and do business without any delay from tied-up traffic."

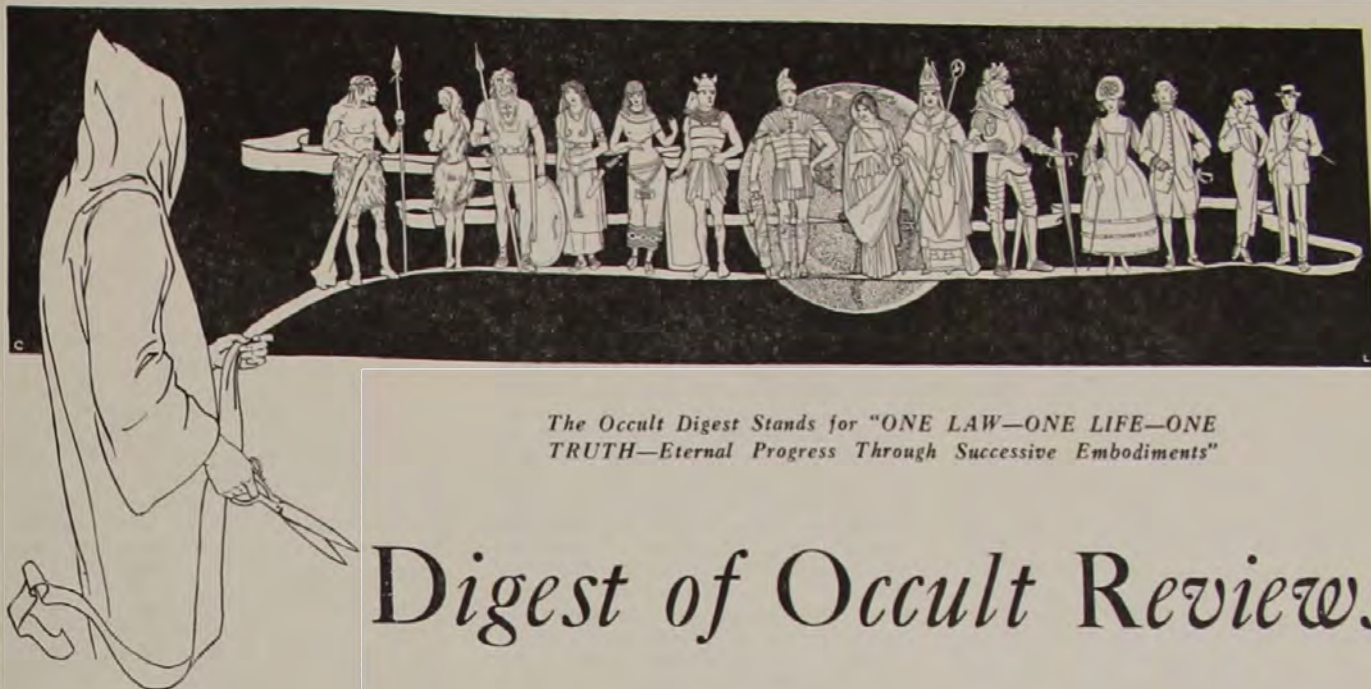
The mind chambers of man will invent ways and means to utilize the now wasted brain power of man. The art of projecting the body any distance will be taught in our public schools; for then we will have reached a point in our *moral* evolution so that the refined physical body will be able to respond to the finer vibrations of Nature's forces; and thus be able to do what a very limited number are doing today. When men and women learn this art, gun toting will be unnecessary and jails will diminish. The child will be born *free* from the handicap of the father, for the human race will learn how to bring forth its offspring without suffering, which will lessen greatly the total of deformed and depraved children. The law of consequence is unerring and effects always follow causes.

There is a hard struggle ahead for the worker—the tiller of the soil—but prosperity and a lasting peace will give the world a new impetus.

A WILL to do the work of Wisdom and to stand the test of Divine Flame is built up to fitness through a long, weary process in many embodiments wherein the soul awakens to a knowledge of its true mission in life and obeys its primal urge, which is the expression of God's consciousness in the world of form.

—Burton C. Brown





The Occult Digest Stands for "ONE LAW—ONE LIFE—ONE TRUTH—Eternal Progress Through Successive Embodiments"

## Digest of Occult Reviews

Psychology for December, 1924, touches on every theme of human emotion. To mention the names of a few of the good contributors would not be fair to the rest; so we will just make a brief synopsis of the sky lines as follows. "The Paralysis of Faith," "Know Thy Neighbor," "What Is in Your Child?" "Strike Out Into Mid-Stream," "Do It Today," "A Visit with Mary Allen," "Children and Unhappy Homes." Every article filled with the touch of life—so real, so human, that it makes the old mill grind finer the broken grains.

"Character Reading," a new bi-monthly, well printed and illustrated, is instructive to all interested in Character Delineation.

Edna Purdy Walsh in "Character Reading Magazine" talks about wrinkles; in part she says, "Don't fear wrinkles! It isn't the number of years we live which makes wrinkles!"

"It is the number of 'age thoughts' we think which cause the wrinkles of age, and the number of 'youth thoughts' we think which causes the wrinkles of youth."

"Wrinkles of youth are perpetually beautiful."

We glean from these terse remarks that wrinkles are bearers of messages to us. They talk for character. We should thus study our wrinkles, reveal their cause, cultivate them if they are trustworthy and eradicate them if they bear witness to the contrary. Mrs. Walsh suggests that "we govern our wrinkles by eating and thinking right."

In "Nautilus," Thomas Parker Boyd in his article on "The Will to Be Well" says, "In a varied experience covering the years of an ordinary life, I have found that one will not do and keep on doing the things that should be done for health unless a strong motive for action can be found. Strangely enough, motive is always grounded on self interest. The two points upon which all human actions turn are curiosity and self interest. What is the thing and in what way will it further my purpose? That is the appeal that health or any other proposition must make before effective action can be secured. Will power grows by exercising it consciously. Every undertaking resolutely carried out strengthens the

will. Direct the attention to something you see so intently that you do not hear, and soon you can go to sleep in a boiler factory."

In the same issue, Brown Landone's article "Healing Without Failure" says: "We talk a great deal about New Thought. Many people write about it; many people teach it; hundreds of classes are given; hundreds of thousands attend classes; and millions of people make affirmations consciously or unconsciously in accord with what is taught as New Thought." He asks, "Have you ever stopped to realize that the first word of 'New Thought' is as essential as the second?" He emphasizes, "New Thought is thinking New Thought, which is the essential thing;" and draws the attention to the astounding contradiction by telling us that "an affirmation repeated over and over again, day after day, or year after year, is not a new thought after it is first conceived." "That it was only a new thought to you, the first day you recognized and accepted it."

In "The Golden Rule Magazine" Dr. Claude Wm. Chamberlain asks: "Do the Bumps on Your Head Mean Anything?" In answering the question he says: "The experienced, vocational analyst needs only to be given a hearing to prove that there is not only 'something to it,' but that he has much that can be proven and demonstrated readily."

"The scientific analyst does not 'feel the bumps' as did the early phrenologist. He depends upon accurate measurement with an instrument or by mental measurement with the trained eye. Neither does he depend upon the skull for his data, but takes into consideration the physiognomy, the body build, complexion, actions, expressions, the history of the ancestors, the early environment, education, and a host of other physical and mental factors. By depending upon the physical alone, he may be correct a large portion of the time. But when he goes into the psychological examination, psycho-analysis, mental tests in similar methods, he will be certain of any opinion or advice that he has to offer. He does not tell a man that he must follow the profession of salesman as a life work and must not consider any other occupa-

tion. He explains that there is other work that the man may be fitted for that will yield equal success. And, if all the characteristics point to work of a certain wide nature, the selection of a particular field may be left to the individual."

Luella F. Phelan, speaking of "The Immutability Law" says, "The laws under which we live are designed solely for our advantage. These laws are immutable and we can not escape from their operation, but it is within our power to place ourselves in harmony with them. No man is ever created without the inherent power within himself to help himself."

"The law of the harvest is soil, sun, rain and work. Nature is kind. She gives us the soil; she gives us the sunshine; she gives us the rain; and then she says, obey my law and do your part. Plant the seed in my soil, use my sunshine and my rain; keep the weeds out, and we will have a wonderful harvest."

"Nature's law is unimpeachable.... there is no Higher Court of Appeal. She does not inquire into the infinitesimal affairs of individuals; she does not care whether they are Christian or Atheist; she only demands obedience and rewards the individual in the ratio of his observance to her laws. *Individuals do not break the law, but break themselves against the law, and for every violation he must pay the debt in full. Figure this out from every angle of your life, and then see if the cause of all your disappointments and failures—all of your success, harmony and happiness—do not come from the use of the power within yourself.*"

"The Law of success is, quantity, quality and service. Every human being intrigued by success, but comparatively few understand how to reach it. The majority look for it with external vision, whereas it must be developed from within."

Contributors to *Health and Life Magazine* touch the very mainspring of being. Benedict Lust, M.D., in his article "The Right Way to Harden the Body," says: "To harden your constitution you must give attention to the necessary circulation of material in your body. Breathe plenty of good, pure air, so as not only to permit, but to intensify, the combusive



process. Keep your skin clean and try to harden your body by promoting a free perspiration which creates resistance." Bernard Bernard gives his opinion in an article on "Facts About Birth Control." Let us quote in part what he says about the "Abolition of the Double Standard of Morality." "Today, among a great many people there is a much broader, a much more sensible and more moral outlook on these matters. It is now recognized by all sincere thinkers, teachers and moralists that the sex life is essential to happiness and health in marriage. At the same time it is beginning to be recognized that there must be one and the same standard for men as for women. If it is right for a man to indulge extramaritally, then this right must be accorded to women. Those who are free from the old fashioned conceptions regarding sex are far from wanting to extend the ancient privileges of men to women, however, but are rather bringing both men and women where sex becomes a means to an end, to be indulged in as an expression of love in marriage only."

In "How to Live Up to Your Best Moment," Harry Berkman says: "Read books," he emphasizes the fact that "the thoughts we think form a path. As the path becomes deeper, we say it becomes a rut. Growing still deeper it becomes a grave in which we bury our possibilities. We read books to think in different paths."

"So, if a man would be alert, he must read. He must not stay within the narrow confines of his own thoughts, but must branch out."

The editor of Health and Life gives a timely prophecy on "The Future Diet of Mankind," in which he puts the flat question, "Why Cut Out the Appendix When You Can Eat Vegetables?"

From "Reason" we quote from an article entitled "Are There Criminal Ghosts?" by detective Drew Hughes who believes he has traced a club of New York Crooks who operate under the guidance of evil spirits and tells of messages from good spirits, which he says were written by his own planchette.

In part he says, "I do not attempt to explain the how or the why or the whence of the 'spiritograms,' as the alleged telegrapher on the 'confines of the spirit world' calls the planchette writings, but I do know that some of the methods suggested have borne good results and that counts for much in this practical age." Mrs. Hughes, also a detective, says "crime is organized." "Secret groups are controlled by clever captains, who are in turn generated by master grafters, who divide their time between the day of politics and the night of systemized plundering. This fraternity of evil workers is world wide, and is made up of the dangerous element in every country. In saying this I am saying nothing new, for it was known or suspected before we were led into the new field of study. The skeptical scientist, therefore, may attribute the planchette writing to unconscious cerebrations, but we have evidence that this is inconsistent with such a theory. As detectives, schooled to notice the slightest evidence of fraud, we are entitled to respect when we say we insist on the authenticity of the planchette writings, and, therefore offer them as possessing scientific value."

The oldest and most prominent of Theosophical magazines, *The Theosophist*, published by Dr. Annie Besant, deserves credit for its many good articles; now as ever. In its November issue, the last one to reach us, the Editor-

in-Chief is still looking out from her watch-tower and tells us something of what she sees. L. E. Tristram writes about Infant Prodigious; most of them are from America, and not a few from California. Emer Alpha asks us: "How Much Owest Thou?" and wants us to acknowledge our debts. A. Horne writes entertainingly of "The Spirit of China" and an Indian student continues to teach us "Symbolism." This fine sketch is well worth perusal by any one who likes to find out about hidden things. G. Gibson Chambers asks, "Has Christianity Failed?" and puts it up to his readers to find out. A well-known Parsee writer, N. D. Khandalawala, writes about "Dualism in the Avasta" (we used to call the book *Zend Avesta*). He finds a most decided duality there, contradicting another Parsee, who had written before in the magazine and tried to explain away that dualism, in the light of the Hindu Scriptures. Then comes the serial by Bishop C. W. Leadbeater, "The Lives of Alcyone," which will particularly interest those who believe in reincarnation and the possibility of "reading the Akashic records." "Whose Lives" are as interesting as a good story, apart from their being the clairvoyant visions of a modern Seer and relating to a young Hindu of unusual accomplishments. Leo French, the astrologer, writes about the "Life Side of Astrology" for which we are grateful, being usually offered only in its form side. In "The Letter That Killeth," Mrs. Margaret E. Cousins tells us about the remarkable Russian musician, Seriabine. She calls him a "Theosophist Master Musician," which is undoubtedly correct, since he became inspired in his work by his famous countrywoman, Helen Petrovna Blavtsky. The signature "L. E. T." writes about "Recent Discoveries in Mexico."

*The Messenger*, journal of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, has sent out its Christmas number and starts with a short article by C. Jinarajadasa, Vice President of the International T. S. in which "A Wreck" gets interested in life once more by being treated lovingly and called "Brother" by a stranger, who came into the lunch room where the "wreck" had drifted in. Mrs. Hilda Wood writes about "Practical Brotherhood in America," and there is a little piece about the "Fairies." A. P. Warrington writes about "Adyar Day," reminding his readers how much Theosophists owe to that spiritual center and heart of the T. S. P. K. Roest writes and asks: "A Whim or a Work?" A good many may think that it is enough with "a whim"; whereas "a work" is just the thing for every one. Fritz Kunz tells us a little about "The Fundamental Tynes" of people, how they see things and what they can do. Then Vida Stone speaks to us about "Youth's Spirit of Christmas."

"*The Beacon*," the little monthly magazine, does not call itself a Theosophical magazine, but the writers in it are Theosophists, even if not all of them, at present, belong to any Theosophical lodges. In "The Beacon's" November number we find a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "There is Nothing But God," emphasizing the Omnipresence of Divinity. Alice du Pont Ortiz has written about "The Significance of Six Stages of Meditation"; then come chapters V to VII of that extraordinarily masterful serial, "The Builders of Nature," by Dr. J. Bonggren. From the Will Levington Comfort letters a quotation is given concerning a recently published book "The Mahatma Letters." That book is of un-

usual interest to Theosophists, being letters received by Messrs. A. P. Sinnett and A. O. Hume from two Tibetan Masters, and published by a lady, who received the letters from Mr. Sinnett shortly before his death in 1923, to be disposed of at her discretion. The issue is brought to a close by very interesting and instructive "Hints for Students" and by "Twelve Lessons in the Yoga Sutras of Patanjali" by Mrs. Alice A. Bailey, who some years ago, when *The Messenger* was published at Krotina, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Calif., was the editor of that official magazine for the American Section of the Theosophical Society.

The *Astrological Bulletin*, an every day counselor, issued quarterly; edited by Llewellyn George, gives a personal touch to each reader's life, summing up the total account by setting guides for every day. Bad days; good days; when to plant to get the best results. In short, it covers all advantageous points. Horoscope of President Coolidge in its December issue offers some interesting sidelights.

The "American Astrological Student Adept," a magazine of interest to astrologers in every field presents an interesting article by Max Schultz entitled "The Poisoned Boy."

It is to be regretted, in the editor's opinion, that those newspapers and periodicals who attempt to publish horoscopic indications giving lucky days for Board of Trade operators fail to specify that these general reports only indicate, in their broadest sense, general information. What may be a lucky day for one is an unlucky day for another. Scientific analysis, exactly correct data, and most painstaking mathematical calculation with close application, alone can give the inquirer that which he expects.

"*The Human Microphone*," an interesting article by Lida E. West in "Rays from the Rosy Cross," shows how a human being can broadcast and make himself a regular "broadcasting station," providing, of course, he is sufficiently sensitized to "tune in" to receive the "soul's voice." Its study is of interest to occultists as it forecasts a matter-of-fact reality that may become operative in the near future.

Max Heindel's elucidating article "The Myth of the Mistletoe" reveals the origin and occult meaning.

## THE DIVORCE COURTS ARE A NUISANCE BECAUSE THE LAW IS WRONG.

When two people can not agree, let them separate peaceably.

When a man and wife can not agree, let them contract to take care of their children and pledge, not to take on other obligations that will prevent them living to their pledge. The divorce courts are a nuisance because the law is wrong. Husbands and wives should agree to the following pledge and then ask the court to honor it:

### PLEDGE

I do hereby pledge to not take upon myself another obligation that will prevent me from living up to the letter of my pledge to my ——— and children; to assist in the care, the training and support of my children until such a time as they are equipped and able to care for themselves. Signed.....

A movement to arrest the wholesale destruction of the children of divorced people should be in operation. The children of divorced people are to be pitied for they are more maligned than an orphan child or one who found its way here through the lust of irresponsible men and women.



# On the Principles of the Occult

By C. H. A. Bjerregaard

IT IS self evident that nobody can thoroughly understand a science or an art unless he has a solid grip upon their first or fundamental principle.

Is there a book on the first principles of the Occult? It seems that nobody has published such a book unless The Secret Doctrine of H. P. Blavatsky be taken by occultists as a correct epitome of the documents from which it was drawn and the records from which its philosophy was constructed.

Is such a book impossible, perhaps? I have not come across a book, such as I think of it. I have found many notes on the occult, "studies" and "thoughts" leading in the right direction. From the standpoints of some of the occult sciences and arts, certain professors have defined what they call the Occult, but their platforms not being broad enough, their definitions are defective and limited. Others have made suggestions caused by certain of their "discoveries" or as a result of practices. But all these contributions are not of a special philosophical value. *We need a philosophy of the Occult.*

As a suggestion for some one, able to do it, I will set forth a number of questions and some thoughts arranged so that if fully understood and properly answered, they will lay the foundation for a work on "The First Principles of the Occult", and hope that some one able to do it will produce such a book or write a series of articles in this magazine on the subject.

*The Occult: What, whence or how is it?*

Is it subjective or objective?—A quantity or a quality?—impersonal or personal?—masculine or feminine?—of mind: Will or intellect?—of sense or super-sense?—Or, is it, perhaps, of no such nature or character?—Is it original or a product?—Is it of time, space or motion? Is it Being or the Becoming? Many questions, though really only one.

*Of what power?*

If the Occult be the mother-power or the father-power, how can it be proved? Is the child in its subconscious energy the evidence or is the magicians consciousness the demonstration?

If the answer is that the Occult is Being, who can step out of Being and demonstrate it? If the answer is that the Occult is the Becoming, who can hold it long enough under control to make it respond to a question?

If the answer has no power, then it is no answer. Or can evidence be given without demonstration of power?

*Is the Occult the same today as in ancient days?*

It is claimed that we have more knowledge today than the ancients. If so, in what does this knowledge consist? Would it manifest the Occult differently to us, than the Occult appeared to the prehistoric Chinese, for inst.

It is also claimed that we know less than the ancients. If so, what do those mean, who say it? Their assertion would imply that they knew what the ancients knew.

In either case, the purport of my question is this: Do we depend upon knowledge in our mystic quest?

*The Question again.*

Knowledge may be called our left hand and Method our right. Ordinarily we act by the right hand or by Method, viz., in a systematic way if we expect

certain results. What is the Method with the Occult?

Shall we work in the laboratory or in the Open? The ancients probably knew the methods of observation, deduction and induction. Do we know any other and better? Or, is there, perhaps, with the Occult a Method entirely different? Perhaps we should work without any known method, viz., in a way which is not methodical.

We are in the habit of thinking of the Occult as bound by law, order, rhythm, etc. But, perhaps, it is not so constituted. Even our notions of freedom may not apply to it.

Maybe we should do as some Nature-Mystics do. When they go into the deep forests, they let the trees close the entrance behind them and they leave all individual traits outside. They check or close their outgoing perceptions or feelings. They do not look at the trees, they are, being looked at. Though they were made to feel that they are intruders and shiver under the Stars of Solitude, and, they tremble under the shouts of the Silence, the fascination of the Solitude opens inner paths. They are not crushed.

*Intensity.*

In treaties on the Occult, various methods are recommended, such as, exertion of will power, profound thinking, exact harmonical rules and rights, interpretations of entrance, flight of birds, movements of winds and storms, enunciations of formulas or solemn and secret words, casting dice or laying of cards, etc., etc., but I fail to find much emphasis laid upon Intensity. May be Intensity is a first principle and for that reason not often mentioned but understood, because it seems so simple. But, is this not a mistake? Is not the primary most essential?

*Intensity, the Personal Factor.*

Intensity means, of course, concentration upon self. Concentration functions as intensity. A mental picture can have no intensity in itself, but it can and must be placed in right accord to the personal note. And so must all other faculties and they together with the collective personality act as the Nature—Mystic described above. When that is being done, the subjective and objective are a unit and that unit removes all limitations. It is not a unit of degrees, it is absolute.

*Accuracy.*

In the books much stress is laid upon accuracy and that suggests that most failures result from inaccuracy. And so it must be that failure results if the Occult is harmonious, systematic, etc. Because on that theory the experiment must attune with the Universal.

But if the Occult is not harmonious or rhythmic and the Universal is not organized as it is supposed to be but exists on a different plane; what then about Accuracy? What then is the cause of failure?

Accuracy is formal. Intensity is not; it belongs to essence; it is a quality of another order. Who can tell us which? Who knows how to be intense? May be Intensity is a term for another higher Accuracy!

Let this be enough for the present. When the questions have been answered we can talk again and by means of crucibles, magnets, fires, etc., etc., with things which some Occultists call illusions, others Science.

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# Individuality and Personality

By F. Milton Willis

Individuality is the term used to denote the soul; personality, that used to denote so much of the soul as is put out during any one incarnation, to serve as the representative of the soul in these lower worlds, the physical, astral and lower mental.

The soul of man is a permanent, eternal unity of form and spirit into which are gathered, by the successive personalities which it launches upon the sea of generation, a vast treasure of experiences. By this gathering of experiences the soul constantly grows, however slowly, and however little the personality, the John Smith, the Martha Brown, it has thrown outward into physical life, realizes that it (the personality) is but a partial expression of a great interior life to serve which is the very meaning and end of its existence. The soul may be old and richly experienced, and hence able to command the services of an efficient agent, who obeys its least behest; or it may be young, with comparatively few lives to its credit, and hence able to command the services of but an indifferent representative, who most often goes his own way, blundering around among the things of life and seeming to gather in exceedingly little of value to his principal.

The personality is but a wonderful instrument which, by means of thoughts, desires and actions, gathers materials for the nourishment and growth of the celestial one, the soul. John Smith, it should be remembered, is not the soul; he is but one role which that immortal actor is playing. He is the semi-independent representative which the soul has sent forth to contact the physical, astral and lower mental worlds in order to gain for itself as many of their elements of wisdom as is yet possible for it.

The personality is a more or less elevated type of animality, consisting of physical body, astral body and lower mental body, which, except in very rare and horrible cases, is tenanted by a being from above (the divine spark, a fragment of the Divine Being, clothed in the matter of the higher mental world) which has descended for the purpose of rounding out its individual knowledge of the solar universe, in order that it may win an ever-increasing share in the work of the Divine Economy.

The personality is our lower self, and being animated in itself by two of the three great streams of divine life, namely, that which sustains the materials of which the personality is composed and that which keeps them constantly shaped into form, and being also capable of recording impressions from the outside world and of elaborating them into feelings and thoughts, it can exist without its principal, the individuality, or soul. Consequently, in the earlier stages of evolution, before the soul gained control of it, it acknowledges but slight, if any, dependence upon its principal, and follows its own irresponsible desires, seeming to gather in but little of value to the soul, indeed appearing to do it more harm by far than it does good. Up to a certain point, however, it is consoling to know, what from the ordinary point of view seem to be terrible errors, are accomplishing in the doer indispensable good; they are developing in the soul keenness, alertness, discrimination, judgment, courage, determination and many other valuable qualities.

The soul is constantly endeavoring, according to its development, to guide its agent aright, to control him and set him at work on those experiences which best subserve its growth. Conscience is the voice of the soul attempting to lead its agent from dangers or direct him into channels of benefit, according to the wisdom the soul has already gained. We should beware, however, of thinking that this inner voice speaks always the highest truth. It does not. *Conscience speaks valuable truths for each person at his particular stage of evolution.* This is an important fact. It lies at the root of tolerance. It is necessary to be known, if we are to understand what is meant by the "brotherhood of man." Conscience grows as experience grows. It is principally by pain that conscience is built into us as life follows life. Painful experiences, indicating that a law of Nature has been broken by us, are like other experiences indelibly recorded in our memory, and these records are gradually worked up into that phase of the soul-memory called conscience, chiefly after the death of the body. Consequently the more lives a soul has lived on Earth and therefore the more experience it has gained, the more universally valid will be its judgment of right and wrong, the wiser its conscience. A savage, for example, is but a young soul needing the experiences of savage life to subserve its growth; yet even an utter savage has a conscience. It may perhaps reproach him for neglect of duty in not killing as many enemies as he should have killed or not torturing them with becoming fiendishness; nevertheless such a conscience corresponds with his stage of development, and is right for him. Woe, though, to the degraded consciences, such as those so conspicuous in ecclesiastical history, which, with such delectation, doomed hundreds of thousands of innocent fellow-beings to unspeakable torture! Even such consciences will finally, in a long succession of Earth-lives, grow pure, and, as the consciences of gentlemen and gentlewomen, become so tender and solicitous as to direct at them the keenest reproaches for the least thoughtless word or act which has brought to another even the slightest twinge of pain. Each of us at one time had the conscience of the lowest of savages. Each of us shall in the far future have a conscience beside which that of today will seem brutal indeed. The knowledge of this indicates what our attitude should be toward those below us in the scale of intelligence and morality. They are obviously younger brothers in the great human family, whom we should be patient with and endeavor to help.

What almost infinite patience it takes to guide and control these personalities of ours, to keep them out of mischief and force them into ways of growth! How often do they not deliberately proceed to do that which we do not want them to do, and how often do they not refuse to do that which we want them to do! So long as we strive to control them, all is well with us, no matter how grievous their errors. But when the soul permits its agent, without opposition, to do that which it believes to be wrong; that is, to do that which it believes to be in direct opposition to the soul's development, this is sin and is distinctly injurious. Sin is the deliberate ignoring by the soul of an

obstacle upon its path of evolution; it is the doing of a wrong act or the entertainment of evil desires or thoughts with knowledge that it is wrong. The knowledge, to be sure, may not be complete; nevertheless, the result of even the slightest knowledge must be some hindrance to the growth of the soul. The harm, in the age long evolution of the soul, can be but temporary, however, for the trouble and pain resulting inevitably from the breaking of law will strengthen the conscience by augmenting the knowledge. The commission of sin is like the building by a person of a more or less formidable barricade across a path which he must pursue. He may build it out of mere bravado. Then it will be high and obstinate like his temper. He may build it for some seeming benefit to himself, as, for instance, for shelter from the elements and for personal comfort, as when a man by defrauding others acquires sufficient wealth to render further striving unnecessary, or by disgraceful subterfuges seeks to escape the storms of righteous indignation he has brought upon himself. These walls must certainly be removed, and their building and removal involve the loss of much valuable time that might otherwise have been spent on the path toward the goal.

These personalities, these highly developed animals, can, however, be trained and brought to a wonderful state of subjection. Little by little, we can compel them to forego their desires and act in strict obedience to our wishes; and by our forcing them to work for us, their masters, there are built into them the qualities of obedience, patience, devotion, sympathy, etc., which it is necessary for them to possess in order that we may express ourselves through them adequately and thus subserve our higher evolution.

So far as attitude toward the world is concerned, the essence of personality, is *getting*; that of individuality, is *giving*. Desires for the self pertain to the animal in us, and at a certain stage must be killed out if we are to grow further.

Sacrifice, the glad giving to others of that which will benefit them, pertains to the soul and is a mark of spiritual development. It is possible to so eradicate the personality with the light of the soul that naught of the animal, or lower selfhood, will remain—only a clear conception of the needs of others and our own high prerogative of helping. In other words, when we have dominated the lower self, we can perceive most clearly wherein others are lacking and can pour forth from our own true self the gracious influences needed for their helping, can vibrate in sympathy with the suffering of others and in the midst of it use our clear reason in an endeavor to alleviate that suffering.

Our work here, in the lives before us, is the cleansing of the personalities we are to live in, beginning with that one which we are at present inhabiting. We are to do this by *right thinking, right feeling and right acting according to our light*; we are to do it by killing out our selfish desires, by which is meant the eradication of every inclination that would substitute the mine for the thine, when another would not be benefited thereby; we are to do it by the deliberate consecration of ourselves to the service

(Continued on page 44)



# How to Discover the Involuntary Mind

*Make Your Days Golden by Developing Your Involuntary Mind*

Your brains are a pair of lungs and must be kept healthy.

There is no age limit to the brain if it breathes right.

Man is still an unconscious Being—awaken your sleeping brain.

Develop your brain by constructive thinking.

All thought of whatsoever nature or kind, lies in the Universe. The function of the brain is to draw in this supply. The brain breathes the thought in the same manner as the lungs breathe the air. Your brain is a pair of lungs and must be kept open. The human brain catches the idea and sets it into words and phrases; it is most necessary then for the individual to record the best thoughts. The brain is a set of sieves and if any one of the sieves gets clogged, the result is a volley of bad ideas thrown off. Prayer was instituted for the purpose of sieving; through the process of prayer these sieves vibrate and cleanse themselves. Emotion is brain vibration. In children these sieves are unobstructed. Nature has provided splendidly for her products but the products themselves, the human race, have woefully abused her gifts.

Your involuntary mind can only be discovered by yourself and can be made to serve you through command. It is most useful to you in times of great distress, pain and sickness. It acts independently of any other mind but does not always act to your advantage. The involuntary mind is impulsive, but once it is discovered by the individual, it can be directed and be of immeasurable service.

The involuntary mind controls all muscles and nerves of the body. Get the attention of the involuntary mind; then decide on some special thing you desire a certain muscle to do; the hand, perhaps; think of the thing you wish that hand to do, and command it to act. If in action, command it to cease action.

Man is an unconscious being, acting almost wholly unconsciously; we do and say things continuously, without thought or knowledge of results. We act on impulse in matters which we should govern and then excuse ourselves by saying we did not think or we were too busy to think.

There is no age limit, no set time to discover this mind; you may stumble upon it but once your attention is called to it, you will act on the suggestion and gain consciousness of it.

The involuntary mind might be called the *contrary* mind, but we prefer to call it the balancing mind, for it consists of pulleys and weights. It is the mind you calculate with; it is the mind you steer with; it tells you whom to trust and whom not to trust. In fact, the involuntary mind is the watchman and without this watchman, we would be lost; but we can get acquainted with this watchman and learn how to assist him in his duties. Have you a grouch? Did somebody hurt your feelings? Call the watchman; he will dispel it at once. Does any part of your body feel depressed? Call the watchman; it is his duty to revive. Does your liver not act as it should? Direct the involuntary mind to the liver, likewise to the heart, the stomach, the eyes, the joints, in fact any part of your body which is not giving you full service. The involuntary mind is your doctor, your lawyer, your judge and your

Do not make excuses—they clog the brain sieves.

You are the Master and must be alert, acting, demanding if you would awaken to full consciousness of the capacity and duties of your Involuntary Mind, both while waking and sleeping.

dictator; but if this mind is left in obscurity it can not act to its full capacity; it must be called into action by you in order to give you conscious service which, ample: You hurt yourself; direct all your in other words, means direct service. Ex-force to that part of the body with the intent of overcoming the pain. After one or two trials you will be able to prevent the pain thereby avoiding swelling of parts or undesirable soreness.

The individual could so train himself as to have absolute control over all parts and particles of his body. Religion with its false teaching and misrepresentations of Nature's laws has robbed us of the use of our bodies, which Nature so lavishly bestows upon us.

Do not concentrate; meditate. Sit down with yourself a few moments each day and think about your body; its wonderful mechanism and the uses this great throbbing body can be put to. Ask yourself a few decent questions such as, what have I done for the upkeep of this priceless possession? Am I at this time giving it the care, the assistance I should? Am I poisoning my blood? Am I abusing in any way the delicate fibers of this body by any act on my part? Look the question square in the face. Are you functioning in all or a part of your body?

The involuntary mind is a lazy watchman; a careless physician; a shifting lawyer and an unjust judge if left alone.

You are the master and must be alert, active, demanding, if you would have any of these servants of your body serve you right.

Your involuntary mind has control of two-thirds of the activities of your whole life, waking or sleeping; in action or out of action; it is incumbent upon you to get service worth while.

Observe a few rules. Watch your speech; keep the checker working. Watch your step; keep the gate guard busy. Watch the creator of your thought; don't let him market inferior goods for you; even at the end of the day, be on the job yourself to balance your books. Know where everything is; carry the key yourself; answer to none. Be the goat as well as the lamb. Keep the rubbish pile empty and, in a few months of being on the job with your involuntary mind in service, you will feel like a new person and will be happy in your own company. The movies will not interest you for entertainment. If you go at all, it will be to learn something, and in the end, you will have given the best service to the boy and girl that was ever given. You will have raised the standard of the stage from the *destroyer* of the mind to the *creator* of mind.

Do not waste time lamenting over what is past but watch yourself today that you do not waste the future. Make your days golden days by developing your involuntary mind NOW.

Men and women who achieve great things do so by putting their minds to the task and sticking to it until it is done.

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# Reaching Mars by Thought Waves

By C. H. McDermott

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The discovery of the movements of forces through the ether as shown by radio sound waves has opened up fields of research and has aroused the imagination of many scientists as to the possibilities of the unknown. Even mysteries of the spiritual life are doubted—and for the time being justly so. That which we knew yesterday to belong to the mysterious and which we must take on faith has been altered by the discovery of actual forces which prove to us that the forces that are not perceived by the five senses are a reality and must not be taken for granted.

This year the planet Mars came closer to the Earth by some twenty-four million miles, in its travels through the cosmos, than it had for many, many years. In the light of present day development of astronomy all of the students of the large observatories were keenly alert to the opportunity of discovering whether Mars was inhabited by life organism, and if inhabited by animal life, then whether or not there is the possibility of habitation on Mars by humans. Photographs taken by the astronomers together with their deductions prove conclusively that the atmosphere about Mars is sufficient to sustain animal life. It is reasoned further because the planet Mars being older than the Earth, therefore the development of animal life is farther advanced than the Earth. It necessarily follows that the development of human life is farther advanced. There may be modifications to the physical development brought about, no doubt, by the rarity of the atmosphere and a lower average temperature. These variations, however, would not interfere with the mental development of such human beings; if anything, they would produce an environment to enhance a higher degree of mental development.

The fact that the planet Mars is older than the Earth, and that life thereon has been in continuous existence for a greater period of time than on the Earth, the mental development of the inhabitants, no doubt, has reached a higher state of perfection. This being so, Martians are, no doubt, using our recently discovered radio waves for the transmissions of sounds and many other modern devices. They also, no doubt, are using the forces just recently discovered that enables the transfer of thoughts by thought waves.

Hypnotism is, comparatively speaking, a modern science. Mesmerism and the other so called fore-runners of Hypnotism were in process of discovery in the eighteenth century. In the nineteenth century they crystallized into the form of science known as Hypnotism, which was clearly enunciated in 1840. Even up to this year, the discovery of the particular force that enables the operator to control the subject at a distance had not been analyzed and set apart from other forces. It is that force, observed objectively and used by all hypnotists, that makes possible the transfer of ideas between two subliminal minds.

Telepathy or the transfer of ideas from one mind to the other was put to a test in 1890 by Dr. Cook. The test was made, transferring ideas from Chicago to Boston and vice versa at a particular time between two individuals. Verification of the test proved the correct transfer of the idea. There was a variation,

however, in the name of the idea. More recent tests have confirmed the possibility of the correct transfer of ideas from place to place, demonstrating that material obstacles and distance are no bar to the operation. I will not go into the reason or the analysis of the subject explaining how it is possible for ideas to be transferred foregoing the obstacles of distance and any other obstacle of a solid matter. Suffice it to say that thought waves being of a much higher order than any waves of the material forces (the sound waves of the radio being the highest form observable to us today) it is safe to reason that all of the material substances would not hinder or retard the traveling of thought waves, they being of a higher order of vibration and finer in form.

The atmosphere surrounding the Earth consists of much gaseous substance which is material only in the form of gases would be means of conveyance of many forms of vibration of the material order, particularly sound. As to light, such gases would retard the conveyance of the vibrations. The thought waves or idea transference that is observable in hypnosis can be used by the same method of operation to transfer the idea to any subliminal mind on any part of the Earth. The speed of transference of the idea is almost instantaneous. If these methods of operation demonstrated the feasibility of such transference of ideas there is every reason to believe that if the minds are in the same state of subjectivity, whether they both be on Earth or one be on another planet, the transference of the idea would take place.

The method used to permit such a process might seem intricate; nevertheless, it is possible. We find instances in hypnotized subjects where an uneducated subject is able to declaim in excellent language, which is the language of the operator and not the subject; also instances where the subject sings very beautifully, which is the singing of the operator or a reproduction of a memory of a noted singer. It would follow that a subject on the Earth and the operator on another planet, the subject here would utter the language of the operator, and enunciate the message that the operator is giving; and the modern recording devices could make a record of such symbols of sound which could be deciphered and the key of language could be determined. By patiently following out this process and discovering the language used further advances could be made for the transferring of the knowledge of people from one planet to the other. This will be an interesting occupation for those who are proficient in the use of hypnotic forces.

IN the quietude of Nature one tunes in with the forces of creation, the quality of which depends on his own quality of being. If he is destructive in his motive, forces of that type will impress him to action of this nature; while the opposite tendencies attract vibrations of love, beauty and harmony, giving one the urge to music, poetry and art. In other words, like attracts like on all planes of consciousness. Knowing this, one should use care in the selection of his thoughts, that he may always find himself in select company.

—Burton C. Brown.



# The Sunbeam and The Soul

By Louis Lisemer

THE CRUCIBLE of the Soulist is in the laboratory of the dream. The alchemist's crucible is for the purpose of finding the diamond in the dew-drop and gold in lead. The Soulist is more desirous of discovering the dew-drop in the diamond and the sunbeam in the gold. Soulism is knit in sunbeams.

Man has a spiritual nature, which distinguishes him from the brute-creation. In their conception of religion, thinkers who reason from the known to the unknown, are considering two postulates:

1. That God and Nature are one.
2. That Nature is a deistic creation and that God, while existing in Nature, exists outside of it, like the inventor or creator of a mechanism.

Materialism is the science of beginning. Matter is and always has been; yet it has end, but each end is the beginning of a new end—an end of grass being milk, an end of milk being flesh, an end of flesh being a fertilizer, an end of a fertilizer being grass—thus round and round forever. Of such is the dictum of Materialism.

The Soulist is not so profoundly interested in this circle of material life, as he is in a desire for knowledge of the Eternal Energy that has made the circle possible, a knowledge of the life that is in the grass but is not of it. Nor does man as a mechanism, or organism, excite his curiosity so much as does the life that produced the organism. He sees beyond the metabolism—the life that works to certain ends. It is man's spiritual nature that interests the Soulist profoundly—man as a spiritual verity. He sees it in the dream. The Universe is not a soulless thing. It teems with spirit-life, and manifests on most exalted planes.

The rap in the silence of the room when he is contemplating the spiritual, the touch of the invisible hand on his cheek, the lifting of his body to a standing posture, the etherealized soul-body and its de-etherialization, and the transmission of the spirit-voice to his consciousness through the act of audition in the seance-room, are evidences to the Soulist that the soul is esoteric. Its finely attenuated substance, generally invisible to the naked eye, has been weighed, and is of the same size and image of the physical body, presenting a youthful appearance. Etherealization is the reality of Spiritualism, which does not originate psychic facts, but calls them to action, and lives them. They are the salient facts of the Universe, are superinduced by discarnate intelligences, by spiritual beings, attracting the mortal. Psychic facts are a part of his consciousness. They impinge upon his aura.

The Spiritualist's consciousness is not confined to material things and their axiomatic substance. He does not take his measurements with a material standard. His field is the Universe. Time and space and spirit are his standards of measurement. They have produced a certain type of mind which is spiritual. Character and temperament have given it a peculiarity of thought and habit that produces spiritual environment, whose tendency is inbred. It calls psychic facts to action, which accounts for Spiritualism and its manifestations of spirit-life. The Spiritualist's mentality is not limited by the boundary lines of Materialism, the five senses. Intuition appears upon the

scenes and activities of life, and man is compelled to lay aside the material structure and consider the spiritual structure as well, which is the soul, and which manifests upon an entirely different plane of consciousness than does the mind.

When Baron Rosenkreuz, Jacob Boehm, and Robertus de Fluctibus in the dream-state entered the Arcanum, and subjectively saw, as they believed, the elixir vitae and the liquor adolescentiae in chemical action, they then postulated objectively that a knowledge of the composition of a thing enables one to possess the power to make the thing, which was the secret of the Arcanum. *Ultima thule* was the watchword in the search for the Philosopher's Stone, which lies buried in Mysticism.

In the dream the Soulist recognizes Celestial as a change of phenomenon and sees the noumenon in radiant display in the illumination, the light of the Eternal Principle. Then his psychic knowledge turns to Objective Wisdom, and he lives its precepts. It is his philosophy of life, of intelligence, and of force.

Finding out where God is and how he is, and man's relation to him, is the desire of the Rosicrucian. The Soulist sensitizes God in the infant and in the simple and virtuous, but finds him absent in the proud, haughty, cruel, indolent, uncharitable, and vicious.

The Theosophist believes the soul to be a reincarnation-entity. The Soulist knows the soul to be an entity of progression. Direct revelation to the individual is the secret of the Soulist's dream. He visits the Celestial and communes with celestial bodies in the immortal world. Then he postulates:

I depart. I return. I depart. I do not return. I am perpetual. Hence I am eternal.

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow.

In a life of joy and sorrow;  
Tomorrow, Yesterday, Today.  
I am the Life, the Way, the Day.

I apprehend in the physical, but comprehend in the psychical. I overcome and advance upon. The mind sees physically. The soul sees psychically. Being a creation, mind changes, and hence will perish with the world, which must dissolve and pass away to its beginning, which is its end. *Cogito, ergo sum* is a conception, not a certitude.

Man beholds a creation, but no creator. There was none, else the horrors of this world would not evidence, neither would the serpent devour its prey alive, which suffers a slow and frightful death.

The Eternal Principle, which cannot be comprehended, is viewed in the sense of the imponderable agent like Light, Ether, Electricity, each of which is energy—a principle—and is imperishable. They are not a creation, hence they had no beginning, and can have no end. Rising above these principles of energy is the spirit of the soul, which is allied to the Eternal Principle since it vibrates with the Eternal Energy. Why strive to comprehend the Eternal Principle if it cannot be understood? The answer is, *To appease the longing of the soul*, which is Soulism, the Science of the Soul. The Eternal Principle is God.

Psycho-activity, as it is encountered in the dream—the psycho-visional and the cataleptic—is a natural process of Na-

ture's expression, and displays the progress of the soul as spirit in its place and purpose, which a change of bodies, from the physical to the spiritual, has made possible in a finer etheric tangible fabric.

When Edgar Lucien Larkin, the astronomer at Mount Lowe, was observing the firmament, he heard the words, "*Scars to the soul take ages to heal*." The memory of the evil deed is inscribed on the gnosis of the soul. It was the shock of a dissolute life that brought the writer of this dissertation to a realization of his danger on the brink of Eternity. One night I saw my brain on fire, and in its ashes I read my name. It lay limp in the smouldering ruins, and the evil deed hung from it like a dirty rag seared by the flames. *It was a symbol of sin*. Scars to the soul take ages to heal! was a cry from the immortal world.

In his dream-journeys the Soulist realizes the vastness of the spirit-world, and when he returns to earth—the wakeful state, the province of the mind—the impressions he brings with him are indelibly written on the gnosis of the soul as he saw them in the Illumination, whose Star is Beauty—beauty when the world was formed, beauty in the nebula, beauty in the cosmos, beauty in truth when it was buried in the Universe.

The Soulist sees beauty in the rush of the stream to the ocean, in sailing the seas in a storm, in the shelter of the tree when the laborer is wiping his brow, in poverty when there is no sin, in the chastity of friendship, in the element of goodness, in the outline of design, in the rules of art as well as in art, in security when danger threatens, in mercy when the haughty frown and exult in prosperity, in patience of the innocent in suffering, in the tear of the infant, in merit when the heart beats strong, in anxiety when the mind is free, in music when it touches the strains of hope or of sorrow, in speech when the innocent are on trial, in purity of thought and in the sovereignty of righteous action, in the sunbeam playing on the shadow, in the finery of raiment when justice sits in state, in the rags of the prisoner sighing for another's crime, in courage in extremity, in confidence when deception stalks in the distance, in self-denial when want is felt, in complaisance when failure menaces, in self-respect when crime beckons, in self-will when selfishness is the actuating motive, in devotion in love, in concord between relatives, in contentment in old age, and in tranquility in the hour of death—beauty, beauty everywhere when the soul is in charge of the Ego and sees with its psychic eyes.

Soulism is knit in sunbeams.

DISCORD is created by extreme contrast of sound, while melody is produced by slight variation in pleasing combination. The same law applies to humans in that harmony is the result of close affinity of vibration in soul quality. A being of coarser texture thrown into this highly attuned environment would set up a counter-action that would be terrific discord. Therefore, seek your own level if you aspire to peace and poise of soul. Experience makes one aware of that which vibrates in tune. A high degree of sensitiveness can be attained to by the occult student by closely observing these counter-vibrations.

—Burton C. Brown.



# Some Stirring Thoughts and Pressing Needs

Opportune and Appropriate for the Present Time

By the Late T. M. Peebles

THIS twentieth century is essentially the period of the people. Men and women in vast numbers have come up out of their graves of conservatism, superstition and bigotry. They now function in the resurrection state, dreaming of regeneration and abiding peace.

Let there be no more Hague pratings of peace and brotherhood by armed nations who secretly prepare for war. Hypocrisy is the hidden spirit of the bells. To avoid war on this plane of militarism, red with blood and blackest butchery, is not to be prepared for war. War thoughts and preparations produce wars as legitimately as causes produce effects.

There are reputed to be on this planet today fifty-three independent governments, thirteen of which are now engaged in a most terrific and murderous war-struggle, one bordering on moral insanity.

The three leading ideas in the useless and wretched war that has crimsoned Europe's fair fields and beautiful vineyards in human blood, instead of brotherhood, science and a world's federation, were pride, conquest and a greedy, mercenary commerce encompassing lands and seas.

Let the black veil be lifted!

On this material plane, let the mountains hurl aloft volcanic rocks; let the earthquakes under Italian skies shake her cities and mantle her vineyards with fiery ashes; let the mad lightnings flash and cyclonic storm-clouds devastate our north-land sea coasts, and let the echoing agonies of a degraded trafficking and selfish worldliness, all ajar with the horrors of the suffering and the groans of the sorrowing, be heard.

Yes—let the veil be lifted—and let the inquiry go out on the wireless: Is there no halm in Gilead? Are there no hopes in the over-hanging clouds?

These—all those physical and mental miseries—described above, are but unseemly canes and prophecies of further changes and typhoons—symbols of the clashing and crashings of the intellectual, social and religious elements around and above in the invisible. War in heaven—rather wars in the lower, over-arching heavens, are not dreams, but terrible, obsessing realities.

Am I then a pessimist? Do I dwell in the low foglands of doubt and fear? Do I slumber in a tottering shanty of shadows? Farthest from all this possible! Unbounded is my faith in God and in the deeper spiritual side of humanity.

Standing upon the lofty summit of a persistent trust in the Divine Goodness, I see through and beyond these clouds and eclipses—beyond all these mental, social and theological nightmares, to that mighty omnipotence in the heavens and to those shimmering sunbeams that make the grasses grow and the fragrant roses bloom, thinking in the meantime of these lines:

"The stamp of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain,  
And the sweetness of the singer  
Is the sadness of the strain."

Those earnest souls who have climbed to the mountain tops in this or foreign lands have seen strata of golden sun-kissed clouds below them; and yet, those down in the lowlands, seeing the under-

most surfaces of these clouds, pronounce them darkest gray or black.

Undoubtedly, above all clouds, turmoils, tempests and great storm centers in the physical, the sun shines; and so, lifted to that higher plane of the spiritual, the sun of righteousness—the Divine Sun of Love and Wisdom—shines in matchless glory—shines to lighten and morally illumine all the tribes and tongues and races of humanity.

There is no absolute and eternal evil in the universe. Hades, the hell of the ancients, was and now is only a kind of a kindergarten—a kindly retributive prelude of lessons to an introduction into the delightful mansions of the sages and inspired seers gone before.

It is apostolically recorded that Jesus "learned obedience . . . and was made perfect through suffering." And a poet sang:

"Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,  
But angels saw the roses."

Progress is the resounding keynote in these inquisitive and perilous times. Men and women think and great reasoners traverse all lands; and the better and the higher are in the ascendancy. Theological creeds are writhing in distress and orthodox confessions of faith are looking towards cemeteries for their final and eternal sleep.

When human bodies die, sectarists have good sense enough to bury them from sight; but when their creeds perish, becoming as offal to investigators, they strive to embalm and preserve them beneath gothic piles and costly cathedrals, to the merriment of advanced thinkers and the almost infinite sorrow of angels. As well strive to bind the waters of the ocean with a rope of sand or hush the winds fresh from Aeolus' hand, as to bid the currents of free thought cease circulating among inquiring masses that dare to assert their independence. Popes and priests have measurably been shorn of their power. Century-mossed systems have lost their vitalizing force and creedal ceremonies have become dull and irksome. The great, throbbing heart of humanity calls for living inspirations and greater, grander truths, fresh from the Father and the angels that do the Divine Will.

Emerson, in his address to the Senior Theological class at Cambridge, said: "It is my duty to say to you that the need was never greater for a new revelation than now. . . . The church seems to totter to its fall—almost all life is extinct. I think no man can go with his thoughts about him into one of our churches, without feeling that what hold the public worship once had on man, is gone, or going. It has lost its grasp on the affections of the good and the fears of the bad. The prayers and even the dogmas of our church are wholly isolated from anything now extant in the life and business of the people."

This wide-awake age demands, not aping shadows, gloved gentry, long-faced saints, ranting revivalists or cowed clergymen fashioned to order in theological seminaries, who bewail the sins of the Jews and Greeks and aim arrows of rebuke at the poor Hittites and Monbites; nor sluggish, stagnant conservatives who pray for the millennium and piously oppose the "new moon" out of a respect for

the old, forgetting the Carlylean maxim, that the "old skin never falls from the serpent till a new one is formed;" but it demands men and women, enthusiastic and full-orbed, who see in every soul a possible Christ, in every life a symbol-thought of God, in every well-timed bath a baptism, in every day a Sabbath, in every house a living temple and in every heart an altar of worship whereon the fires of love and devotion are kept as incense continually burning, making life's busy homes precious and sunny, something like the Syrian orange tree that bears in its bosom at the same time the fragrance of blossoms with the matured fruitage; men whose warm blood, deep sympathy and great moral independence tell in torrent-like grandeur against political knavery, social vices, and whose searching eyes flash, burning words convince, vibrating lips persuade and startling inspirations touch the heart's deepest affections, thus leading the soul to bow in devotion before the altar of Divine Truth.

These are our brave martyrs—the daring aviators of the twentieth century, speaking and living their highest thoughts, though the fire, the faggot or the cross face them.

Oh, we need great moral heroes who dare and do and who would die for heaven's glorious truth. We need great spiritual heroes all aflame with odes, with rhapsody, with lyric, uttered in tongues of fire, stirring the very depths of the inmost consciousness and arousing such consciences as duty undone; of the spiritual life un-lived; of a desired heaven here and now undreamed of, echoing in the soul's memory chambers for truth—more truth—higher truth—more brotherhood and more firm impulses of kindness, forgiveness, self-sacrifice, religious zeal and devotion to the divine principles of that God-inspired spiritualism that educates, sanctifies and saves.

Forget not that man, in whatever age or realm of being, is a conscious individuality with such clinging personalities to his vigorous tree of life, or rather as tendencies, habits and varying discordant deeds, all of which are the subjects of culture and vast unfoldments; and so heavenward, all things tend.

Oh blissful faith; oh indescribable knowledge—eternity—how grand! How uplifting the thought!

When all Spiritualists the wide world over become convinced and enthused with this holy Spiritualism that underlies all the world's reforms and practice its precious precepts imbedded in its phenomena, its philosophy and its fascinating religion, brutal wars will cease, sectarian dogmatisms will perish and all earnest souls will be baptized afresh with the spirit of love; estranged hands will again be clasped; unsympathizing hearts will be warmed with the kindling emotions of human tenderness, all combining to constitute the world into one vast commonwealth of freedom, justice, philanthropy and universal harmony.

Just a few words to you—you, gentle reader—hoping to incite in your inmost being deeper thoughts and loftier ideas. Listen: You, my friend, brought nothing into this material world but a little naked

(Continued on page 44)



# What Is Truth?

By Jacob Bonggren

WHEN Pilate asked the Christ: "What is truth?" he did not wait for an answer. He had already been told by the man he questioned: "I came into the world to bear witness unto the truth." The mission of the World Teacher was to deliver a message of Truth, as applied to present time life and action. For a Roman, who believed in the goddess Veritas, that divinity was the Truth, who forgave her worshippers their transgressions against her, in proportion to the greater or lesser value of their peace offerings. The Romans had materialized their virtues, as well as their vices, into a Pantheon of gods and goddesses; when those were properly propitiated, all was well. Veritas, made into the statue of a goddess, was to the initiated Romans the symbol of Truth, and to the uninitiated the Truth itself.

In our day of shallow intellectuality, ignorant and self-satisfied people might smile and look wise and say nothing, if they were asked what Truth is. It is foolish of people to smile knowingly and try to look wise when they are ignorant; but to keep silent is, indeed, the best thing they can do. "He that refraineth his lips is wise," says King Solomon in his Proverbs (xv, 19): "If the ignorant knew enough to keep silent, they would be counted among the wise," says Odin in Hávamál, that great pearl of wisdom in the Elder Edda.

Silence is a sufficient substitute for an answer, if no other can be thought of. In that case silence is golden. It is equivalent to the honest confession: "I don't know." and ignorance should be linked with humility. To give a false impression that the questioned person has knowledge which he does want to share with others is trying to deceive and attempting to mock the sacred majesty of Truth.

The wise man will always gladly answer an earnest question in an earnest way; he is at all times willing to enlighten the mind of any inquirer who is sincere and eager to learn. But just because he is wise he will carefully fit his answer to the intellectual capacity of the man who asks. And also just because he is wise he will know when the questioner is insincere and should be reminded of that fact. In the case of such a one that is the best answer.

Many people make no distinction between truth and opinion. There are those who think that opinion—their particular opinion for the time being—is truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and that everything else is falsehood. They have in this way accepted a wrong synonym, instead of a correct one.

There are, of course, different synonyms of Truth. They can be given as fact, reality, verity. Truth is, as the lexicographers put it, "conformity of thought with fact; conformity of a judgment, statement, or belief with the reality; exact correspondence of subjective and objective relations."

Every truth is a fact, a reality, a verity on some plane of existence, some time or place, in some connection. But that which was true, being a fact, a reality, at a certain time and in a certain place, need not be so at some other time or in some other place. It remains, of course, a truth historically and geographically. It was true that Julius Caesar lived once and in a certain part of the world, half a century before our era and in the great Roman empire which he founded; but

he cannot be all of those mentally inferior and historically insignificant people who have claimed to be his incarnations at the same time and in different places, mostly insane asylums. China is a reality in one part of the world; but you cannot find it anywhere else, except on maps, and in books where that country is mentioned. Julius Caesar is an historical reality, but not a geographical location, while China is a geographical truth and not an historical personality, nor anything else, except that it is one of the names of porcelain.

Existence is twofold: the Absolute, which includes all and excludes nothing, and the Relative which includes only some part and is included among divisions and subdivisions in the Absolute. The Absolute Truth includes every relative truth everywhere and at all times, being the One All-inclusive Truth; the relative truths are many, each of them belonging to its own sphere or plane, its own time or space. That which is a truth in some connection is no truth in another where it does not belong; that which is a fact in a certain time and place need not be a fact somewhere else and at another time.

The relativity of truth in our world of realities demonstrates itself everywhere around us. Birth and death are well-known realities; but they do not happen more than once and at one place in each individual life. Sickness and health are realities everywhere and at all times, but do not coexist in one person at the same time. Noon-day sunshine and midnight darkness are actual facts, but they are never present in the same place and at the same time. Summer is no less a reality than winter, but they never coexist in one place at the same time, except in the human mind, when they are compared there.

To accept a relative truth as one of the truths is right; to proclaim it as the Absolute and Only Truth is wrong. The Absolute Truth is larger than any and every relative truth; it includes them all. And the Whole is ever larger than any of its parts.

There is always more than one point to consider in connection with every question; it is right to call any one of them correct, as a part of the whole, but wrong to call it the only point of view and to proclaim it the single truth, unless this is done in teaching, simply to exemplify one-sidedness and to point out its dangers. And yet, this one-sidedness is one of the most common mistakes. For instance, most of the followers of any one of the six different philosophical schools of India do probably consider their own system the only, or at least the best, expression of Truth, while the other five systems are looked upon as defective or false, whereas the fact is that they all express Truth from a certain point of view and on a certain stage of evolution and together make up the grand philosophical system, the seventh, which is the synthesis of the six. As a general rule, adherents of any of the world's religions consider their own the only true one and look upon all the other ones as false, even though their fundamental teachings are identical; and still, all religions are parts of the great theological system, whose particular parts are rungs in the ladder of evolution, each and all of them being expressions of the highest truths for some grade of humanity in the great school of life.

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# Theosophy

## The Science of Divine Things

By Maris Warrington Billings

YE BUT grope in the dark, oh modern sages,  
Seeking for WHAT has been known for ages.  
Thinking ye are the ones first to discover  
The Secrets of Nature—and the veil to uncover.  
When Time was primordial we lived in her light  
With senses unblunted; smell, hearing and sight  
Were developed so intensely, with a sixth sense so keen,  
Which made us wise to a sensing of things, now unseen.  
We knew the Laws of that governing power, called Will,  
That rules all the motions of the Universe, and still  
The lowest mortal on earth has but to demand  
And the answer to prayer is always at hand.  
Thought transference, telepathy, all known of yore,  
Ye are but sensing long forgotten Mystic Lore.  
We Adepts knew all the teachings of truth,  
We imparted our knowledge, and trained our youth,  
We knew every step of the bright starry Way,  
While, alas, ye reach a stage, tarry and stay;  
In Egypt of old, in ages long past,  
In the Temples Sacred to the Sun God Ra,  
When Truth was represented by the Goddess Ma-T,  
The forces of Nature were plainly expressed  
By Osiris, Isis, Ra—and the rest;  
The Priesthood were wise magicians, in those days,  
For they kept in touch with these forces, knew the ways,  
The world, I trow, would be better a thousand-fold  
If ye too followed these maxims old.  
Now the Unnamable, Infinite Creator of Good,  
The One, the Unknowable, the Lord and the God,  
Was worshipped by all long ere the flood,  
When the races were pure, unmixed as to blood,  
Under the starlit dome of the darkening sky,  
Those star-gazers sought for the how and the why,  
Now let us take History as it transpired,  
Note the trend of events as Kingdoms expired,  
Before the great cataclysm, known as the flood,  
The Aryans, the White Race, the Sons of God,  
From Paradise driven by increasing cold,  
Went Southward and Eastward, bearing the light  
To races inferior sunk in Cimmerian darkness like night,

And they blended with humans we are told,  
The Sons of the East, saluted the Sun,  
The races of the South, in caves so dun,  
Worshipped the Serpent and Demon,  
But their Priests knew of the hidden Lore,  
Withheld from the masses, now as of yore.  
The East met the West, and ideals exchanged,  
From Cathay and Nippon, the travelers ranged,  
They planted colonies on the western seas,  
And adopted the customs and methods of ease,  
Of Moloch or Mithra-Astarte or Bel,  
Just to suit conditions, and harmonize well,  
They mixed all the creeds—Druid Obi or Shaman,  
In one conglomerate mass,  
Which to this present day remains,  
For the Cross and the Crescent still remains,  
Their hatred of each other, while the Dragon lies supine  
And keeps the distance well between.  
T'was thought good policy to govern slaves  
To show them the gods, approved the knaves,  
Only when laid on the sacrificial altars.  
Now we believed in a future state,  
Immortality of the soul, and Karma, Fate,  
The Judgment after Death, moral responsibility  
And the resurrection of the soul and body,  
For the soul stays near as long as the body lasts,  
And re-incarnation has a chance to pass,  
Behold—Christ told ye in words true and plain,  
That verily—ye must be born again,  
Therefore it all depends on yourselves in the end,  
Whether ye arise again, ascend or descend,  
Blessed with human intelligence ye can plainly see  
The Good from Evil, these forces forever fight  
For the human soul, moral wrong and moral right  
For transgressing the Laws of the great Creator,  
Ye surely will pay, ye are the debtor,  
If not in your present life, then in the next,  
So "watch and pray" is a very good text,  
Human life in one perpetual conflict lives,  
Death is but a trifling incident that gives  
Ye a lift on the long dark road that leads—  
That leads to a brighter existence.  
A cycle at best is but one short brief span  
Of your earthly lives and surely ye can  
Mould those lives so in the end ye gain,  
Wisdom each time to reach a higher plane.

And the only way to reach that stage  
Is to pray to the Divine power, and give, oh, sage,  
Bread to the hungry, clothes to the poor,  
Turn none in sorrow away from your door,  
Pass through life without falsehood or pride,  
Do naught your conscience would want to hide,  
For good works like emeralds shine,  
And are thy passports across the line.  
If this advice ye refuse to read, mark and learn,  
And this knowledge of your own free will ye spurn,  
The night of darkness and desolation ye doth earn,  
And to the Terrestrial globe again, ye cannot turn,  
Ye will have to wander in infinite space,  
A lonely, lost and accursed race.  
Until ye win the Holy Saving Grace.  
Live therefore a pure, upright and honest life.  
As long as Suns shall set and Kingdoms wane  
Ye are given the chance to be born again.  
Ye are rewarded for good deeds some morn,  
Ye are allowed to return to Earth, in human form,  
Once more ye live, perchance in a higher sphere,  
A slave in the next life, may be born a peer,  
Or a king for sins committed in the world below  
As a common mortal may have to go  
To serve perchance through peril and strife,  
The very one he wronged in a former life.  
'Tis given to few to remember the last,  
Lives and histories thro' which they've passed,  
But they know, the past in its heart holds the key,  
Of the door of the future, and what is to be,  
Therefore obey these rules before too late,  
If ye would pass thro' the Golden Gate.  
The great Mystery taught throughout the ages,  
The Universal Sensorium, The Secret of Sages,  
Was that wonderful power called Will,  
Ye are your own judges, if it be good or ill,  
To follow your heart's conviction; none hold ye  
None compel ye to sin, ye live and ye die,  
According to the standard ye set, low or high,  
The Power Divine, The Great Truth, then, is WILL,  
Which helpeth thee always with unseen hands,  
Great wonders in life to perform,  
Its voice is unheard yet 'tis mightier far  
Than the Spirit who rules the storm.  
Ye are not bound to suffer again, ye are blest,  
For Truth, the Soul of the Divine, is celestial Rest.



# The Invisible Helpers of the Rosicrucian Order Their Work as Healers

By Max Heindel

By Courtesy of "The Rays from the Rosy Cross"

In the New Galilee (which is not to be confused with the Aquarian Age) there will be an etheric organ built within the head and the throat by the unspent sex force, which organ to the spiritual sight will appear as the stem of a flower ascending from the lower part of the trunk. This calyx or *seed cup* will be truly a creative organ, capable of speaking the word of life and power.

The present word is generated by the clumsy muscular motion which adjusts the larynx, tongue, and lips so that the air passing from the lungs makes certain sounds. But the air is a heavy medium, difficult to move in comparison with nature's finer forces, like electricity, which move in the ether. When this organ has been evolved, it will have the power to speak the word of life, to infuse vitality into substances that were before inert. *This organ we are now building by service.*

You will remember that the Christ gave not the cup to the multitude but to his disciples, who were His messengers and servants of the Cross. At the present time those who drink from the cup of self-abnegation that they may use the resulting force in the service of others are building the above mentioned organ together with the soul body, which latter is the "wedding garment." They are learning to use the former in a small way as Invisible Helpers when they are out of their bodies at night, for then they are forced to *speaking the word of power* which removes disease and builds in healthy tissue.

At the time when students take probationership, they vow in the mystic marriage of the higher and lower selves that they will dedicate their lives in so far as consistent with their duties in the world to the helping of humanity; and by that vow they come under the protection of the Elder Brothers, who stand in the same relation towards that couple, the higher and lower self, in their work as the state stands to the man and woman who enter the marriage union before one of its representatives. Both the state and the Elder Brothers agree to preserve the integrity of the union so long as the conditions thereof are kept.

One of the obligations which probationers take upon themselves is to send in each month to Headquarters a report of the exercises which they have performed. This report, if written in pen and ink, absorbs the effluvia from their hands daily when they come in contact with the paper, and this furnishes to the Elder Brothers the key whereby they are enabled to direct the probationers during sleep as Invisible Helpers. We are just the same after we go to sleep as we are during our waking hours. If during the daytime we try to get out of all work we can, to get everything for ourselves, to cultivate on every occasion the lower nature, et cetera, we are not transformed to Invisible Helpers and angels of mercy at the mere going to sleep. But if during the daytime we strive earnestly with our whole heart to grasp every opportunity that comes our way, or rather if we look for opportunities to help and to

serve others; if instead of asking, "What can I get out of it?" we try to see in every phase of life an opportunity for helpfulness; if instead of saying, "Why should I do this or the other thing?" we learn to say, "If a thing has to be done, why should I not do it?"; if we learn to regard all things as honorable in the line of labor and work and never look down upon anything as menial, but are just as ready to go and do the lowest as the highest class of work as we see it—then at night we shall have earned the opportunity to come in touch with and work under the guidance of the Elder Brothers in the glorious work of healing.

The probationers when out of their bodies in sleep, are gathered together in bands according to their temperaments and their ability. They are under instruction of other probationers who are doctors, and all of them work under the guidance of the Elder Brothers, who naturally are the moving spirits of the whole work. Certain qualifications are needed before this band of Invisible Helpers can work with a patient. In the first place they must have some of the effluvia from his vital body. This is obtained by having the patient write every week a letter consisting of a few words or a few lines with pen and ink. This is important, as the fluid is a better conductor of magnetism and electricity than a pencil. The ether which thus impregnates the paper upon which the patient writes week by week gives an indication of what the condition is at any specified time, and furnishes an entrance key to the patient's system. It is something which he has given voluntarily and for the express purpose of furnishing access for the Invisible Helpers. Unless the patient does his part in this respect, the Invisible Helpers are unable to do anything for him.

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## The Mystical Interpretation of Evolution

(Continued from page 10)

The amphibians were the half-aquatic, half-intermediate forms between fish and reptiles, as frogs, newts, lizards and kindred types.

In attempting to appropriate land-conditions, wings and limbs grew out of fins, as we see in the flying fishes of the Pacific.

All nature, through eons, underwent this marvelous metamorphosis.

Langdon Smith gives a poetic picture, under the guise of himself and his girl, of living ideally, happily, in those primordial days, with no hint of a life to come. The lower species of life had no conception of a higher unfolding until nature evolved the higher form.

## IV

"Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,  
And happy we died once more;  
Our forms were rolled in the clinging  
mold  
Of a Neocomian shore.  
The eons came, and the eons fled,  
And the sleep that wrapped us fast  
Was riven away in a newer day,  
And the night of death was passed."

The poet shows the upward trend of evolution under the figures of life, sleep, death, life. These are poetic forms of speech to describe untold eons and stretches of ages through geological periods.

The landscape now opens on the mammalian period. It is the time of the man-like ape and the ape-like man (the pythian-anthropos), the gorillas and members of the Simian group.

Our ancestors swing in the branches of the trees, and the thick-haired creatures hide in the jungle. They have, as yet, no clothing, but consciously feel the environment of forest and field, of light and darkness.

Thomas Huxley says: "I assert and repeat that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I would feel shame in recalling, it would be a man . . . who plunges into scientific questions with which he has no acquaintance, only to obscure them by aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the point at issue, by eloquent digression and skillful appeal to religious prejudice."

## V

"Then light and swift through the jungle  
trees,  
We swung in our airy flights,  
Or breathed in the balms of the fronded  
palms,  
In the hush of the moonless nights.  
And oh! what beautiful years were these,  
When our hearts clung each to each;  
When life was filled, and our senses  
thrilled,  
In the first faint dawn of speech."

This is a beautiful picture in evolution, when animals could mutually communicate their sensations and ideas. They could let each other know their sense of joy or grief. They could note their affinities. They could feel the real joy of intelligible sounds.

## VI

"Thus life by life, and love by love,  
We passed through the cycles strange,  
And breath by breath, and death by death,  
We follow the chain of change.

Till there came a time in the law of life  
When over the nursing sod  
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke  
In a strange, dim dream of God."

We have now passed into the human stage of evolution. But man had not yet stepped upon the stage of history. These were the so-called prehistoric days. In the Jewish myth the first man talked good Hebrew on the day of his creation. Did you ever think of the fact of the long eons which elapsed between the first beginnings of the human consciousness and the time when man could write any account of his life on earth? Among the mileposts were the "first faint dawn of speech" and the "strange, dim dream of God." How much he had to learn! He misunderstood his environments. Savage, primitive, man misinterpreted nature. From his shadow, echo, dream, he inferred spirit, soul. Fear haunted him. To his pristine intellect there must be a big shadow! This was the first metaphysics! There must be a chief spirit! His voice was the thunder, the lightning.

The chief of the clan was cruel, so God must be cruel. This was the savage's idea of the big shadow. He had the strange, dim vision of a supernatural.

It had no existence. It was only a dream. It was a nightmare of horror, fear. Even in our latest civilization it is still orthodox to fear God. What is there to fear? A wag breaks through into irreverence: "The fear of the Lord is the finish of wisdom."

## VII

"I was thewed like an Aurock bull,  
And tusked like the great Cave Bear;  
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,  
Were gowned in your glorious hair.  
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,  
When the night fell o'er the plain,  
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,  
We mumbled the bones of the slain."

Those were days when war was the natural expression of life. Men were savages. They knew no better than to fight. The first gods, of human imagination, were great warriors, like Zeus and Jahweh.

## VIII

"I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,  
And shaped it with a brutish craft;  
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,  
And fitted it, head and haft.  
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,  
Where the Mammoth came to drink:—  
Through brawn and bone I drave the  
stone,  
And slew him upon the brink."

Here the poet is simply figuring the prototypes of the present human race. He is picturing man in the wild, armed in the thews of a bison, and with the fangs of a now extinct beast. It was the age of flint implements, spear heads of stone. Here are the traces of his brutal cunning and rude bravery in slaying the immense primitive elephant.

## IX

"Loud I howled through the moonlit  
wastes,  
Loud answered our kith and kin;  
From west to east, to the crimson feast  
The clan came trooping in.  
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,  
We fought, and clawed, and tore,  
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,  
We talked the marvel o'er."

This was a sylvan picnic. The creature is gregarious. He has an instinct for mutual feasting. His hospitality is spiced with loquacity and brawl.

## X

"I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,  
With rude and hairy hand,  
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall,  
That men might understand.  
For we lived by blood, and the right of  
might,  
Ere human laws were drawn.  
And the Age of Sin did not begin  
Till our brutal tusks were gone."

Paleontology shows us the rude art of primitive man. On the sides of rocks are the pictures of ancient conviviality. It was the age when might was right.

A very suggestive stanza! Man was not created in order to obey pre-existing laws. That would be the cart before the horse. He came up by evolution, and after his brutal tusks were worn off, when he had risen on his hind feet and his fore feet co-operated with his brain, in the arts, then he drew up his human laws.

He made these laws very gradually, only one by one, as necessity arose. He expressed his natural ethics, and the disobedience to the ethical laws which he himself drew up was the beginning of human sin.

If the human race had kept on in simply formulating natural ethics as occasion demanded, there would be no wars to-day.

## XI

"And that was a million years ago,  
In a time that no man knows;  
Yet here to-night in the mellow light,  
We sit at Delmonico's;  
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,  
Your hair is as dark as jet,  
Your years are few, your life is new,  
Your soul untried, and yet—"

"Your life is new" substantiates our interpretation of the poet's natural idea, not of a continuity of life, but the freshness of each individual in the world. The life is new, yet the form is very old.

## XII

"Our trail is on the Kimmeridge Clay,  
And the scarp of the Purbeck flags,  
We have left our bones on the bagshot  
stones,  
And deep in the Coralline crags;  
Our love is old, our lives are old,  
And death shall come again;  
Should it come today, what man may say  
We shall not live again?"

This has no reference to the old idea of immortality. It is the looking forward to the superman. As our lovers have come up from the lower planes of life, the poem expresses the belief that the order of evolution shall go on. It is a marvelous biological story. From the womb of the past, they have come into the present stage of the unfolding. The path is open in both directions. Their destiny is subject to the natural selection that would choose the fittest, what Nietzsche calls the aristocracy of efficiency. Who shall say that they shall not tread the endless trail that stretches on into the future? Who shall say that they shall not live on in the coming race, in life and love as it shall develop into the superman?

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## The Assassin

(Continued from page 16)

"What?" I demanded, sharply.

"My ancestors," he said, quietly, "... my ancestors as myself. Myself as my ancestors. Murder, assassination! Slaughter and butchery! Massacre and carnage! What centuries of Death Orgies have been my heritage!"

His assertions made me more than ever perplexed as to his sanity. It was entirely possible, however, that he had looked the veil which hides from ordinary mortal vision, that which has passed before.

He lit a cigarette and blew deep breaths of smoke into the air, and then resumed. "The more distant the period, the hazier the visions. Incarnations of ten centuries are comparatively vivid. What will I learn, my friend, when you loose my soul, and it soars forth, secure in the faith, that at will, you can bring it back again? The last time I sent it journeying was after the execution of Captain Buscher. God! ... I can't free my mind yet of the thought of how hard he died: ... I believe, I have mentioned before that he was innocent, too. Don't ask me, how I know: ... I know! That time, I looked on a lynching; ... a chained negro was being dragged over a stony road; ... they heaped a funeral pyre about him. A man, whom I recognized, applied the torch; ... the victim writhed and shrieked; ... there was the stench of scorched flesh and burning hair ... In his frenzy, he broke his bonds. They pushed him back into the fire with fence-rails; ... and ... then ... the hand that had applied the torch, stopped his agony with a bullet in his brain. It was ..."

He hesitated, and, breathlessly, I cried, "Who?"

"My father ..." the executioner screamed, wildly. "No! ... it was myself!"

As he believed the time immediately following an execution to be the most favorable for our experiment, I determined to wait until after the execution of the Kid, which had been postponed several times, and in the meanwhile, I would thoroughly study him. That there might be no slip-up, I began, also, reading deeply on the subject. From Allan Kardec's *BOOK OF MEDIUMS*, I learned "THAT DURING SLEEP, THE SPIRIT PARTLY RECOVERS ITS LIBERTY"; therefore, I concluded to simply plunge him into a sound slumber, freeing his spirit from its shell, and allowing it to go whither it would without other influence or suggestion from me. W. W. Atkinson tells us that, "IN ORDINARY CASES, THE DETACHING OF THE ASTRAL BODY FROM ITS PHYSICAL COUNTERPART IS ACCOMPLISHED ONLY WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY, BUT IN THE CASE OF DREAMS, GREAT MENTAL STRESS AND UNDER CERTAIN CONDITIONS OF OCCULT DEVELOPMENT, THE ASTRAL BODY MAY BECOME DETACHED AND SENT ON LONG JOURNEYS, TRAVELING AT A GREATER RATE OF SPEED THAN THAT OF LIGHT WAVES WHICH TRAVEL AT THE RATE OF 186,000 MILES PER SECOND. ON THESE JOURNEYS THE ASTRAL BODY IS ALWAYS CONNECTED WITH THE PHYSICAL BODY BY A LONG, FILMY CONNECTING LINK. IF THIS LINK WERE TO BECOME BROKEN, THE

PERSON WOULD DIE INSTANTLY, BUT THIS IS AN ALMOST UNHEARD OF OCCURRENCE IN THE ORDINARY PLANES OF ACTION."

As there was, really, this danger, it must be guarded against, and it behooved me to use extreme caution to prevent the severance of the gossamer-like connecting link.

As the day approached for our experiment, my friend became so very nervous and unstrung that I feared he would fail at the critical moment of the Kid's execution, but he assured me he was invariably in that condition just previous to the time, always recovering his nerve when he set his hand on the controlling lever. I was extremely anxious that there be no bungling, and he gave me his word there was not the slightest possibility of anything going wrong. He had most thoroughly overhauled the apparatus, and was confident he would be able to perform his part without mishap.

However, the unforeseen happened. The Kid died horribly. A silver plate in his skull, the result of a trepanning operation, short-circuited the humanely death-dealing current, and he burned slowly to death, suffering untold agonies, instead of dying instantly and painlessly from shock.

The criticism, to which we were subjected by the newspapers, though short lived, was far from pleasant. As the regrettable accident had occurred through no fault of either the electrician or myself, and as the positions were not so desirable as to be sought after by job-aspirants, only a perfunctory investigation was made by the authorities, and the matter allowed to be forgotten.

Neither one of us, after our harrowing experience, were in fit condition for the experiment, but the executioner insisted we go through with it as planned, hoping, I believed, that hypnotism would have a sedative effect on his frazzled nerves.

Though I exerted the utmost strength of my will, I encountered considerable difficulty in subjecting him to the hypnotic influence. We made several vain attempts to control his turbulent mind before he finally succumbed, then after a tense interval he began speaking. "I am in a crude, springless two-wheeled cart: ... the stones of the street are set far apart ... promiscuously ... and the cart rides rough. A black-gowned priest administers the last rites to a woman. She is dressed all in white ... her hair has been cut short; ... and her hands are bound. The rabble presses closer ... hurling insults ... Intoxicated women, with disheveled hair and disordered dresses, sit on cannons, and sing obscene songs. Soldiers hold, before her eyes, on the points of pikes, the heads of her friends who have already perished. 'This, Madame,' cries the priest, 'is the moment in which you must arm yourself with courage!' We approach a scaffold ... the cart halts: ... my hands grasp a wide-edged axe resting against my knee. I am the Executioner!"

He stopped speaking, and I commanded him to continue. His breath came in short, quick gasps, his lips moved as though trying to force words from them, then he began again. "The woman in descending falls from the cart. Soldiers brutally pull her to her feet: ... maul her ... as they precipitate her up the scaffold steps to the block. She kneels.

'Lord, enlighten and soften the hearts of my executioners. Adieu forever, my children: ... I go to rejoin your father.' The priest mumbles the prayer for the repose of a soul. The mob shrieks their jeers and insults ... their obscenities ... I hear her name called in derision ... Antoinette! ... ! ... She looks down proudly and calmly on the people who surround her. I raise the broad-edged axe ... the blood splashes over me: ... her head falls into the waiting basket ..."

I brought him quickly from the hypnotic state. Despite my efforts to keep him tranquil, he sprang wildly to his feet.

"My God! ... no more!" he screamed, "I cannot bear it!"

Again, in a trance, he rode the King's Highway in Lincoln Green, and told, amid peals of ribald laughter, of singing bows and shafts cleaving soft bosoms.

He branded tender white flesh with hot irons and tore limbs from sockets in the Inquisition. Minutely, he described the tortures of the wheel, the rack and the screw. He gloated over the death agonies of heretics—and awoke screaming for mercy—mercy, not alone for his soul, but for the series of souls, of which his soul was the culmination.

He rode with the Crusaders, and his lance entered between helmet and visor of not a few, but of scores.

As a foreword, of what follows, I give the scientific explanation, to be accepted or rejected. If the world doubts—very well;—perhaps, it were better that the world refuse to believe. Mine was not the pleasant part to be cast for, yet in the Great Scheme of the Universe, it was necessary. I am almost tempted to give thanks for the incredulity of a dense people.

Dean Clark says, in *THE BANNER OF LIGHT—"COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD ARE NOT NECESSARILY INFALLIBLE TRUTHS, BUT MAY PARTAKE OF THE IMPERFECTIONS OF THE MIND FROM WHICH THEY EMANATE AND OF THE CHANNELS THROUGH WHICH THEY COME, AND ARE, MOREOVER, SUBJECT TO MISINTERPRETATION BY THOSE TO WHOM THEY ARE GIVEN."*

It was entirely possible that his occupation and the brooding in which he indulged while in a conscious state had so influenced his sub-conscious mind, that when in the hypnotic state, his imagination, out of his experiences, constructed the whole fabric. It was not possible, that I, as the channel, who had but freed his spirit to wander where it listeth, unconsciously turned the stream of his thoughts, for his every utterance had been on a revelation to me.

Then in a flash, as I read further on in that same wonderful volume, came the great truth. "NO INSPIRED COMMUNICATION, IN THIS OR ANY OTHER AGE, WHATEVER CLAIMS MAY BE OR HAVE BEEN SET UP AS TO ITS SOURCE, IS AUTHORITY BEYOND THE TRUTH IT EXPRESSES TO THE PERSON TO WHOM IT IS GIVEN."

The revelations had been given to us alone. The world had had no part in it. A revelation ceases to be a revelation when it is repeated to the third party. To the Executioner and myself, it was all

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## A Puzzle for Shakespearians

(Continued from page 12)

This review of Johnson's I trust ye'll read—and say.

Vio. "How easy is it for the proper false In women's waxen hearts to set the forms."

Canst thou not read that *this* much better would conform?

How easy to disguise to women Their own falsehood—their waxen hearts Enable the into assume—deceitful appearances!

For such as we are made—if such we be, Alas, our frailty is the cause—not we.

Act 2, Scene 3—

"Come a kiss then sweet and twenty."

A term of endearment in our country plenty.

Sir Toby, "Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch,

That shall draw three souls out of a weaver?"

Catch a species of vocal harmony sung By three—ofttimes I've seen it more.

'Tis so contrived that though each singer Sings precisely the same score

As his fellows, there results from the performance

A perfect harmony of many parts, As there are singers in this display of Art.

This is the catch of great renown, Participated in by Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the clown.

"Hold thy peace—and I prithee hold thy peace.

Thou knave—thou knave—hold thy peace, knave.

I now bring to mind that this very catch ye'll find

In a book entitled, "Pammelia-Deutromelia," published in 1609.

Musickes-Messallanies or Mixed Varieties of Pleasant Roundelays.

"Fare-well, Dear Heart," was published by Dr. Percy.

In Volume I of his Reliques of Ancient poetry;

In London Town I see them even in these modern days.

"I had as lief be a Brownist so called from Sir Robert Browne

A noted Separatist who came from one of Ruland's towns.

His grandfather Francis has a charter dear

Granted him by Henry VIII in a hand quite clear

And confirmed by act of Parliament—I hear!

Giving him leave to put on his hat

In the presence of the King—his heirs, this or that,

Any lords temporal or spiritual in the land,

And not to put it off—except by his own hand.

Note—See Neil's History of New England, Vol. 1, page 38.

WHAT YOU WILL—Act 2—Scene 1

"Like to an Egyptian thief at point of death."

Take from Heliodorus' Ethiopians to which I am indebted for it saith

Thymis was an Egyptian robber of Memphis.

In 1800—a century or more ago—

Men argued and squibbled and drew the long bow.

Full well they knew I had written ballads of some sort

They joined in ridicule and called it sport:

But my pen would scorn to own the song that ends this play

WHAT YOU WILL—in the graver parts

Shows ease and eloquence and some art; The lighter scenes humorous and sprightly

Ague Cheek is drawn with some propriety.

The soliloquy of Malvolia is truly comic; His pride to ridicule betrayed is rather witty.

The Marriage of Olivia, though well contrived

To divert the stage, lacks credibility, And fails to produce the proper instruction

Required in the drama.

As it exhibits no just picture of life. Johnson and I were ever at war, our wits in a strife—

So now it behooves me as asshead, coxcomb and knave,

The flickering flame of Genius—my reputation to try and save;—

Tho little we wreck—in the Isle of Shad-ows—or of blame or praise,

Tho it tends oft times our wandering souls to raise;

But we wonder at your mental capacity for unbelief.

Let me quote again—some lines I penned at Neath.

"There is a history in all men's lives That to the observer, we can fully unfold,

In which a man can prophesy Of the main things (which on earth he loved)

And yet not come to life." MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Now if ye read the plays as they ought to be

In every line ye'll see—it's none but me. But all of the works are now so changed

I scarce can recognize them—they're being renamed.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING I called BENEDICT AND BEATRIX.

AS YOU LIKE IT was ROSALINDE; there was PRYAMUS AND THIS-BY.

OLD MR. PAROLES AND MALVOLIO—others of a like ilk.

Methinks 'twas not Sir Thos. Herbert but my closest friend

Who thought it best these titles to amend.

The altered names are in his Majesty's own hand.

Had he but studied the Scriptures so grand

One half as much as Shakespeare or Ben Jonson

A good report in Heaven he'd won—to his salvation.

But even in these days ye'll find a quarto volume of my plays

In Garrick's collection and on the back Is the cipher of King Charles—mine ill-fated friend—alack.

While the shimmering sunlight soft doth shed

Athwart the dim aisle its mellow golden ray

Thousands bow before the shrine—in that old church gray;

With doleful sighs they say, too bad he's gone—numbered with the dead.

Prithee listen well and ponder now the words I say

Remember mind over matter will always hold sway;

To ye there are certain subjects we can unfold

Other trivialities—not allowed to be told.

Wait until, step by step, ye've climbed the way,

The best motto on earth is "Watch and Pray."

Now the moments fly on velvet wings—Methinks your mind inclines to other things.

Marry goodmen—'tis time to bid ye all adieu

If I tarry much longer—we'll never get through.

Had ye the time—I'd take MEASURE FOR MEASURE,

But alas in your country—ye have no leisure

For the study of Higher Things.

## The Assassin

(Continued from page 31)

real. We believed. We could not doubt.

Then let the world accept the entire matter as the vaporing of distorted intellect, or let it believe.

I forced his soul back a period of two thousand years.

"I see a mob . . . AND A MAN!" he began.

"The rabble closes around him . . . they spit on him . . . they smite him with sticks, and strike him with stones.

He smiles patiently . . . pityingly . . . down on them. He is exalted infinitely above his tormenters."

The voice trailed away and was still. The opaque beam quivered, and I struggled desperately for mastery of the wandering spirit. God!

Was it slipping away from me despite all the force of mind I concentrated on it?

The gossamer thread trembled—shivered. There was a tense agitation of the air.

If the film broke—he would die!—and the soul I had cast into the ether

soar beyond my influence. I must!—I would bring it into control! With a supreme effort, I steadied the connecting thread.

The sweat stood on my brow and hands—my body was wet from the tremendous exertion.

After a moment, he spoke again, slowly—faintly—then with gathered strength.

"I see a hill: . . . the man carries a cross: . . . bent he is, beneath the weight. They ascend the hill. He plants his own cross . . . Mercy! Mercy! They are hanging my Lord to the tree!"

Again, there was an agitation of the atmosphere;—the opaque film swayed.

Frenziedly I exerted every atom of my will to quiet the distressed soul.

Suddenly he raised—sat bolt upright—his shut eyes looked wildly past me—through me—into the dark vista of that awful day.

His mouth worked spasmodically—his voice became almost a shriek.

"I SEE ANOTHER MAN; . . . I HEAR HIM BLASPHEMING! HE IS LEADING THE MOB! . . . HIS VOICE, ABOVE THE HELLISH DIN, SHOUTS THE LOUDEST! OH! . . . MY GOD! . . . I AM THAT MAN! . . . THE VOICE IS MY OWN . . . SHOUTING . . . CRUCIFY HIM! . . . CRUCIFY HIM!"

What was there for me to do with such a blood-red soul? What is to be, will be! In the Great Scheme of Things, each and every one of us have our certain parts to play, be they pleasant or unhappy.

Some of us have terrible duties to perform. I realized mine!

I SNAPPED THE GOSSAMER THREAD!



# The Appeal of the Divine Mysteries

By Holden E. Sampson

Mankind, collectively and individually, has been suffering from a universal *disease*, whether consciously, among the few who are enlightened, or unconsciously, among the great mass of the human race. This disease has ravaged the earth, interpenetrated its substance, metamorphosed its constitution, and afflicted its inhabitants, from the day that the planet descended into *matter*, or fell from its normal state of purity, effulgence, and perfect conditions. The consequence of this terrestrial disease of the planet is, that all reincarnating beings from the planetary spheres, in their re-births, are begotten in matter, absorb matter into their absorbent physical, mental, psychical, and spiritual bodies, or structures, which are bound by natural law to correspond to their terrestrial environment. Their environment is essentially and substantially *material*, and consists of the deadly elements of disease, decay, and death. As the earth itself has hardened, materialized, and contracted, and its primeval substance has metamorphosed to the state of matter, in its various mineral and solid formation, losing its pristine ethereality, translucence, and self-effulgence, so that natures of man have similarly degenerated, and man, who used to be a glorious, self-effulgent, spiritual being, is now material, depraved, and dark, the victim of disease, by *germs corresponding to each of the seven planes of organic constitution*.

So accustomed to this state, by ages of this life of abnormality, has man become, seeing no phenomenal, visible, or palpable alternative of this constitution and state, that only the *wise man* is aware that *matter is an abnormality, a degeneration, and a depravity of nature*. Therefore mankind, except in rare instances, never thinks of human nature in any other aspects of terms but those of matter, and has no incentive to strive to redeem himself, body and soul, from matter. He assumes that matter is normal, and the sufferings of mortality, the finite states of limitation, of ignorance of sin, of human disintegration, of disease, decay, and death, (universal as they truly are in this planet) are not otherwise than what nature intended, or God Almighty created originally, and what man must need go through in his cosmical evolution, in order to attain to the perfect man. So much is this the case, in many philosophies that, by way of an apology for nature, or for the Creator, many learned and good teachers affirm that *sin*, suffering, pain, disease, death, are essential factors of the evolution of the organism. Such an explanation of Evil does not suffice for free thinking people, who are not dominated by "orthodoxy", tradition, or philosophical, or psychological sophist and apologists. It does not accord with any true conception of nature, or Deity, to presuppose such a cruel and horrible process as "*evil*" (suffering, disease, death, etc.) in the evolution of beings to perfection; that any such necessities of growth to the divine manhood as these, could be imposed upon helpless children of nature, or of God.

On the other hand, accustomed as mankind is to accept matter as inevitable, as a natural necessity, as a cosmical creative factor; there is not a single being in the earth who does not rebel against it, or who refuses to submit to it prac-

tically; and most of the inventions of the world's genius are constructed or devised to countervail these alleged necessary and beneficial factors of evolution. There are few sufficiently stoical to accept the evil of the incarnate life with rejoicing and patient endurance; though, by a certain metaphysical jugglery of the mind, there are many casuists who persuade people that "*evil*" is an illusion, and exists only in the mind. If these sophists will once admit that *matter is evil*, then this little fallacy would collapse like a pricked bubble.

The *divine mysteries* (of which every religion has some cognizance, vague belief, traditional testimony, or partial expression) inculcate—have always inculcated—the *truth* concerning matter, evil, disease, decay, death, and their effects upon man, his constitution, his state, and his earthly life and experience. Also the *divine mysteries* inculcate the cosmical and divine method and process of man's redemption from these terrestrial maladies, as well as revealing their causes, and the history of their first appearance and development upon the "*dark planet*." The *masters of the divine mysteries* never fail to teach their disciples the science and philosophy of material and mortal causation, when they teach also the science and philosophy of spiritual and immortal origin and restoration. But the *masters* have few to turn to in the world for their spokesmen and messengers, for so few have their minds turned even to the slightest conception of the truth, and therefore are not able to synchronize with the mind of the masters. For any man or woman to attain to this divine and spiritual synthesis with the divine masters of the mysteries, they require to subject themselves willingly to the teaching of the human masters, and there are at the present time, but one here, and one there, of humanity, qualified and trustworthy teachers of the divine mysteries, or messengers of the masters. And still fewer among mankind are there to whom may be entrusted the solemn functions of a "*master*" on the terrestrial plane.

What qualifications endow a man with the powers and wisdom, the title and vocation of a "*master*", or a messenger and mediator of the *divine mysteries*? The answer to this question is *divine initiation in the mysteries*; and this presupposes and follows the various stages of cultivation and development of the seven natures of man, to correspond to the conditions of communion and function in the seven mysteries of redemption. This necessitates the inculcation of the truths and principles embodied in the divine mysteries, by gradual teaching of the *truth* by a qualified teacher, or master ("*Didaskolos*"); and the conformity of the disciples to each stage of the graduated teaching, in faith, obedience, and practice. This culture, education, and method of spiritual development, leading ultimately to initiation, and the "*gnosis*" (knowledge) of the divine mysteries, is what is called (in the true meaning of the word) "*mysticism*". And no person is entitled to the name of a "*mystic*" who is not consciously, deliberately, and voluntarily a "*disciple*" of the path of the *divine mysteries*.

Is there anything in man that stirs him to the pursuit of the divine mysteries? In every man there is something that

urges and forces him to seek the knowledge and attainment of the divine mysteries. But there are few who recognize the purpose and significance of this inferior pressure of vague striving and calling. It manifests itself in all manner of expressions—ethical, altruistic, artistic, aesthetic, religious, etc.; but until a person comes into touch with a human master, he is pursuing and questing, and never finding, nor coming to the knowledge of truth. Psychism, spiritualism, the sectarian religious, psychological practices, metaphysical teaching, New Thought, Higher Thought, and many other methods are the outcome of this interior "*speculation*" and search. But none of them are, in any true sense, "*mysticism*," none throw any light on the path, nor reveal the great secrets and verities of the divine mysteries. Some are harmful and dangerous pursuits, and injure psychically, mentally and physically those who are pursuing these courses. Others are less noxious, but altogether illusory, in that they tend to blind the mind's eye to the perception of the truth of the divine mysteries in their definite reality. Only "*mysticism*," as above defined, can lead the seeker after truth to the light and acquaint him with the divine mysteries, and only a "*master*" is qualified to inculcate these things and open the eyes of the blind.

But what is "*man*"? How is he constituted? and what has his correspondence with matter effected in him, that he should be "*blind*," "*ignorant*," and in need of a "*master*" of the divine mysteries?

Ancient mystics have used the *egg* as a symbol, or illustration of the constitution of the human organism. The egg consists of seven parts, or sections:

(1) The shell, (2) the skin, (3) the albumen, (4) the membranous skin, (5) the yolk, (6) the water—sac, (7) the germ.

It depends upon the *use* we put the egg to, as to which part of it is the most valuable. If it is to be used for eating purposes, then the *albumen* and *yolk* and their vehicles are the most valuable consideration. From the chicken-raiser's point of view the *germ* is the principal part of the egg.

How is the germ raised to the chicken state? By placing the whole egg in an environment favorable to the functions of the albumen and yolk in the development of the germ. The mother hen is the vehicle of the environment, from which are transmitted certain magnetic vibrations (through the heat of its body) which quicken the germ and give vital force to the albumen and yolk, by which the germ gradually unfolds and finally breaks through the shell.

The human organism resembles the egg, being composed of seven sections, or natures. These natures are variously designated in ancient and Oriental terminology. They are conveniently specified as follows:

## BODY

- (1) The shell, the physical body.
- (2) The skin, the body nature.

## MIND

- (3) The albumen, the noumenal body.
- (4) The membrane, the mind nature.

## SOUL

- (5) The yolk, the psychical body.

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## The Wail of the Unborn Soul

(Continued from page 13)

the world knowledge and understanding of this mighty force, this mighty existing force that gathers together the elements forming and shaping not only man, but all living kind. Man is a product of the soil, just as much as the trees are products of the soil; just as much as the bees and the flowers and every other expression that has sprung up as an inhabitant of the earth. Every planet has its own inhabitants, every human being has its enemies, or its inhabitants. Every plant has its enemy. Everything that vibrates produces from itself a consuming element, and a state of decay, waiting to pounce upon it, biding its time for expression.

Life itself is merely an expression brought about through changes, through decay, so to speak. When we find the body that has been brought forth, we most naturally ask, "Where did it begin?" and "What did it begin from?" And then we draw your attention to the egg. Wrapped in the egg, tightly held and protected by the shell, lies life, waiting to be called forth, and life is called forth by the urge of its parents who shall hold it, who shall give the life and give the strength and vitality until it brings itself from under the subjection of its natural parentage. And when we consider the egg, we must think again, where did the egg come from? And we look closely and we find a seed from which the egg sprang. Wrapped in this seed all the elements, all the properties of you are resting and waiting for the impulse that acts upon it to stir it into being, that it may find itself in a life. And then let us go back again; from whence came the seed, the elements? Was it a speck of dust? Was it a point of light? Was it thrown off or thrown out by a great upheaval of the parent that held it?

Carry yourselves back in thought and remember all the time that we are tracing you. Each one of these changes constituted death and birth. Death and birth are one. They are not two halves. They are one. It is one process that transfers or transforms, as it were, the Life. We find you, not sailing around in the air, like the birds, not being held like the stars, but we find you wrapped, as it were, in the same element and the same qualities from whence the stars and the sun and the earth are composed. We do not find at any time a hand guiding. We do not find at any time a guard upon your life, neither before birth nor after birth, neither before death nor after death. There may be those you fear and they rule you, but no man can place his heel upon you, unless you submit to him. No man guards your portal door. No man bolts or unbolts it. All knowledge is waiting to become your property. Were you to set yourself about it, with very little care on your part, with very little labor on your part, you could open the doors that would allow the light to enter in and flood your mind with Life.

But to do that you must eliminate from your consciousness the prejudices and the false ideas, the limited laws that bind you and the limited laws that have bound humanity from the early stages of history. When we talk to you about Life, we are not talking about the tribes of Israel, and we are not talking to you about the people in the early days. We are not talking to you about any race of people or any kind of people who manufacture or who create for external purposes, from external things, for their

comfort. We are rather talking to you about the time when men and women were unhampered and unhindered, before they were wild and before they became cannibals and before they dwelt in caves and before they sought revenge, before earthquakes and before floods took place. We are talking to you about the men and women who created, as it were, their kind after their kind, whose bodies were sheaves of light, who traveled as the wind, men and women who did not seek shelter in the forests, men and women who served Life. We can follow back to this time. It is remote to you, but it is not remote to us, and we can bring you to the present time and we can stand with you in the present time and we can hold your hands, and we can flood your souls with light, with the light that you should possess. The atmosphere is clearing, the clouds are passing away, the barriers are fast tumbling. The old traditions are going to decay and man indeed is on his triumphal march to the return into the great city from whence he was driven, the triumphal march when flesh no longer rules, when the light of man dominates.

You may say that it is a long day, but it is not so long, my friends. There are congregating here and there, over the whole surface of the earth, little groups of people whose hands are on the dial of the clock. There are, scattered widely over the earth, men and women whose steps are drawing nearer and nearer unto each other and there will be an awakening such as the people of earth have never known before, and there will be dispelled, like the clouds before the wind, the things that do men harm, the things that rob you of your inheritance. This light that shall shine in every life will put the sun to flight. The great Truths that have never been spoken in the history of man will be spoken to the little children and life once more will be worth the living and life once more will be a pleasure indeed.

The struggle for mere existence will not be the topic of the day. The accumulation of wealth will have gone like the thief in the night and every man will seek his fireside when the day is done. The song of peace will be sung, sweet words of music on every lip will be heard, and the prayers from the souls of men shall open the flood gates and the voices of happiness pouring forth from the hearts of men shall indeed make the old earth ring with gladness such as the world has never known before.

And this will be brought about when people realize the real Truth about Life, when they will have ceased to look for redemption and when they will have realized that to do right because it is right is the law of justice. These conditions, you say, cannot come in a moment of time, but we say they can come in the twinkling of an eye, for one is not dependent on another. Each one is independent, hearing the call from the Great Source, laying out, as it were, in the vast Ocean of Eternity, lives yet waiting to be born, asserting their rights, crying for their inheritance. Time has brought this about. They will not be cheated of their rights, and they will demand a rightful inheritance. These lives yet unborn, crying for a birthplace, will draw men and women together, as met and women should be drawn together, that a life may be brought forth in its rightful inheritance. And the spirit of lust that tramples the little children's

lives out will be doomed, for the wail of the unborn is crying today to the tomb, and the tomb will open and the cry will be answered. And those who have passed through the gate and out into the street where you stand today and on into the city where your loved ones find themselves, their cry, mingled with the cry of those waiting to be born, shall tear, as it were, the heavens from their anchorage, and blast from the earth all those who seek to do wrong!

..... We have been thinking because we have been listening. On every hand we see the ruthless ones. We hear and we know the dissipation that causes the loss of life. We know the theories and we know the laws and we know the strange things that are besetting the paths of mankind and we know the ruthlessness of the slayers' hands and we ask you if you have given this a thought. The little children that come into your home, the little child that you feel came to bless you, did you ever think how long it struggled before it was able to clothe itself in the proper garments that it might come forth into this season, that it might bring about its liberation from Nature's bed?

We have listened to the wailing cry of these unborn souls. We have listened until it seemed the very walls would part, when the ruthlessness of dissipation has turned the channel through which this child would gain its entrance into the world, from a channel of life into a channel of death. The question has become a dangerous one. The question that has arisen in the world today concerning whether or not a life has a right to its inheritance has become a menace and, unless stayed by the law which opposes it, it would not be long—and when we say long, we do not mean one generation—it would not be long until the earth would find itself a barren place again.

We have heard the wailing cry of these souls, who have journeyed through the outer gate, reaching, as it were, an unnatural port. You may go where you will, into your hospitals, into your insane asylums, into your jails, into your houses of correction, into your schools and into your homes, and if you could hear the cry that we hear, you would realize, as we realize, the bondage of the life that sought expression and was caught, as it were, in the meshes of an undeveloped body. You might well ask how this came about. The answer would be an easy one. The fault did not lie wholly and entirely with the mother, neither with the father, nor with both. The cause might be traced back for generations and it might be laid at the door of nations, but the cause is there. Nature did not have her way. Therefore, Nature is not infallible.

Go into the school and see the children struggling with their lessons. Note the expression on their little faces. Watch the twitching of the nerves. Watch the jerking of the little hands and lips. Where in all the great assembly do you find a well-poised child? What is the cause of this, you might ask. The first cause, as we say, might be traced back to nations, but the last cause and the cause that really counts, can be traced to lack of education, lack of knowledge, lack of understanding of the requirements of the law which governs the bringing into the world of this tiny babe. To bring this child into a world of

(Continued on page 36)



# Big Lessons in Little Talks on Right Living GOOD HEALTH and LONG LIFE. You Are as You Are—and Diet

By Emily H. Rocine

IF YOU are not perfect in health, it is as wise for you to seek to diet yourself well on perfect foods and food combinations as it would be to try to complete the ragged ends of a puzzle by applying a perfect square.

You and your brother man eat from the same table all your lives; one may grow lean and tall, the other fleshy and short; one suffers from one disease and the other from another. Why?

*Endless Variety of Species Due to Proportion and Arrangement of Chemical Elements.*

THE relative proportion of the elementary atoms in the molecule and the arrangement of those atoms determine the nature and physical characteristics of a given plant, metal, animal or human being. A slight variation only, a little more of one chemical element than of certain other chemical elements, changes the nature, color and physical characteristics of a given compound. The chemical elements present in a substance, plant or human body, therefore, account for the endless variety of species in the world of matter. Iron is hard; gold is soft; quick silver is semi-liquid and seemingly alive; copper is an excellent conductor of heat and electricity; sugar is sweet; foods rich in potassium, such as dandelion, is bitter; charcoal is unchangeable and defies atmospheric changes and strong acids. Dried bones are nearly sixty per cent tricalcium phosphate. Common table salt contains an almost equal proportion of sodium and chlorine. Air is composed of four-fifths of nitrogen, one-fifth of oxygen and a very small per cent of carbonic acid gas, with other gases and constituents which normally should not be present.

*Outstanding Difference in Chemical Elements.*

Each element has its own properties, color, specific gravity, electrical character, etc. One element has greater affinity, power of cohesion than another. One element is more associative than another. Hydrogen is a very light element; oxygen is violent, associative and destructive. Nitrogen is negative, slow, conservative, restraining. Silicon is transparent, colorless and hard; it gives stiffness to stalks of grain. Sulphur is a non-conductor of heat and possesses great inflammability. Phosphorus is waxy, luminous and poisonous.

*The Human Body a Compound of Sixteen Elements.*

The same chemical elements that are at work in the mineral and vegetable kingdom enter into the human body. These elements are sixteen in number, viz., carbon, nitrogen, calcium, potassium, silicon, phosphorus, magnesium, iron, hydrogen, oxygen, sodium, chlorine, sulphur, fluorine, manganese, iodine. Each chemical element has its own peculiar effect on the character, talent, physical appearance and diseases of the indi-

vidual in which that element is, predominantly.

*Racial and National Difference Is Chemical Difference.*

Each nation is different relatively, in body formation. This means a corresponding difference in the chemical composition of the body.

The Japanese is short, slender, elastic in tissue, compact in molecular construction. He has a small body and a large head. He is quick, active and energetic. His muscles and tendons yield like steel springs. He is mainly brain and muscle. Is it not natural that such a man should have a relatively greater proportion of phosphorus and muscle-building elements in his body, as compared to other chemical elements?

The Russian, of a certain class, on the other hand, is tall, heavy-set, dark, phlegmatic, with a large muscular body and relatively smaller brain. His head, though large, is principally made up of hair, skin, muscle, heavy skull bones. Such a man would naturally have less phosphorus and nerve matter and a relatively greater proportion of nitrogen and muscle-building elements.

The face of the American Indian is almost conic; the forehead slopes very perceptibly in the upper temples; his skin pigment is red yellow; his head wide. He is muscular, wiry, elastic, cat-like in movement, sudden, graceful and athletic, although he may never have heard of an athletic club. Muscle-building is his strongest function. He develops muscles, even if he does no work, from birth to death. Even in sleep, his graceful, compact, flexible muscles and tendons are being built. He assimilates protein, sodium, potassium and phosphatic food substances every minute of the day.

*Many of the World's Heroes Calcium Men.*

Many of the world's heroes have been men in whom calcium relatively predominates, in whom the bones are long and heavy, the step slow and measured. In these men calcium consumption is great, the power of assimilation of organic tricalcium phosphate is vigorous. They are stone-men in the sense that they are strongly related to the mineral kingdom. Such men were Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, Gladstone, Lord Kitchener of the British Army; General Smith-Dorrien, Commander of the Second Army Corps of the Allies; General Leman, defender of Liege; Grand Duke Nicholas.

(Continued on page 40)

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## The Wail of the Unborn Soul

(Continued from page 34)

misery, of deprivation; to bring this child into a family already overcrowded; to bring this child forth where there is no room, you say, may be excuse enough for some to take the stand that this child should not be allowed to come, but let us cite you the great geniuses of the past. They were cripples, they were mentally deficient, they were one of a large family, they struggled with sick bodies, sometimes with twisted limbs. There might have been eight and nine and ten other perfectly formed children, healthy and robust, and not one out of the large number developed more than an ordinary status of mentality. Who could have said as that child was on its way that it would be the genius of the family? And who could have had a right to say that it was one too many, and should not be allowed to take its place in the family?

These questions are all so important to this great issue, to this great question of Life, when men and women do not think that it makes any difference about the child of tomorrow, so long as they themselves have the comforts of today. Lying out in that great ocean of Life are all the souls waiting to be born. It is for them I am pleading. You have had your day. Shall they not have theirs? Have we a right to climb the dizzy heights to Life and then watch the portal that no one else shall make the flight? Have we the right to cut off the inheritance of that great ocean of souls waiting yet to be born?

There would not be time to answer your question concerning those who have come a little way on the road and lost their heritage, but we might touch upon these little lives just for a moment. The vehicle through which this life has its season of growth goes back to the elements just the same as the body through which the fully grown man or woman has functioned for a season. The sin of striking down a fully grown man is not a sin compared to the sin of robbing one of these little ones of their opportunity to rise from that ocean bed into the life that gives them expression, that enables them to go on into other seasons of expression, winning and winning, gaining and gaining, until the great circle has been completed. It is a tremendous question and who is there to defend these little ones? Thousands of miles of literature have been printed; tons of paper have been used. We might almost say a century of time has been consumed to teach the young to murder, to kill, to destroy the port into which these little ones must come, and up to the present day there has hardly been a protest.

The only reason that has been given thus far is from a religious standpoint, and religion has lost its hold upon the human race. From a scientific point of view, from a creative motive, because the human race has come thus far, entering into one port and then another, should be the reason why these little ones should be welcomed, lying out in that great ocean of life, as they do, waiting, watching, hoping, struggling, weaving garment after garment, till they gain, as it were, entrance to the city gates. Is it right to rob them of the Life you prize so dearly?

There is a day dawning, and it is upon us. It is daybreak already—when men and women will turn aside from the ruthless murders of the little children. You may ask me why I am speaking thus to you. It is not because you might carry out my words. It is because the atmos-

phere is charged. It is because the whole world is vibrant tonight with the sound of my voice. It cannot be lost. The words that I speak will record themselves and burn as coals burn a blanket, until these lives can no longer be blighted and until these minds can no longer be benighted.

The wail of the unborn, it is piteous to hear—to stand, as it were, listening to their piteous cry, when the door is closed. It is just as heart-breaking to us as it would be for you, if your first-born should be lying within the sound of your ears, being ruthlessly beaten to death. The cry of the born is nothing to be compared to the wail of those who are seeking advent into this physical life. It would not be nearly so great a crime for a mother or father or both to take their five-months-old child and strangle it to death, as it is for the man or the woman, or the doctor, or whosoever hand does it, to destroy a life before it has access to its breath.

These are questions that will not go unanswered and they are questions that will not go by without being discussed; for we shall awaken and shall arouse and shall agitate and shall criticize until the wave shall reach from shore to shore. For who is there among you, if you do not know, who has a right to say when a child shall be born? The greatest crime, the greatest wrong, the greatest disaster that can fall upon a life, is to be robbed of its body, after it has struggled to encase itself within the tomb of flesh.

Of these things not much has been thought, because life has always been held or bound, as it were, encased, in religion. Whether a man should eat, or a man should sleep, has been dominated by religion. What he should do and what he should not do, where he should go and where he should not go, what his inheritance was after death—these have been the questions that have held the world and the question of right and wrong has never been an issue. Preparing itself for a future life after the death of a physical body has been the one purpose of humanity, and the question of "Whence came you and why are you coming?" has been left unasked and unanswered. Visualize, if you will, with me, a man who will make himself safe and close the door to all the rest of humanity. Picture such a man, visualize a mass of hungry people, and then see that man through a glass door, protecting himself and sheltering himself, consuming all the food and drinking all the water. What would you think and how would you feel?

But, my friends, this picture can never portray to you the throes of agony of these dear souls. You may not think it is so; it is a new thought to you. Like all new thoughts, it has to grow. Could you step just through the door, and see these little lives who struggled into the seed and into the bud and into the flower—if you could see them as we see them, pity would fill your heart and horror would fill your mind at the dastardly crimes of the human race today in propagating the wholesale murders of the children yet to be.

Life is a perfect thing in itself, but Life has to have something to act upon and a physical body is that thing upon which Life acts. Life becomes self-supporting after it has brought forth a flesh body. It can never be destroyed, it is true, but Life can not gain entrance to its portal other than through the physical body.

Life gets its individuality and its personality and its intellectual expression through its season in the flesh body and so you can realize what a catastrophe might have been yours, if the same thing had happened to you that happened to thousands, aye, millions of other lives seeking as you sought, expression. The time will come when man's brain will be sufficiently developed so that he will comprehend these things and the time will come when the child coming forth into the flesh dimension will bring with it memories of its Life in that great ocean of Life where souls are waiting to be born.

This is a tremendous question, and should be in great headlines in every periodical in the world.

And these dear ones who have found Life after the change called Death, these dear ones who for so many years have been knocking and knocking at the door of your consciousness, are trying to tell you: "My beloved ones, I passed through death and it was just another birth. I find myself in a country quite like the country that I have been dwelling in. I find myself fully equipped with mind and mentality. I have a body—a body just like the one you buried and yet it isn't the one you buried. Sometimes I can not quite understand, but still I know, my beloved ones, I am not dead. I am not far away. I am at your side, sometimes weeping because I cannot make you hear."

Can you not hear this cry of your beloved ones? It would mean so much to you, ye mourners. It would mean so much to your lonely heart if you could hear their voices in sweet and loving tones, saying, "Forgive me, I did not mean to do wrong," or saying, "I am so glad you have heard me. I have longed so to make you hear." How many of you would find life more worth living if you could unstop your ears and uncover your eyes, so that you might hear these lovely tones and see these sweet, dear faces.

Ah, what is life? Is it the breath? Is it the voice? Is it the lovely body that we cherished and loved so to look upon? Is it that cold form lying out in the ground? Was that life? Or is life the thing that came forth in wondrous beauty and chiseled its body, as it were, stroke by stroke. Or is life that one breath, that point of light that animates the form?

Life is that loving thing, that cherishes you, that voice that cannot be stilled, that form that cannot be destroyed, though ages roll away. And what is that portal door that swings to and fro? We call it death, but it is only birth. Your loved ones wait. Listen, harken. In the stillness of the night, when no other voice is heard, when no other footfall is about, there is the soft tread, the tender touch, the sweet voice and you say, "Oh, is it only a dream?"

But what of the dead, the great life into which they have flown, if you choose to use the word? Is it a new country that they have found? There is one life and one law. A season here, a season there and a season again and the circle is made. And for you, my beloved ones, the hour strikes, and at this time you shall answer the question, "Am I my brother's keeper, and is he mine?" Responsibility is piled high upon your shoulders and you cannot shirk it; you cannot escape. For time there is no cessation; for space there is no limitation. Life never dies, but

(Continued on page 39)



# Questions and Answers

We answer in this department the 1001 personal problems that are put to us—as far as space and time hold out. Letters that demand reply by mail should be accompanied by at least \$3.00 in payment. We would answer every letter gratis if it were humanly possible. We MUST curtail, hence the charge for querists who feel they cannot await their answers in these columns. All letters treated as personal and confidential.

Readers who desire their questions answered free of charge in these columns—for purposes of identification—suggest initials.

**Question**—Is darkness a requisite for the manifestation of physical phases of psychic phenomena?

**Answer**—Darkness is not a requisite for the manifestation of physical psychic phenomena. Darkness is a requisite of many psychics through whom the manifestations come and through custom is required by those witnessing the phenomena.

In the days of persecution all psychic investigators were compelled to hold their investigations in the dark and under the cover of the night and that practice was continued to the present time.

As we study more deeply into the Psychic Law we shall find all manifestations are governed by Natural Law. There are many records of these phenomena having taken place in the broad daylight without the aid of a psychic.

**Question**—If you claim there is a superior, creative intelligence, why are we born into the earth plane in ignorance of its laws? Innocent victims, helpless sufferers, because of breaking laws we have not been able to grasp. Can a supreme intelligence create that which allows the innocent to suffer as much, or even sometimes more, than the erring?

**Answer**—There could not possibly be a supreme, creative intelligence. There are creative intelligences but they are not supreme. Their creations on every hand tell the story of their mistakes. Laws that are broken, whether through ignorance or otherwise, bring their inevitable suffering.

**Question**—Everywhere we read suffering, mistakes and pain are the only way to happiness and perfection. Why is this so? Does not unjust suffering rather breed resentment and bitterness in the heart of the human being?

**Answer**—I often try to visualize what an unhampered, heroic people we might be today if the man who coined the words "resignment, atonement and salvation" had really known anything about law or happiness. He might have coined constructive words such as "fight disease," "don't give up," "salvage and construct."

**Question**—The question of different spheres or planes is, I find among truth seekers, generally very puzzling. One time an article will claim "our dear ones are in our midst at all times." If so, are they not all of them earth bound? Furthermore, if there are so many different planes of existence in the land of the dead, we are not assured of meeting our dear ones; we are not sure of reaching their plane. Are there partings and breaking up of family life in the spirit world the same as here?

Due to the immense volume of letters being received by the Questions and Answers department, the following restrictions must be made:

1. All letters must be plainly written in ink, and preferably typewritten, and only on one side of the paper.
2. Self-addressed and stamped return envelope must be inclosed.
3. Be brief as possible.

Address all your letters to Questions and Answers Department, The Occult Digest, 1904 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

**Answer**—All writers on these subjects are telling their views which are the result of their experiences or reasoning.

Our loved ones come to us but they do not always, all the time remain at our side. Earth bound, evil spirits and all discouraging terms are coined and used by the enemies of this great truth

to frighten people, hoping thereby to hold the people in the church.

Those who try to aid us in any life, are called good and those who try to harm us are called evil. As to there being earth bound or evil spirits after death, as a special place or function, seems absurd to one who reasons. Ignorance of the law of life abounds after death and will until ignorance of the law of Life is abolished from the minds of people before death.

We carry our knowledge or our ignorance with us and that is the extent of the baggage we do carry on that voyage called death.

The more we know about life before we die, the better equipped we are. To judge, we must get the story from those who have made the trip and then always consider their reliability when at home. Everything must have the good old ballast of common sense if one desires the facts. The time, the place all share alike

in whatever body we find ourselves. There are many death-births; all cause separation, much the same way as the so-called death. If sight is developed beyond the limitation of the dimension of the functioning

body whether it be flesh, spirit or soul, there is practically no separation. We who see beyond the physical void do not feel our loved ones are in another world, hence the phrase that they are close beside us.

An earnest investigator ventures a few questions that puzzle many truth seekers.

**Question**—What is the Spiritualistic definition of God? Why pray to a principle, intelligence or life force, whose source or purpose in our lives we neither know or understand?

**Answer**—The religious Spiritualists have only disposed of Hell and changed the name of "God" to "Infinite Intelligence." The Educational spiritualists have eliminated the false teachings without regard to kings or kingdoms. They know that nature's law governs, repays or exacts toll for our wisdom and ignorance of her laws. Life after death, the same as before death, is not a question of religion. Life is how you take it. How you take it depends largely on your handicaps. If you are without religious fears, you are not handicapped. You simply watch your step and find your way.

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strike twelve.

**The Appeal of the Divine Mysteries**

(Continued from page 33)

(6) The sac, the soul nature.

**SPIRIT**

(7) The germ, the spirit.\*

\*Note: The spirit embraces the trine  
Godhead in every being—consisting of:

(8) Christ.

(9) Spirit.

(10) God.

In the case of the greater proportion of the human race, the constitution of man is treated in the same way as the eating purposes. That is to say, that the six natures enclosing the *seventh*—the "spirit" are the objects of exclusive consideration, and the *seventh* is wholly neglected and forgotten. As a "Germ" it remains throughout life, whilst all the time it is the source of vitality to the whole constitution. Consider, then, what a stupendous source of vitality it will become when developed to full age of the perfect man!

But why does the germ, the most important part of the human constitution—the spirit—remain a germ only in the greater proportion of humanity? The germ remains a germ throughout life for the same reason that an egg unhatched produces no chicken—because it is never placed in the true environment, nor undergoes the true processes of quickening and growth to perfection. And the reason of this is, that the six natures begin life and continue life from the moment of conception and re-birth, in a state of matter, corresponding to matter, absorbing matter. The effect of this continual absorption of matter is that the six natures harden and contract, and form six walls, imprisoning the *seventh nature*, or spirit.

Not only so. There follows another effect. Each of the *seven natures* is composed of *twelve sensoria*; thus synthesizing the human constitution with the cosmical constitution—the planetary circles and the houses of Zodiac. The seven natures and twelve sensoria (or areas of senses or functioning organs) correspond to the seven planetary circles and twelve houses of Zodiac, magnetically, and so derive their vitality from the central orb or seventh heaven, through the *seventh nature* or spirit, by the mediation of the sidereal systems. The effect of the "disease" of the organism, producing the hardening of the six natures, and the imprisonment of the spirit in the "six walls," is that no longer do the sensoria, or organs and senses of the six natures, function by interior attraction and draw vitality from the spirit, as in the normal state; but they function externally, drawn

to the innumerable material things of life in the earthly and astral environment. They are individualized, scattered, and outspread themselves, like tendrils, seeking from the material objects of sense-attraction the nutriment, pleasure and subsistence they hunger for. No longer, therefore, is man in synthesis or union with the planetary and Zodiacal systems. No longer does mankind correlate or commune with the "seventh heaven," the Kingdom of God; for the only means of synthesis—the spirit—is immured in the hard dungeon of the soul, behind the six walls.

Those six walls have to be broken down. The six natures must be transmuted, redeemed from the dominion, taint, and contraction of matter. And each of the six natures being purified, redeemed, set free from matter. The sensoria of each nature restored to adhesion to the spirit by redemption from the external law of gravity, and the restoration of the internal law of gravity; then will the man be once more united to the seventh heaven by the freedom of the seventh nature with its sensoria. The six natures with their sensoria will fall into the true line of subordination to the seventh, and all the seven natures, with their sensoria will return to perfect subjection to the Divine Monarch of the Universe and in perfect synthesis with the universe.

This process of redemption is "mysticism," and it is fulfilled by the graduated steps of initiation in the divine mysteries from "regeneration" to "transfiguration." The truth of the divine mysteries is the "logos" of God, the Christ, and by its two functions of *illumination* and *nourishment*, the disciple of the path of the divine mysteries, receiving the truth by the ear, receives both illumination and strength, to pursue the path, under the instruction of the divine masters through the mediation of the human masters.

Thus the divine mysteries appeal to the human mind as the one and only solution of life's problems, the only true compensation for life's suffering, the only goal of life's aspiration, and the great and only end of all life's purpose and destiny. And yet, so impregnated with matter, so injured to disease, pain, strife, decay and death is man that he rarely knows the voice of the Christ in him responding to the appeal of the divine mysteries. And too few among mankind are there of the true order of the masters to reach him and lead him to the Christ of the divine mysteries!

**The Mystical Interpretation of Evolution**

(Continued from page 30)

**XIII**

"God (that is, Nature) wrought our souls  
from the Tremadoc beds  
And furnished them wings to fly;  
He sowed our spawn in the world's dim  
dawn,  
And I know that it shall not die;  
Though cities have sprung above the  
graves  
Where the crook-boned men made war,  
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried  
cave,  
Where the mummied mammoths are."

**XIV**

"Then, as we linger at luncheon here,  
O'er many a dainty dish,  
Let us drink anew to the time when you  
Were a tadpole and I was a fish."

This poem is a splendid example of cosmic consciousness from the standpoint of biology, the science of life. We are links in an endless chain. In evolution we stand on a trail and look backward and forward. There has been a marvelous unrolling in the past, and the vista of the future unfolds. We are the supermen of the tadpole and the fish, and there is certainly a superman ahead. Here is not dogmatism, but a beautiful, optimistic fantasy. To me the poem gives a great impetus, a motif for genuine integrity, right thinking, the fullness of life and of love, by which we shall sow the best spawn, contribute the noblest blood, for the coming humanity, for the new, glorious superman.



## The Wail of the Unborn Soul

(Continued from page 36)

there is a time for retribution.

Out in the great ocean of Life from whence ye came, other souls are waiting to be born. Who can say with authority, who shall be born? Are you going to set the seal upon the entrance to this shore, that one of these yet unborn lives may be denied earth expression? Can you not picture yourself as one of those? Would you have been pleased if some one had prevented your gaining admission to this port?

Is this age going to put a ban on emigration to this world? Try to visualize that life waiting just outside the portal of birth! Think how long it has struggled to reach a stage of involution sufficient to gather material and choose its place of birth, only to be beaten back. The wailing cry coming from these lives seeking expression is more potent and pitiful than the cry of those who have stepped onto the shore of physical expression.

Let your mind revert only as far back as when individual life was thrown off from the Central Sun. Passing from this stage to that of the sponge, from the sponge to the coral insect; from it to the fungus; from the fungus to the seed; from the seed to the egg; from the egg to the body which is brought forth through the union of the male and female.

At this stage of involution we find this body possessing an ego which is listed as the offspring. Would you think of killing that body and robbing that child of its expression? One crime is identical with the other. If you are not willing to foster life, do not commit the act which encourages the life to make the venture. What right have you to decoy a life into port and then, in its helpless condition, rob it of its birthright? This is where birth-control should begin.

We advocate the curtailing of this crime by curtailing lust; there is where the crime against the unborn begins. To teach the prevention of birth is wholesale, mob violence against the human race. To lure a life onto the shores of time and then close the avenue of future progress is the most despicable and dastardly of crimes.

Let humanity not call forth these helpless babes, waiting to be born, if they are not willing to take the responsibility of caring for the little bodies; let them remain in the sponge stage until ages yet to come, but do not call them forth and then destroy their habitation.

The wail of the unborn and the cry of the born, both crippled because of the lust of mankind is filling the earth's vacuum and rocking the very foundations of the world.

Vengeance is mine, saith the Law, and you who have broken the Law, shall be driven by the waves of the sea, hither and yon. You shall find no rest, not day or night and the mark of the murderer shall set as a seal on your forehead and he who learns the symbols of the seal shall shun ye vipers, ye destroyers of Life.

This is your life, a picture of your life. From whence came you, how are you here and whither are you straying? It is worth your while to stop and look and listen and know where the next step will lead you. In the next few days there will be changes, changes that you little think will come. They are forerunners of other changes, and after all the Law is change, whether it be in the expression as you comprehend it, or the expression such as you, as yet, have not been able to comprehend. Every act is the production of Law.

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## You Are as You Are—and Diet

(Continued from page 35)

Russian General, who is 6' 7" tall, grim, silent and determined. If carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen (elements that build soft flesh) had been predominating and their bones had been small and tissues delicate, would they have manifested the same sturdy characteristics?

*A Normal Man a Moral Man. Eat for Normality.*

A knowledge of human chemical types and a curative diet is important for every man and woman. Such human nature knowledge should be taught in every school and college until every person knows how to avoid a disease-producing diet, and what is, for him, a curative diet. Legislature against crime, alcohol, vicious habits, is useless so long as man is not himself. A normal man does not steal, murder nor commit outrages. We cannot legislate lime into the bones, iron into the red corpuscles of the blood, sulphur into the hair, sodium into the secretions, potassium into the tissues, magnesium into torpid bowels, lecithin into prostrated nerves, bloom into faded cheeks. Education, however, can accomplish these ends. People should be taught constructive dietetics, the chemistry of human types, so that they may know how to eat and drink, and thus help doctors to cure, teachers to teach, moralists to civilize and business men to do a greater business. Doctors can never fully understand man and his needs, nor formulate practical systems for treatment until they have an intimate knowledge of chemical types of people, of food chemistry, constitutional symptoms and characteristics, and how drugs, climate and foods affect each type of people.

*A One-Sided Diet Builds a One-Sided Body.*

Oxygen, carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen are called organic elements because they are organizers, when acted upon by warmth. Wherever new organs or new cells are being built or repaired, the organic elements, especially expressed in sugar, fat and albumin, form and fashion that organ according to the vital impulsion within. Any disturbance of any of the elements or a lack of one or more, in the foods eaten, means a disturbance of some part of the organism.

Man is related to the mineral kingdom through the metallic salts in his system, i. e. sodium, chlorin, iron, iodine. He is related to the vegetable kingdom through his muscles and hair. He is related to the animal kingdom through his vital organs, while the nervous system relates him to the spiritual kingdom.

A deficiency or an excess of some chemical element in his body results in disease. A deficiency of sodium, chlorin, iron, potassium in the foods given to a child when he is growing, means that the walls of the arteries, the heart, membranes, ligaments, vocal cords and other parts will be weak, and consequently he will be subject to certain ailments. When an arterial wall is weak, deposits of calcium accumulate, and the defective arterial wall becomes brittle even to the point of breaking. If it breaks in the brain it means paralysis, perhaps instant death. A one-sided diet does not supply all the needed chemical elements. A predominance of starch preparations and sugary products will affect the body unfavorably, resulting in weakness, gas, acidity and general prostration. A diet rich in fats and oils results in obesity, heart

trouble, inefficiency. A fruit and nut diet lacks certain chemical elements. A diet of meat and other animal products does not supply man with all the chemical elements necessary for the maintenance of health. All the elements needed for the upkeep of the body should be supplied in proper proportion in the diet, never in excess, always remembering that different people are utilizing the various chemical elements in the foods differently.

*An Abraham Lincoln and a Benjamin Franklin May Eat the Same Foods, but They are Eternally Different in Type and Temperament.*

Men of altogether opposite types, in talent, disposition and character may eat from the same table all their lives, and yet one grows tall, lanky and bony and the other short and fleshy. One takes up the calcium and solid elements from the foods and the other the organic elements.

Right here is where an understanding of the chemical types of people is needed, and how states of mind affect the consumption or non-consumption of chemical elements in the foods eaten. No correct system of dietetics may be prescribed until there is a knowledge of the chemical types of people and why the Japanese has a different body appearance than the German and why they suffer from different diseases, and why a fleshy soft body is developed from the same general diet that at the same time builds a lank, bony man.

*Why You Are Stout or Lean.*

The base of the brain has much to do with whether you are fleshy or slender. If a man weighs 250 pounds, we know, without investigation that the base of his brain is well developed. He is able to utilize oxygen, carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen, both organically and functionally.

But when the brain is weak relatively in the base, and the brain more strongly developed, perhaps, in the volitive and will region, the man extracts, assimilates and utilizes the organo-metallic salts and becomes wiry, elastic, strong and active. He is a completely organized human dynamo, as lean as a coyote, as active as a monkey and as elastic as rubber. His brain and functions enable him to assimilate the more solid elements—calcium, potassium, silicon and the phosphates. This is the reason that a man who is powerfully developed in the power sections of the brain has the ability to build solid tissues, fibrous bands, compact bones which are stronger than the hardest oak. Such a man can work sixteen hours a day and not tire, while the heavy man, more spongy in tissue, tires easily.

Each one of the nineteen chemical types of people predominate in one certain chemical element, beyond the normal amount, and because of this they lack in certain other chemical elements, consequently, they suffer from characteristic symptoms, ailments and diseases.

*Diet for Types of People; Their Needs.*

The calcium type when his vitality runs low, suffers from hardening processes in the body, such as hardening of the arteries, gout, dull hearing, arthritis. He needs a low calcium diet after the age of thirty-five. He needs an abundance of sodium foods, such as celery and okra. He needs chlorin foods.

(Continued on page 44)



# Tuning in with the Universal Law of Vibration

By Byrdalind U. Taylor

Everyone, in reality, is more interested in himself than in any other individual or thing. How to adjust this self to the great cosmic forces of the universe so that one may bring forth music and harmony from all phases of life's expression, is the heart's desire of every awakened soul.

To know the law is to connect our own wireless receiving station with the great Universal Intelligence, while to exercise our knowledge thereof is to send out vibrations, success, joy and inspirational service to all mankind.

## BEGINNINGS

"In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God."—St. John 1:1.

God spoke and the world came forth.

The great law of vibration, registering the voice of God through all creation, changing the one substance into various forms of manifestation, according to the speed and intensity with which it plays upon the etheric waves should make us pause and wonder at the magic power we wield for good or ill each time we speak.

When we know our own particular tone, color and rate of vibration we can keep our individual instrument in tune and be assured that we have the right keynote ere we try to broadcast a symphony of harmony.

As the soul of music is that which touches the heart, so the real inner self with its intuitional knowledge is that which counts for the most in our on-going. If we accept the premise of immortality, our soul has been, as well as will be, and therefore has passed through many previous incarnations in its progress toward perfection, on the road back to God. The experience gathered with each lesson learned gave it the wisdom to choose the time, place, name and parental environment best suited to bring out the necessary qualifications for our entrance into the next grade. Therefore, it we meet our seeming fate with the spiritual wisdom of past achievements, as the vowels of our name disclose: if we express ourselves according to the destiny which our full name reveals, and work in the line which our birth path has chosen, we will not have to return and pass through the same initiation again.

Many souls of large achievement in previous incarnations return in the so-called lower strata of society where the struggle against odds is terrific. They have gained the strength to meet these vicissitudes or they would not be there. This may be their last purification process before passing on to a higher realm. If one feels that he has an unusually "hard row to hoe," he should be thankful that he has grown to the extent of understanding where he has been admitted to membership into one of the more advanced classes. Necessity will drive him to a search for the law of truth, and when truth is known he will realize the joy of freedom.

"The law of the Lord is perfect," and

as vibration is a universal law, only discernible through the principles of mathematics, we can so synchronize our thoughts and actions with the great mathematical law that our environment and life will express joy and gladness in harmonious relations where discord and dullness reigned before.

Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, who lived and taught about 580-570 B. C., was one of the foremost expounders of the mystical interpretation of names and numbers. He it was who gave to the world its present system of music and correlated the same vibratory laws with the digits and letters of the alphabet into the simple yet dynamic science of numerology. He found that each letter carried the same vibratory rate and influence as that of the digit under which it stands in the following table:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	

The universality of the law is so astounding that one may apply this formula to any word in our language, to anything in the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom, and learn its true expression.

Let us observe the general law of constructive vibration by throwing out into the ether only those words which make for our enjoyment and success. If thoughts are merely things in a higher rate of vibration, the logical conclusion is that one may be, have or enjoy that which he desires by the right use of thought and the spoken word.

As we send out into the universe the word of health, love or money, vibrant with power and expectation, for the good of everybody, it becomes a nucleus of attraction for like forces until, as our snow-man of childhood grew from the small snowball, it eventually materializes into the pattern held in mind. True, if before we had our snowman completed we changed our mind and decided to build a fort, and then before the fort was finished we started to mould a bust of Washington, the chances are the snow would have melted and our dream have vanished before anything would have become manifest in visible form. So it is with our fondest dreams—start them out on the right vibratory key and our words will form the mould into which our thought-force is poured, to come forth as the concrete work of our mind's design, fashioned after the pattern of love, success and happiness.

Matter itself is but virgin spirit, finding itself within itself. Therefore, matter itself is but spirit in projection. It is spirit attempting to find itself. All this is in minuteness, and the only difference in minuteness and massiveness is in degree, for also massiveness is trying to find itself, and this makes possible the ever-changing processes throughout all eternity. You can never be more nor less in degree than that for which you have paid the price in your pilgrimage through matter.—Burton C. Brown.

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## The Best

**FOODS AND CHEMICALS**, by Victor C. Rocine, D.Sc., *Rocine School Human Nature Studies, Chicago, 1924, \$15.00.*

Elucidating the science of correct foods for each of the nineteen constitutions of mankind, based upon natural laws of right eating, in harmony with the chemical construction of the individual. Explanations, briefly and accurately given, enabling the student to know his chemical constituents; what chemicalization of food is adapted to his particular body makeup. To quote Dr. Rocine, "when we know the relative and quantitative proportion of the various food elements in a given food; when we consider that the human body is composed of sixteen chemical elements, in varying degrees of strength; when we can supply that chemical element, or compound, which may be lacking in the body, as, for instance, tri-calcium phosphate for the bones, or Lecithin for the nerves and brain, or Potassium chloride for the muscles or Iron sulphate for the blood; and when we know in which food articles to find those particular elements needed by secretions, blood, nerve or tissues—the question of health and the cure of disease reduces itself to a scientific certainty."

In this wonderfully classified work of Rocine's, one does not have to wade through a maze of technicalities; plain talk, in plain words opens the eyes of the blind and helps the lame to walk.

Equilibrium seems to be the pith of the live message through the perusal of this, indeed, great work.

To read and study it carefully means renewed life to those who for years have eaten the wrong food, at the wrong time. Everything is in food when the chemicals are in harmony with the chemicals in our bodies.

This wonder treatise on the body chemicals is the result of the life work and study of Dr. Rocine. Its worth is beyond price.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT DEATH and Life Hereafter.** By John J. Kershner, *Chicago, \$1.00.*

Those interested from a religious view may enjoy, as the introduction vouchsafes, the spiritistic writings of John Wesley who says his work has never ceased even though he has long ago past the mortals called "Death."

**WHEN IT WAS LIGHT.** The Message from the Stars; Pre-historic Mysteries Disclosed. By Henry Lee Stoddard. *Chicago: Yogi Publication Society. \$10.00.*

There are still many nice and well-meaning people who take religious scriptures literally, and not symbolically, despite the admonition of the Master: "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." There is a great multitude who forget, that all Oriental writings are, if not entirely symbolical, yet full of symbols, and that the favorite method of teaching by Christ was in parables. He told also the reason why he did so and added, that "he who does God's will shall understand the doctrine."

Knowing how many literalists we still have amongst us, we cannot help suspecting, that those who do God's will are very few nowadays.

Prof. Stoddard gives plain evidence in his book "When It Was Light," that he has followed the ways of the Divine Will and in that way found one of the Keys to the books of the Bible. Cryptologists in general, say that there are many such keys; Occultists tell us that they are seven, namely: (1) Spiritual, (2) Astronomical, (3) Metaphysical, (4) Anthropological, (5) Geometrical, (6) Psychic, and (7) Physiological.

Kabbala has for centuries hinted at those keys.

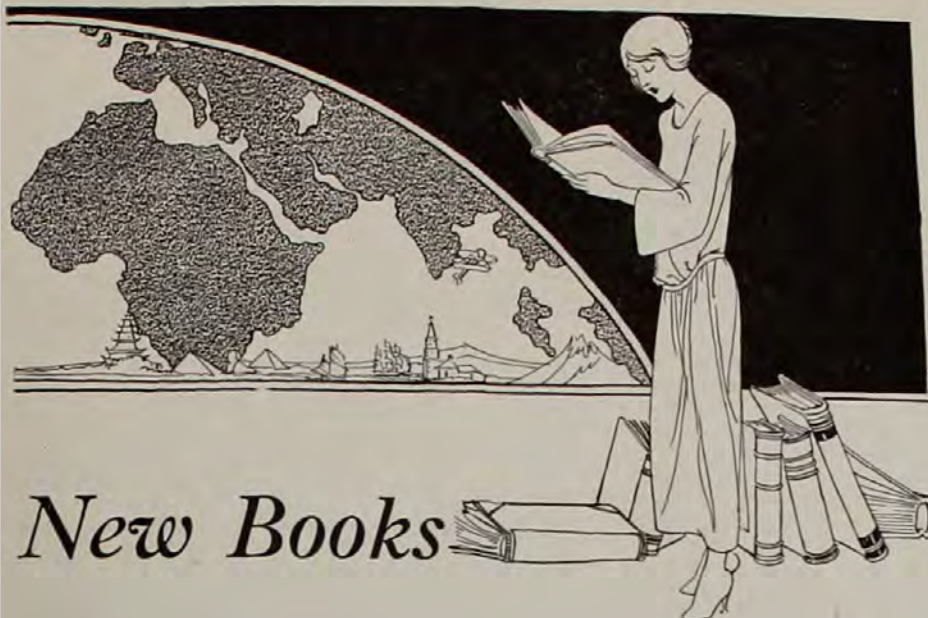
An American, J. Ralston Skinner, published forty years ago or more, "The Key to Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery in the source of Measures," of which book a great Occultist, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, said in her "Secret Doctrine" (1888) that it gave "the chief key to ancient Hebrew symbology, strongly interwoven with metrology, one of the keys to the once universal Mystery Language."

It takes, of course, nothing away from the value of a book that it is not the first of its kind, and while Kabbala and Ralston Skinner have pointed the way toward symbolical interpretation, the field is wide and the laborers are few, and Prof. Stoddard's recently published work is a very valuable addition to the interpretative literature.

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## New Books

hope that what Prof. Stoddard has begun will be followed by researches of other students, and that they will give the general public the benefit of what they have found by publishing it. To be better able to undertake such a work, they ought to study Kabbala and the present work of Prof. Stoddard.

Ralston Skinner's book has been long out of print, and the only quotations from it that we know of are to be found in the "Secret Doctrine," which is republished in new editions continually. Yet those who find new keys ought never to imagine that their key is the only true one and that all other interpretations are false. It is never a good policy, nor a wise philosophy for anyone to think, that his point of view is the only correct one.

That being so, it is with great pleasure the Reviewer takes up a work like "When It Was Light" for it DOES bring light to many hitherto dark problems. May that Light, the light of true symbolism, shine in many, many places!—J. B.

**THE BLUE ISLAND**, Being Experiences of a New Arrival Beyond the Veil; Recorded by P. Woodman and E. Stead, Communicated by W. T. STEAD, With a Letter from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Los Angeles (Austin Publishing Co.).

Miss Estelle Stead, daughter of W. T. Stead, informs us these after-life experiences of her father, W. T. Stead, were automatically written.

A graphic portrayal of Mr. Stead's passing over is so humanly visualized that one can almost feel the very breath of life as he reads, when he says, "I was still so near the earth that I could see everything that was going on there."

... and my life 'here' has been a very normal, healthy and interesting affair, just as my life on earth was ... in many of life's mysteries there is much pleasure to be had in probing the secret, and the mystery is in itself an incentive to search and enquire to overcome the unknown and gain knowledge on subjects not previously known or proven, though in this after-life there is always a fear of something ... frequently personal, but sometimes fear of harming the individual known and loved on earth."

The Blue Island is a book that makes life after death realistic because of the author's nearness to the heart of the great throng of earnest seekers before his death.

**HOW TO REACH THE MASTER MIND.** By S. V. N. Phillips, New York (Spiritual Culture Society). 50c postpaid.

A very instructive little booklet in which the author has struck a keynote when he says "Everybody who really wants to stay 'alive' must accept it as true that man is a wonderful being whose evolution has been imperfectly traced, whose limitations are exaggerated, whose limitations are exaggerated, whose powers are practically limitless, and about whom what is known 'is a mere beginning of what is knowable.' Psycho-Mental forces deal with causes—not effects, and thus it is that we come upon the magic key to the 'effectual development' and manifestation of SUCCESS."

**SOME OPEN WAYS TO GOD**, by Walter Russell Bowie. Scribner, 1924. \$1.50.

An impressive orthodox presentation of grounds for Christian belief, by the rector of Grace Church, New York.

**THE CHARACTER OF RACES**, by Ellsworth Huntington. Scribner, 1924. \$5.00.

The absorbing study of environment; its molding and modifying influence is strikingly portrayed in relation to the human group as classified by races. It is worth anyone's reading.

**UNITY**, by J. D. Beresford. Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1924. \$2.50.

The theme of soul affinity is explained by the doctrine of reincarnation, though whatever truth the writer desired to present is killed when he falls back upon renunciation as an explanatory ending to a story well started.

**THE GYPSIES**, by Charles G. Leland. Houghton-Mifflin, 1924.

The centenary edition of this book is a reprint of the original edition of 1882. The story of the gypsies of many lands is portrayed in entrancing style that is bound to interest most any reader.

**THE CHARACTER SERIES**—A Series of Five Little Booklets of What Do You Reveal By Your Hand and Head, Face and Expression, Eyes and Ears, Lips and Nose, Figure, Walk and Dress. Illustrated. Chicago, Character Reading Publishers. 10c each. The Set \$3.50.

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### A Wraith from Babylon

By Julian B. Arnold

Until the past century had run half its course little was known concerning the buried cities of Mesopotamia. Strange gods of Akkad stood in dark corners of our museums staring dumbly at stone bulls of Bashan. No one yet had told their stories nor deciphered the arrow-head inscriptions on their sides. Numerous cylinders and clay tablets, exquisitely incised with texts in cuneiform, held from the world their secrets written in a dead language.

Of the few men who struggled to resuscitate this lifeless tongue of Chaldea none were more persistent or deserve higher place among the pioneers of Assyriology than George Smith. As far back as 1867 he had deciphered the writing on a Babylonian tile which mentioned an eclipse of the sun and thus enabled the astronomers to fix the date of the inscription; and in 1872 he suddenly achieved universal reputation by his translation of the Chaldean account of the Deluge. Portions of the chronicle were missing but its similarity with the biblical story at once awakened general interest. The new field of research so appealed to the editorial and literary instincts of the late Sir Edwin Arnold that in January, 1873, he arranged with George Smith that he should go to Nineveh, at the expense of the London Daily Telegraph, and open up the mound-graves of ancient Assyria.

The expedition was a complete success. Nineveh and other famous sites were scientifically excavated. Nemesis in the shape of George Smith carried their gods and kings, in granite and basalt, into captivity in London. The missing fragments of the Chaldean story of the Deluge were recovered; and many museums were enriched with Babylonian treasures of art and literature.

Those who are interested in psychological research would, perhaps, be interested to hear of the last meeting between Edwin Arnold and George Smith. During the summer of 1870 the latter was continuing his excavations at Kouyunjik, on behalf of the British Museum, when he was prostrated by fever. He was carried to Aleppo where he died on 10th August. Now on that day Edwin Arnold, unaware of the illness of his friend, was walking down the Strand in London when he saw George Smith a few feet away from him looking into the windows of a shop at the corner of Arundel Street. Stepping quickly forward to express his surprise and pleasure at the unexpected encounter he observed his friend pass around the corner and disappear. This corner of the shop consisted of clear glass and the sudden disappearance of the vision was therefore as inexplicable as had been its appearance; nor did the solution of the puzzle arrive until he reached home and found awaiting him a telegraphic message stating that George Smith had died that day in Aleppo.

Spirit is the cause; expression is the effect. Personality is merely the quality of the individual shining through the physical form. Life in the physical is your opportunity to evolve higher, while Happiness is the result of knowing with freedom as to doing. Art is only a reflection of the soul consciousness. How can mind processes stand when they are merely effects of something behind it? Consider the pendulum of a clock; it hits a perfect balance. When it gets out of equilibrium it stops. To know the Law and obey it is the salvation of Humanity.

—Burton C. Braten.

The Occult Digest  
(A Monthly for Everybody)

### Some Stirring Thoughts

(Continued from page 26)

body, some infantile screams, some inherited tendencies, spiritual possibilities and a life germ of immortality. How very poor and dependent you were!

Well, you can take nothing out of this world in passing through death's grim gateway, but consciousness, memory, mental attainments, moral qualities and spiritual treasures—nothing else. Where—and what then? I know, and you know; and you ought to so live as to hear beyond the curtain of change: "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

Behold now your waiting friends, your lovely home and the indescribably beautiful scenery. Looking farther, behold those crystal fountains, those gardens, groves, flowers, schools and lyceums, colleges and universities, limited by the laws of adaptation and merit. Behold the historical libraries extending back to the period that marked the era when first inhabited by rational intelligences. Wrapt in the beauty of this vision, you will begin to realize that spirit life is an active life, a social life, a disciplinary life, a constructive life and a progressive life, guarded and infilled with the presence and the glory of God.

### You Are as You Are—and Diet

(Continued from page 40)

The potassium type will suffer from rheumatism, congestion, heart failure. In order to avoid such ailments, he should eat daily, foods containing manganese; he should eat vegetable protein, greens and berries.

The sodium type are predisposed to suffer from pneumonia, biliousness, pleurisy. They need a warm climate and plenty of breathing of fresh air, and foods such as blackberries, lean meat, celery, bitter vegetables, oatmeal and goat milk.

In addition there are the oxygen type (oxy-feric), carbon type (carbo-feric), hydrogen type (hydri-feric), nitrogen type (nitro-feric), chlorine type (mar-as-mic), sulphur type (exes-thes-ic), phosphorus type (neurogenic), fluorine type (par-genic), silicon type (sille-vit-ic), and seven other types, which are combinations of chemicals and temperaments.

(In succeeding articles in this series, we will describe each chemical type, illustrate the type with cut, describe his predisposing ailments and diseases and how to overcome them through proper diet.)

### Individuality and Personality

(Continued from page 22)

of the world, the aligning of our will with what to our view is obviously the Divine Will, or course of evolution, leading to the perfection of the Solar System to which we belong. By this cleansing the personality we successively inhabit, we are eventually to become able to express through one of them just as much of the real Self as is possible to anyone in these lower planes of Nature.

This is the stage of the Christs. "I and my Father are one": the personality and the Individuality have united, the mortal has won immortality; the beginning thus of a grander evolution, transcending the human entirely.



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How to reckon time? Count the minutes.

How to delay time? Waste it.

What to do with tomorrow? Wait for it.

What to do with today? Use it.

What to do with yesterday? Forget it.

Waiting for another day makes us wasters.

Hoping for another opportunity makes us losers.

Acting today makes us masters.

Taking advantage of opportunity keeps it knocking.

**No Time Left!**

First man: "What time have you?"

Second man: "No time; I used it all waiting for you to keep your appointment."

Be not led astray by the glare or trumpets of others through life—their path may not be your own.

Don't "let go" just when you should reap, for you then have only the gleanings to sow again.

Read more and gossip less. Gather the flowers each day and be happy in the day before you. Every day is a new day—a new thought—a new life for you. Hope and work for Hope is the searchlight that illumines your path, and the OCCULT DIGEST the helping friend whose aim is to guide you on your way.

Lots of wise men look like fools and lots of wise men look—otherwise.

Only fools and brave souls sacrifice the realities of today for the uncertainties of tomorrow.

With all thy getting—get understanding.

"A psychoanalyst on smells says that women associate the odor of musk with quarrels, usually with other women. A case of scented trouble.

"British scientist says baby apes have human traits which they lose later in life. That's nothing. Some human babies have apish traits which they never lose."

—Country Editor.

The Faithful Believer—"The tears, the fears, the jeers, the church, the double cross, death, the gravel!"

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Some men make money but money un-makes most of them.

It takes more than preacher belief to illuminate two thousand years of shady reputation.

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—Toledo Blade.

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## IN LIGHTER VEIN

A dinner was given in New York, at which a well-known actor sat at the guest table. When the hour for starting the feast arrived the toastmaster, a very religious man, discovered that no minister of the Gospel was present, though several had been invited. In this emergency he turned to the actor and asked him to say grace.

The actor rose, bowed his head, and in the midst of a deep hush said fervently: "There being no clergyman present, let us thank God!"—*Exchange*.

Archeologists say that the old Egyptian kings were buried in asbestos shrouds. Wonder if the officiating undertakers meant to suggest any doubts?—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

Historians who wrote the history of the Great War must begin to feel that they only wrote the preface.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The undeveloped peoples can learn almost everything from the Christian nations except Christianity.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Every Day, In Every Way.—The Aunt: "Yes, Betty, with the new thought one can accomplish anything. For instance, I don't even have to rouge! I simply think a flow of color into my cheeks!"

The Niece: "Gracious! I'm glad I don't have such thoughts as that!"—*London Mail*.

Cheap Luck.—"I was advised if I wished to be lucky," remarked the Elgin man, "to throw a penny over the bridge the first time the train crossed running water. I did it, but the string nearly got entangled when I was pulling it up again."—*Bristol Times and Mirror*.

While There's Life.—Farmer: "An' 'ow be Lawyer Barnes doin', doctor?"

Doctor: "Poor fellow! He's lying at death's door."

Farmer: "There's grit for 'ee—at death's door an' still lyin'!"—*London Humorist*.

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A young divinity student, acting as a supply in a country church, had chosen for his theme the stoning of Stephen. He hailed from that part of the Middle West where a small petrified substance is a "rock" instead of a "stone."

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"And, oh, my friends, those wicked people rocked that saint of God to death!"—L. M., in *True Story*.

### Indispensable

A colored preacher was comparing the church to a ship. "Now, breddern," he went on, "when you have de ship ready and de sails all up, what does yo' need fer to make de sails fill out and scoot de ship right along into de hebbently harbor? Huh?"

"Wind," said old Deacon Simpson in a low tone.

"Jesso! Perzackly!" continued the pastor. "Brudder Simpson will please circ'late wid his high hat an' raise de wind."

—*Boston Transcript*.

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A. H. Ward,  
Chicago, Ill.

A. H. Ward, Chicago, held a small pay job. Now he averages \$12,000 a year as a salesman. Last month he cleaned up \$1,350—and he stepped into this kind of earnings as a result of reading this book.



# What This Amazing Book Did for These 8 Men

It would be just as easy to tell the same story about 20,000 men—even more—but what this book brought these eight men is typical. If you do not get a big salary increase after reading this message you have no one but yourself to blame. This amazing book is

## NOW FREE

**\$1,000 in 30 Days**



"After ten years in the railway mail service I decided to make a change. My earnings during the past thirty days were more than \$1,000."

W. Hartle,  
Chicago, Illinois.

**First Month \$1,000**

"The very first month I earned \$1,000. I was formerly a farm-hand."

Charles Berry,  
Winterset, Iowa.



**\$524 in 2 Weeks**

"I have never earned more than \$60 a month. Last week I cleared \$306 and this week \$218."

Geo. W. Kearns,  
Oklahoma City.



**City Salesman**

"I want to tell you that the N. S. T. A. helped me to a good selling position with the Shaw-Walker Company."

Wm. W. Johnston, Jr.,  
S. Minneapolis, Minn.



**\$554.37 in One Week**

"Last week my earnings amounted to \$554.37; this week will go over \$400."

F. Wynn,  
Portland, Ore.



**\$100 a Week in Only 3 Months**

H. D. Miller, of Chicago, made \$100 a month as stenographer in July. In September, 3 months later, he was making \$100 a week as a salesman.

**\$10,000 a Year**

O. H. Malfroot, of Boston, Mass., stepped into a \$10,000 position as a SALES MANAGER—so thorough is this training.

### They Sent for the Book, "Modern Salesmanship," That You Can Now Get—Free

Possibly it is just as hard for you at this moment to see quick success ahead as it was for A. H. Ward of Chicago. When he was a soldier in France, wondering how he would make a living if he got back home safely, \$10,000 a year seemed a million miles away. But read what happened after he had read the book we want you to send for. Almost overnight, as far as time is concerned, he was making real money. The first year he made \$10,000.00.

There is nothing unusual about Mr. Ward, or about his success. Thousands after reading this book have duplicated what he did—Mr. Ward, simply was willing to investigate.

The only question is—do you want to increase your earning power? If so—this book will quickly show you how to do it in an amazingly easy way.

### Success Inside Twenty Weeks

There is no long, drawn-out wait after you have sent for this book before you begin to do as the men on this page did. Within twenty weeks you can be ready to forge ahead. This may sound remarkable—but after sixteen years of intensive investigation the National Demonstration Method has been perfected—and this means you can now step into a selling position in one-fourth the time it formerly took to prepare for this greatest of all money-making professions.

Men in every walk of life have made this change—farmers, mechanics, bookkeepers, ministers—and even physicians and lawyers have found that Salesmanship paid such large rewards and could be learned so quickly by this new method that they preferred

to ignore the years they spent in reading law and studying medicine and have become Master Salesmen.

### Simple as A B C

There is nothing remarkable about the success that men enjoy shortly after they take up this result-securing system of Salesmanship training. For there are certain ways to approach different types of prospects, certain ways to stimulate keen interest—certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudice, outwit competition and make the prospect act. Learn these secrets and brilliant success awaits you in the selling field.

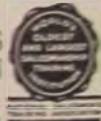
### Make This Free Test At Once

You don't need experience or a college education. And if you are not sure of yourself, you can find out at once whether you can make big money as a Star Salesman. Simply send the coupon for this Free Book. Ask yourself the questions it contains. The answers you make will show you definitely whether a big success awaits you in this fascinating field. Then the road is clear before you. This amazing book will be a revelation to you. Send for it at once while this free offer is open.

**NATIONAL SALESMEN'S  
TRAINING ASSOCIATION**

Dept. 34-S

53 W. Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.



National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.

Dept. 34-S.

53 W. Jackson Blvd.,

Chicago, Ill.

Confession: I will accept a copy of "Modern Salesmanship" with the understanding that it is sent me entirely free.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_



# To the Man or Woman of Today Who Hasn't Time

Any man, or woman, who says he or she **hasn't time to discover** for himself—to know for himself—to benefit for himself—who **hasn't time**, with all his getting, to get Understanding of **Life Here and Hereafter**—who has no time to get into these things that are the **very Foundation** of every human life—**THE NATURAL LAWS OF SCIENCE**—who **hasn't time** to turn from disease to **good health**—from sorrow to **happiness**—from fear to **love**—who **hasn't time** to know all these things are **daily being demonstrated** in the lives of untold thousands—any man or woman who says he **hasn't time** for that is just about as logical and sensible as a gold miner would be who said **he didn't have time** to get some dynamite to do his own **blasting with**. He shows about as much good sense as the man who **didn't have time** to pay his taxes.

**Haven't Time?** Any man or woman who **rules his Destiny** and feels the stimulus of real ambition is **ALWAYS** in the Vanguard of the **ADVANCED THOUGHT OF THE DAY**—to know and do the things he knows he ought to know and do—to **reach the heights he wants to scale**. Any one who has made up his mind to get to the top in a given line of work he is in, or wants to be in, has time to stop and take an analysis of himself—an analysis of his very being—for he must **build right**, he knows, **in order to win the race**.

**The Occult Digest gives you FACTS**—straight from the shoulder—**cold and scientific**—that will disrobe you of the idolatrous superstitions—the myths of yesterday whose heritage was the yoke thrust upon you in **Life** before you began to think your first original thought—and it has held you back from the **Soul's true progress in This Life**—These facts we give to you—something for you to stand upon—something to guide you—it **gives you a reservoir of force and energy to draw upon**—the **master keys** by which you may **unlock Nature's secrets**—revealing a **knowledge of the reality of Life** in this world.

**Reading the Occult Digest does NOT take time. It MAKES time.** It helps you to do in less hours what it took you **MORE HOURS** to do—and do it **MANY TIMES** as well. It **gives you LIFE**—for it radiates an **understanding of Life's laws and principles**. It charges you with a **dynamic force** that the world cannot deny—the power of the printed word of truth—that can't be crushed by even the sword. It **points the way to the wealth of Health, Success and Happiness**—sign posts on life's great Broadway—the joy of living a life that knows no Death. It **makes your life worth while and every life worth the living**.

**The Occult Digest doesn't work any miracles—nor does it claim to teach** you that you have to perform anything supernatural—but it may—if you will only listen—tell you **how to stir into LIFE** that **ETERNAL FLAME**—that spark of **life's laws and principles**—that **IMPELLING SOMETHING WITHIN YOU**—that generates **dynamic energy—strength and vitalic magnetic force** which helps you demonstrate for yourself, red blood and tireless energy—the **harmony of the body, mind and soul**—which is composite of every great success!

**There is nothing mysterious about LIFE** except the fear and superstition which the Enemies of Truth and the Charlatans of the Day, who in all their bold effrontery—have perpetrated—by plying their nefarious trade—thrust upon an honest truth-seeking Public under the hidden mask and protecting cloak of Religion.

**It gives real men and women—men and women who think—on every page a living message**—about **Life Here and Hereafter**—scientific truths more strange than fiction—yet so interestingly instructive that bring solace to hearts that have lost their way. They who have given up **Hope** in the wilderness and mind-maze of blind faiths that have utterly failed to answer their Prayers—These may find **Light and understanding—comfort and joy—in this life and the evidence of a tangible immortality beyond the grave**.