

The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

**March
1934**



What! Prohibition Again?

"An effort will be made at a meeting of the American Conference on Birth Control, in January, to link national recovery with the aims of those who advocate restricting the size of families."

The above news item was clipped from *The Kablegram*, a spicy news collector. This smacks of the wholesale murder of children???. Shall it be done by the State or the parents—or will we have Government control of the unfit. Who shall be the judge of these tiny tots seeking admittance at the portal of Life?

The Universal Symbolism of Playing Cards

By ELBERT BENJAMINE

President of The Church of Light

The Persistence of the Residual

By WM. NELIS

I Found God Through the Microscope—an Interesting Experiment That Reveals a Great Truth

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WE STAND FOR TRUTH UNMASKED

Make the world safe for INTELLIGENCE

VOLUME 10

NUMBER 3

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Features

FOR
APRIL

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Explained by the
Face Cards

By Elbert Benjamin
President of
The Church of Light

The Seven Plexuses or
Centers of Force

By Yacki Raizizun

Music from Ghostland

By
Evelyn Cochrane Leason

The Pack Peddler

By Lydia A. Buck

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1926 Volume II contains an article on The Alchemy of Color as a healing therapeutic—also The Hypnotic Power of Motion—The Psychic Life and Spirit Worship of the Aborigines of Australia—History of the Nature and Origin of Amulets and Talismans—The Miracles of Will Power—The Sacred Pentagram and How to Talk with the Dead through Slate-writing—The Psychic Power of Breath—Relativity and the Occult—Einstein's Theory as Related to the Life After Death—Mysteries of Life Discovered by Serum—How Spirit Photography May Solve Crime—Prana-Yama, The Secret Formula of the Ancients—The Master Key of the Yogi—articles on brain cell building and many other features.

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In Volume VII, 1931. Through the Gateway of the Past—Occult Contacts—The Phantom Aeroplane (a story) Healing by animating the Etheric body—Man and His Universe—A complete course in Numerology—Is Disease a subconscious process—Reincarnation—The Haunted Mine (a story)—Clairvoyance the next step in Evolution—Women of broader view—Taps (a Boy Scout story)—Mediumship and the Subconscious—Occult Science—Astrology simplified—The Magnetic mechanism of the Divining rod—Guidance for the Initiate—Spirit Photography—Mind and Numbers—The Zodiac and your Aura—The dawn of a new Era—What dies at Death—Cosmic vengeance—Jewish elements in Occultism—a veritable feast table of knowledge.

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THE OCCULT DIGEST

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PLAIN FACTS

By EFFA E. DANELSON



THE CRY of the soul to unravel the tangled web of Life is constantly resounding in my ear. How do you know?—Why cannot I know?—is on every lip. Why cannot I see my living dead? Why cannot my loved ones speak to me? If they live, where do they live and how do they live? These and a thousand other questions of equal importance come to our attention. The earnestness in which they are asked and the grief they disclose compel us to give an attentive ear and searching eye to the mission of giving knowledge and understanding which will clarify the vision and heal the broken heart.

Words at their best are crude implements of service. First, consider the *law* as a whole, governing all of Life, not from the memory of man as a potential being, but as an integral part of the whole; not from the angle of any creed, sect or dogma, historical record or philosophical record; not from a magical or mystical hearsay or folklore, Biblical or Astrological; not from any deduction by the mind of man in any age known to man or fancied by man, but let us consider the law in the light of the scientific revelations of our own day, comparing only the gaslight of a decade ago to our present system of lighting our homes and add to that the great achievement of instantaneous lighting of A Century of Progress through the capture of a ray of light from a star.

Who would deny that this is possible, yet how many among the vast population of this world could perform this feat? Who among the mighty throng who enjoy this superb lighting would go back to the candle light of a century ago or to the kerosene lamp of half a century ago, or the ox-cart or even the horse-drawn vehicle of our own memory and day?

Let us not analyze the law by old parchments or graven images of stone. Let us analyze the law by the light of the added Knowledge through the understanding of the present-day Evolution and realize that a deaf world has been reached by a voice from the void, a blind eye has been reached by the *light of revelation*, resulting in the chasm of Death being bridged and the valley of silence suddenly filled with the voices of those we called dead, because we are no longer blinded by the gloom of ignorance inherited from those who feared the thunder and the lightning as a rebuke of an angry God.

We are living in a new age, an age of revelation. We are speaking in terms of the Etheric; we are traveling, so to speak, etherically or by the power of mind.



Etheric means mind vibration and has to do with the brain or understanding. Etheric forces are like mental flashes, which reveal things to our physical brain and write them, so to speak, on our memory. Everyone has these forces, but some are quicker to grasp them and make use of them. In our study we have found no dividing line; we do not recognize either high or low. One part of our body is as necessary as another. We judge only by the ability to serve and all service is noble whether done by the body for the whole or done by individuals for one another.

Nature serves all. The Life current is both physical and mental, serving before Birth and after Death. The breath of Life, from a physical sense, is air, but the term, Breath of Life, as used by teachers of the Occult, means the Life itself in its highest degree of development.

Astral means seeing with the mind or traveling with the mind or mind revealing. Many of the terms used by so-called advanced teachers can be summed up in one sentence, *understanding the governing law of Life* and its relation to each individual, or in other words, "coming to a realization of all our power, hidden or otherwise." Life has no mysteries or secrets that man may not know if he would but realize that all things are a product of the one *law* working for the best good of all. Man placed the barrier from which we all suffer.

Think and analyze in terms of common sense, always with an earnest desire to know the Truth about Life and Life will reveal to you as you progress in knowledge and just as we have discarded the ox-cart, the horse and eventually will discard the cumbersome automobile and the flying machine as modes of travel, so will the new race develop the power of the body, now unknown to man.

EDITORIALS in TUNE

Without Fear or Favor

Is Death a Release?

DEATH is not the thing it used to be and not the thing it seems to be, and when people become convinced that Death is a Birth into a new phase or a continued expression, Death will become a thing of no importance whatsoever, and when people realize the importance of preparing for this event in the same magnitude as they would for any other journey in Life, the now evil tendency to amass earthly gains will have lost its attraction. When the value of the dollar has value only for the necessities which it will purchase for the *human race*, men and women will utilize their mental strength in the accumulation of possessions which they are able to take into the next revision of Life. Interest will then center in the fitting of one's self for the great event from which no one can be barred.

What I am about to say may seem far-fetched and may be discredited, but *death does in no way enlighten the dead*. Those who were able to throw off the yoke of bondage were never able to impress a sufficient number of people before death to overcome the strange religious malady with which the whole world has been stricken. But since the great influx of modern youth, resulting from the World War, the educators in the Spirit world (so-called) are gaining rapidly. The trouble is the garbled messages by those who receive them—garbled we say—by injecting into the messages the religious fanaticism which has always enslaved the world. The only hope of enlightening them is by enlightening the mind of the child. The people of the earth will then free themselves from the bondage of fear and superstition in which they are steeped from early childhood; they can then receive sustaining knowledge from the dwellers in the so-called Spirit world into which death only projects them. Only about 15 per cent of all the people who have ever lived, in whatever age or country of the world, have ever realized that death has liberated them from the physical life on earth. The 85 per cent are still proclaiming for or against whatever interest absorbed them most in the physical earth expression. They know nothing of the enlightened world.

One who has progressed realizes that these unawakened people are living within the bonds of their memory. The people who are living today in the physical body who can receive and transcribe what they receive are very few. The truth cannot be transmitted to the world for its enlightenment until we have a free press which does not belie itself. The best minds which the world ever had since man conversed in language have been sacrificed as they came about the scene of action. Our present history

of the great ones who were sacrificed are flaming records, giving warning even in our present day and until the people awoken to their danger of being sold into mental bondage and physical servitude their physical death will only tighten the bonds that bind them.

The salvation of humanity after the change called death is the education of humanity in the things which survive the physical death. If it could be impressed upon the mind of every child that the law of Nature decrees that man and all created things survive the physical death and that each person is responsible for his own acts and thoughts, we would indeed have a new Earth and a new Heaven, for there would then be enough enlightened people entering the Spirit world, so-called, to enlighten those despairing souls who find neither comfort nor rest through the change called Death.

Birth Control

WE SHOULD have government-equipped hospitals for the care of the expectant mother and child, government-equipped schools for the education and care of the children. The world needs the children of the new race. The present encumbrances of the earth have become embittered because of their failure to grasp the issues of Life and in their bitterness are continuously concocting laws and contraptions to prevent the further successful entrance of the future race to the physical expression of Life. The murderers and destroyers of Life should be placed in government-equipped institutions for the study of the *crank mind* which seeks always to destroy that which it cannot possess or understand. A Life is something which does not belong to the *mass mind* to dispose of, therefore man or woman, singly or en masse, do not have the right to pass judgment or condemnation upon a Life. My mother had thirteen living children; all but two lived and filled honorable places in the world; all but two of them have raised large families that have blessed the world by living honorable lives. Which one of us should have been deprived of its entrance to physical Life to comply with the proposed limited family legislation?

Poverty was in our home always, yet we grew to manhood and womanhood and took our places in the mighty throng of workers and creators. We made our own way, bulldozed roads where there were none, created where no creation existed, gave when there was nothing left, served those who needed service, held to the integrity that TRUTH was always the best defense and HONESTY the only

WITH OUR TIMES

BY EFFA DANELSON

cornerstone worth laying. We were often hungry and cold, yet we survived all destructive forces and surmounted all difficulties.

Birth control is not the solution to the problem of Life, my friends. Nature has provided amply for the potential child's need, the education and care of those who successfully make the entrance into the physical expression of Life. Government sanction and provision is the remedy for the ills of large families, not birth control by legislation or by fiendish murder.

It is a Truth that cannot be gainsaid that *he* and *she* who lure a Life to the shores of time and rob it of its birth commit not only a crime against the child and nation but rob themselves of the fruits of Life and will find themselves with empty hands and sorrowing heart at the end of Life's journey.

Humanity

WHAT do we mean by Humanity? Do we mean a white race, a black race, a yellow race, a red race? Do we mean an African or a Gypsy? Do we mean a Chinaman or a Japanese, a Greek, Italian, an Englishman, a German, a Swede, Norwegian, Hawaiian or a Turk, or do we mean the survival of the mighty ones of earth? Who are the civilized? These mighty ones who have through their power of might enslaved those whom they could make serve them and driven the remainder into the swamps of the world to die and rot?

The United States of America welcomed all races except the colored race, born on their own soil, and too often their own flesh and blood, because the ancestors of our colored race were once slaves. It is not because their skin is black or brown, nor because their parents were born in Africa. It is not because they are less human that they are set aside. It is because the so-called, highly civilized white people, after eighty-three years, cannot forget that they are descendants of slaves, a blot indeed upon the principles of a free country. What do we mean by Humanity and who are the civilized people of the earth?

We are neither civilized nor human, after nearly two thousand years of Christianity and ten thousand years of available records of our forebears. As nations we are still beasts of prey. The mighty ones inherit the earth and woe unto those who are trapped into slavery. To be worthy of the name Humanity we must in spirit and truth call no race a slave race, no class or clan shall despise each other, but everyone who claims the right to earn his bread shall be a free man and be equal with all men who call themselves civilized.

Criticism

“WHY ARE there so many ignorant people returning from the spirit sphere?” is eternally belching forth from the ignorant skeptic. WHY? The answer is eminent. Because there are so many babes born of ignorant parents who shackled them with false teachings about Life here and hereafter, and because you can only get back from the spirit world the same caliber of mind sent into it, and because the door of intelligence is locked and barred by the unthinking, educated mass mind who are responsible for the enlightenment of youth, who train the mind of the child and student through century after century to believe in fairy stories of birth and death. When these children and students reach an age of thinking for themselves they soon realize these tales have no stability and they cut loose from their frail moorings and are lost at sea.

Death overtakes them and they flounder about for a compass to guide them. Finding none, they drift back and forth until they are attracted by a stronger impulse which may lead them to greater learning or to the depths of self-degradation, often, very often, settling down to earth habits, fastening themselves upon some unsuspecting, equally ignorant person.

Understand me; we are speaking of those who are ignorant of the law governing the Death-Birth. One may be educated in Philosophy, in Politics, in Science and yet become a victim to a marauding or ignorant spirit who, before death, might have been an esteemed citizen of the world. The only remedy is the education of the mass mind on this much-abused question of Life after Death. Before this can be accomplished we must abolish the freedom of the press to abuse, ridicule and misrepresent every issue pertaining to this, the greatest question concerning humanity. Secondly, we must demand religious freedom which, in full measure, means *freedom from religion* and the right to believe in the hereafter according to our own intelligent interpretation of Life, both here and hereafter. The hopelessly ignorant population are the direct cause and creator of the fakir in this world and the ignorant millions returning from the spirit with the same senseless prattle they held to while living in the physical body are responsible for the religious insanity abroad in the land. My word to you is this—STOP SENDING INTO THE AFTER LIFE THOSE WHO ARE IGNORANT OF THE LAW OF LIFE AFTER DEATH!

"I Found God Through the Microscope"

An Interesting Experiment That Reveals a Great Truth

By FRATER X. Y. Z.

(Reprint from the Rosicrucian Digest)

IT WAS long after midnight—in the early hours of the morning—and the laboratory was quiet and the whole world seemed to be at rest and at peace. Outside of my own breathing and animation the only other indication of life was the throbbing, pulsating movement of the few living cells under the powerful lenses of my microscope.

I had spent hours watching the smallest forms of living matter manifesting the great universal laws. These little cells were ovums—the living cells from which the human species evolve and grow and mature and then pass on and return into cells again. Each of the cells is so small that without the aid of a powerful microscope it is invisible to the eye. Without the privilege of such high magnification and without the revelations which the microscope have made to man, man would be warranted in believing that the cells did not exist. How many ages have passed—aons of time—during which man has held fast to the idea that that which he cannot see or sense in any objective manner does not exist? But here in a very small drop of fluid the microscope permits me to see a great number of these cells and I have separated some of them until in the center of my field of microscope vision I have three or four of these cells as plainly visible to me as though they were glass balls as large as an orange. I can see the very substance of their outer walls and I can look through this transparent substance and see the substance within them. Each one of them is actually smaller by far than the sharp end of a small needle, yet more powerful in its ability to demonstrate and manifest the laws of God and nature than many of the larger living things in this world.

And as I analyzed the inner and outer parts of the cell and studied the process whereby these cells are enlarged and thought of the methods by which all living cells grow and reproduce themselves and multiply, I saw the universal scheme of God's creative power.

And then I thought of how each of these cells could become the seed of a human being. Each of them needed but the magnetic, electric, vitalizing touch of its opposite polarity to bring the male and female element of generation into spontaneous action. What was it within each of these little cells that constituted the human specie? As I pondered over this question and adjusted the lenses to a condition of increased magnification, I analyzed the inner nature of the cell. Our chemical analyses have told us all about the chemical nature of the fluid-like, almost transparent substances within the cell.

In the center of it there appears a slightly more dense or opaque substance and in various parts of the cell between the center and outer wall there are other little points of density or distinctive substance. Each of these very minute and microscopically small elements within the cell represent characteristics of the human body.

And then I watched the cell become fertilized. Instantly the little ovum became vibrant with an increased energy and certain portions of its interior developed new points of density and these moved and came together and enlarged themselves and the cell began to increase in size and there was before me the human egg in which the human specie grows and develops all of its physical, mental, and spiritual characteristics and nature.

No matter how many years' experience you may have in observing the life of living cells under the microscope, one is constantly impressed with an increasing sense of astonishment and awe with the fact that the miracle of life is contained in each of these living cells and that man in all of his progress through the sciences has not yet learned the great secrets.

What was there within the cell before my eyes that would determine its growth and development into the body of a human being? Chemical nature was present and would explain the chemical nature of man's body, but what of the mind, and what of the spirit? Thinking of the spiritual nature invisibly located somewhere within that cell, I began to think of those traits and elements of the human being called distinctive characteristics. I thought of how each cell reproduces the inherited qualities of its parents. Here before my eyes was a cell that might have become—that could have become—the living foetus of a human being. I tried to visualize what that human being might have been like. It might have been a male with red, curly hair; strong, broad shoulders; large and perfectly formed physical body. It might have had the gray blue eyes of its father. It might have had the tender lips of its mother. It might have had the strong chin and firm features of its forebears. It might have had the musical ability of both of its parents; it might have had the inherited desire for travel, the inherited desire for the fine arts. The inherited justice and moral courage would have surely been transmitted to it. All of these things and a hundred more distinctive characteristics that would have made this living cell resemble both of its parents and even include some of the outstanding characteristics of its grandparents were concealed somewhere within that living cell.

Scientific studies of these cells have proved to us that each cell carries within it, in its invisible essence, those sublimely mysterious things which determine whether it shall be a male or a female of the white race, the black race, the yellow race, or the red race; whether its hair shall be dark or light; its nationality of the Italian, the French, the German, the English, the American, the Egyptian, or the Persian, or some other strain given to it by one or both of its parents.

As I pondered over the existence of these unseen elements in the cell, I thought that the cell had an "overlord," that the father and the mother combined were within the cell unseen and yet demonstrating the very existence and development of the cell. In other words, the cell before my eyes could not become anything else in its growth and development than that which was within it, for its parents in all of their essential powers and qualities were contained within the substance of the cell and these parents would insist, in some mysterious way, in making that cell grow and reveal themselves in a new form, a new body, a new individual.

What a startling and marvelous thought this is! Within a cellular body so small that it could pass through the very fine mesh of the finest piece of silk, that it could pass through the smallest point possible to make with the finest point of a needle, there was a father and mother nature with all of the physical, mental, and spiritual qualities of the parents residing in vitality and dominance ready and insistent upon making themselves manifest through the expansion and growth of the cell.

And then I thought of man in his maturity. He finds it hard to understand that within his small body there is a kingdom of heaven and within that the living God of the universe. Man is prone to think of God as being so universally broad, so universally large, so omnipotently great in size and extensive existence that he cannot be resident within man. It seems almost improbable to the average person that the kingdom of heaven—that magnificent world of spiritual life, that realm of omnipotent possibilities—could be within a human body. Yet here before my eyes is a cell smaller than anything the human eye can see and within that small cell are all the essential powers, all of the physical nature, mental and spiritual qualities and elements of a father and mother and their long line of forebears. Could not God, then, be within our human forms in the same manner as is the nature and power of our parents within the small

(Continued on page 23)

The Universal Symbolism of Playing Cards

By ELBERT BENJAMINE

President of the Church of Light



Elbert Benjamine

ONE might suppose that the last place to look for anything pertaining to the interpretation of modern playing cards would be among our American Indians. Certain of these Indians, however, have received fragments of the old stellar religion from the Aztecs who once lived to the south. And in their various ceremonies they still retain and perpetuate some of the more important ideas handed down from ancient colonies of Atlantis and Mu.

The Indians of our Southwest, even as was the practice in ancient Egypt, conduct their initiatory and sacred ceremonies in chambers beneath the surface of the earth, under conditions which they believe to facilitate communion with those who have passed to the after-life. From such rituals the general public is excluded, only initiates being permitted to enter the underground kivas.

Finding remnants of the same great wisdom in every continent, when some essential link in its interpretation has been destroyed by intolerance and vandalism in one region, it is not unusual to find the missing key in some other section of the globe.

And thus it is with the swastika, and with its significance as interpreting certain factors to be found in our modern playing cards. For long it has been known that the swastika is an ancient emblem which may be found in the various continents of the world. Carved on stone in prehistoric times it still persists in relics from Europe, Asia and Africa; and cut from abalone shell it is found in the ruins of the oldest pueblos of the American Indians.

Astrological students also long have known that the four arms of the swastika represented in ancient times the

four seasons of the year. The horizontal and vertical lines which form the cross are meant to map the solstitial colure and the equinoctial colure in the sky.

The ends of these lines mark the position of the sun on those days of the year when the day is shortest in winter, when the days and nights are equal in spring, when the day is longest in summer, and when the days and nights are equal in the fall.

These days are known and honored by ceremonies, by our Southwest Indians. When the shadow of a stake is longest indicates the winter solstice and the commencement of the winter season, and when the shadow of a stake is shortest indicates the summer solstice and the commencement of the summer season. They also ascertain with equal accuracy the spring and autumn equinox.

Yet, while it has long been recognized that the swastika was used in ancient times to map the four quadrants of heaven, as bounded by the seasons, its full import was unknown until a study was made of astrology as practiced by the Aztecs of Mexico. Through them has been preserved a calendar system of great accuracy and value, which, evidence goes to show, was a system not developed by them, but inherited from the past, and at one time used also in other parts of the world.

It is beyond my purpose here to explain just how this swastika calendar was used. The manner of operation,

however, is known in full detail. By it the ancient astrologer could determine with precision the exact degree of the zodiac occupied by the sun, and the aspect of the moon to the sun, on any day of the year.

As important as these positions are to astrologers of any age, our interest at this time relates to playing cards rather than to astrological practice. And this ancient swastika calendar wheel sheds a new illumination on the derivation of these cards.

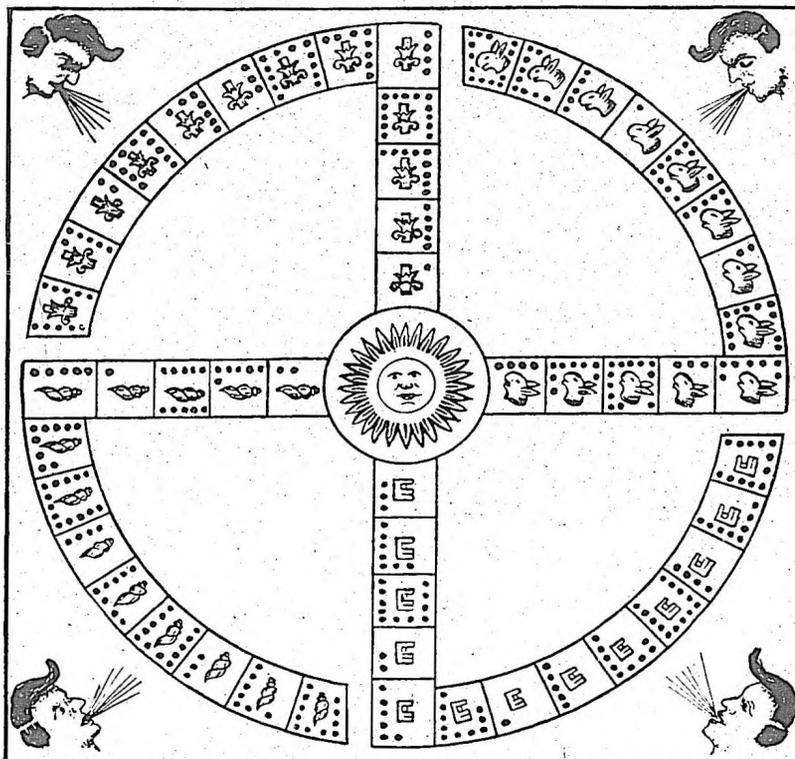
Each arm of the swastika contains thirteen compartments, and each of these compartments contains the same symbol, just as each of the thirteen cards of one suit contains the same symbol. And the compartments, like the playing cards of each suit, are numbered from one to thirteen.

Instead of repeating the symbol the proper number of times, however, the symbol is pictured once, and dots are used to show whether it is the five-spot, the nine, ten, or some other number. And instead of showing Jack, Queen and King, these compartments are simply numbered 11, 12 and 13.

Just as each of the four suits of playing cards bears a different symbol, so each of the four arms of the swastika calendar bears a different emblem.

The Aztecs used the reed as the symbol of their winter season, the flint knife as their symbol of spring, the house as their emblem of summer and the rabbit as representing their fall.

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Aztec Swastika Calendar Wheel

THE LIFE RAY

From the Epistles of Immanuel, Messiah Incarnate

THE MAN or woman who is afraid of ridicule, failure, persecution or even martyrdom will never do anything toward helping humanity on its way to a higher plane of life. It is so easy and smug to be respectable, *comme il faut*, conventional, orthodox, to stand on the sidelines and turn down the thumbs at those who are struggling in the arena. And it is so contemptibly cowardly!

The church today is full of exploded dogmas and unctuous hypocrisies, because people have not the courage of their convictions, are afraid to declare to others what they know in their own hearts to be true or false. Similarly, the professions are practicing ignorantly or cynically or venally what experience has proved to be either worthless or noxious. Experimentation is taboo, "progress" means arrested growth instead of perpetual advancement. The ruts of yesterday are safer and easier than the blazing of a new trail to greater achievement.

For every success of Edison there were thousands upon thousands of failures, trials and errors. But the world saw only the successes; the failures were buried in the closets of his laboratories. In my own profession, that of the healing arts, our experiments necessarily are performed upon the human body, in the light of day and there are legions of poltroons only too ready to raise the hue and cry against our failures, to their own financial advantage. This applies especially in the field of electro-therapeutics, where the ignorant practitioner fears the competition of progressive methods and does not hesitate to use the methods of association, calumny and misrepresentation to further his own ends.

Some years ago Dr. Albert Abrams, of Electronic Reactions of Abrams notoriety or fame, before the phase of disordered mentality which was a symptom of the disease that caused his death, declared that the human body radiates electro-magnetic energy.

In spite of professional ridicule, this is now recognized as an established fact. Infra-red radiation is one of the methods of cooling of the body. Lakhovsky maintains that living cells emit and absorb radiant energy. Further he is supported by Prof. Paul Kunze of Rostock in his contention that the cosmic rays of Millikan cause disease and by the destruction of cells cause old age. Lakhovsky makes patients wear an open-circuit resonator to avoid the disease-carrying cosmic rays.

Rahn, professor of bacteriology at Cornell, states that the aura or radiations of the human body may kill yeast cells and wilt flowers. This may account for the fact that flowers thrive better in some homes than in others, and the radiations from the eye may

have given rise to the superstition of the "evil eye."

Dr. George W. Crile says, "The life rays have a range from ultra-violet wave-lengths, through visible into infra-red. These rays are generated and emitted during life and change the state of activity of protoplasm . . . The short waves have the power to modify atoms and to build up organic compounds; that is, the power to create protoplasm or living matter."

As additional proof, Gurwitsch, of Leningrad, declares that all parts of the body emit specific rays, generally known as mitogenic, life rays or M rays.

Then Abrams stated that the human radiation is altered in disease, and that he could tune in on this altered radiation and thus diagnose the disease. Although Abrams was laughed at for this assertion, we have Dr. Crile's communication to the Century of Progress Congress of the American College of Surgeons to the following effect: "The medical man of the future will 'tune in' on the living body as one does now on the ordinary radio. By 'listening in' to the short waves transmitted by the various organs he will hear the symphony played by the living organism and will determine the rhythms of the 'dance of life' . . . Long before there is any outward evidence of disease, the physician-radio-engineer of the future will thus be enabled to tell by the 'reception' of the 'life waves' whether they are playing a melody of health or signaling an S O S."

Dr. Crile said further: "Short waves are vital to life. When the short waves of an organ are reduced the vitality of that organ is reduced, and when they reach zero the organ dies. Disease reduces short-wave radiation, as does also a general anesthetic; hence, when an organ is diseased anesthesia may reduce the short wave of that organ to zero and the patient dies because that organ does not function any longer.

"In an old person the electrical potential of all the organs is reduced and the radiations are depressed. In such people one or another vital organ may have the lowest potential and the function of that organ fails first. We then say that the patient died of the failure of the liver, the kidney, the heart or the brain. In reality he dies of the anesthetic."

Gurwitsch, of the Institute of Experimental Medicine, Leningrad, discovered that a change takes place in the blood spectrum in cases of cancer. This has been confirmed by Dr. Dimitry N. Borodin, a Russian research worker in New York. And Dr. Crile is reported to have said, "These radiations are increased during malignant processes."

Dr. Raymond Dodge, professor of psychology at Yale University, says,

"An appropriate electrical exploration of the cancerous regions should enable the experimenter to determine the margins of the growth and hypermetabolic activity, by the points at which the negative current of action ceases."

It will be recalled that Abrams claimed to be able to diagnose cancer from a drop of blood.

George Lakhovsky, the famous scientist and author previously mentioned, advocates short-wave electromagnetic agencies for the treatment of human malignant growths. And Schereschewsky and Andervont have employed at Harvard short-wave radio for the treatment of sarcoma.

Thus have been justified Abrams' contention that cells absorb radiant energy. He invented the oscilloclast to inject electromagnetic energy into the body and change the disease rate to the health rate. Unfortunately this took place during his period of failing mentality, and many fantastic claims were made for this apparatus. But the essential truth of his discoveries had stood the test of time and further experimentation.

Dr. Crile's prophecies may yet be fulfilled, thanks to Abrams' pioneer work.

HERITAGE

by WILLIAM DASMANN

I see in the mazes of my mind a strange warrior
On a white mare charging wildly like a great wave
Down upon the jagged rocks of the foe—
A ruthless swordsman scything a grim path
Through the golden field of Life;
A Nordic, with flaxen hair wildly flying;
A large-limbed, iron-helmeted giant,
Hewing a gory passage through a forest of men.

How I thrill at the power of his mighty arm!
And a wild lust for battle, blood and glory surges through my veins.

It is strange that I should feel this rising tide
Within a breast that quavers at the picking of a flower!

LIVE today, so filled with living things of life that the only decay in your life is the process of reconstruction.

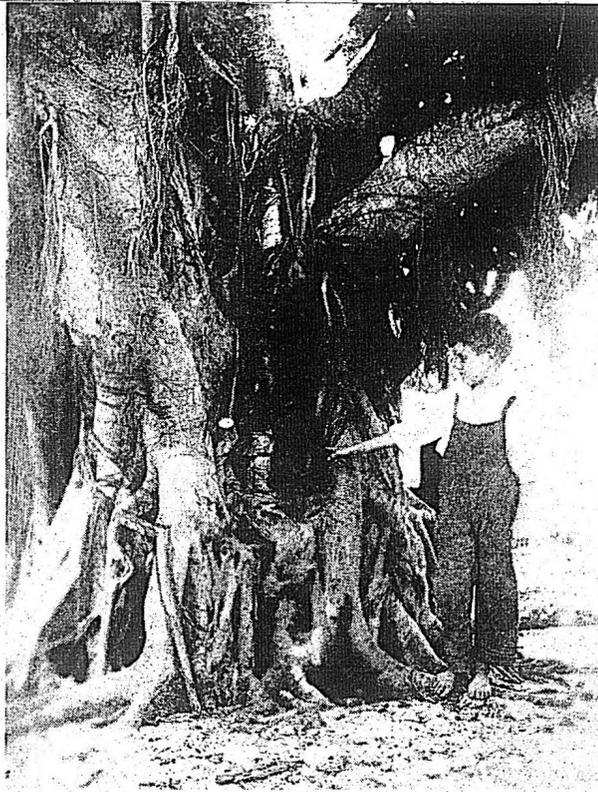
—EFFA DANIELSON

Growth

By PHIL C. ISBELL

The Little Boy Who Went Away

Finds his favorite
play place under
the Brazilian rubber
tree and the
things that were
left behind



PERHAPS, more than any other agency, pictures helped me in my youth to know what my elders meant when discussing "Change" and the "Law of Change." Like all children we grown-ups naturally want to take life apart and see if we may find what makes it go "Tick-Tick" . . . and, also, we enjoy Fear. We crave ill health and often go so far as to pray for it to visit our homes!

You know that in the tropics we say, "Things here grow faster." It is but seeming. All growth is the same. All is dependent upon co-operation of many things in God's plan—and Understanding. As fast as that! only. Let it be lichen beneath an iceberg's ledge in Greenland or the "python-tree," so called from its shape, or the Brazilian Strangler, another species of the same jungle growth . . . serving its purpose of thwarting the mad growth of jungle tree vegetation . . . let it be pest and

destroyer, as is the "Strangler plant." All obey the law. Like animals of prey, there are plants of viciousness, so-called. Both with little work-shops chock-full of myriad crews of tiny microscopic workers . . . and all workers are employed!

So, this picture makes me realize how continuous is growth.

This little lad is seven. When he was born, a great fear possessed his parents. They abandoned their "clearing" at the edge of a great, great swamp-land. Yes, in Central America. These parents admitted many fears. There was fever . . . belief in an incompetent native medical aid . . . being so very incompetent. Water-fear, flood-fear, quake-fear. Fear of things unmentionable. They packed "Boy" off to the States.

But a certain rubber tree kept right on growing. A native led me to it, and the "boy."

It so chanced that those who rushed back to "the States" possessed of terrible fears—forgetting God, and rubber trees, and Things Above and Things Below—in their panic left the little clearing without packing up implements and equipment.

Seven years! And still the rubber tree grew, unmindful of the baby's absence from the playground about the hut at the roots of that great tree.

And so it is that when courage returned this family returned to the clearing at the edge of the swamp-land. The rubber tree in the clearing by the hut had reached out with its huge, fast-growing tentacles and taken for its very own an iron watering trough, and one pump that sucked a shallow well dug upon the rise in the ground behind the Big River. And, by this old well—seven years old,—there had been abandoned a large copper soap kettle, two pottery pieces, a couple of American-made pitch-forks, and they had left two shovels leaning against that tree, one a scoop, and one a spade.

Only the bright plumaged birds of the "Back-lands" came to watch the rubber tree at its work. Drama! That home-coming. The lesson of it all! Not a thing disturbed. The hut padlocked and the chains a bit rusted, but the seven-year-old well! What a picture of God's rapid change—we call growth! The handles of the shovels protruded. The blades were hidden by the newer growth of the rubber tree. The pump, entirely surrounded by tree. The little lad—now seven years of man—can but grasp the handle within the tree folds. The pump is there, so the pan, the trough, yeah—and Yea! and the two old rusty shovels and the pitch-fork that leaned against the trunk of that tree. Even the old iron dipper with the long iron handle hooked upside down into the crotch of the tree, resting upon the spout of that small pump, may be seen. Somehow, I got a lesson out of this. The eternal going on and on of all things. I took the picture. This is the story a native told me as to "the little boy who went away!" Now, that boy goes about bare foot, like the native! Growth, I say.

The Persistence of the Residual

By WM. M. NELIS

A TRULY fascinating idea is the persistence of the residual. Ever present, contiguous to the phenomenal, this residual may be considered as an abutment of Reality, offering purchase when Man becomes able to grasp it.

For untold centuries the highest forms of thought have been directed towards the True Noem, the why and wherefore of God, World and Man. While objective Time shall last for Man, this must continue to be the case; otherwise, what of The Absolute?

No narrow creedal significance attaches to the foregoing, for Aristotle in

his Nicomachean Ethics, while disserting on the mean of virtue, and using cowardice, bravery and fool-hardiness (pardon, I quote from memory) for examples, clearly demonstrated in a manner surviving the centuries that a constant pull is exerted by both polarities against the mean, which ever fluctuates. What then of the pull of The Absolute? How conceive a cessation of that Force of Forces? True, the Absolute is not a polarity, but rather the Polarity of polarities and the Abstract of all abstracts, from whence all issues. Philosophy in its very highest form is

subconscious Deity worship and must continue so throughout objective time. The problem of the residual as an opening wedge to THE-THING-THAT-REALLY-IS should be attacked with vigor and a most comprehensive volume, dealing solely with the residual in its varied aspects, is sadly needed.

The Author-To-Be, by presenting persistency as the chief attribute of the residual, will greatly simplify his labors, for he will find that in treating of persistence, the other aspects will appear as if BY MAGIC. Why per-

(Continued on page 19)

"Forever and Ever"

By E. M. JONES

"I HAD a wonderful dream last night," Billy-Boy informed the family at breakfast, one morning. "But I wouldn't be surprised if Mummy-dear were going to die tonight," he ended with sweet tones of regret, as he stared with his glorious blue eyes, fringed with curling black lashes at the woman clad in snowy white and the little girl, his sister, across the table.

"Oh, really! Tell us your dream, Billy-Boy," encouraged the trained nurse, who had a "Dream Book" of her own and sometimes referred to it. This strange child was always having peculiar dreams or visions or was pretending to SEE things other people could not and the strange part of it was, his dreams had an uncanny way of coming true, so she did not laugh at the child any longer when he spoke of his visions.

"Well, I saw a beautiful lady, like an angel . . . but she didn't have any wings, she had lovely lights, all different colors around her like a rainbow. She was holding my hand and we were walking through a beautiful garden filled with wonderful flowers and she was telling me that Mummy-dear was going to leave us for a while, because her earth body was all worn out and tired and couldn't be repaired; that she was going to a happier home to take a nice rest . . . so we must not grieve for her but be glad for her sake."

The ten-year-old girl began to sob bitterly, "Oh, I don't want Mummy-dear to die and leave us! They will put her in a big hole and cover her up with dirt in the cemetery! Oh, and maybe we'd have a wicked step-mother."

The little boy, wise in the wisdom of his eight years, eyed her scornfully. "Don't be foolish," he chided, "the lovely lady said there was NO DEATH, and that just like a butterfly comes out of its chrysalis, or a chicken comes out of its shell, so we would come out of the old earth body and have a glorious new spirit body and live in a beautiful world. So you shouldn't mind the old shell getting covered up with dirt as long as YOU are all right, Silly, because 'You are not your Body'."

The child ceased her sobbing. "But she won't be with us any more. We won't be able to SEE her or to hear her talk or to feel her near us; she won't be able to tell us any more fairy tales or to take us for any more walks or picnics, or to tuck us in bed at night," and here the flood of tears started afresh.

"YOU won't be able to see her, or to hear her, but I will," affirmed Billy-Boy, "and I'll be able to tell you all about it, so don't cry."

The trained nurse stared at him bewildered. He was certainly a strange child and had an uncanny way of prophesying the future; no one knew

better than SHE did that the poor little mother in the next room, suffering with cancer, could not possibly recover, that it was simply a matter of time, hours or perhaps days, before she was called away. But this child was in the habit of "talking to himself" as she phrased it, imagining he was conversing with an old pet dog "Togo" who had died two years previously. He also imagined there were people around when none were visible, and described them. She blamed the child's mother for encouraging such nonsense and scolded him for telling "fibs."

"But I'm NOT telling fibs," the child had passionately retorted, tears in his eyes. "Ask Mummy-dear, and she will tell you I am clear-sighted and YOU are the one who is blind; I am a clair-voyant!"

Oh! How he missed Mummy-dear, with her wonderful sympathetic understanding, sweetness and affection. SHE was the only one who understood him. SHE didn't laugh when he told her his dreams, his wonderful visions. Daddy was so different, but he was a MAN, of course, and had no time for such "rot" and "nonsense." The little boy stood in righteous awe of him, so big, clever and handsome; he had a great pride in his beauty and strength. Even Nurse said he was "the handsomest man she had ever seen" . . . and she told the lady next door (for Billy-Boy had overheard the conversation) that he could soon marry again . . . he wouldn't remain SINGLE long . . . "the women wouldn't LET him." The little boy had burned with righteous indignation and so he had asked his mother how COULD Daddy marry again when he already had one wife?

Mummy-dear looked very sad, the tears had come to her eyes; she put her arms around her little son and told him that perhaps she might be forced to go away from them and then Daddy would be lonesome and some other nice lady would take her place and make him happy, and take care of him and the children . . . better than SHE had been able to do because she was not very strong.

"Never mind, Mummy-dear, she will never be MY mother. I only want you and I will love you forever and ever," replied Billy-Boy, as he hugged her close. And such a glad light had come into her eyes, such a sweet smile to her lips, he would NEVER forget it, NEVER. There was nothing warm and sympathetic about the trained nurse or Daddy, who looked at him with a glance of good-natured contempt and boasted, "I intend to make a MAN of you, my son, very soon, when I get you away from the softening influences of superstitious women and get these foolish ideas knocked out of your head. It's unnatural."

"Well," dismally reflected Billy-Boy with his arm around the spectral neck of Togo and a faraway expression in

his mystic blue eyes, "he won't be able to knock the dreams out of me, anyhow."

The doctor called, patted the children on the head benevolently and with a cheerful word and smile went into the patient's room. He came out later with a serious expression.

"I don't think she will last till morning," he whispered in an undertone after giving his directions, "so you may as well let the little ones spend as much time as possible in her company without tiring their mother, poor kiddies."

The nurse was thinking of a strange experience her patient had told her of the night previously. She said she had the sensation that she was perfectly well and that she got out of bed and walked, or rather GLIDED, across the floor to the window. Her body seemed to be charged with a wonderful energy; she felt light and free as air, all her pain had gone and she felt younger and better than ever before in her life, and yet, strange to say, she could see her BODY still on the bed, old and haggard. There seemed to be TWO of her, one young and filled with life, the other still and cold; yet a wonderful happiness flooded her being. Why, she must be what the world called Dead! . . . and yet she was NOT dead. She must tell them all about it. But then she suddenly seemed to be drawn back again into that body on the bed and felt heavy and tired and short of breath and sick again. Ah! what a disappointment! But still no one could ever take away from her that wonderful experience.

So the nurse allowed the two children into their mother's room after warning them not to be boisterous or to make a noise, or to say anything to upset her, while she sat and pondered about her patient's experience and thought of other dying people who had seen and heard strange things when they were passing over and some who had recovered and brought back strange memories with them.

Opening the bedroom door a while later, she saw the two children, one on each side of the bed, an arm of each encircling their mother's neck and upon the faces of all three the signs of contentment and great joy.

"Billy-Boy has been telling me of his strange and lovely vision of last night, Nurse, and I told them of MY nice experience, too," said the patient in a weak little voice. "We've been having such a happy time together; just like old times, wasn't it, darlings?"

"Yes, and you are not afraid to die, are you, Mummy? You will be young and beautiful and you'll stay right close to us all the time, won't you?"

Tears filled the mother's eyes as they radiated a wonderful light of love divine and of yearning unutterable as she gazed upon her children.

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Her Dream Lover

By MARION B. SHOEN

THE rainy season in California had recently set in and it was a dark, drizzly afternoon. The gray rain slid across the window panes like gray ghosts in the night. I had a caller, a young woman who lived in Los Angeles and whom I had become slightly acquainted with at an afternoon affair at which we both had been invited guests.

I little expected her to call upon me, although it was perfectly proper for her to do so, if she wished. I had been told that she was a very queer person and that she seldom went out among people, but was in the habit of staying quite by herself in her apartment. She did not encourage friends, I was told, and one lady even went so far as to hint that my erstwhile caller was a drug addict. I thought of this as I gazed upon her slight and quiet form reposing so delicately like a carved bit of white marble against the bright background of my old rose overstuffed davenport.

There was a certain atmosphere about her that would be difficult to explain. I wondered if she might be en rapport with a disembodied spirit, but dismissed the idea as absurd. Where before had I seen such deathly pallor of skin, such blazing brilliancy of eyes that seemed to gaze directly through me and fathom all that I had ever done? I shuddered a little. It was as if a spell had been thrown over us as we sat there, not an unwelcome spell, but something very much out of the ordinary. Little shivers began to creep up my spine, and being of an adventurous spirit, as every writer must needs be, I looked eagerly for developments of some sort.

I had a premonition that something interesting was about to happen. I was on the verge of a story. Yes, that was it, and a very interesting story it turned out to be, although I cannot quite credit it myself, as I write it.

We had ceased speaking of ordinary pleasantries, such as regard health and the weather, and our conversation was at a standstill. I wanted to draw her out but did not know exactly what words I should use. After sitting quietly for some moments while the rain pattered ceaselessly and the clock on the mantel ticked away the time, she reopened the conversation herself and with these words:

"Do you believe in ghosts?" she asked suddenly, and from the expression in her eyes I knew that it was an important question to her. She leaned forward slightly, lips parted, waiting for my reply.

"Why, yes," I admitted. "Sometimes I do. But, of course, it all depends on the ghost."

"Would it bore you if I told you a story?" she asked quickly, almost

breathlessly. "You see, I've just got to tell somebody, and I feel as if you would understand, and perhaps help me."

"I shall be very glad to listen," I replied truthfully.

She settled back against the divan and closed her eyes. Her lids were dark, and with those blazing eyes closed, she looked almost like a corpse awaiting burial. She was so small of stature, so thin, so ethereal, so much like a dead little child, that I gave a gasp of pity, involuntarily.

"I never saw my own mother and father that I can remember," she began, "but I have been told that my mother was very beautiful. She was an actress and when she married my father she was just nineteen. He was a physician and was several years her senior. I have been told that he was very jealous of her, especially before I was born, and that he used to follow her around with a loaded revolver because he imagined that she had a lover.

"When I was born, my beautiful mother died, and two years later my father followed her by his own hand."

She stopped for the fraction of a second and her lips trembled, but she continued bravely. "After that, I was adopted by an aunt who had never married and who was a man-hater, if ever there was one. I suspected that she had been in some trouble in her early youth, but never dared to ask her about that. Anyway, she was kind to me. She never was cross or ugly. She never whipped nor punished me. I was allowed to do exactly as I pleased, except that I could not play with boys. She made this very, very plain on more than one occasion. If she saw me speak to a boy she would put me to bed without my supper and with no light in the room. That was the only way she ever punished me and for only that one reason.

"One night, when I was about ten years of age, I had been put to bed in this manner. I resented it. The other little girls spoke to boys, I reasoned. It did not hurt them any. Why shouldn't I?"

"The room was very dark and I was sobbing to myself underneath the bedclothes, when suddenly I looked up and there, standing beside my bed was the nicest little boy that I had ever seen. He spoke to me very kindly. I was horrified for fear that my aunt would come into the room and find him there with me.

"You must go," I told him. "I cannot play with you."

"Yes, you can," he replied. "Get out of bed and come here and I will tell you a story."

"I adored stories. My aunt never told me any. She thought it a silly waste of time on her part, but my



Marion B. Shoen

teacher at school told them to us occasionally and at the mere mention of a story I was enthralled.

"I slipped noiselessly out of bed and sat beside him in the big chair, the only one in the room, and just large enough for the two of us. He told the most marvelous stories, all about fairies and ghosts and goblins. I was very, very happy with him.

"After that he came to see me every night and every night he told me two or three stories. I thought of him all day long in school and could scarcely keep my mind on my lessons. Soon I was living only for the nights, when I should certainly see him and hear more of his wonderful stories.

"I was wise enough not to breathe a word of this experience to my aunt. I felt instinctively that she would not understand and that she might, somehow, drive him away from me. I knew that I would hate her forever if she did that.

"I thought of him as a friend and since his coming that first night I had ceased caring for other friends or playmates. This fact pleased my aunt very much, as she always seemed averse to other children. She was also very much pleased to think that I wanted to retire at any early hour, although she little guessed the reason.

"It did not occur to me that I was deceiving my aunt. I thought only of my Dream Boy, as I had learned to think of him. Never did a debutante wait as eagerly for her lover as I waited every night for him. He always came in the dark and he always held me in his arms, my head on his shoulder, while he told me those marvelous stories.

"As I grew older I ceased to care for fairy stories and then he told me love stories. He did not make love to me.

(Continued on page 21)

The Disappearing Book

By AIMEE TORRIANI, Author's Own Experience

HAVING lived many years of my life in California, all things dealing with the occult were familiar to me. Long before I made a serious study of things metaphysical and occult, I took much that I heard with a grain of salt. Some of their remarks then seemed almost ludicrous to me. One Hindu I knew quite well often said: "The most powerful inanimate object in the world is a book."

I thought at the time he intended to convey the thought that the contents of a book would make it contain power, but he added: "Any book that knows its power can appear and disappear at will." Somehow that struck me as the most stupid thing I'd ever heard a so-called wise man say. I made no comment at the time, yet that thought came back to me with clock-like precision.

Not long after this had been told to me, I was at the public library in Long Beach, Cal. On the reading table I picked up a book, "THE SHADOW OF THE ASTRAL." It fascinated me so keenly that I read it at one sitting. I wrote down the name of the book and the author and left it as I had found it.

It was a remarkable book. I wanted to send it to the man I was then much in love with. One of the first signs of

a serious love affair is when you immediately want to share the book that thrills you with the object of your emotions. So I made every effort to get a copy of the book. I wrote to the publishing company. They had gone out of business. I inquired at the library in Long Beach, and they looked all through their catalogs and said they had never had such a book. This did not seem strange to me, as someone might have left the book and later returned and found it on the table, as I had left it. Almost a year later I found a copy of the book in a second-hand book shop in Los Angeles. By that time I had lost the object of my devotion. He'd married a picture star. So for a time I cherished the book alone and re-read it many times.

That book became one of my few cherished possessions. A year later I married, and I could think of nothing more wonderful to give my Romeo for a wedding gift. He read the book, and, if possible, thought more of it than I did. He immediately wanted to lend it to others, as he is a born missionary, and wants to convert all those he loves to any new lesson he learns along the PATH. He lent the book to King Vidor, the motion picture director. As far as I know, King Vidor never read

it and did not return it. We left California and I often regretted that we had lost the book.

About two years later we were packing to go to Europe. As I closed my trunk, something stuck out and prevented its fitting. There was my blue book, "THE SHADOW OF THE ASTRAL." Of course I insisted the book had been returned and my husband had forgotten to tell me. Instead of taking the book to Europe, my husband carried it to the cellar to the storeroom and placed it in a small trunk where the family kept some really valuable pictures and manuscripts.

For a few years I completely forgot the book. Then one day I had a call to join a stock company playing in Canada. I had a sudden desire to read that book on the train. I went down to the storeroom and carried the book upstairs, and I had a very definite feeling of something saying, "Hold tight to this or it will disappear." I put it on the top of my trunk, which was ready to be picked up by the express company, as I was called to the telephone, and simultaneously the express man arrived. When I came back into the room the book had disappeared. I swore the expressman had taken it.

(Continued on page 17)

An Experience in Real Life

By MARGUERITE THERESSA

IT WAS in 1925, an afternoon in May, when my bell rang. I went to the door and there stood a gentleman in working clothes. "Good afternoon," I said. "Good afternoon," was the reply. "The owner sent me up to tell you that I can repair your table that the moving men broke." I asked, "Who is calling?" He replied, "The superintendent." "Your name, please?" He replied, "Mr. O'Malley." This happened in the vicinity of Broadway and the Hundreds. "Step inside, please, Mr. O'Malley," I said. He did so; there was a dark red carpet runner in my hall and thinking he was following, I turned to show him into the living room, when, to my surprise, I noticed he was standing at the front door of the apartment. "Come right along," I called. He did as I directed and as he moved towards me I observed two white figures appearing over his shoulders. As he moved closer I stared at the figures, which aroused an unusual curiosity within Mr. O'Malley. These white figures were so plainly visible that it was possible for me to determine their sex—a man and a woman. The male figure held a flask within his hand half filled with a reddish colored liquid. The female figure held a small wine glass with a long stem, as a part thereof. Suddenly they disappeared from view; however,

although invisible, they both began to talk into my ear.

I told the man what I had seen and what they said to me. He recognized the name "Kate" as belonging to his grandmother and "Joe" as that of a favorite uncle. "But they both are dead!" he exclaimed. "They have been dead for many years—you don't know them." I explained to him as carefully and as clearly as I could that there were no so-called "dead." Of course, as this man was a stranger to me, I realized that I would have to explain the psychic nature, briefly, of everything connected with the message I was about to impart to him. I continued, "If you are able to continue living in this apartment house for a while longer I shall be able to help you spiritually. But I see furniture out upon the sidewalk, as it is shown to me by Spirit." This seemed to make a very deep impression upon Mr. O'Malley, the superintendent, who immediately wondered if he were about to lose his much-valued job; however, he little realized that he was actually soon to lose his life.

The summer of the year 1925 was unusually cold for that season of the year. There was a tenant within the house, dying of cancer, or perhaps consumption. The sick person, a Mrs.

Bartlett, and the owner of the apartment house requested the superintendent's wife to make a fire in the furnace so that Mrs. Bartlett could be more comfortable, but she refused to do so. As I recall, this incident happened in July. The superintendent was dispossessed and he took up his abode in a house a few blocks east of Broadway. I heard nothing more of them. I always tried to help him through prayers. However, one day—a very hot and humid one—I returned home from Beechmont Park and immediately upon entering my apartment I felt a decidedly peculiar sensation, especially within the living room. Thinking the weather was to blame, I removed my dress and reclined upon the couch to rest for a few minutes. But no sooner had my head touched the pillow than I heard from behind me the flutter of a slipper, as if one would pull it off and drop it upon the parquet floor. I was then reclining upon my back. "Oh God," I said to myself, "there is someone in this room, and if I stay here, or move, I'll surely be attacked. What shall I do?" Then, quickly, like the petal of a lovely rose, a little girl's hand pressed upon my cheek and a voice, in baby-like tones, exclaimed, "Turn over and don't be afraid."

(Continued on page 22)

The Power of Spiritual Healing

By H. SCHWARTZ

THE HEALING art has existed in all times, according to the history of man, yet it is still in its infancy. There are many kinds of healing, and many methods of approach to that art. No one way is an exclusive way. No one way can heal all cases. But when a patient is healed spiritually, he receives a permanent benefit which we will call the power within the art.

How can the healing power be translated to another, is often asked. It cannot be done without certain acquired traits. Some healing takes care of the physical only, but then the cause has not been removed, and quite frequently something else occurs which proves that the healing was not a permanent affair. Any kind of healing that does not get at the root and the cause acts only as soothing syrup or dope. The pain is temporarily subdued. So to understand the POWER of healing Spiritually we must be sure of the kind of healing we are administering. It is necessary to study the different kinds of healing to appreciate the many approaches existing today.

Let us take the physician's point of view and see how he is able to give a counter-irritant in so many cases. In some cases a simple laxative is needed; in the next case it may be overtaxed nerves requiring rest, etc. But these are the simple cases. Sometimes a patient is found that has had his physical body cured, but his mentality has been affected by the cure of the physical body. Physicians usually have a hard time with these people, and to

put them into a sanitarium where they have nothing at all to do but to think about themselves does not help the patient. In many cases a change of scene is suggested, or a change of climate. This is to get the mentality off the case, so that nature can do the healing, and nature is one of the best approaches.

When the physical body is sick there is an inharmonious condition and a psychologist or psycho-analyst can get at the cause or complex, a condition which the patient may not even be aware of. Nine times out of ten there is some type of fear that keeps the circulation from functioning properly, and if this fear state of mind is continued the case is aggravated.

The first thing for the healer to attack is the fear. Rid the patient of fear and you give nature a chance. Just as a physician cannot promise quick results in all cases, neither can a healer. And just so we all find cases that will not respond to anything at all at first and gradually a change takes place, seed sown will take root, and the cause or fear will be removed.

It is impossible to lay down in each case hard and fixed rules. No two have the same degree of development. No two have exactly the same complex. But the POWER within spiritual healing, if it acts at all, acts instantaneously. The soul gets a bath and the slate is washed clean, and a new being steps forth. It is different. When the Master was crucified on the cross, He had to be buried. Then from the ashes

a NEW CHRIST arose. This is what really takes place in spiritual healing. The old self dies; that old self is buried. A NEW BEING in CHRIST ARISES. No one can understand this to mean mere words. Words fail to describe what really takes place after one has been put through a SPIRITUAL BATH. The whole being is lit up. The past and present meet and the slate is cleaned for the time being. If the patient thus treated cannot hold this station, it is not the fault of the healer. There is something expected of the patient, and while the healer does not charge, the patient is expected to do something unselfishly for another soul.

One cannot get spiritual healing and remain selfish. It is required of the patient to make some kind of sacrifice, and the sooner he does this, the sooner will he be able to hold the LIGHT that has been showered upon him. All through the ages this has been taught, but so few have experimented with the POWER inherent, lying latent until used, and the more it is used the more valuable its use becomes. It is simple and yet most people claim it to be so hard.

Real spiritual healing lying at the root of all healing is often unknown to the healer. The healer must feel uplifted by the power he is using, otherwise it is not spiritual healing. The cells in the body will respond as though to an electric treatment. The nervous system acts as a conductor and the nerves will be restored to their normal

(Continued on page 17)

God Does Not Weep

by ANGELA MORGAN

"God does not weep, and why should I?" the cynic said.

"He knows. He sees the ills of earth outspread,

The famine and the torture of mankind.

And yet, within His Heaven, deaf and blind,

He lets man suffer, lifting not His hand

To stay the ravage wrecking every land."

Another joined the cynic's bitter cry:
"True. God seems not the least to know or care,

And why should I be tortured with despair

And why should I be sacrificing day and night

For other people's plight,
Their sorrow graven in my very sleep,
When God, the wise Creator, does not weep?"

"Oh friends, oh thoughtless friends!" another made reply,

"We are the heart and hands of God. Yes, you and I.

The only way that God can ever speak To save the famine-stricken, help the weak,

Is through the channel of the human heart.

And you and I and all of us must do our part

To bring a finer justice to His cause.

'Tis you and I should mold the higher laws.

"For God it is who urges, through our pain,

That His design for man be not in vain.

Say not 'God does not weep, God does not care'—

For God it is who suffers through the world's despair

And cries to us, who are His heart and brain:

'Go, rid the world of poverty and pain!'"

—From *The Aquarian Ministry*.

Memory's Rosary

by JESSAMINE S. FISHBACK

As I view it at the last,
Life a pageant that has passed,
Every word and act will be
A bead in memory's rosary.

Subtle mystery, rich perfume,
Lilies' languorous wealth of bloom;
Songs the dainty sea-shells sing,
Tales the spicy south winds bring.

Romance, sorrow, love and tears,
Hopes of youth and cares of years,
Purple for passion, crimson pain—
Every mood a bead will stain.

Blue from eyes with heaven a-light,
Still and folded hands—their white
Into forms eternal wrought,
Just as I have lived and thought—

When the beads of life are told,
Gray and scarlet, white and gold—
So I'll view it at the last—
Life, a pageant that has passed.

The First Axiom of the Kel Theory of Cosmology

By John C. ROSE, Ph.D.

(Continued from February issue)

dekaKEL = vibrations, etc.

hektoKEL = waves, and some of the lower "rays," etc.

kiloKEL = the so-called cosmic rays.

myriaKEL = the X-KEL. Like the milliKEL, this velocity degree is unknown at present, but since mathematical calculations indicate that it is in the periodic sequence, there can be no doubt that it exists. At present, mathematics can throw no light upon the nature or the functions of myriaKEL; this is the problem for future mathematicians to solve. That it plays a very important function in the universe or multiverse, however, there can be no doubt. Its solution may hold the key to the riddle of the universe.

The figures in this periodic table are absolutely incomprehensible to the imagination; they simply cannot be grasped finitely. They must be grasped intuitively by the aid of mathematical symbols. We have recourse only to an imperfect analogy or parallel in ordinary life. We all know, for instance, what sugar is. We can feel, taste, and eat it. We also know what 1 lb. of sugar is, but we cannot taste, touch, or eat the 1 lb. We can, however, sense it as an abstract, denominate number, and as such, we can manipulate it to practical advantage. So, in this present article, we cannot grasp the enormous magnitudes of velocity, but we can grasp KEL as a mathematical symbol, and with the aid of this symbol, and others of like nature, we can work out a practical system of cosmology.

ON then is the generic term, corresponding to the electron in modern usage, and to the atom of the ancients, in the sense that it is the ultimate constituent or component, but, of course, infinitely smaller. KEL is the unit of velocity, and is roughly equivalent to 1,724,083,700,000,000,000,000,000,279,119,699+ miles per second. But the KEL theory of Cosmology differs widely and essentially from the prevailing cosmologies, which all, without exception, hold that the universe is built up out of the primordial electrons, and that various combinations of these electrons determine matter. In the KEL theory, however, it is not combination so much that is stressed, but KEL or velocity, which determines the form, shape, outline, and function of matter. That is, KEL determines the content as well as the outline.

SOME FUNCTIONS OF KEL

Thus, when $V = KEL$, we have matter in static, the common matter which we perceive and manipulate. Instead of combination of electrons, we here deal with shape or form of *onic* veloc-

ity; thus, when KEL describes a straight line, there results the phenomenon of space; when infinitesimally curved, we have time. When KEL describes a curve, there results gravitation or attraction of particles, the extent of curvature determining the state of intensity; that is, as the arc of curvature increases by degrees, so intensity of attraction increases in direct ratio. When the curvature is reversed, matter no longer attracts but repels, etc., so that, by the KEL theory it is possible to account for all the phenomena now known and described in the text-books. Through all the major degrees of V, as e.g., between KEL and deciKEL, or from KEL and dekaKEL, and so throughout the periodic sequence, it is possible, mathematically, to work out, and account for, all the physical and mental phenomena known to human intelligence, as well as various other varieties of phenomena beyond our present range of intelligence, which may or may not be revealed to us in the future. Thus, by the graduated periodic or minor sequence, it is quite possible to demonstrate the presence and function of the fourth dimension, as well as many other dimensions, the functions of which are but little known or even suspected. It can be proved, however, that there exists a thought dimension, a psychic or spiritual dimension, a future dimension, which is distinct from the time dimension. If we understood the key to the future dimension, it would be quite possible not only to predict coming events, but to comprehend the cosmos in perspective, or in totality.

The KEL theory also explains the phenomena of energy or EN. When ON-s pass from one degree to another, an enormous amount of energy is liberated. Of course, when the unitKEL is concerned, we have the ordinary energies which we recognize here on earth. When there are slight variations, as KEL 1 1/10, KEL 1 2/10, KEL 1 3/10, etc., there results the phenomena now treated of in celestial mechanics. But when KEL passes into hektoKEL, et cetera, we have the key to the energy phenomena which have hitherto baffled science. Instead of matter or atoms being annihilated to yield up their energy, ON-s metamorphose or transmute into different states of V. There is no good foundation to lead us to believe that matter can be destroyed. It is true, that when ON-s pass into myriaKEL, they are apparently annihilated, but mathematical intuition leads us to suspect that ON-s, after having been apparently annihilated, are regenerated in the shape or form of milliKEL, when they begin the inchoate stage of eternal recurrence.

Our meagre telescopes reveal distant nebulae rushing away from us at the speed of 12,000 miles a second. This is considered by finite intelligence to be almost inconceivable. But, mathematically, it is proved that at a mean distance of 170,000,000,000,000,999,990—0009,999 light years, nebulae attain the velocity of 144,000,000 of our terrestrial miles per second.

From the preceding observations, it may be stated mathematically that KEL is not only the unit of all ontological calculations, but contains within itself the possibilities of accurately measuring the universe. Thus,

$$K = (Y^2 - n^2 + y^2) = X \dots x$$

$$X \dots x = .000,000,000,000,000,000,000,009,81$$

hence, $X \dots xK = 18,900,000,000,000,000,000,000$, or light years, which is the diameter of the universe.

This, briefly stated, and in the most elementary and simplified language, is the first Axiom. It is as far as I have been able to progress. For the last 10 years, I have labored to solve the fascinating problems of the universe. The first Axiom is the fruit of my labors. I am, however, firmly convinced, that with the present imperfect system of mathematics, no further progress into pure realms of thought can be expected. But in the hope that other mathematicians may fortuitously grasp the transitional key which will lead to the second Axiom, and possibly to others, I submit the results of my labors for their careful inspection, consideration, and study.

Old Tunes Recall Familiar Faces

by MICHAEL S. MITCHELL

Old tunes recall familiar faces,
Each old tune a picture portrays,
Of bygone ways and bygone places,
Of half-forgotten, friendly days.

Each old tune renews old dear desires,
Old loves and old affections.
Each old tune is like the glowing fires
Which cast their soft reflections.

Each old tune is a memory gracious,
An old friend with comfort and cheer.
Each old tune becomes more precious,
More dear with each passing year.

Oh, there's nothing like an old friendly refrain;

Oh, there's nothing like an old familiar place,
To recall to a lonely mind, once again,
A half-forgotten, familiar, friendly face!

Everybody's Astrological DAILY GUIDE

By HAASAN OSIRIS

(Note: The time given these calculations is Central Standard Time. If you live in the Eastern Time Zone add one hour to the time given below. If you live in the Mountain Time Zone subtract one hour, or if you live in the Pacific Time Zone subtract two hours from the time stated below.)

MARCH, 1934

The lunar eclipse of the sun on February 13th is the lunation for this month's indications. The eclipse occurred in the 17th degree of Aquarius, which is an airy, fixed, barren sign, ruled by Uranus.

It is a month of surprises, sudden developments and strange attitudes. Bombardments against the Administration continue. A small group of the so-called "upper classes" will attempt to overthrow the efforts of our meritorious President and they will gain a great deal of headway, but they will discover that they are, in the end, in the minority and will not succeed in their trickery. Great admiration for the President will spring up among real Americans. He is a leader worthy of the cause, a savior and an inspired man. He will accomplish much to allay the irritation from other countries.

There will be scandals, losses, fires and confusion pertaining to public institutions. A new form of gangsterism will spring up. New methods of dealing with them will be inaugurated.

From foreign countries will come much disturbing news, for there will be catastrophes, government failures, skirmishes, wars and strikes.

A trend towards more spiritualistic methods of living will be in progress and will be moving forward. Orthodoxy must adopt many of these newer and better ideas or go down into oblivion.

Fearless leaders and teachers shall arise. The month heralds many new and startling inventions. Great strides ahead in the relief of unemployment. Opposition and even jealousy will develop between State Governments.

Stormy seas will bring many accidents to shipping and some lives will be lost unless they heed the weather forecasters and remain on land.

However, in spite of all this confusion the month will hold some drastic improvement in all lines of endeavor. It is not a time to judge; it is a time to keep busy and all pull together for a common cause; the cause of recovery from the depression.

MARCH

(For verification: Raphael's Aspetarian for 1934)

1. A confusing day. The aspects are mixed and you are advised to make haste slowly. Postpone urgent things until another time.
2. The day is better for personal affairs than it is for business. Attend to usual and necessary routines only.
3. Until 2 p. m. it is favorable for all progressive business matters. Buy, sell, exchange, investigate

and travel. After 2 p. m. be careful.

4. Favorable only for usual Sunday interests. Not good for travel nor extensive visiting. Attend church, or read and study.
5. The day is excellent for almost all urgent affairs. Keep busy. Plan a big program in advance, arise early and carry it out.
6. The day favors all progressive, humanitarian and prosperous enterprises. Avoid loss or accident between 3 and 4 p. m. Evening favors courtship.
7. Until 4 p. m. adverse for personal, business and social affairs. The balance of the day favors all important things that need your attention.
8. Until noon extremely adverse and disturbing. Avoid losses, quarrels, accidents and irritability. Balance of the day improves very much.
9. Mostly uncertain and rather disturbing. Avoid nervousness, restlessness, and loss by theft. Take no unnecessary risks or chances.
10. A most excellent day to promote all of your interests and keep busy with things of old standing. Hopes and ambitions can be made to mature.
11. Alternately good and adverse. Be careful, but do not be idle. Read, study, visit friends or attend amusements.
12. Until 6 p. m. it is well to control your temper and patience. Are apt to be too hasty, careless and irritable. Evening favors amusements and courtship.
13. Until noon very good for personal, business and important affairs. The rest of the day and evening is rather treacherous and you are advised to be careful and cautious in all of your undertakings. Avoid accidents.
14. The good influences overbalance the adverse ones. Therefore the day favors such plans as you might have had in mind for a long time. Keep busy.
15. Not safe for risky ventures, but favorable for personal or social affairs. Some people will feel cramped today—others will feel free.
16. Those who are born in Gemini, Libra and Aquarius will find this a good day. Others will not find it such a good day.
17. A long array of alternately good and bad influences rule. Be careful. However, with the advent of

(Continued on page 22)

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J.J.F., Pa.—Your present signature is all right. You are energetic, full of pep, more interested in physical things than mental or spiritual. Don't waste your energy in foolishness. Get down to business and learn to concentrate.

A.T.C., Ill.—You are executive, logical, using reason in all you do; yet, for all that you are whole-souled, optimistic and sympathetic and very particular about the physical details of your life.

E.M.C., Minn.—Your present signature is not good. Drop the middle initial and use merely your first name. You are quite a talker and should have a good singing voice.

A.F.R., N. J.—Your signature is good.

J.W.Y., Calif.—Spell out your first name and do not use any initial. You are the logical, reasoning type and not very emotional. Music should appeal to you.

E.F.M., Ark.—Your original name of Ela is better than your present name. Either omit the "F" or spell your name in the original way. You have always been rather introspective and difficult to understand.

R.B.N., Wis.—Always print your name. Your signature is difficult to read. You are tactful and would do well in politics. You would also be successful in clerical or statistical work. Drop your middle name and use the initial "S".

R.E.J., N. Y.—Go back to your original name without any initial. Adding your present middle name does not help you. You are artistic, fond of music; cultivate exactness and precision. You should make a good nurse

or doctor's assistant. You are just one of the many who need work—no fault of yours.

C.A.H., Colo.—Your present signature is better than your full name. Keep the latter for legal use only. Your business should be something connected with foods, drugs, agriculture, interior decorating, etc. You are artistic and friendly.

A.V., N. Y.—Your birthpath indicates that married happiness will be difficult for you because you are very introspective and hard to understand. You must be very sure that you have found the right man, one who really understands you and can put up with your temperament and moods. You have artistic tastes.

J.A.R., N. Y.—Your name indicates that you are friendly, artistic; would do well as a nurse, dietitian, interior decorator, etc.

A.M.F., Ont.—You are inspirational and energetic in all you do. You are kind-hearted, sympathetic, with artistic tastes and a strong desire for self-expression. Use the name Mary as well as your first name.

W.T.T., Calif.—Your signature is perfect. You are a strong, dependable, helpful and kindly man. A good citizen; respected by your neighbors. The world is better because you have lived in it so many years.

F.M.R., Ill.—Your first and real name was excellent. Your adopted name was also good. Your letter is not clear. If you are divorced, go back to your second name, and drop the "M". You should be very successful in business.

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M.B.S., Wis.—The beginning of April will bring the desired success.

E.R.R., Cal.—You can plan to that end.

M.M.S., Ill.—Do the duty that lies at your door today; be just, loving and kind in your soul; no other service is half so great or valuable to humanity—all else will come to your hand.

L.W.R., Ill.—Eliminate all depression thoughts from your mind and each night as you go to sleep and each morning as you awake fill your mind with thoughts of the things you need and you will find help.

L.D.W., Pa.—The changes you are looking for will not take place this

year; some good you are not looking for will come.

E.K., Ohio—You will do both.

I.H.A., Colo.—It is never too late to make a resolve come true; the way to do it is to do it; know you are right, then go ahead.

F.O.S., Ill.—You are only one of the many millions who have had the same treatment. Things are changing for you, beginning in May.

G.F., Ore.—Just average the first half of the year, then a steady increase the rest of the year.

M.E.T., Cal.—Buying would be better than selling and then conduct it himself.

R.C.S., Ind.—Look elsewhere.

The Power of Spirit Healing

(Continued from page 13)

functioning when proper adjustments are made.

All religious movements have somewhere written within their history some form of healing. The words and method are to raise the consciousness to the plane of healing. The vibration must be raised above the physical consciousness to receive the greatest benefits. If the words are simply mere words the vibration cannot be raised. To the average man and woman they are mere words and that is why there is no power back of them. But now comes the place where the power can be injected into the words. LOVE will raise the station and when LOVE is injected into the words the vibration is instantaneously transformed. That is the simple and whole secret of giving spiritual healing. It cannot be done without love. All other types of healing can be accomplished without love but spiritual healing is connected with the LOVE VIBRATION and the two go hand in hand. When all else fails we should try LOVE and then we will find the KEY that opens all doors. Without love we can do nothing; with LOVE nothing is impossible, but it must never be a selfish love that wants to possess the one loved. It must be a kind of love that wishes to give all and asks nothing in return. It is worth trying; it is worth experimenting with.

No one can know the power of SPIRITUAL HEALING until he knows the power of LOVE. It is latent in HUMANITY and must be called forth.

The Disappearing Book

(Continued from page 12)

That was five years ago. This year I met a girl, one to whom I was not especially attracted, yet a voice actually said to me, "She should read THAT book." Almost unconsciously I walked to a little book case in our hall, where I go almost daily, and there in front of me was my book.

I gave the book to the girl, without telling her anything about its magicanship. When she returned it she said: "That is a wonderful book. It marked a milestone in my life. But the strangest thing happened. I lost it the day you gave it to me. My mother-in-law picked it up and, although I thought I watched her as she sat reading it, ten minutes later I asked her where she had put the book and she could not remember. A week later I found your book at our little lending library at the corner. The only thing I can think of is that my little sister picked it up and brought it to the library by mistake."

I said nothing. At the moment a man is reading the book. He lives in the same house that we do and I watch the book like a precious jewel. Somehow I do not feel that I shall lose it again, for I have a very definite hunch (and I believe that a hunch is a nudge from God) that I will know the people to whom I should lend this book. I know now that my little Hindu was far wiser than I am, and I also know that my book has a definite lesson to teach to those who read it.

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Universal Symbolism of Playing Cards—(Continued from page 7)

They lived in a region, and under conditions which led to a natural association between these objects and the season of the year they were used to represent.

But as the symbols on our playing cards were not derived from the Aztecs, but from the Eastern Hemisphere, we must also trace the origin of these symbolical pictographs with which we are more familiar.

Nor are we to believe that the thirteen cards, each bearing a number and an emblem, which belong to one suit, and the four suits, each bearing a different emblem, came to us through Aztec sources. Instead, it is evident that the Aztecs merely preserved for us in detail a type of calendar derived from still more ancient sources, which was at one time world-wide in its use among astrologers.

Substituting spades for reeds, diamonds for flint knives, clubs for houses, and hearts for rabbits, you can place the whole deck of modern playing cards, spot for spot, on the swastika calendar wheel; just fifty-two compartments, thirteen of each emblem. And this permits the joker to be placed on the emblem of the radiant sun in the center; for the sun was considered to be the ranking influence, and to strengthen any other astrological influence with which he was associated.

Using the symbols with which we are more familiar instead of those employed by the Aztecs, it would be difficult more perfectly to describe and picture in one compact diagram the fifty-three cards of the common deck than by using the picture of the swastika calendar, a copy of which is here reproduced.

But to establish the derivation in complete detail, we should indicate why the symbols now used to denote the four suits are employed rather than those used by the Aztecs.

To the people of the Eastern Hemisphere, the winter season, which follows the solstice about December 23rd, was not associated with the gathering of reeds, but with a terrific struggle for existence. When other rations began to get low, after the manner of many American Indians, they had recourse to acorns in which the oaks had stored a winter food supply.

Everyone who has visited Yosemite Park has seen the grinding rocks, the baskets in which the acorn meal was leached of its tannin, and the store bins in which the Indians preserved the acorns for winter use. All through the West can be found mortars hollowed in the solid granite rocks, where acorn meal was ground.

Such fare, in the lean months of winter, was not confined to the Western World. Thus it came about that the acorn, which man and squirrel alike stored for use in the coldest weather, was employed as the symbolical pictograph of the winter season. And on some of the oldest packs of cards the suit of spades is pictured by the acorn.

But, when food ran out during the

unproductive time of the year, there was still another method of replenishing the larder, a method still followed on a wider and more disastrous scale. That method was to take by force of arms the sustenance of other people. And thus upon the tarot cards this season is commonly represented by the suit of swords.

To an agricultural population, however, the precaution against the dearth of winter meant long hours of toil. It meant turning over the soil, planting and harvesting. And as the most laborious part of this work was the preparation of the soil to receive the seed, winter came to be associated with the prevalent garden implement, and thus in our playing cards we have the suit of spades.

The spring to the Aztecs was the season of sacrifice, hence the flint knife. But to people of other lands it was the time of flowers. And the choicest of these was used to represent it. The rose, in poetry and song, from most ancient times has been associated with the returning verdure of spring, and is used as the emblem of one suit on some of the oldest packs of cards.

Spring also brought new sustenance for life in growing crops. And as such crops and other food could be purchased for money, a coin came to be used, instead of the rose, on this suit in most tarot cards.

But if money has purchasing power, diamonds have still more; and thus on modern playing cards we have the suit of diamonds.

In the Aztec country, which is well to the south, even at the present time the people during the summer months spend much of the day in their houses, sheltered from the heat of the sun by thick adobe walls. To them, therefore, the house may well stand as the symbol of summer.

But to the pastoral people of the Old World, who in summer followed their flocks to the high mountain valleys as soon as those higher regions provided forage, the three-leaf clover, upon which they so largely depended, became its symbolical pictograph.

The heat of summer is suggestive of fire. Fire was fed by the limbs of trees, that is, by clubs. The sun during this season also exerts its fullest power, and as he is king of heaven, the club used in some tarot packs to represent this suit take the form of the regal scepter. In others, representing rulership through magic, it takes the form of wands, like the wand of Aaron which budded.

In modern playing cards this suit is pictured still as a three-leaf clover, although in speaking of it we never refer to it by that name. Instead, although we have never seen a stick of wood which looks like this picture, we call it by the name of an object also anciently used to symbolize the same season. To us it is not the suit of clover, but the suit of clubs.

(Continued on page 19)

The Persistence of the Residual— (Continued from page 9)

sistence? Just apply persistence to The Absolute and be amazed . . . how well it adjusts!

Now, thus applied, what tremendous significance attaches to the word, and not only that . . . how clearly the reflection of Truth shines through; for truth (conditioned) is now wrapped up in the word persistent. (Advanced thinkers will here sense the shifting of a residual amidst the unconditioned.) All schools of thought worthy of the name concede persistence to The Absolute.

Schools of the conditioned put up many hurdles to jump, but the attribute is conceded. Western thought, in general, will condition this persistence upon the hypothesis of finite mind being at the very most able only to render imperfect conceptions of the unconditioned. Nevertheless, the book asked for will evolve from the Western mind, as the Eastern savant, while freer in metaphysics and less hampered than his Western brother, will hesitate to wade through phenomenality for metaphysical results.

The Eastern affection for the phenomena has no very strong love to boast of and furthermore, the East will expect this book from the West, where the rapidity of life supplies phenomena in greater quantity and complexity. The philosophic-metaphysician who produces the book will quickly roll all creeds into one large whole, dipping later with eclectic fingers here and there. Non-sectarian in his very essence he will then engage in a labor worthy of Man. Fear not, Brother, the book will arrive, for the mere fact that you are reading this shows the pebble already cast into the brook of time and the ripples ever widening in their circle. Participate, pick up the request, embellish and help carry this idea to fulfillment. What more glorious than for the imperfect to submit to the pull of The Perfect?

What love can compare to intellectual love? No creature love surely.

Come closer to me for a few examples of the residual. Step right into my living room. Have a seat at the big table while I am hammering at the keys. Watch me. You already know my idea as an expressed desire for a new book on the residual. The idea came first, followed by desire, then the will or purpose which is mirrored in the action—typing, to be later followed by the complexity of accruing phenomena, such as sending the script, editing, typesetting, printing, distributing, then your reading of it.

But that is not all, for no phenomena within continuity ever attains finality; rather all events meet other events, merging and dissolving into still other events, which process continues for the full length of finite time.

But . . . the very moment that the book appears, the law of cause and effect becomes operative and all this phenomena which you have reviewed as potentiality of the book is potentiality no longer, but dissolves into a component part of the residual together with other component parts, some of which are idea, purpose, will, power, force, and energy, some spent, some unspendable. Do not forget that the residual is drawn from both the conditioned and the unconditioned.

Another instance drawn chiefly from the unconditioned is the human birth. Before Man can exist, potential Man must be. Birth dissolves this potential, this entirely unconditioned potential, into what? Into pure space? Not at all. Into the nucleus or core of a new residual.

Try and sense the constant operation of this law during the life of Man: its growing in volume and complexity. Incidentally, if you will not pencil your thoughts or type them, your time is wasted.

Consider William Shakespeare. Witness the residual drawn from the phenomenal. Since his physical demise (mere compliance with the law of cause and effect) this residual drawn from objectivity gains in power and intensity. Seems both abstraction and conditioned entity with mixed attributes though all within objective time.

Sense then the residual of William Shakespeare as drawn from the unconditioned. Ponder on its vastness. The presence of non-material substance as residual amidst phenomena, clearly shows potential residual of the psychical non-material substance. Before a residual can be (it does not exist, only phenomena exists) the potential residual must be.

Correlating the residual proper as a unity of two parts composed of the phenomenal portion and the psychical portion, we are getting somewhere. Where? Very simple. To a starting point for the coming book, where THE-THING-THAT-REALY-IS may be studied from a new angle and if Man gets but a mere trifle closer to Reality we can fancy Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Spencer and Shakespeare rejoicing while gathered around a huge table, consuming cakes and ale and smoking long, slender clay pipes. Wouldn't you love to join them?

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Universal Symbolism of Playing Cards— (Continued from page 18)

In the fall the Aztecs went hunting; hence the rabbit as their symbol for the season. But in the Old World the wine was pressed from the grape, and marriage feasts were common.

Thus in the tarot cards, to indicate this season, we have the suit of cups.

But in modern playing cards, instead of cups, in which the union of two hearts was sealed, we have a more direct reference to the affectional promptings which are consummated in such a union. This is present as the suit of hearts.

"Forever and Ever" — (Continued from page 10)

"No, my darlings, mother is not afraid to die, and when she goes away from you I want you to promise her you will always try to be good children as mother has always taught you, obedient, kind and thoughtful of others, truthful and pure in heart, for if you THINK good thoughts no harm can ever come to you . . . and remember to say your prayers every night, and whenever you are in trouble or lonely, or sad, take it all to God in prayer and offer thanks at all times. And don't forget, my darlings, I will be watching over you, perhaps your guardian angel."

"That will be lovely, Mummy," agreed the little girl dolefully, "but I won't be able to see you or to hear you, like Billy-Boy does."

Mother smiled sadly and a little wistfully, "No, my darling, but little girls have a wonderful gift called Intuition, and little boys too, sometimes, with which you will be able to FEEL me near you."

Nurse interrupted here. "I'm afraid you are over-tiring yourself, little Mother; I think the children had better run along now."

"Oh no, Nurse, let them stay, poor darlings, they won't have me much longer and before they go I want them to give me their sacred promise to do what I have asked them. I want to leave my influence with them to stay through the years, if possible. I don't want them to forget Mother, and Auntie will take care of them until . . . well, perhaps Daddy may marry again, he is such a big, fine, handsome man."

The trained nurse look startled and flushed, casting an anxious, apprehensive glance in the direction of Billy-Boy. Had the child overheard her conversation with the next-door neighbor and repeated it? The little brat!

Billy-Boy was blissfully unconscious of her antagonistic thoughts, his arms around his mother's neck. "Darling Mummy, I promise you SACREDLY to do what you said. I'll TRY to be a good boy, and love people, but it's awful hard sometimes not to HATE them, you know, an' I'll often see you in my

dreams, and I'll think of you always, every day, and pray for you, and look after sister."

His soft, sweet lips pressed a kiss upon her mouth, as his little hand gently caressed her cheek. "Good-night, Mummy."

She hugged him tightly as the tears poured down her cheeks. "Good-night, and good-bye, dear little boy of mine. Keep close to sister and be her brave knight, to save her from all the wicked ogres in the world. Keep together, and hug your dreams close to your heart, only tell them to those who understand, darling. For dreams come from the soul and everybody doesn't understand the soul. God bless you, dear, and keep you safe always, and now run outside and play and be happy; let Mother hear you laugh."

The little boy obeyed obediently, waved his hand as he softly closed the door behind him. Her eyes followed him, swimming through their tears.

Then the little girl approached, shyly and timidly, hugging her doll closely to her breast, her eyes wide and fearful. Oh, how she loved Mummy-dear! More than she could say; it made a big ache inside, but she couldn't express her affection like her brother did. And soon she would be taken from them. A passion of rebellion surged up in her little heart. It wasn't right! God MUST not take her away when they needed her so, when they loved her so. She was an emotional child, affectionate and imaginative like her brother, but lacking his self-control and assurance. HE had vision, and so had FAITH; she wanted to believe these things, but she wasn't sure. He could SEE, but she could only FEEL. So she flung her arms around her mother's neck and burst into uncontrollable weeping, to the alarm and annoyance of the nurse whose own emotions were affected by the parting scene.

But Mother understood. She held the sobbing little form close to her breast, muttering soothing little endearments; she knew the great, sensitive, loving little soul better than anyone else ever could.

"Don't cry, darling, there is nothing to grieve about," she said. "Mother will always be close to you, to love and guard you; and if the Loving Father sees best to take her away from all her suffering and sorrows and make her strong and well again YOU wouldn't be the one to hold her back, would YOU? And so YOU are going to take Mother's place in Father's heart, and be a brave little woman and look after Billy-Boy and give him lots of love and sympathy, won't you, my pet?" She turned the pathetic little face up toward her and kissed the quivering lips as she wiped away her tears. And thus she held her till the storm of emotion had subsided. "Good-bye, and good-night, my darling; happy dreams, little daughter, and before you go to bed tonight will you play me one little song, or a little hymn? Now, let me see you smile!"

The child managed to smile through her tears as she turned away without a word and sadly left the room, for the last time gazing upon her mother's face.

About 2 the next morning Billy-Boy stirred restlessly in his sleep, then he sat bolt upright in his bed and rubbed his eyes, staring fascinated at something at the side of his bed. His movements wakened the little girl from her cot in the corner and she stared at her brother in alarm. "Hello, Mummy-dear," said Billy-Boy delightedly. "Oh what a lovely light you have around you, and how beautiful you look! I know, you are in your spirit body, aren't you? And all better again and you've come to show me before you go, haven't you? What is that you say? Forever and ever! Yes, we'll love you forever and ever, and ever. Good-bye."

The little girl began to sob, "Do lie down Billy-Boy, you frighten me. There's no one in the room; you're just dreaming again."

"Oh, no I'm not," asserted the little boy with conviction. "She WAS here, but she has gone."

And Billy-Boy spoke the truth.

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Her Dream Lover—(Continued from page 11)

however, at least not in the usual way. I knew, of course, that he loved me very dearly, but it was more like a brother and sister love, although I don't know that a brother and sister could find such ecstatic bliss in each other's company as we certainly did find. Loving him was like being wafted to heaven on a magical carpet. There was nothing earthly about it. It was, I know now, a deeply spiritual love that I felt for him.

"When I was eighteen years of age, a young man wished to marry me, and to my horror my aunt approved the match. I had not thought of marriage or of other boys since my Dream Boy filled my thoughts completely. I did not want this other love, this physical love. Perhaps you will not understand how I felt, but the mere thought of marriage made me feel ill.

"It never occurred to me to ask my Dream Boy what to do about it. In my heart I felt ashamed, humiliated. I wanted to run away. But, in the end, I consented to be married.

"It was all a horrible mistake. I can see it now, but then I was as innocent as a child. I resented the idea of another man in my life, but I little realized that this other man must share all my secrets and that he would, because of his coarser caliber, drive my Dream Boy away.

"For that is what he did. After my marriage to him I saw my Dream Boy only once, and on his face was a fury of anger and disgust. I called to him, but he vanished, never answering my cry.

"During that year of marriage I tried to adjust myself to the new life as best I could. I did not quarrel nor nag my husband. I tried to be a good wife, although in my heart there was always such a terrible ache of loneliness.

"My husband kept asking me what was the matter with me. Once, he went so far as to say that I ought to be locked up in an asylum. I could see that he was disappointed, baffled and angry, but try as I might, I could not make things right.

"Then, after the first two months, he seemed to lose interest in me as a woman. I heard of his attentions to others, but I did not care. I was relieved and inside of my heart was always the little secret hope that some day my Dream Boy would come back.

"The months dragged on. I found that I was to have a baby, and as I was very frail physically, the doctor advised separate rooms during the time of pregnancy.

"After that, my husband and I grew farther and farther apart. He went out nearly every night, rarely returning before one or two o'clock in the morning, often later. Sometimes he would stay away for several days at a time and when I asked him about it, he would say that he had been at his club.

"Then, a neighbor woman told me that he was keeping company with a notorious actress. I did not really

care for it seemed that my heart was dead and for him I never had felt any love. Yet, I was ashamed of him, for I felt that he was disgracing me in behaving as he did.

"One night when I was alone I decided to retire early, as I had no desire to read and life was unutterably dull. I nearly reached the top of the stairs when a strange sight met my eyes. I felt a trifle dizzy and swayed, hanging to the stair rail. This is what I saw. A very beautiful young woman, whom I knew at once to be my mother, came down the stairs toward me and following her was an elderly man with a revolver which was pressed to the woman's back. On they came. Her eyes held a look of fear and he was muttering strangely to himself. Suddenly a shot rang out through the night. I jumped, but saw nobody behind me. When I turned around the woman lay in a pool of blood and near my feet lay the revolver that he had shot her with. It was then that I noticed that she was about to become a mother.

"Never shall I forget the details that followed. He carried her lifeless form to a couch, still muttering strangely, and before my very eyes he delivered her of a child which I felt to be myself. The picture faded in a chill mist and, shivering, I rushed to my room at the far end of the dark hall and locked myself in.

"I knew then that my beautiful mother had not died during childbirth, but that she had been murdered by my father and that he, being a doctor, had been able to bury her body without arousing suspicion.

"I thought it all over, then a terrible horror gripped me. Suppose that I was destined to follow in her footsteps? Suppose this was a warning that I was soon to die? I had heard of such warnings.

"I could not sleep, but lay wide-eyed, staring up at the flickering shadows on the ceiling, my heart pounding with fear. It was about two o'clock when I heard my husband come in. He was cursing and swearing in a very loud voice, and soon he began to throw things around as he often did when he came home drunk. I heard the splinter of furniture being thrown against the wall, then a thump, and sudden, utter stillness. I strained my ears for a sound, but there was none.

"Then I slipped out of bed and hurriedly wrapped myself in a negligee. Running down the long flight of stairs in my bare feet, I called, 'Where are you, John? Are you hurt?' Still no answer. I had forgotten all about my own recent fears in my regard for his safety. For after all, even though I could not love him, he was my husband and I did not want anything to happen to him.

"I stumbled over him just inside of the dining room. Then I turned on the light and gasped at the wreckage he had made of our home. Not a stick of furniture was left. Everything was

(Continued on page 24)



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Astrological Daily Guide—(Continued from page 15)

- the evening things become quite amicable and agreeable.
18. Until 4:35 p. m. favorable for trips, study, reading, private affairs and social calls. The balance of the day is disturbing. Avoid hurts and losses.
 19. Until 4:12 p. m. rather confusing and uncertain. But the balance of the day and evening is good for personal affairs, courtship and visiting.
 20. The older the day the more adverse it becomes. The late afternoon and evening is fairly treacherous. Avoid loss by force, loss by fire, injury in combat, accidents in traffic, and be careful in taking medicines.
 21. Quite the opposite from yesterday. This day is most excellent for everything of importance that you may care to undertake. Push and promote your affairs today and accomplish as much as possible.
 22. Rather doubtful for big deals, buying or selling. Do not speculate. Take nothing for granted and use care and caution.
 23. Good until 1 p. m. After that extremely unfavorable for money transactions. It will be easy to lose, waste or squander money, so be careful.
 24. Disturbing and unsettled. Use precision in all of your efforts. Take not one risk. Overcome restlessness and control your temper.
 25. The day favors all progressive matters. Good for attending church, lectures, study, visiting travel and personal comforts.
 26. An excellent business day. Your intellect will be brilliant today and you should follow your hunches and impressions.
 27. Unsuitable for important actions. Remain calm and collected and try to be content with the ordinary things of life. Refuse to become melancholic.
 28. Same as yesterday.
 29. A successful day for carrying out things of long standing. Enter deals, make collections, establish credit. Evening favors amusements and courtship.
 30. Until 2:22 p. m. things will run along smoothly, but very abruptly things will suddenly take a turn towards confusion, misjudgment and delays.
 31. If you have been waiting for a good day to transact important business, look for lost articles, ask favors, start journeys, etc., this is the day for you, because this day is favorable for all progressive thoughts, actions and transactions.

An Experience in Real Life—(Continued from page 12)

I did as I was directed and with startled eyes beheld a man close enough to me so that I was enabled to feel his breath. The man was bent down over me with his hands resting upon his knees. Noticing that this was a man in material clothes, I screamed, "Lord, have mercy!" Then I immediately recognized that it was the former superintendent, Mr. O'Malley. He jumped into the side hall leading to the kitchen and said in a choking voice, "Would to God that I had taken your advice! I would be back with my little ones," meaning his children. I hurriedly put on my dress and immediately went to the owner of the building wherein I resided. I said, "Have you heard anything about the O'Malleys?"

This owner, whom I judged to be extremely haughty and abrupt (a woman of rather a cold nature), replied, "I dispossessed them." I answered, "I know, but there is a land where no one is ever dispossessed." I quickly inquired if Mr. O'Malley were dead or alive. The owner replied, "Mrs. Murray (one of the tenants) saw Mr.

O'Malley's wife, and Mrs. O'Malley had informed her that Mr. O'Malley was dead and had been buried four weeks ago, having died of whiskey poisoning, and that there was no time in which to obtain the services of a priest or doctor." "Thank you," I said. "I just saw Mr. O'Malley in my apartment." At this remark she was very much startled. I said, "Don't worry—he will not bother you."

I returned home and began my work of prayer for the man who had come for help but who was not wise enough to take the advice he received from some loved one previously. I went to my Mission at the church, and within seven weeks I again saw Mr. O'Malley's spirit in my living room. His spirit stood before me by the bookcase; however, he was not dressed in working clothes but was attired in a dark grey robe, no hat, dark slippers, and he said in a gentle voice, "Thank you for your sweet prayers. I am at rest, and I shall help you later."

May Mr. O'Malley's soul always rest in peace.

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"I Found God Through the Microscope"—(Continued from page 6)

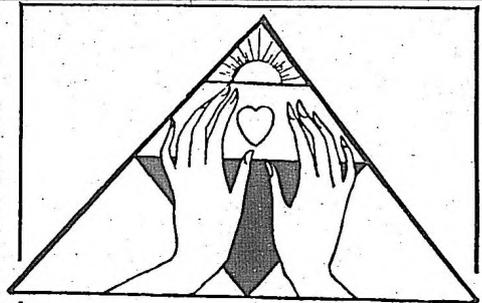
cell that reproduces them in their own image? As I thought of this I again looked down at the cell and watched it grow and realized that that which controlled its growth and dominated its development, forced it to manifest itself in the living image of its parents was that which was within it even now. Not that from without but from within the cell was the power—physical, mental, and spiritual—that controlled its development and molded its outer form and revealed its inner nature. And as I watched the cell grow and saw the center of it beginning to take form I saw God—God in His powers and in His magnificence—at work.

And so I found God through my microscope. I have come to the conviction that within the living body of each one of us there is that unseen, invisible, supreme quality of spiritual and material direction and control which men have named God. And I am convinced that it is from the God within us that all of our development and growth proceeds and that this God within us, like the essence and element of the parents within the cell, attempts to make our outer selves reveal the image of the inner lord. I am convinced that the over-lord of the universe, the father-mother element from which came all created things, has placed within us a part of Himself in order that this human body like a cell may grow to un-

fold and reveal the very nature and element of the God within.

This, then, would make of each one of us the living image, mentally and spiritually and in other characteristics, of the God within the cell, and that it is only through our wilful and stubborn interferences with the continued perfection of our outer selves and our insistent attitude of restraint and personal modification that prevents our very nature, our mental attitudes, and our spiritual radiations from molding us into living images of the great Father of all.

Man has, therefore, within him the essence and the potential powers of God's creative nature and of God's great spiritual characteristics and wisdom. These things are within man just as are the traits of human characteristics within the living cell. Man is, therefore, constantly in contest battling either against the influences from the outside which will make him a part of the mortal and weak elements of the world around him or battling against the influences of the God within who seeks to make the outer as well as the inner being a perfect representation of the spiritual Father. As we attune ourselves to vibrate in harmony with either the inner God or the outer gods of the world, so we mold our outer selves and create our mundane lives.



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Her Dream Lover—(Continued from page 21)

broken and lying grotesquely on its side or wrong side up. The place resembled a crazy house in distress. Finally, I dragged my husband upstairs and into his room, although I do not understand how I ever did it. But he was not a heavy man and I seemed to have superhuman strength at that time.

"I undressed him and saw that there were no wounds on his body. He was breathing heavily in a drunken stupor.

"I did what I could for him, then left him alone while I returned to my own room and locked the door. He was always ugly in the morning, and after my strange vision I was afraid he might kill me.

"I was exhausted and must have dropped off to sleep, as I do not remember when my head hit the pillow. The first thing I knew was in a dream. I seemed to be in my husband's room again and he was loading a revolver and muttering, 'I'll kill her. I'll kill her.' I was so terrified that I tried to run away, but to my horror I could not move my feet from the spot where I stood. He turned toward me and I tried to cry out, to beg him for my life. But suddenly I discovered that he was not looking at me. Rather, he was looking beyond me, and directly over my shoulder.

"I tried to turn, but my neck was so stiff that I could not move it. 'So you're the one who has been keeping her from me, are you?' sneered my husband, as he aimed at something behind me. He aimed, but he did not fire, for at that instant someone shot forward, past me and knocked the gun out of his hand. I heard it fall to the floor and stooped to pick it up.

"My fear left me as I watched the battle. It was a terrible fight, a fight between a man of this world and a spirit, for in my husband's assailant I recognized my long-lost Dream Boy.

"Suddenly my husband fell heavily across the bed on his back and I knew that he was dead. Then the phantom took my arm and we left the room together.

"I awoke to find the sunshine streaming into my room. There was an uncomfortable feeling in my heart, but at first I could not remember. I slipped out of bed and ran to my husband's room and looked in. He lay on his back across the bed, and by the strange, lifeless position of his head I knew that he was dead. I was not greatly surprised.

"Dressing quickly, I called the coroner and the undertaker by phone, then I set about straightening up the dining room which had been wrecked.

"I had not finished, however, when I knew that I must call the doctor also. Soon the kindly neighbors came and took charge of everything. I was rushed to the hospital in an ambulance and that night my baby was born, dead."

She opened her eyes and stared at me. "Do you believe in ghosts?" she asked again, but this time she did not wait for my reply.

"I do," she asserted emphatically, "for every night my Dream Lover comes to me. He is no longer a boy. He has grown up, and he loves me." She sighed and closed her eyes.

"The coroner said that my husband died of a heart attack, but I know that he did not. His heart was as sound as a silver dollar. He died just as I saw him die in my dream."

After she was gone, I took a deep breath and shook myself. I told myself that there were no ghosts—no spooks—that such things were only creatures of a diseased imagination. But, still, there are some things that cannot be accounted for naturally.

Just as there are some people who give us the lasting impression that they are half of this world and half of a strange, spirit-visited dream-world. And of my friend's Dream Lover, I have not one doubt.

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