

The Occult Digest

A Periodical of Reprint and Research.

OCTOBER 1929

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25c

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Soul Traverse

The Silent Demand

The Message in The Mist

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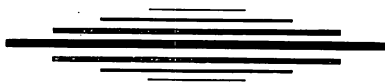


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THE OCCULT DIGEST
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The Occult Digest

A Periodical of Reprint and Research.

EFFA DANELSON
Editor and Publisher

Trade-Mark Registered

*The Occult Digest Stands for "ONE LAW—ONE LIFE—ONE TRUTH
—Through Conscious Progress"*

The Editorial Policy of The Occult Digest

THE editorial policy of *The Occult Digest* is to offer a channel for searchers for knowledge.

We invite contributions from men and women of authority in their respective fields of research.

The Occult Digest is an Open Forum for Occult Science in every phase.

We do not accept articles for publication containing statements of a nature derogatory to personal character; neither do we encourage exploitation of any one branch of the Occult Sciences to the detriment of others.

We discourage any and all legislation hampering the free advance of scientific achievement.

We declare capital punishment will be abolished. It is ineffective as a deterrent of crime; it is itself a crime, if not by statute, certainly by humanitarian ethics.

We declare the religionizing of Occult phenomena shrouds in mystery that which is expressive of a natural law.

Vol. V

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Effa DANELSON'S

W ¶ *When Are We Brothers?*

WILL you lift my load and not ask me to lift yours in return? Will you bear my sorrow and give me your joy in life and not ask the same of me? Will you go the one mile and twain and not ask me to repay an hundredfold and more?

Are you my brother whose heart is filled with longing to restore my lost heritage, whose soul cries out in despair at my need, who—forgetting self and unmindful of the danger on every side—will journey far into the night to dispel the darkness that envelops me?

Are you my brother only when I serve you, only when the sunshine fills my life or when I give to you the lion's share?

When are we brothers? We are brothers true only when we live and let live, only when each is able to serve himself and recognize the other's right to the inheritance that comes to each of us from Nature's bountiful storehouse. We are brothers only when we can say, and truly so, that we have builded well our structure because we struck not one false note in each other as we journeyed on the path of Life.

T ¶ *The Occult Field Today*

THE occult field is no longer reserved to one or two groups. There is to be found among all groups a marked tendency to fraternalize. A spirit of concession has been evolved. Just a few years ago each group was a demigod with a worshipped hero or savior at its head. Today men and women have begun to realize that Life is not a metaphysical adjunct but a concrete creation, individualized and not divided into component parts adaptable to theories, but amenable to a fixed law and purpose, moving toward a direct goal.

Time has made dissolute so many theories established and held sacred in the past that today the occult field embraces every group of students under whatever name they are assembled.

The thinking minds of the world are not looking for theories about Life. They are demanding facts. Fanatics are not being looked up to as intellectuals because man has awakened to the consciousness of his absolute right to save his own soul. He has added knowledge to his faith and no longer believes in the damnation of souls. He knows that immortality is not the gift of a God, but is uninterrupted Time and that Birth and Death are time-pieces to measure Life.

Thinkers have assembled the seekers of knowl-

edge in groups and today we find the occult field teeming with riches gained through knowledge of the unseen forces. Things that were only hearsay a few years ago are today demonstrated facts.

This organization of the occult field has been brought about through recognition of the rights of all groups. We look forward to the time when all barriers will be removed and all will stand as one man and speak as one voice. It is the law—Truth must be at-one-ment.

II ¶ *Dark Seances*

IN DISCUSSING the subject of dark seances, the question arises as to its advisability for the development of the psychic powers, and whether or not a darkened room is necessary, as so many seem to think it is.

Speaking for myself from experience, the answer is most emphatically "No." The dark seance room is a product of the persecution of "witches" when those who desired to delve into these mysterious happenings were compelled to gather in the dark of the night and sit in total darkness to escape punishment. It is like many things that cling to us from the past just because we do not take the time to analyze their good and bad qualities and their feasibility. We accept things as we receive them and do not ask ourselves the reason or seek the governing law.

There are dangers in the darkened seance room just as there are dangers lurking in the food we eat if we are ignorant of cause and effect. We do not abstain from eating because a few persons die from eating. Neither do we cease to investigate the claims of those who believe they talk with the dead because a few become obsessed.

If we are of a cautious nature we will acquaint ourselves with the facts in the case, always reserving the right to judge what is best for us in the same manner that we select our food.

Entering the seance room in a helter-skelter fashion, without first studying the law, is a dangerous thing to do, especially so if the seance is held in the dark. The main reason for this is that 95% of people become negative in the dark and absorb the magnetism thrown off by both spirit and sitter, somewhat in the same manner that salt and sugar absorb moisture.

We are in the age of development. Human beings are just a form of life, subject to deformities the same as the grains of the fields.

Psychic development is not a product of the seance room. It may develop more rapidly under the

—by the Editor

EDITORIALS *of the* DAY

influences found there, and this development may be favorable or otherwise. That does not depend altogether on the teacher or spirits—so called. It may be the result of two minds contacting, each holding the other and wrestling, so to speak, for supremacy. The same thing might happen anywhere.

When two elements meet, the result is the birth of a third, sometimes causing great elemental disturbance. Too much is attributed to spirit obsession.

M *¶ Nature and Nature's Law* AN creates the mystery by avoiding facts, making excuses and sidestepping issues because this allows him to move along the lines of least resistance. Fear is the father of superstition and the mother of excuses. Fear of wind, thunder and lightning gave primitive man his angry God. Sunshine, food and shelter gave him his God of love. Born of this fear and adoration, we have a third element—mystery.

Combined, these elements have driven man before them until today he no longer has a God of hate, love or mystery, but rather man judges all things by the cause. Seeking deeply into the cause of things, he has established a fixed law and calls it Nature's supreme benediction to man in the form of rain, wind, thunder and lightning, to give growth and purification.

Humanity as a unit is moving toward the goal of at-one-ment with this supreme and beneficent law. It is breaking the shackles of adversity and fleeing from the dangers of mysteries. Going forward rather than upward is its slogan as it studies the problems of life with an analytical mind attuned to the silent forces of the universe.

Man now realizes that the earth on which he lives is only a tiny speck of amalgamated substance from which life in its various species and forms comes forth. No man knows his birthplace or his burial ground, but he will speculate or experiment until he satisfies his soul hunger, to which he gives the name of God.

T *¶ Ask and Ye Shall Receive* HE old saying, "Ask and ye shall receive," means more to us today than it ever did before, for we have learned its application to ourselves—we have solved the problem and found the hidden law.

Just asking—a mere word formula—will not

operate this law. First there must be the real need, just as there must be the real bud to bring forth the flower. Your need must be great, but your desire to receive must be all-powerful and you must be willing to comply with the law or your asking will create a worm that will destroy the fruit.

Many ask but do not believe in their power to receive. When your need is great, and thinking does not make it so, your asking will be so earnest that you will scarcely know that you have asked. Yet you have made the proper contact which has created the power to reconstruct. After all, "receiving" in response to your asking depends wholly on your own power to "create." You must set up a new vibration which overcomes the vibration of despondency. Were it not for the slough of despondency, our needs would be taken care of as they appear and, we might add, there would be no need that did not bring its own supply as it came into action. Find the law governing your need, and you will release the supply. Reason and reflect before you ask or even suggest.

Every person has this power to create vested in himself. The trouble is that so few stop to think, "How can I help *myself*?" True, there are many cases that must have a "physician" but many who call for the "physician" already have more than enough supply for their need, if they knew how to ask. When we have the soul's needs supplied, our physical needs are supplied.

I *¶ The Treasure World* N THE silence of our being there is a world abounding in treasures untold. We search in the heavens for the answer to prayer, when deep in our souls the answer is waiting to be called forth. We seek in the lives of others the emulation of our own when in our own treasure world the voices from the silence bid us to look within for all things we need.

We seek in the high places and in the low to find the true knowledge of life. When we open the door to our own treasure world we find the rare jewel we sought.

So 'tis with all that we seek. Held closely within that great silence chamber of ours is a balm for our wounds, a light on our path, the reward for the past, supply for the present, and the hope of the future.

And most blessed of all, if we look closely we'll find the key inscribed with these words "Seek Knowledge." Wisdom opens all doors to the treasure world of supply.

Immortality

By EFFA DANELSON

IMMORTALITY, whence comest thou? Whose hand scattereth thy seeds, whose hand reapeth thy harvest? Art thou a sceptre that can be bought with gold, a balm that can be distributed to the holier-than-thou subjects of the Kingdom of Life? Dost thou abide in the places of the high priests of earlier days, to be called forth by sacrifices of those who call "Lord, Lord!"?

IMMORTALITY, thou Elysian subject of Death, what is thy mission to the meek and lowly of Earth? What is thy balm for those whose burdens are heavy for their frail strength to carry, for those whose cup of sorrow is filled to overflowing with the gall and wormwood of Life, for the little child whose way was set in tortuous paths?

HAST THOU no future life, no shelter, no surcease from strife and torture for those whom thine emissary Birth brought forth?

O IMMORTALITY! What mockery that only a chosen few should find thee after that great carver of destiny, Death, has freed them from the temple of flesh, thou who art only the goal of endless travel.

IMMORTALITY—the aim, the goal, the ever-clinging hope of all who journey through the gate of Birth to mortal Life—no key unlocks thy door. The pathway of every soul leads on and on. Time and Eternity without beginning, without end. Thou art the Eternal Past, the Present and all that is To Be, Nature's gift to all Life. No power can give or take one of thy precious moments from the Life of Man.

ALL ARE travelers on the highway of endless Time, whose portals are Birth and Death through which all souls must pass in the journey of Life.

SOUL TRAVERSE

Beyond the Gate of the Physical and Past the Three Dimensions

By ROSE ATKINSON DICKINSON

JEAN DE VERON swore impatiently as he finished reading Enid Lang's letter. "I'll wring that Indian professor's neck when I get out of here!" he muttered.

Again he read the paragraph which had bothered him. "You remember I wrote about that book on psychic phenomena I'd been reading? Well, I met Professor Durga at a class for occult research. He explained how the soul can travel through space, as radio travels on wave lengths. There is no limit to distance, for mind pictures the desired destination—and one is there! There is no danger going out, if the mind is absolutely cleared of fear while leaving the body. If not, one may become bewildered and be unable to return. He also says two minds in harmony may help each other if they are strong-willed. So watch out! If I go out and get into trouble, I'll call on you for help. Be sure and come as fast as you can. I'll depend on you."

Jean threw the letter down in disgust and started up in bed, just as Doctor Allen came in.

"Ha!" he called cheerfully, "why all the excitement? You're all keyed-up. Can't get up tomorrow if you don't keep quiet today." He pushed Jean back upon the pillows and pulled up the covers. "What's it all about? Your mother thought you were asleep."

"Have you heard of this Professor Durga, who's teaching that the spirit can leave the body and travel where it wants, then return when it's tired of other scenes?"

"Huh!" Dr. Allen sniffed, "you'd better not try any stunts like that. You're too weak. Might be a case for the undertaker!"

"You think there's something in this talk?"

"There's no more doubt of it than there is about radio's being a reality."

"If that's so," Jean retorted skeptically, "there must be great danger of not returning from such stunts."

"Yes, and there's not a doubt in my mind that many deaths, laid to heart failure, are caused by amateur experiments along such lines."

"But if it is becoming as prevalent as that," Jean exclaimed, "it should be stopped."

"I agree with you—but how are you going to

stop it? Orientals have practiced those things for centuries and have come to no harm. But they are phlegmatic, and vibrate at a low rate, while we vibrate on a plane where many of us are next door to hysteria, trying to keep up with life as we live it here."

Dr. Allen rose, pulled on his gloves and gave Jean a sharp look. "You're thirty-two, and old enough not to let your French-Irish temperament get the best of your common sense."

"No danger with me," Jean laughed, "but I'm worried about Miss Lang. She's fooling with these things, and you know—"

"Yes, bad for high-strung women. But don't you try to go to her for another week. Get up tomorrow, but don't put your nose out of doors. San Francisco fogs are bad for pneumonia. And leave those soul-spirit-body-stunts alone."

Left alone, Jean's mind turned to thoughts of Enid. He longed to see her and talk things over. Presently, he was visualizing Enid, sitting there by his bed. He wasn't asleep, just daydreaming. Then suddenly he stared around the room.

"Am I going loco?" he muttered. "I'm sure Enid was bending over me. I saw her!"

He settled languidly back against the pillows. A weight seemed to be drifting over his feet and moving slowly upward, leaving his body lifeless as it advanced. The color drained from his face. His breath grew shorter; his eye-lids twitched and fluttered slowly down. The weight reached his breast. His heartbeats slowed, then stopped entirely. He sank into deep blackness. Then, like the first glimmer of dawn, a light broke around him and he floated upward.

"Jean, come here!"

A hand touched him as the light grew brighter. He looked around and found he was standing in his own room, holding Enid's hand.

"What's happened?" he stammered.

"You came through," she smiled brightly. "For a moment it looked as if, even with my help, you wouldn't be able to reach the higher vibrations."

He looked around in confusion, then caught sight of his body upon the bed. "Did I die?" he asked calmly.

"No, your spirit-body is released from your

earth-form, just as mine is. In a few hours we will return."

Jean felt stronger as he partook of the dynamic forces which flowed around him. "Where shall we go?" he asked eagerly.

"India!" Enid suggested. "I've visualized it as a whole, trusting to be led after we arrive there. We want to go to some of the mysterious places."

"That's right, so hold the thought!" She clung to Jean's hand as they were lifted through space, as a thought goes where it is sent. Then they were dropped upon a desert. The moonlight fell with silvery radiance; the wind blew cool, but the sun-baked sand still held the hot rays of the recent sun.

"Wonder why we were brought here?" Jean inquired. "Nothing to see but moonlight, and perhaps a hyena or a jackal."

"See that mountain?" She pointed toward a jungle at the edge of the desert. Back of it rose a range of mountains.

"But we have mountains at home," Jean objected.

"It's the hidden things we seek," Enid explained, "and we won't find them in crowded places. Come, they may lie over there!"

"But what do you seek?" Jean demanded. This adventure seemed rather tame.

"That I can't tell you, but a voice is urging me to go over that mountain and I'm going to obey."

"I'm with you. Haven't heard any call, but I'll tag along with you."

A moment they waited, drawing in energy. Then, as before, they were carried to the mountain top. At first, the narrow gash of valley on the other side looked much as it had from the edge of the desert. Then they noticed a cloud of smoke drifting up from the farther end of the valley. Suddenly, blue, green and yellow flames shot up, as if chemicals had been thrown into the fire.

They drifted over the jungle, then beheld a wide, cleared path. Stopping there, they sauntered toward the fire. Flames were visible, and a low chant came to their ears. The stench of decaying vegetation mingled with the scent of gorgeous flowers, and the moonlight gave it all a bizarre beauty.

A leopard stole across the path in front of them, eyes like green diamonds a gleam in the moonlight. A lion roared in the distance. Jean and Enid

walked on, wondering what lay before them, but dreading to break the spell.

They reached the fire. A figure covered with a lion's skin, his eyes glowing through the hollow sockets of the lion's head, fed the fire. Jean's gaze wandered over the group around the fire. All were covered with animal skins, wearing the heads in the same way as the leader. They sat cross-legged upon the ground, heads drooped forward, chanting a weird tune.

Looking through the smoke, they saw a small throne of elephant tusks, and a crude chair formed from the bones of animal heads. The chair was draped with small snake skins.

A man wearing a broad snake skin for a loincloth, a smaller one around his neck, and a third encircling his brow, its flat head protruding between his eyebrows, reclined in the chair. His body was large, emaciated.

As they watched, the man's head jerked like one recovering from a drugged stupor. The moonbeams brought out dazzling flashes from two diamonds fastened in the head of the snake where the eyes should

have been. Suddenly he rose with a wailing cry, his eyes flashing a greenish light, like a beast ready to spring. Long hair fell to his shoulders in tangled strands. He stretched out his hands; the worshipers rose, knelt at the foot of the throne, heads bowed to the ground.

"Oh, Jean!" Enid cried, "he's a white man! See the red glint of his hair."

"Yes, no doubt about his being white. He's tanned, too, but not as dark as the natives. Sure is a giant if there was a little flesh on his bones. But what are they going to do now?"

The priest had stepped to the ground. Two natives dressed in white robes, with bird of paradise headdress, came out of the shadows into the path behind the priest. He started to walk slowly down the path.

"Wonder what the gay birds are carrying?" Jean pointed to a crude stretcher of poles and bark with a bulky object upon it.

"Whatever it is, they mean no good. They're an evil-looking crowd."

The other natives dropped into line, walking one by one. Jean and Enid followed.

"Glad they can't see us," Jean laughed.

FUTURITY

By M. W. CHAPMAN

In the past, I know you remember, dear,
I was ever assailed by doubt and fear
Of the future, and longing and striving to pry
Into that which is hidden from mortal eye—
The unknown, unknowable vast expanses
Of the realms envisioned with secret hopes,
With our dreams, our prayers, and our highest fancies:

But at last, dear one, I am quite at rest,
I am sure the riddle at last is guessed;
I feel in my heart
We never shall part,
Your heart my home, the yet-to-come
A problem solved, an added sum;
A faith so fond
Our golden bond,
And all eternity beyond.

"Wouldn't be surprised if old Snake-eyes hadn't developed enough of the occult sense to see us, if he wasn't so taken up with this devilment."

Suddenly they came to the mouth of a cave. There were two crude copper vessels filled with oil, scented with sandalwood. Both were lighted. They entered the cave, which seemed as if blown out of the side of the mountain. It was narrow, sloping, with a low roof and walls of jagged stone.

An altar at the farther end had three stone steps, worn smooth with the passage of bare feet. At one end of the altar stood a marble woman; head high, arms extended, as if waiting to have them filled. In each hand was a light like those at the entrance. The scented smoke filtered through a crevice in the roof of the cave. The marble woman was the only object which seemed as if man had fashioned it. But, whoever had done the work, he was a master sculptor.

"How can it be possible?" Enid whispered. "She looks so lifelike, and still she isn't alive."

Then their attention was drawn from the woman to the priest. He had gone up the altar steps, and stood facing the statue, head thrown back and hands out in supplication. All his followers, except the two who held the stretcher, were prostrate upon the rocky floor of the cave. He spoke at first in a hoarse whisper, then louder until he was shouting.

"Listen, he's speaking English! Calling her Goddess of the Beast and the Reptile!" Enid shuddered. "And he's begging to find favor in her sight."

The prayer ended, he threw his arms around her waist and rested his head upon her breast, as if weary. The lights in her hands flickered and went out. An ominous foreboding hung in the shadowy cave. The kneeling figures looked unreal, lifeless. Jean clasped Enid in his arms and waited.

A snapping noise broke the silence. Sparks of blue, darting flames danced over a large iron pot which stood in the shadow of the Goddess.

"Hidden batteries," Jean gasped. "Enough electricity to kill an army."

"Look!" Enid sprang forward.

The priest stood on the lower step of the altar. The white cloth was removed from the stretcher

and a little tot of two was laid in his outstretched arms. She wore a white robe; strands of golden hair fell around her face. One small hand hung limp.

The priest chanted softly as the prostrate worshippers rose and sang. The pot glowed. The child stirred and moaned as if awakening from deep sleep. The priest snarled, his lips drawn back and body tensed. The chant raised to a roar, and the snake on the priest's head nodded, its diamond eyes sparkling. Suddenly the priest turned, raised the child high and prepared to toss her into the red-hot pot.

Then Jean sprang forward and caught her as she left the man's arms. The priest pressed his foot on a little knob, and blue flame blazed around Jean. He staggered and dropped the child. Enid and the priest reached for her at the same time. Enid thrust him aside and he reeled from the step.

Jean had recovered his strength; now he sprang at the priest and seized him by the throat. He had a large frame, but little strength. He thrashed about wildly, realizing

that Jean was in the spirit-body, and knowing that a heavy shock of electricity would stop vibration, he tried to throw Jean into the pot. Being unsuccessful in this he turned toward the marble woman, as if seeking another hidden switch. He reached for her arm. His foot struck the bottom of the pedestal upon which she stood. He swayed, clutched at her body, and fell heavily against her.

A bright light flashed from the woman's breast. Her arms swung, lifted the priest and threw him into the melting kettle. A shrill laugh mingled with his cry of horror, as the flames shot up. She swayed, the emeralds shadowed by marble eyelids, sent out a green flame. Then gracefully, as if making a sweeping bow, she fell to the bottom of the altar and was smashed. Wires snapped, sending out sparks, then the cave was in darkness except for the lights at the entrance. The natives fled, screaming. Their voices died away down the path.

Enid had found a way out through a narrow hole at the back of the altar. The desert spread before her. She laid the child upon the sand, felt her pulse, and thought she was sleeping more naturally. Then came a fear that all wasn't well with

CONSTANCY

By M. W. CHAPMAN

When a heart to a heart can vibrate in union,
There is naught in the world should sever communion;
When the fibers of being entwine day by day,
It is sinning to seek to tear them away;
When a soul to a soul responds at a thought,
There's a peace and a joy that cannot be bought;
When a life to a life into one life has grown,
It is grief and despair to pass them alone.

Therefore one to another cleave only forever,
For there's nothing but death this binding can sever;
And a love's not a love unless pledged 'till the grave
And reunion beyond, which all mortals crave:
It is love which is true as a magnet to steel.
Which still will keep faith, come woe or come weal;
It is love which is plighted from depths of the heart
To be loyal and constant, 'till death doth part.

Now *BREATHING*—That Mystery!—Stands
In the Thoughtlight of

Sunshine Psychology

By ERNEST WINDLE

Reprinted from "The Catalina Islander"

DISCIPLINE in breathing takes the student back for several centuries in Hindu and other Oriental literature. "Yogi" breathing systems used for "clearing the mind" and "purifying the blood-stream" have also been practiced for centuries. "Blood," "breath" and other similar words that are regarded as Life, have not yet been fully analyzed and discussed in the light of Western knowledge. Perhaps someone, some day, may find himself sufficiently motivated to harmonize the Eastern and Western philosophies.

* * * * *

Anyone who doubts that respiration (breathing) is of importance to mental life, should try to make *thought contacts* with someone who is coughing, sneezing and gasping for breath. Offer a few suggestions and note how they are received. Interest and attention are non-defensive reactions. It has been observed that throat irritations distract the attention and produce mental restlessness. With an insufficiency of oxygen in the lungs and an excess of toxins in the blood, the mechanism is out of adjustment. The entire rhythm and function of all organs is timed to the respiration. A person who is coughing and sneezing has an internal pressure on the ear drums, causing the sound of the voice to be distorted; perhaps, too, the "watery eyes" prevent a clear vision. The expansion of the muscles of the throat may cut off the flow of blood to the brain.

* * * * *

The physical body, with its nerves, muscles, heart, blood, glands and brain, somewhat resembles the "set up" and mechanism of an automobile. Then again, "gasoline combustion" requires oxygen. Oxygen is also said to be an important factor in enabling one to control human emotion. For example: Try to irritate and excite individuals who are co-ordinating the physical and mental movements with rhythmic deep breathing. Instead of provoking them to anger, they usually "sit back and smile." How do motives and breathing change the tones of the human voice?

* * * * *

Recent experiments that have been conducted at the University of California, and announced in the daily press, indicate that the inhalation of a carbon dioxide gas given to insane patients, "supercharges

the patients' blood and in some way not yet explained, lifts the cloud of mania from the brain." In one case, a man of twentyfive had lain in a stupor for several months. The doctors requested the man to inhale the gas and the patient's mind was sufficiently "cleared" to answer several questions, to volunteer rational remarks about himself, and to laugh. In nine minutes after the experiment, the man lapsed into his former state of muscular rigidity, paleness and fright. The temporary restoration to sanity by the experiments indicates that the breathing and the bloodstream play a very important part in the mental balance of mind and the mind's control of the body.

* * * * *

In Oriental metaphysics and philosophy we are told that human beings may control every human emotion by giving special attention to breathing. Ordinary light vibration does not penetrate closed eyelids; nor does sound register on "deaf ears;" nor does "thought contact" from one mind to another, if the one to receive the suggestion deliberately closes the pathways that reach the mind. (Diseased tissue for taste, touch, smell, sight, hearing and breathing prevent these activities from doing their normal operations.) Recent investigations in mental mechanism indicate that the most disturbing annoyances for the mind, are localized at the throat, i.e., "mentally" *contacted* in the throat.

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Athletes who have mastered the technique of breathing, tell us that they perform with greater endurance and less exertion, when muscle, breathing and MIND are hitting on all four." Early symptoms of defeat in any athletic contest is a shortness of breath, a highly nervous mechanism and an apprehensive State of Mind. As the motive to win accumulates, there seems to be released a flow of energy. Then the blood demands more oxygen. Probably the breathless runner is gasping for more oxygen to minimize the mental irritations and reduce the chemical actions of the gland secretions that have been disturbed in the struggle to win. Think it over! It is from observations similar to the foregoing, that Motivationists regard Motive very important in human activities.

Occultism Simplified

*Being the Third and Final of
This Series of Lessons in Applying the Law*

By EFFA DANIELSON

Reprinted by Request

IN SPEAKING of the hidden things, we shall have to consider what it is that is hidden. Is the identity of man hidden? Or is the Law not comprehended as yet? Is it the thing which is hidden, or is it the Law? In your vision you comprehend what comes within the range of your vision. In your mind analysis, you comprehend those things, those intricate laws that come within the power of your analysis, or your realization. What then is hidden? Just that part of the Law that you as yet have not become sufficiently acquainted with to understand.

In the Law all things are hidden. In the Law all things are revealed. In one age, according to the status of the mentality of man, things have been revealed. According to the power of those who have ruled, hidden things have been made established facts, and only as far as a hidden thing can be revealed and established as fact, can it become a factor in the world.

If you look back over history, you will find that many things were revealed. The multitude clamored. The rulers ruled. And the little flower that reared its head for a short space of time above the motley crowd was crushed under foot. It did not die. It relinquished its expression, but it lived on, and lives today. It may be hidden from the minds of people who cannot understand, who cannot measure, who cannot link together the wonderful pearls of Truth that all down through the ages have fallen within the grasp of man—but it lives.

What matters it under what name this great Truth is proclaimed? If you will analyze the foundations of every cult of every religion that exists today, that has ever existed, you will find that they are all built upon *one* foundation, they all have one head, one source, from which they proclaim the truth about life. The channels and the various ways through which this truth came into the possession of man, were in reality *one* way. The mind of man that could receive the impression or hear the spoken word in the silence, proclaimed the truth about life according to his understanding and the conditions surrounding his life. At the time when men spoke with the angels and with the Lord of Creation, people were dominated by kings and queens and emperors. It was the time when the

people were slaves to rulers, and therefore they created in the image of these rulers, a God and a Savior. They created a heaven and a hell. These two particular places symbolized the two conditions of life in which they found themselves. One place appealed to them as a place of light resembling the sunshine, and the other was a place of darkness resembling the night. This history, these findings, have been handed down, ground into the minds of men in this very day, and whatever sect there may be, whether church or individual idea, these old revelations stand uppermost in their minds, remodeled to conform to the day and age.

THE truths about life have been handed down to man as hidden things, because the records of these truths, when they have been revealed, have been destroyed. The world seems to be in a state of chaos, as a result. Too much has been kept hidden, and too little has been revealed. And so today we are standing, as it were, on a precipice, hardly daring to look ahead, and not daring to look back. Humanity is in a state of perplexity. They can no longer be held by the old rulers, and they are afraid of the new. They cannot comprehend how men could be so deceived for so many centuries. If the state of life that they are looking forward to is not a true state, how has faith in it been kept alive?

They forget that this particular bondage was placed upon the people of the earth by the power of the sword. This force back of any movement will establish it and hold it in the minds of the people through fear. When fear controls, reason and wisdom are lost. Down through all the ages, fear has been established at birth, and has been planted in the bodies of little children until it has become bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh and sinew of their sinew. They cannot overcome the fear that they drank from their mother's breast. Afraid to live, afraid to die. And why? Because things have been kept hidden from the minds of men through fear. Not their lack of understanding—no, for every man and every woman, if left alone, would know, would understand. They would read the message of life in the dewdrop, in the flower, in the caroling of the birds, and they would under-

stand life through the song that peals forth from their own being, when left to find its way as Nature intended.

It is not the search for knowledge and understanding, not the development of civilization, as we term it, that has brought the world to the state of chaos that it is in today. It is fear, the fear to explore, the fear to try to understand this great question of life which has been handed down to us through all time.

During the last decade, men have been losing this fear, they have become reconciled to laws that have forced them to change their views. They have become independent, and are realizing that death is only a chemical change, changing the form, but not the substance of life. Leaders who no longer can believe the things they teach are telling their followers, "We can no longer betray you, we must tell the truth." As a result, the ice floes are breaking up, and men and women are beginning to understand that there are hidden things which have never been revealed to man before. They have been looking for a new dispensation, for a Savior. They can't quite comprehend that *they are their own saviors and must lead themselves.*

EVERY part and particle of your body is brain matter. Every drop of your blood is Life. Every breath that you draw is a new life for you. You are independent. You are free. There is nothing hidden from you. There is nothing beyond your reach. There are no boundary lines. Such lines as have been set up by fanatics are only imaginary lines, they do not exist. They are held in place by your enemies, by those forces which must limit lives, for their very existence. They are drawing their breath hard, for they know that sleeping man is at last arousing himself to the call of Life, and they are afraid. They are afraid of the little children of today, because they know that in youth the hope of the world lies. They know they cannot fool the youth of the twentieth century. They are so self-centered that their one interest is to cripple the youth of today so that he cannot think for himself.

There are no hidden things. All is uncovered to those who have eyes to see. Nothing is silent to those who have ears to hear. The question is not in which field you till the soil. It doesn't matter what call you answer, or at what altar you worship, the Law is the same, the government is the same, and the powers that possess you are constructive and can destroy all darkness, all blindness, all deafness. There must be an end to this teaching of false doctrines concerning the life after death. We must learn to realize that the same Law which operates in this physical plane of existence is extended into the next expression of Life.

Those who have passed through the change

called death are just as much alive as we are, just as much alive as they were before the chemist Death robbed them of their flesh body. You cannot comprehend this, and the reason is that you have been taught that these things are not true. Until you tell yourself that they are so, that it is only reasonable to think that it is so, until you drive this home and eliminate your fear, you will always be looking for the things that are hidden, rather than enjoying the things that are revealed to man. Many things which you do not question are more mysterious than this. The fact of continuous life is manifested everywhere. It is displayed in the seed, in the egg, in the water, in the soil—in everything living this great fact of Life is displayed.

Life wouldn't be worth the living to you, if the sojourn here was all of your existence. Life wouldn't be worth anything to you if there was no future, if it held nothing for you that you delight in, if it would be impossible for you to mingle with those whom you love. Life wouldn't be worth an added day of time, if we couldn't have something tangible upon which to build our hopes.

RELIGION has crippled you. Science has blinded you, and nothing in the world but rebellion on your part to these two forces can ever aid you in the revelation of the hidden things which you so desire to see. Rebel against set laws that man has placed upon your life. Rebel against theories that have flooded the thought-rivers of life. Rebel against philosophies that do not bear fruit. Gird yourself, arm yourself to the teeth, and say, "I will search, I will travel alone the road, if necessary. I will not fear the woes that beset my path. I will not fear the vultures that fly over my head. I will not fear the demons though they be legion, for I am determined to understand for myself the Law that governs my Life."

You are a world peopled. You are not one, you are many. Assemble your forces with a determination to put down everything that hinders you, and build up only those things that help you. You may find yourself traveling alone, to be sure, but you will have the assurance that no force can wield power over you, and you will have the possessions that are pearls of the greatest price, that no man can take from you, possessions that cannot be measured or defined, cannot be bought or sold.

The best place to find these hidden treasures is in the silence. Eliminate from your mind all theories that have been planted there, all thoughts that are destructive. Start right down at rock bottom and have a little silence with yourself, so deep, so sweet that the very rivers of your life swell and surge about you. You do not need to be afraid. You are in company with your inner, your

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HOW She Kept Her Promise to Stay With Him and After Death Effectuated

A Blissful Reunion

By VICTOR A. BUNTZEL

TWO women, apparently of the middle class, sat in the waiting room of a surgeon of national repute. Their striking resemblance left no doubt that they were sisters. Both had brown fluffy hair, a flawless complexion and sound teeth. Their well built bodies were of medium height, although the younger was smaller and more graceful. Both were indeed attractive, but in spite of their resemblance they offered a sharp contrast to the most casual observer.

The eyes of the older betrayed a flaccid impassivity, lack of interest, stoicism and mental inertia, while the eyes of the younger were vivacious, swiftly lighting up with sympathy, and marvelously mirroring the multitudinous emotions of an understanding heart. Her loveliness and her magnetism thrilled one.

Not a word was exchanged between them. Both stared at the door of the operating room, awaiting news so important it prohibited conversation.

At last the door swung open and there came an odor of anaesthetics. The surgeon bowed and invited them into his private office. Once they were seated, he said to the elder woman, "Mrs. Brandon, the trepanation was successful. We removed a splintered bone and a blood clot from your husband's brain. He now rests easily. No danger for the present, and his final recovery is assured."

The woman addressed gave no sign of emotion; neither did she find words of thanks for the surgeon's skill. Her younger companion's eyes flashed indignantly. She laid her hand on Mrs. Brandon's shoulder and shook her slightly, as one would shake a refractory child. "Carrie," she asked, "have you no thanks for the surgeon?"

As if rousing herself out of a heavy lethargy, Mrs. Brandon replied, "Of course, sister, I am thankful—only I cannot always express what I feel."

With a flicker of an indulgent smile, the surgeon, turning to the younger sister, began, "Miss—"

"Garrick," she supplied.

"Well, Miss Garrick, that's the reaction in your sister," he went on, and then, in further elucidation of the peculiar processes of the human mind, he added, "I have seen in my practice people actually

laugh at the news of the death of a beloved one."

"I can understand," quickly asserted Miss Garrick, "any kind of manifestation either of sorrow or joy, for they are by necessity the sudden overflow of our suppressed emotions, no matter how incongruous and inappropriate they appear to us."

Her answer instantly established an intellectual communion between her and the surgeon, who now spoke to her sister, although she instinctively felt that in some way what he had to say was also meant for her.

"Mr. Brandon," he began, "will leave the hospital in several weeks, but he must give up the profession of structural engineer. The noise of the great city, the hustle, the merciless competition, the worry to keep up the cruel pace, the business troubles, all would react seriously on his mind. Nothing but a peaceful life in the country would permanently benefit him. A small fruit or vegetable farm would be ideal. Furthermore, should Mr. Brandon ever receive a mental shock, now or in the future, his mind as well as his perceptions may become distorted. But this condition should not last longer than a few days. If this should happen, nothing but love, indulgence and forbearance on your part would restore him to his normal state. His condition would then not be permanent. I tell you this to relieve you of any unnecessary anxiety."

* * * * *

The sisters were waiting for their taxi in the entrance hall of the hospital. Presently Carrie, as if awakening from a horrid dream, asked Dora, "Dora, what do you think of it?"

"Of what?" said Dora.

"Of our living like hermits on a farm after living in the city for years?" Carrie's voice betrayed an uneasy expectation as to Dora's opinion.

"I think Phil will like it, and that's all that matters," rejoined Dora with great conviction.

With a dejected sigh and a resigned shrug of her shoulders, Carrie pointed to the waiting taxi.

* * * * *

Six weeks from that day, all three—Phil, Carrie and Dora—were settled on a farm twelve miles from the city. It was a lovely place of ten acres

IN EVERY ISSUE WE PUBLISH COMPLETE

and a bungalow with the latest conveniences. Phil had bought it for five thousand dollars, leaving him but a very modest working capital. The savings of Dora, who had given up her position in the city, amounted to less than a thousand dollars.

Phil and Dora were elated, but not so Carrie, who took everything quietly, without enthusiasm. With the years rolling by and their hard won successes and the incidental, unavoidable failures, she shrank into herself, while Phil and Dora worked with greater determination and the indomitable courage of pioneers which ultimately conquers.

The more their labor fascinated them, the more Carrie, who never could nor would share in their endeavors, abhorred their whole existence; and this unjustly, because Phil gave her every freedom, heaped every tender attention upon her, encouraged her to entertain and to visit her friends. But all to no avail. She led a life of her own, kept up an engrossing correspondence with her friends—innocuous as it was, read book after book, and with the years even forgot the little ministrations a husband is entitled to expect from his wife. She seemed not to perceive the danger of Dora's being in constant company with Phil; or if so, she seemed not to mind it.

Dora was different. Although she could understand Carrie's lack of interest in Phil's occupation, she could by no means forgive her sister's open contempt for a work which Carrie always thought degrading and fit only for the lower classes. "It's working like cattle," she once remarked. And refusing obstinately to be convinced that intricate, scientific principles were involved in modern farming, she clung tenaciously to her ignorance, fearing that enlightenment might bring about in her an unwelcome change of mind.

Dora, driven by an irresistible impulse one day, took heart to lecture her elder sister. "Carrie," she said, "why don't you go out to Phil? Speak to him while he works, show a little interest in what he is doing. Or, if you cannot do that, why don't you sit on the arm of his chair and hug him a little bit, speak endearing words to him, stroke his hair and grow closer to him by some act of tenderness?" And, almost choking with emotion, she continued, "Carrie, that is often the only, but the sweetest, reward a man gets!"

Carrie, open mouthed, wide-eyed with astonishment, retorted, "Your romantic sentiments belong to the honeymoon. After being married ten years, love undergoes a tempering process. I do my duty as Phil does his. I respect him, I abide by every one of his wishes, I subordinate my desires and judgment to his, I don't exasperate him with futile arguments, and I know that our love is mutual. What else do you expect me to do?"

Dora involuntarily flung back, "A paid house-

keeper would do just as much!"

Carrie, instead of being offended, laughed indulgently and before Dora could say more, said, "I can't understand, Dora, how a level-headed girl like you can entertain such mawkish ideas."

Thus it happened that Dora often felt deeply Phil's horrible loneliness; his bitter empty life; his travail without loving reward; his blind groping for a way toward reconciliation; his futile eagerness to bring sunshine into Carrie's life. And seeing him fail in this, her pity was aroused, and with the true instinct of a woman, she feared pity.

With iron determination she accordingly ruled her conduct and relationship with Phil. But what her businesslike attitude cost her, she only knew, for to all appearances their arrangement suited Phil perfectly; he saw in her only the enthusiastic coworker. It was Dora's nature, he reflected, to plunge with zeal and relentless energy into any kind of work that fascinated her; and farming was to her an ever interesting study. He felt that it was her innate thoroughness that kept her conscientiously at his side until his work was completed, no matter how tired she was.

With the proverbial fatuity of men who are blind to a woman's infatuation as long as she succeeds in hiding it, he at no time felt the slightest inclination to analyze their relationship. Or was this aversion to deep discernment owing in part to his operation? Dora believed so.

But man can never stay Fate's inexorable, mysterious way.

Dora had lately read a great many postwar books dealing with the Unknown, engendering in her a passionate belief in the other world. The more she thought about it, the more she was convinced that life is not ended on this planet. Her mind was continually occupied with these thoughts, and Phil divined that something worried her. He watched her out of the tail of his eyes. A complete change took place in her. A lethargy came over her which he could not ascribe solely to physical exhaustion—it was rather a mental lassitude. Her unusual taciturnity, her frequently recurring depressed moods, her listless abstraction first puzzled, then frightened him.

In an extricable tangle of conjecture, he sat down one day in the shade of a mighty oak. To his left and right stood rows of goldenrod in full bloom. This sheltered place was his favorite spot. Suddenly and pleasantly surprised, he observed the person uppermost in his mind walking slowly up to him through the cornfield. "Sit down here, Dora," he invited.

She sat down beside him, and presently she startled him by asking, with a far-off look in her eyes, "Phil, have you ever thought what happens to us

TWO TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE STORIES

after death?"

"Oh, is that what has been worrying you lately?" Phil exclaimed in consternation. "No, I banish such ugly thoughts. They are too morbid. I cannot understand why they should come into your head."

"Well, there they are, and there they stay, and I cannot help it," Dora complained.

Phil laid his hand on her shoulder and shook her almost roughly. "I feel like thrashing you, Dora," he said. But she stared at the ground before her as though Mother Earth alone could answer her.

Phil tried to cheer her. He told her that although she was thirty-five, she looked actually eight years younger, and being in perfect health and good-looking, would certainly marry the right man and live a long and happy life.

But he did not go further, for he was silenced by a strange, melancholy stare in her eyes. She spoke, "You haven't told me yet what you think happens after death?"

Instead of giving her his own vague idea, he merely said, "Well, what do you think, Dora?"

Her lips began to quiver, her eyes clouded, a slight tremor shook her body, and she replied, "After I am dead—and I have a premonition that this will be soon—my substance, my body only will be gone; but I will be still with you."

Unspeakable torment in his heart, Phil said, "I should feel reconciled to losing you if only your thoughts would carry some kind of conviction." Dora, perceiving his mental anguish, laid her hand on his head, and let it slide gently backwards. Then she abruptly left him.

Phil was profoundly shocked, for Dora had repeatedly assured him that her life in the country and her work there were the happiest part of her life. The only reason there could be for her sudden change, he reflected, was her unmarried state. But here again he encountered a puzzle, for she, a healthy, vigorous being, full of energy and magnetism, had remained deaf to the proposals of three desirable suitors, contrary to every instinct and longing of a woman of her age. Her aversion to marriage, therefore, could not be of a physical nature; it must be based, he conjectured, on some ethical prejudice.

Suddenly he rose, filled with an unreasonable wrath, for he felt sure that he had solved the question. It was the failure of his own marriage and the indifference, unresponsiveness and cold apathy handed out to him by Carrie. A soul-devouring agony which he had often, but desultorily, tried to alleviate by overtures to a clear and sympathetic understanding. He accused himself, and in a far greater measure his wife, of being

the murderers of Dora's happiness. But here again his reasoning reverted to Dora's suitors, for women are such exasperating enigmas. Was it possible that after all she had given her heart, seven years ago, to some man in the city, and who was he? Could she have loved for such a long time without mentioning it, if not to him, at least to Carrie? No, that couldn't be, for Dora was not secretive by nature. More than ever he was convinced that his own marriage must have embittered Dora's sensitive heart to the very thought of marital "bliss." But he resolved to convince her that his marriage was the exception rather than the rule.

The opportunity to do this, however, did not come until a week had passed by. It was in the latter part of September that they met one evening in the stable where they milked the cows.

Phil, perceiving Dora was out of sorts, insisted upon milking both cows while she rested on a bale of hay. As soon as he got through, he sat down beside her.

A dull red suffused her face, her lips were dry, and her eyes had a glassy stare. She unbuttoned her waist a little and fanned herself with the flaps. Phil inquired if she had fever.

She replied, "Yes, Phil," and pointing to her heart, she added with unspeakable sadness, "here burns a fever for many years, a fever I could never still."

At Phil's mien, so utterly unexpressive of understanding, her last bit of restraint gave way. Scalding tears flooded her eyes. She threw her arms about his neck. "Phil, Phil," she wailed, "how could you be so blind as not to see that I have loved you for the last seven years as never a woman has loved!"

Tightening her embrace, she suffocated him with burning kisses. Not until she had drunk to satiety from the chalice of forbidden love, did she wrench herself loose. Then crying, "God forgive me if my confession was sin and my kisses adultery, but I am only a woman!" she flew out of the stable before Phil could detain her.

Stunned by her outbreak, thrilled by her fervent kisses, and with her confession still ringing in his ears, his conscience awoke with a sudden and undeniable clarity. He cursed his purblindness. His heart's ache smothered him to the point of suffocation when he thought of her sufferings, for he knew that with women like Dora, love becomes a mission, a mission for which they live, rejoice, sorrow and suffer, but also a mission for which they often die. Suddenly a terrible fear gripped him. What if Dora's premonition of her early death should come true?

Mastering his agitation, Phil went into the

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A REMARKABLE Case Was That of

The Man On The Fire Escape

By S. FRANCESCA HODGE GERST

DURING the Panama Pacific International Exposition of 1915 held in San Francisco, my husband and myself were connected with the exhibition for the entire year. Previous to that time, and for a number of years, we had our headquarters in San Francisco, but were there only about three months a year, living in a hotel for transients when we were in that city. After the first few weeks of the fair, we decided to change hotels and take a larger suite of rooms.

As fate decreed it, a young man friend of ours came to us one day and said he had just recently taken over the management of a hotel which was not in quite as good a vicinity as the one at which we were stopping but that he intended to run as dignified a place as possible, and if we would come with him, I might have first choice of all his suites. After looking the place over, we decided to go with him without delay. The suite we chose was on the top floor, a delightful corner flooded with sunshine and admirably furnished. We were soon domiciled in our new quarters, much elated over the change.

However, we were scarcely settled down when we were disturbed at night by the doorknob being turned, the keys thrust in and out of the outer door. Thinking there might be thieves in the house, we asked the management to put on an extra lock, which request was complied with, but still the sounds continued. Often we would be awakened by the door apparently being opened and shut. We would get up and search, always finding the door locked and nothing disturbed in any way.

One day we were discussing the situation with the manager when he turned to me and said, "Do

you believe in ghosts?" I replied, "I believe in the manifestation of the psychic when I have time to think about it, but have never given it a thought in this case."

He then remarked, "We have had private detectives on your case and have done all in our power to trap the burglar, and if it will put you at ease in any way, will say I have had the same thing to contend with that you have, and I believe it has something to do with the supernatural."

The situation remained much the same and in a measure we became used to it. Often I would be awakened by a sound, and creep close to the door.

Invariably the sound would go on but no movement of the door-knob would be perceptible.

One morning, when I was up between four and five o'clock, I just happened to turn and face a very large window and the fire escape which was just beyond it.

Imagine my consternation when I saw a very small Jewish man crouched low on the fire escape. He wore a derby hat which was pulled well down over his eyes and a dark coat and light striped

trousers, also he had a heavy growth of beard. As I gazed awe-stricken at the figure, I thought, "Oh yes, so that is the proprietor's ghost—a very real one indeed." I did not move or utter a sound, but was wondering what I should do when lo! he faded into nothingness as I gazed at him—like mist in the sun.

My husband was asleep. I did not awaken him but returned to bed and went to sleep. However, from that time on all sounds ceased in our rooms, and we remained in them until the close of the exhibition.

In The Dark Wings' Shadow

BY VINCENT JONES

They, only, call it dark who cling to earth
And earthy loves and hates and feasts and all
That so enthralls our days. This spatial ball,
Whereon we breathe for but an hour, gives birth
To but one thing of transcendental worth.
Who learns to drink at wisdom's fount and call
His love divine, may watch that shadow fall
As gaily as he goes from famine's dearth.
Oh, then, the sable wings of death reveal
A brighter hue. Beyond their sombrous spread
Is seen an endless upward way to fare.
Our smarting worldly wounds then quickly heal,
And sweet compassion blooms where once they bled,
While sad regret gives way to joyous prayer.

THIS MONTH The Occult Significance of The Letters I, J, K and L

Psycho--Symbolism

By EDWARD B. JEFFREY

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THE capital letter I is a simple mark. It is a "figure" value of 1 only. It is purely a "sign" showing consciousness of something present, and that expressed. It is an upright "figure" or "unit," symbol of man's estate as distinct from that of the animals, which is prone.

The "sign" signifies a single-ness, a realization of one self. It is a recognition that "I am I." It is simply that, with nothing added. It has no variation in any amount of instances. Man is just the same today as was Adam—one man.

The symbol's very one-ness, or isolation, makes it an individual. It is a "figure" apart from the mass. Added to another it makes two, alongside another it is 11, or eleven.

As a letter in the English alphabet, it is the first person singular. It stands then for the ego. It is the self-conscious subject, and cannot think of itself objectively without at the same time extending thought beyond itself. If it does so, it becomes an egoist.

Practically everyone has two impressions respecting himself. He has one as he thinks others think he is, another of what he in reality is. The latter is the real, but more or less unconscious self. The latter is realized by others better than himself.

Children are great egoists. To them there is none other just like them. Things exist for them. They do not think of themselves as part of a whole. The world revolves around them, they imagine. Only as they shed this idea do they fit into life. They find themselves by association with other brothers and sisters, at school, and so on.

To think not of self—that is, to let self drop out of consciousness—is ideal, the "type." Such a mind is free to think of other persons and things. It embodies pure unselfishness. Few can detach themselves in this way. Nearly everyone suffers with a swelled head or inflation of the ego. Most written "I's" have a bulbous head.

In practice, the "sign" of the ego, and the ego itself take on a lot of differing shapes, over and above the simple mark. Being a plus to "I," they

cannot logically be "I." They are therefore false, considered as a pure unit. These growths do not confirm the individual, but detract from its value insofar as they depart from the truth of "I." Cultivation suppresses selfconsciousness, and thrusts back the animal or mass, making the individual stand out in relief against the instinctive crowd.

The process of "I" is perhaps best portrayed by showing its exact opposite—self-assertion. In no nation are the units so self-assertive and such fighters for individuality as in the United States of America. This is evident in person, religion, civic life, and the nation itself amongst other nations. Each is eager to show itself or himself as "the body."

There is no desire to disparage a neighbor, but rather an intention to express a life lived independently, differing from others there or anywhere else.

This desire is so insistent that hundreds of citizens, with ever flowing vitality, yet despairing of making "their mark" and becoming individual at home, cross the seas, inversely repeating the action of the Pilgrim Fathers. These egoists make a campaign with themselves as head. But they are acting—taking a part they desire to be, rather than what they are. . . .

* * * * *

THE letter J is a simple picture of a hook, hanger, or handle. It is an implement on which everything depends, hangs, is attached to, is suspended from or held by. It gives support to some dependent body, which latter is below it in importance, position or station at the moment.

It is the symbol of TIME. One moment hangs on another. Day succeeds previous day, one year is followed by another; event by later circumstance, and so on. The symbol represents the sequence of things. Had there been no "this year," there could not have been a "last," and could not hereafter be a "next."

In music, it is the succession of notes in a melody. The notes may be any length, or period of "time," that is, quavers, crochets, or minims, but the "basic time" is being metred out above

them. The notes depend on it.

This process of "chain" or "cable" making should go on easily, steadily, and without conspicuous breaks—an uninterrupted transmission. The diagram describes a well formed hook affording secure dependence. But it is of a shape from which the depended can be easily released, unhooked, or dropped off. In animal and plant life, the parents prepare their offspring for their subsequent independence and competitive life. They then abruptly sever the bond of connection, or the youngster may detach itself when mature. Neither party should be injured by the release. It is easily, naturally and painlessly accomplished.

In modern life, however, the "sign" of this dependency is extended to a complete "link," that is not "ideal," or according to "type," and is therefore artificial. The "link" is completed, closed, and sealed. Such attachment must be physically "broken" to give release and independence to the one, relief from burden to the other. There has to be some sort of "rupture" or "discomfort" before "parting." It is too evident, and not automatic. The "nursing" is continued beyond the demands of rational need. This process of linking up with, or attaching to our forebears, has apparently been the chain of descent from Adam to oneself. If there had been no link there could have been no heredity. Each generation would have had to make a fresh start. There would have been no family likenesses; no racial distinctions; no history of nations. Each unit or cell-life produced would have been a water-tight compartment, isolated, neither dependent on a parent nor in turn producing dependents. Life would have soon run out.

It is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. It is the bond which connects the mother with her child; the umbilicus of animal and plant life. It represents the sentiment which attaches the patriot to his country. This line of attachment, however, although intended to promote safety and "deliverance," may become a tangle of danger, or a cable of destruction.

The "sign" appears to "stand for" all phenomena which demand dependent attachment. It is the "but" in everything; the "it all depends."

It is the size, depth, capacity, measure of resistance to parting—from the garden one has planted; the house personally furnished; the business, self-made; and so on. It is usually called "sentiment," but the "signs" show various kinds of "emotion" any of which might be called a sentiment. It represents the instinct to object to detaching or parting from anything to which support has been given. But mother love may become a menace.

This chain of suspension, link by link, illustrates the mechanical routine of "mind"—the catenating of ideas. Every thought is apparently associated with another one—they run in pairs. They are in order or sequence, more or less uniform, from wak-

ing in the morning to falling asleep at night; in fact, it seems probable from the universal application of this "hook" sign that the "support" and "dependent" carry through our dreams, and that the latter are but the unguided, automatic, or mechanical process uncensored by the intellect—like a belt turned from use on to a loose pulley—linking up the incomplete chain of thoughts and ideas of the previous day. This being so, then from birth to death is one complete line of communication even as time.

It is true, the dream thoughts appear haphazard, but the reveries or dreams of the day are composed of the same gossamerlike fibre, and are just as inconsequent when left without any suspicion of "will power."

* * * * *

THE letter K is a representative of all kinds of absorption. The diagram illustrates an apparatus for "suction." It consists of a sucker, lip, or mouth, a funnel, or inverted hollow cone, with a pipe behind for drawing in, imbibing, absorbing, or inhaling a liquid air or gas.

It illustrates in principle the process of a vacuum created in a body by suction, the empty space resulting being immediately followed by liquid or air. The lips are shown open, they close on the thing being absorbed, and the pipe conveys to the inside of the closed vessel or body.

These suckers all draw from without inwards, whether it be the babe at the mother's breast; the pores of the human skin; or the shoot from the root of a tree. But they also exhale air or exhausted gases by the same means. The matter absorbed may be useful, as pure air or water; wasteful, as dust; or detrimental, as poisons. Wisdom decides which to take in.

The symbol not only "stands for" the principle in the mechanical and physical pumps, but illustrates how one gas absorbs another, or mother earth takes in moisture.

Psychologically, it represents the inclination of the "mind" to imbibe, extract, or otherwise draw in information, or secrets from persons, books, or the experience of others. It suggests a void which demands to be filled. In some it represents the tendency to soak up all that is obtainable, be it but gossip. There is therefore a natural affinity between the latter and habitual drinking. Intelligence is shown in the selection, and method with knowledge, and wisdom in the right use of what has been learned or absorbed.

This absorption in "mind" is apparently going on all the time, either consciously or unconsciously, from waking to sleeping, for as someone wisely stated,

*Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind destres't.*

The person with gaping mouth and vacant stare

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KNOW Yourself—Make the Most of YOUR TALENTS
Here Are Helpful Facts About

The Line of Sun

By ALICE DENTON JENNINGS

Illustrated by ROSE COHN

THE Line of Sun, which is more properly called the Line of Brilliancy or Success, is a vertical line rising in the general direction of the Mount of Luna and running towards the Mount of Apollo, sometimes ending high on that mount and sometimes not reaching it.

The Line of Sun is the most favorable sign seen on the hand. It increases the success given by a good Line of Fate and gives fame and distinction when it accords with the type of hand on which it lies. Otherwise, it merely indicates a temperament keenly alive to the artistic and beautiful (refer to Line A-B on plate).

In its best position the Line of Sun rises from the wrist to the base of the third finger. If in this position, and the line itself is deep, well colored, and without breaks, cuts or crosses, success and increasing fortune are assured. However, the Line of Sun may rise from the Line of Life, the Mount of Luna, the Plain of Mars, the Line of Head or the Line of Heart. To avoid confusion in distinguishing it, it may be said that any line ending on the Mount of Apollo can be read as the Line of Sun. The length determines the extent of its influence. The longer the line, the more it will influence the destiny.

If the line begins low on the hand and runs for a short distance only, one has talent, but it will not produce great results. Sometimes the line will be found rising on the inside of the Line of Life. This indicates that riches and success will come through a wealthy union.

If it rises low, on the base of the hand, on the Mount of Luna, success will depend more or less upon the caprice of the public (D). Stage favor-

ites, singers, and film stars have this marking.

Rising from the Line of Fate, success is more assured and more lasting than if rising from the Mount of Luna. The date the Line of Sun leaves the Fate Line marks the time when one will begin to reap the reward strived for (G).

Rising from the Plain of Mars, success will be won only through hard work and perseverance (F).

Rising from the Line of Head, one's own talent and hard work alone will determine his success, which will not come until the second half of life (H).

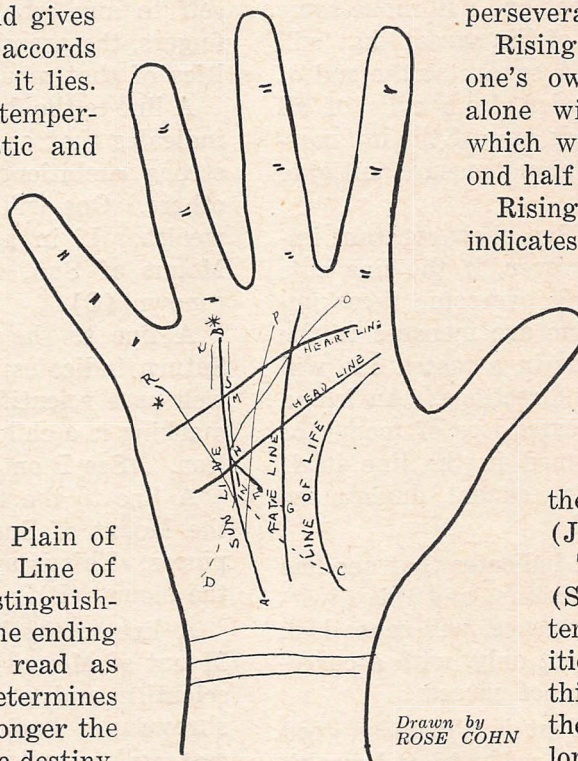
Rising from the Line of Heart, indicates great taste for art and artistic things, but looked at from a purely practical standpoint, success will be more in the nature of distinction and recognition than in financial return, since the line rises so late in life (J).

The character of the Apollo (Sun) Line indicates the intensity and power of the qualities it represents. With a thin line, one will not have the great creative power belonging to the deep line.

When the Line of Sun is broad and shallow, the indications are that its powers have been dissipated. A

chained line indicates lack of the artistic qualities. Defects in the line, such as crosses, dots, cross bars, and so on, will impede its best operation.

If the line be sometimes deep, sometimes thin, one will have successes and failures alternately. Permanent success is not assured until the line becomes deep and uniformly cut. If the line be



- C. Rising from Line of Life.
- D. Rising from Luna.
- F. Rising in Plain of Mars.

wavy, it indicates that the career is vacillating from one extreme to another.

A number of small lines on the Mount of Sun indicate an extremely artistic nature, but a multiplicity of ideas will interfere with success. Persons with this marking attempt too many things to make a permanent success of any one thing (K-L-B).

Where the third finger is nearly as long as the second finger, and there is a good Line of Sun, one is inclined to gamble in everything—talents, riches, and even life itself.

The termination of the Line of Sun indicates the outcome of the life. If the line be deep at the beginning, gradually grows thin, and finally fades away altogether, the best period of the life will be during the time when the line is deep and well cut, that is, one's success will be only ordinary.

If the line ends in a star, it is an indication of brilliant success. If the line ends in a double star, the success will be dazzling. If the line begins with a star and ends with a star, success is assured from beginning to end. If the line ends in a bar, there will be some insurmountable obstruction to success towards the close of life. A cross at the end of the line is a worse obstruction than a bar. The indication is that one will make some mistake during the course of his career that will terminate it unfavorably. A square at the end of the line indicates preservation from evils of all sorts. If a square surrounds any of the unfavorable endings, it will in a large measure mitigate them.

Bars cutting the Line of Sun show constant impediments to success. However, if the line cuts through these bars, one will overcome these impediments. Dots on the line are menaces to the reputation. If the line ends in a tassel, one will scatter his efforts in many directions. An island at the end of the line indicates loss of money or reputation. An island formed in the line itself indicates loss and possible scandal during the period covered by the island.

The line ending in a fork indicates that one has talent in more than one direction, and this diversity of talent, and this divergence, will cause lack of concentration on one talent only, with a correspondingly smaller assurance of success.

The line ending in a trident is almost as good a sign as a star. It indicates celebrity and wealth through mental effort.

When the Line of Sun is accompanied on either side by small thin lines, known as "sister" lines, one will have the greatest success (M-N).

Fine lines falling from the Line of Sun indicate that one will need greater and more consistent effort to achieve success. One with this marking does not easily overcome obstacles and there is not the indication of brilliant success as in the single, straight line.

The Line of Sun, like the Line of Fate, should be considered with the type of hand on which it lies. For instance, it will be more heavily marked on philosophic, conic and psychic hands, and mean less than when seen on square or spatulate hands.

Frequently the Line of Sun and the Line of Fate are interdependent. In such a case they operate on each other as sister lines, one repairing the damage in the other. The presence of a good Line of Sun in a hand where the Line of Fate is absent will often compensate for the latter line.

The absence of a Line of Sun does not necessarily mean that one will be unsuccessful, but it does mean that there is no element of luck or chance in the career, but, as with the absent Line of Fate, the qualities that make for success can exert themselves and produce even greater results than come from brilliant talents not backed by the same amount of initiative and energy. It is absolutely incorrect to say that the absence of the Line of Sun indicates ill success in life, but it is true that where the Line of Sun is prominent, one will be equally powerful in whatever career he follows, so long as that career accords with the qualities of the hand.

When the Line of Sun sends a branch from itself to any other mount under the base of the fingers, the promised success partakes of the qualities of that mount.

A line to the first finger or the Mount of Jupiter indicates that one has, coupled with great talent, strong ambitions for leadership and rule over others. One will win fame if he does not secure wealth. If in addition a star is shown on the Mount of Sun, one is certain to achieve great renown (O).

A line to the second finger or the Mount of Saturn indicates wisdom, soberness, frugality, as well as a scientific turn of mind. One with this marking is a child of fate. Such a one was Napoleon. (See P on plate.)

A line to the third finger or its own mount—the Mount of Sun—indicates success, glory, happiness. This is more certain if a star is shown on the mount (B).

A line to the base of the fourth finger or the Mount of Mercury indicates success in commerce, scientific and practical matters. One will have shrewdness, business ability. Distinguished success will be achieved in one of these directions. This is more particularly true if a star be shown on the mount (R).

When there is a strongly accented line from the Line of Sun at the base of the third finger which branches over towards the Mount of Mercury, the line so shown being in the shape of the letter U or V, there is the indication of union between art and science. Such a marking is often found in the hands of great teachers of fine arts, great phy-

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If You Were Born Between September 22 and October 22 Your Zodiacal Sign Is

LIBRA the BALANCE

By J. EDMOND RYAN

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LIBRA is the sign of balance. It is opposite Aries in the zodiac, is the second of the airy triplicity and the third of the cardinal signs.

The entrance to Libra varies. In 1929 the Sun enters Libra on September 24 although the usual or approximate dates given for this sign are September 22 to October 22.

The keynote of the nature of Libra people is friendship, partnership, companionship and marriage. Their sense of balance and power of comparison are very marked. They seem to be able to weigh all things mentally as though inspired.

Libra persons are very magnetic, full of life and fascinating. The opposite sex is especially attracted to them.

Their love of beauty is very great and it is usually reflected in their own forms, the Libra women particularly being noted for beauty. They are generally neat and clean and abhor any kind of dirty work. The men and women of this sign are by nature very kind and are fond of animals.

Disaster or loss have little terror for Libra people, for they are ever hopeful and have the knack of recovering quickly from the most stunning blows. They are so filled with hope and enthusiasm that failure can produce no permanently bad effect on them.

The first duty of Libra people is to learn to govern themselves. They must take care not to indulge in excesses and thus use up their vital affairs. A great fault of theirs is impatience. Nor can they bear criticism; they will brook no inquiries into their affairs.

Libra people must not worry too much about others' troubles, mistakes or shortcomings, or extend too much sympathy to others.

The Libra-born are likely to be careless about

money matters; they do not like the details of money transactions. One of their greatest faults is that they will borrow money without considering their ability to pay it back, yet no people in the world have a greater sense of justice than those of Libra, paradoxical though this seems at first thought. Another oddity of Libra people is that they sometimes borrow articles and fail to return them.

The kidneys are the most sensitive parts of the body. The best medicine for them is music, harmony, and repose.

Libra men and women will generally find the most congenial companions among the natives of Aries, Leo and Sagittarius, next those of their own sign (Libra), and last those of Aquarius.

Libra people are very psychic, which leads many of the men to become stock brokers, speculators, and sometimes gamblers.

They make excellent librarians and secretaries. They are also attracted to musical and stage careers. Many good stage managers

come from this sign. Libra people make fine decorators, housekeepers, etc., and in fact should succeed in almost any profession where beauty and harmony are requisite, although purely routine work is distasteful to them.

Libra children should never be corrected while they are in a high temper. Quiet, gentle firmness when they have cooled down is the best attitude to take in correcting them. Teach them the truths of Nature early, and avoid prudish training. Too much correction may kill the talents of Libra children, for in many cases they have a knowledge or an intuition as to right and wrong which is greater than that of the parent. Never laugh at the workings of a Libra child's mind, or it is likely to

Libra's Inner Nature or Destiny Is Balance

<i>Ruling Planet</i>	<i>Venus</i>
<i>Day of Week</i>	<i>Friday</i>
<i>Musical Tone</i>	<i>Fa</i>
<i>Color</i>	<i>Indigo</i>
<i>Precious Stone</i>	<i>Sapphire</i>
<i>Flowers</i>	<i>Foxglove, Dog Daisy</i>

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A QUESTION as to the Value of

The Sexy Drama

By DR. AXEL EMIL GIBSON

“OUR WORLD,” said Bradley, “is the best possible world and everything in it is a —necessary evil.”

It is on this tale that the “sexy” play probably has hung its moral.

For if evil is necessary, it naturally ceases to be an evil, and a temptation on this basis finds a morally legitimate excuse for its indulgence.

In the “sexy” play the stage is set for a full ensemble of entangling sensational elements: The “vicious circle,” the incalculable “triangle,” the alarming possibilities, and the progressive ignition of minds for the gathering “thrills.”

On the other hand, the “sexy” play requires no definite philosophy, no discernment of ethics, no moral scruples, and above all, no critical explanation.

This constitutes the latest phase of the “problem drama,” and it has reached its highest momentum of speed and endurance in Eugene O’Neill’s thrilling melodrama, “A Strange Interlude.”

It is out of place to discuss the dramatic value of this play. Just as well discuss the moral values of an epidemic or a Kansas cyclone. It is with us because it belongs to us; because the environments, the conditions, the atmosphere for its setting are of our own making.

There is a deep-going association between the turbulence of our sex dramas and the diseases of childhood. The familiar visitation of whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever, chickenpox and so on, are not the haphazards of chance and occasion, but the results of definite vital causes arising from hygienic mistakes, blundering nursing, unbalanced growth and dietetic excess, which must be eliminated from the infantile system before nature can run the risk of using the young organism as a safe and adequate foundation for the permanent structure of the growing man so he may be able to endure the strain and stress of a long life of vital service. Nature inspects, condemns and repairs. A flaw in the foundation of a structure is of no graver significance than a stagnant eddy or a congested drainage in the circulation of an infantile, rapidly developing organism.

Just now the individual is facing the same crisis in his mental and moral development that he did physically in his early childhood when his body

changed from that of an infant to that of a man. Like the body, the mind has its cycles, and must react to the ensuing crisis, either for the better or for the worse. We are on the frontier of a new moral dispensation, where the old ideas of right and wrong, the old shams and pretenses of society, the old rules and judgments of authority, have to be eliminated and replaced by freedom of choice, individual responsibility, and self-sustained moral courage. Compulsion from without is giving way to spontaneity from within. In place of having to be pushed by coercion and law, we choose to be pulled by inclination and love. In other words, we are in the hands of an energy which aims at a subversion of the whole old conventional scheme of sophisticated motives, to replace it by a willingness to do the good and the just for its own moral and ethical inducements.

Companionate marriage, incompatible divorces, challenge of youth, realism in art, atheism in education, modernism in religion, jazz in music, “sexiness” in drama—these are moral convulsions, the “growing pains” of mental infancy and the passing crisis of an overnourished and under disciplined personality.

Now, in place of helping the mind to find its moral balance, performances like the “Strange Interlude” add merely to its general bewilderment. The toying with ethical values raises the mental temperature of the audiences into fever states of delirium, and may cause the individual to doubt his own moral sanity. Any justification for suspending moral rules, and any suggestion that under certain conditions the end may justify the means, give a terrific impulse to a vicious slant.

Once for all it should be realized that virtue is the expression of a moral law beyond all terms and compromise of expediency. “White lies” are not more fatal to justice than “white vices” are to morals. The famous insanity plea which gives the central motive to the “Strange Interlude” bears all the earmarks of an expediency-story, cooked up to give latitude to ethics and a thrill to the audience.

Integral moral principles are as indispensable for clear mental vision as sound optics for ordinary vision. If we are to keep our civilization from going on the rocks we must keep undimmed

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TO HELP the Thinker Penetrate to Fundamentals
and Ultimates Is the Aim of This
Unusual Study of

ARCHITECHTONICS

By G. H. POHLAND

DO NOT be frightened by a big word. Think of "Architecture," and you will soon see that "Architechtonics" refers to the Divine Structure of the Cosmos.

The prefix "Arch" comes from the Greek and is found in quite a number of powerfully expressive English words. When it is used as a part of a word it conveys the idea of some highly intelligent and potent control from above. Witness such words as arch-duke, arch-enemy, arch-hypocrite, arch-angel and the like. The syllable "tech" occurs in the word "technique," and its signification readily appears when it is found in a number of words by the faculty of inference. "Architechtonics," when employed in philosophical and metaphysical and occult discussions, refers to the study of the magnificent plan or scheme or design whereby the Cosmos, both in its minutiae as well as in its majestic entirety, is put and held together.

In Science, as well as in Occultism, a very large department is held by those studies and investigations that have to do with form, as an aspect by itself, as contradistinguished from the force (or Fohat as the Occultist would term it) which actuates the mechanisms constructed out of forms, and from the spirit or life which Pantheism tells us ensouls the seemingly inanimate as well as the palpably conscious and living. Form is apparent to us on every hand. The beautiful crystals of mineralogy and chemistry, the luxurious spontaneity of vegetation, the sphericity of the earth and of other astronomical bodies, the filamentous nebulae, the haphazard scintillating beauty of the constellations, the structure of the Cosmos as revealed by the epoch-making theory of Relativity—in short, form as a quasi-independent aspect of things is seemingly as intricately infinite as the infinitude of which it is a part.

The term "Artifice" designates the methods of working material objects into forms designed to serve some definite purpose, either artistic in their end, or with a purely utilitarian object in view. Artifice refers primarily to use: art to beauty. Victor Hugo has said that the beautiful is as useful

as the useful. In the long run Art and Artifice will form an indistinguishable blend.

There is a seemingly very dry branch of study in philosophy known as Teleology. This is the doctrine that creation, or evolution, depending upon which way one chooses to look at it, is not purely a haphazard and fortuitous play of natural forces with beneficial results solely incidental to a process which cares nothing for good or ill, but rather that all things and processes have been ordered from primordial times to subserve some eventual eternal consummation. As stated in the doctrine of Cosmic Consciousness, the ultimate eternal good of all that exists will obtain in the long run, absolutely without peradventure. Teleology simply states the principle, and then discusses it. As ordinarily treated it does little more than to skim over the surface of the subject. In its own methods it is unable to penetrate to the fundamentals and ultimates involved, for it lacks everything essential except the scholastic dialectic which it has inherited from the labors of the Mediaeval Schoolmen. In order to demonstrate why its general position must be the only true one it requires the aid of Occultism and of Mysticism—the former the certain science dealing with fundamental and ultimate questions, and the latter the method of the sure illumination of the heart which can be gainsaid by none, for it is "noetic." The man who is illumined has the best premise to start with. It is impossible for anyone to dispute that. And his very illumination is derived from an indefinite—a cosmic—expansion of the very same faculty of intuition without which the activities of ordinary everyday life, to say nothing of conscious existence itself, could not even be.

If one is inclined to ask what this has to do with our subject, it is only necessary to remind the reader that we have in Occultism a number of Trinities which are all-embracing, and that one of these has to do with the three-fold correlation of force and form and life in matter, and that the premises of Teleology, or the doctrine of design, give us the purposes which the organization of

matter into forms through force and life subserve.

Think of the term "Architecture." It is a magnificent word. What practical calling can one think of more esthetically ennobling than that of the Architect? If one lives in any of the large cities of the world it is only needful to suggest the word "Architecture" in order to call up extensive panoramic mental pictures of spacious boulevards lined with magnificent geometric heaps of wood and stone, of moss-overgrown arches and ivy-twined trellises, of glistening and scintillating turrets and spires, of a perfect beauteous riot of angular and curvilinear filigreed geometric design. We often hear God or the Absolute spoken of as the Architect of the Universe, and quite rightly. He is. The spontaneous artlessness of Nature's art is all about us. Much of it man cannot emulate, or even approach. However, this is not true in every case. Man, bad and imperfect as he is, shows more of the God in him during this manifestation than the rest of the creation, animate and inanimate, about him, although some of the God is to be found in everything; and some of the most magnificent of the divine efflorescences of the Architechtonic aspect of the Godhead that come to us through human channels are to be found in the work of our greatest architects.

We have not here touched upon the architechtonic features of the forms of organized life, that is to say, the vegetable and animal and human kingdoms. We do not need to say much now of the structural features of these kingdoms, of which so much has been revealed by modern science. It seems that we are here discussing a department of Divine Architechtonics which man cannot directly duplicate, although as the experimental study of evolution reveals, man may consciously and purposefully modify the course of evolution artificially through animal breeding and Eugenics, though he can neither initiate nor completely duplicate Nature's processes. Years ago, when a small boy, I remember an evangelist saying in a sermon that the faculty of reproduction was the nearest to the

divine power of creation of anything that man possessed.

We have only barely touched upon the question of Architechtonics, which it seems no qualified writer yet has felt the urge to treat extensively. A short essay can do little more than hint at it or throw out a few suggestive clues. Much illumination within recent years from the standpoints of physics and astronomy has come from the discovery and promulgation of the mathematical theory of Relativity, which has made known to such material scientists as have the power of acute mathematical penetration, the probable actual formal and mathematical structure of the universe in which he lives. The theory of Relativity has naturalized the fourth dimension in science.

We will close by touching lightly upon what Occultism—the certain science of ultimate things, has to say. It reveals that Reality or the Absolute or the Godhead—whatever one may wish to call it, embraces an infinite number of planes of being, and that material manifestations of one kind and another, however subtle and refined, are to be found upon all of them. The number of planes of existence of which at least something is known is said to be seven, including in all nine dimensions, six more in addition to those we are ordinarily acquainted with upon the physical plane. Then there is said to be one of the Cosmic planes which is Archetypal, for it determines the structure of our manifested universe as well as that of the infinitude of others that exist. Beyond the seven planes of which Occultists know something, they can tell us nothing at all, for there is the inexhaustible blaze of Divinity. But they do appear to know a great deal of those higher planes which determine the architechtonic properties of the physical one in which we *now* live and move and have our being.

In short, the scheme of Divine Architechtonics reveals ineffable beauty, and subserves eternal bliss for every child of creation.

The Sexy Drama

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its guiding light of fundamental virtues. Suspension of this light, even on the gasping plea of the "Strange Interlude," will inevitably lead to social and national disaster. For after all, what is morality but the magnetic needle of the mind which makes safe the destiny of civilization?

Finally, it may be seriously questioned whether any public discussion of the sex problem, even the most scientific and well intentioned, can really be of value—or even safe—to morals. The very argument which may convince and settle our reason may bewilder and inflame our emotions. For it must be remembered that reason and emotion are

operating in two different compartments of the mind, with as much difference between their perspective and objective as between those of an animal tamer and the animal he tames. Every day's experience shows that we gratify impulse in spite of the most urgent protest made by our reason and *vice versa*. It is a perpetual tug-of-war between our reason and emotion, between our convictions and inclinations—and the spoils belong to the conqueror. Character alone, with its force of will and virtue, can ever safely and permanently solve the problem of sex.

Ardent *DESIRE*—Optimistic *EXPECTATION*
and Persistent *WILLING*—The Three
Potent Factors of

The Silent Demand

Says B. V. CHANDHA

INDEED, there is a panacea for all ills human life is heir to, whether they be physical, mental or financial. But this panacea is not so much in congress commotions or constitutional agitations as it is resident in the strong and sincere motive or intention of the individual thinker, for intention always governs the attention, and attention is cent per cent concentration. Without concentration of mind, success along any line of pursuit is out of the question.

Concentration of mind, then, is the great psychological method for manipulating efficiently the secret springs of "the silent demand" which is the birthright of everyone, and which, by the law of sympathetic attraction, draws in the adequate supply from the realms of the invisible to the visible, from subtle causes to tangible effects, in behalf of the thinker.

All over the world Mother Nature rehearses and emphasizes in no uncertain manner the stupendous truth about "the silent demand" in myriad ways. This silent demand is expressed in the irrevocable law of attraction which controls and guides the suns and stars in their orbits, and all things in the universe, along evolutionary march, in rhythmical periodicity. The law of attraction is seen to operate successfully along the line of least resistance, but if resisted by a more or less equal force anywhere, it may appear stagnant, though it is steadily operative, without working any manifest results. Similarly, the power of concentration of mind can avail or be productive of happy and wholesome effects only when directed along the line of least resistance, that is to say, when directed towards an object or condition of life for which one may experience the greatest amount of "love." So love is the basis of this silent demand which always attracts to us the good things of life. Jesus recognized the omnipotent sway of "love," hence he enjoined his disciples to "love" even their enemies.

The law of silent demand is just as true and constant as all other laws of nature which are known to man, and it is ever followed by a supply commensurate with the quality and caliber of intention, or intense thought, inhering in or saturating the "silent demand."

Ardent desire, optimistic expectation, and persistent willing are the three potent factors of this silent demand. For attainment along any walk of life, or for quick realization of any cherished ideal, it is indispensable that one should know how best to direct his pent-up powers of feeling, thought and will towards a particular object to the exclusion of others. Because, as a rule, it is the feeling that vitalizes the thought, and it is the thought that in its turn imparts character and comprehensiveness to the will, and lastly, it is the will that compels results or effects, in accordance with the original model held perfectly in the thought. This is the marvelous process of success by and through the silent demand, demonstrated almost every day by hundreds of competent mental scientists all over the world. One should, therefore, realize that success in life can only be achieved in proportion to one's ability to idealize an object to perfection, then to visualize it to distinction, and lastly to materialize it in the external for happy contemplation and enjoyment.

All our circumstances of life are determined and decreed exactly by the class and caliber of our cultured feeling, thought and volition. But whenever we aspire to effect any palpable change in our circumstances for our betterment, we must be able to "charge" our silent demand with an intense feeling, a dominant thought and an iron will, so that it can draw the necessary elements for materialization of the coveted condition in life. One should learn and understand that always it is the harmonious blending of these three mental modes of function into one invincible central "pull" that invests the silent demand with a magic power and poise of attraction which either compels the mani-

festation of our ideal in the external or else takes us to the very presence of the object of our idea. Thus, and thus alone, can our happiness or misery, success or failure, life or death, be accounted to be the fruits of our own action. The law of karma, if understood in this light, will undoubtedly place a sceptre in the hands of man—the architect of his fate, rather than a yoke upon his neck!

The universe, as an orderly cosmos, exhibits evidences of the continual existence and ceaseless operation at all points of an infinite intelligent Power. This eternal Force, which primes and precedes all conditions of "existence, knowledge and bliss," is then the force that is all in the universe.

About this eternal, infinite, intelligent Power, which is generally called G-O-D by religionists because of its powers of Generation, of Ordinance, and of Destruction, Saint Thayumana Swami of South India sings as follows:

"Nor here, nor there, but shining everywhere
Perfect in bliss, what filleth all with grace?
Who thrives in all as life of life,

The Expanse of Peace that circles all,
We adore."

As an infinite, eternal force, this God-power can only be one and universal. Since intelligence is an attribute of the mind, we must conceive of a universal mind for this cosmic intelligence. This cosmic intelligence should be the sum total of all attributes—of life, light and love manifested throughout the universe.

If this intelligent Force is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent in its functions, does it not then stand to reason that its aspects and attributes should forever be present, in each individual mind, in their potential form at least, quite capable of becoming kinetic, resulting in abundance and opulence, at the option of the thinker? Thus, of this infinite Intelligence, man—the thinker—becomes the center, and thought is the process through which this infinite Intelligence is differentiated in the external. Thought, as the matrix of power, is the center of radiation and of attraction of condi-

tions, mirrored forth subjectively in the thought of the muser.

Man's power to entertain and accentuate thoughts, forceful or otherwise, determines generally the degree of success or failure with which he meets in life. Power of thought, which is the prerogative of man, then (as power) is both constructive and destructive. In the macrocosm the process of construction and destruction are incessantly operative. Likewise in man—the microcosm—do the processes of cell construction and destruction proceed without intermission. Continual building up or pulling down of minute cells in our organism goes on whether we are conscious of it or not. When the destructive process preponderates the constructive, we palpably lose power, animation and interest in life, and correspondingly express weakness, debility and disease, making fast for final disintegration. But if we really long to offset this unhappy eventuality, we must immediately resort to a reversal of this process with unflagging determination and a "will" to succeed. Because, by this process, new cells are being created in the thinker every moment of his existence, replacing old and wornout ones, to reflect his one dominant idea of health, beauty, strength, longevity, wealth, success and joy, in his very life and environment. The quality and life of these cells depends upon the class and intensity of mental vibrations that control them, and the class of these subtle vibrations is dependent upon or is in accordance with, the kind of thoughts entertained and fostered by man. Thus it is that man becomes, by virtue of his mind powers, the master of his destiny.

It is said that if we can hold on to the thought of opulence, health and success steadily and continuously over a newborn cell for twentyfour hours, the same cell will reproduce within our system its progeny of 17,000,000 cells. If, therefore, instead of hours, we were to extend our meditation upon a single idea into days and weeks, little wonder would it be if we remain the very personification of success and joy in this world of anomalies. Dear Everybody, know this and be free!

The Line of Sun

(Continued from page 18)

sicians and others who unite art and science in their work.

A line coming from the Mount of Moon to the Line of Sun indicates that one has a vast amount of imagination, ability to paint word pictures, and the power of expression. One with this indication would make a successful author.

A line from the Heart Line cutting the Line of Sun indicates that the affections will stand in the way of success.

When a well shaped Line of Sun is found in one hand only it indicates success in spite of all obstacles, but only at the cost of great hardships, personal merit and sacrifice.

Numerology and Marriage

By FAIRIE C. OWENS

THERE are twelve distinct angles in the name and birth path from which a numerologist may determine the points of harmony or inharmony between a man and woman insofar as the marriage relation is concerned. The answer is obtained by a check of all these different angles, and if there is harmony in more than half of the twelve points in question, we may safely conclude that there should be happiness in the marital relation.

There are three common causes of inharmony, although there are many others from a numerical viewpoint.

First cause. On the physical plane, two individual entities in the process of their separate evolutions find a magnetic attraction for one another, which in the case of the very young is often purely physical. For a time each is satisfying to the other, then gradually so-called faults and shortcomings manifest themselves. Neither has had much spiritual development or growth—which would mean an upward spiral or progress toward the higher self.

If this is the case, the inharmony will tend to be on purely material matters. This can be overcome if reason prevails and the attraction is strong enough to make one subservient to the wishes of the other. However, if the physical attraction ceases between them, and there have been no spiritual ties, the union is generally a failure and in most cases children or the question of economics only will hold them together. As is common in cases of this kind, there will be wrangling over material things until separation either by death or law occurs.

Second cause of inharmony. The attraction may not have been altogether on the physical plane. It may have been a physical attraction for the man, and an idealistic, spiritual one for the woman.

The man will tend to think and act along the less developed, or material lines; business, food and other pleasures which cater to the senses, will alone occupy his mind. The woman may grow and develop towards the perfection she desires and she suffers a vast disappointment because of the materialistic qualities of her husband, whom she has idealized and does not really understand. There will be crudities and (to her) vulgarities

present which are offensive and which cause her sensitive nature to shrink unconsciously within itself because of lack of understanding, or perhaps ridicule from the man.

The last cause of inharmony. This is usually typical of two intellectual, intelligent, and highly sensitized individuals. Each may be operating on the plane of super-man, therefore bringing in the nervously inclined, forceful and often domineering personality. Not domineering because of animal strength, but because of the ability, knowledge and power which each possesses, and the realization of each that he or she possesses that power. This situation is the most dangerous of all if not handled with reason. High numbers in their constructive element are the greatest power for good, but in reverse aspect they are also the most destructive.

We will say that these two people continue to grow and develop, but the fact may be that they seek opposite goals of achievement. The aims and aspirations of one may be completely out of harmony with the goal of the other. Each acquires separate interests, friends and ideas which the other, who is seeking his own fulfillment of destiny, does not find congenial. It would perhaps not be advisable for one to subordinate his or her ideas to the other, as that would retard that one's growth, causing an inversion of a large amount of current seeking outlet, which would bring about a physical and mental nervous condition.

There is no ill for which there is no remedy. For the first couple there should be as many mutual interests as possible on the physical plane. For the next couple, the wife (or the husband) should try to be sympathetic and understanding, realizing that it is next to impossible for the other to attain his (or her) own high plane of spiritual growth. In the last case, happiness is possible only when husband and wife learn to respect each other's strong individualistic temperament.

There is yet another point which should be borne in mind at all times. Inharmony in the home resultant from conflicting ideas and vibrations ought not to be used as grounds for divorce and the violent severing of marriage ties, for things do not just happen.

Everything that occurs in our lives is in accord-

ance with Divine plan, and all events, no matter how ununderstandable, contain a lesson for us. Therefore if two individuals live in the marriage relation and find themselves dissatisfied for one or many reasons, they should remember that no lesson is truly learned without an effort to readjust matters, or without tolerance. I have found it to be a fact, proved by questioning in cases of divorce, that when individuals marry, are unhappy and are quick to obtain freedom, it is not long until they find themselves in a similar predicament.

The reason for this is that they did not learn the lesson that the first marriage held for them. Instead of running away from conditions, they should have exercised patience, tolerance, and thoughtfulness and prayed for release in a natural way. If this failed, after understanding had been used to the utmost and every angle given due consideration, then there could be recourse to law with no reason for a similar experience later.

If we run away from trouble now, we are sure to find it later. When we make up our minds to face issues squarely, we are helping ourselves immeasurably.

The first point to consider in a numerological analysis of husband and wife is, do the birth paths total the same? If so, they have come to earth to learn the same lesson and will have many similar problems to face. If they are not the same, both should be either odd or even.

Next, does the month and day of birth path total the same, as this determines the dominant influence from year to year? If not the same, they should at least harmonize, as 4 and 8, 3 and 9, 5 and 10, or 6 and 9. Now, are the age digits the same? This is important, from an astrological viewpoint especially, for when individuals in their paths through the table of houses move identically from year to year, it forms a strong influence for harmony.

Since we live in periods of cycles—numerologically termed 9-year, 27-year, and life cycles—it is

also a point of harmony when the letters of each one's original name total so as to bring them both under the same number in the 9-year cycles, also that the month, day and year of birth are in harmony. For example, a man may be born in March, which totals 3 and governs his first (27) years of life. The woman may have been born in December, which also totals 3. Therefore their early training should have been similar.

If the man was born on the 17th of March (totaling 8), and the woman was born on the 26th of December (totaling 8), then not only would the first and second (27-year) cycles be identical, but also the dominant influence from year to year. However, this situation seldom exists, and it is only necessary that the numbers be in fairly harmonious relation and that both be either odd or even.

If the surname of the wife's original name and the surname of the husband total the same number, they have inherited many similar traits, and as given names denote the methods of carrying out these characteristics, these also are considered and compared in the final estimate.

A similarity of ideals will be found if the vowel totals of the two are alike. My idea of an ideal arrangement of the numbers is the vowel total of one coinciding with the birth total of the other. The vowel total of the original name denotes the true character of the individual, therefore one would really have the characteristics which the other has come to acquire, which to my mind constitutes the most satisfying union.

However, it is only when the lives of both are blended, physically and intellectually, and centered in a common ideal outside and above their own personalities, that they grow into the oneness that gives a true and inspiring love marriage which may outlive one life-cycle and continue on into the next. Thus explaining why some men and women who complain that they are unable to find their ideals do not marry at all.

Patience

The Forgotten Essential

By MELVILLE CLEMENS BARNARD

PATIENCE is an attribute of Divinity, the essence of greatness in man. It was much stressed by the ancients as a quality necessary to man's mental and spiritual development. Today, in an era of headlong haste and mad rush, it is a forgotten essential. We live in an age of

impatience. The automobile, airplane, speed boat and lightning express, radio and wireless are responsible. We are always in such a hurry that we have little time to take pains, and taking pains requires patience. More clever people today than ever in the world's history—but few great ones.

(Turn to page 44)

THE STORY of a Strange Phenomenon

The Message in the Mist

By KATHLEEN T. BARNEY

DO THE dead guide and aid the living? I think so. In fact, I *know* it. Dick and I, who had been sweethearts from childhood, had just returned from our honeymoon to take possession of the big house facing the river, when things began to happen.

For some reason, this particular house had always attracted me. It was large—six spacious rooms and attic above, and five rooms on the ground floor. It was furnished when we rented it and the furnishings were so charming that I was immensely pleased at the prospect of living there. But it was not only the interior that intrigued me—to a large extent, it was also the outside of the house. It bore the impressive name of "Shadow-lawn." A fitting name, for when the sun shone through the many trees which surrounded it and the breeze stirred their branches, the shadows seemed to dance across the lawn.

The house itself was built of stone. The large stone pillars at the entrance formed a truly regal portico. This, with the beds of colorful flowers on the front lawn and the foliage that skirted the grounds, was most attractive. As I said before, it was the day following our arrival that things began to happen.

I was helping Janet, the maid, to lay fresh papers on the closet shelves in my bedroom. She was standing on a chair dusting a shelf when suddenly she turned and handed me a small green statue of a Buddha.

"I wonder who put that up there?" she said with evident curiosity. I turned it over in my hands. It was not an extraordinary looking ornament—I had seen many like it before. They were generally used as incense burners, as was this one. I was still examining the Buddha when Janet turned again and handed me a small box of incense. I placed the Buddha and incense on the dresser and continued with my task.

Later, when I was leaving the bedroom, I picked up the idol and incense and carried them to the mantle in the living room.

It had begun to get dark though it was not more than half-past six. The autumn air was chilly and I certainly appreciated the roaring fire in the fireplace. I did not turn on the lights but sat before the fireplace to wait for Dick. The flames cast queer shadows on the squatted idol on the mantle. I watched them, fascinated.

"Hello there, Kitty." Dick entered and came over to where I sat. He was sole owner of a sheet metal factory and this was his first day back at the office since our honeymoon. He sat down beside me and commenced talking of the day's activities. Suddenly his eyes rested on the Buddha on the mantle.

"Gad, where did that thing come from?" he said, after watching for a moment the uncanny shadows dancing on the Buddha idol.

"Janet found it on the shelf in my bedroom closet," I replied. Dick had always been keen on ornaments, especially rare and antique ones, so his remark did not surprise me.

Just then Janet entered and announced that dinner was waiting. Later, in the living room again, Dick suddenly exclaimed, "Gosh, this place has a musty odor. Didn't notice it very much before." I, too, had noticed the mustiness of the atmosphere, but as the windows had been open all day I was at a loss to fathom the cause. Dick went to the mantle and set a match to the incense in the Buddha. "Perhaps it will help dispel the mustiness, anyway," he said. "Smells like a vault in here."

We sat there for some time watching the fumes of the incense rise slowly above the mantle and vanish. Dick, who was not usually talkative, mused as he gazed into the fire. I was watching the Buddha when suddenly I saw something that made me clutch Dick's arm in horror. I sat as if glued to the seat and stared at the Buddha. Although I was not conscious that Dick saw what I saw, I sensed it when his hand closed over mine.

There, about a foot above the head of the Buddha was a thick white cloud, almost like mist, as if the smoke from the incense had congealed and turned white. As we watched it the cloud began to move. Slowly at first, and then gradually the movements quickened until the mist was revolving, twisting and turning this way and that at a rate that was astonishing. But still more astonishing, as we watched it, was the way the mistlike cloud was forming into letters, somewhat after the fashion of sky-writing as done with aeroplanes. Our bodies rigid with fear, we watched, fascinated, as the mist spelled out the message:

ELLA. CHEATED HERITAGE. 3 RIVERS.
HEUROCH. FIND TWIN BUDDHA. SECRET
SPRING.

UNTO THEE I GRANT

If someone were to formally present you with a document granting you a NEW LIFE—a NEW START, a chance to make good, and a few simple rules to make your dreams become facts—would YOU accept? Of course you would. Although life does not owe you success, YOU owe it to yourself. You have struggled daily with obstacles of home and business, and have tried, thought, and planned, all without avail. Perhaps you are not asking for luxuries, BUT you are ENTITLED TO freedom from debt, worry, and PEACE OF MIND.

YOUR INHERITANCE

You do not need an X-ray to show you that there is some force working WITHIN YOU—something that does the RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME. Call it a hunch, or intuition, it is there, and it is your Divine inheritance. It is the REAL YOU, the subconscious power lying asleep within. Occasionally it advises you and pushes you ahead. Just think what a mighty factor for success you would control, if you understood this great power. REALIZE NOW that you can use it and make it work for you.

The sun always rises in the east. A kernel of corn always brings forth corn, not rye—these are dependable laws of Nature. The psychic faculties within you are just as dependable. Is it worth an hour's time once a week, spent in reading, to find your place in the great scheme of things? Remember, a few simple rules can unfold the reserve power of your inner self.

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

The teachings of the Rosicrucians, mentioned for centuries by all of the great writers of various times, have helped sincere students to make miracles out of their personal affairs. If you can give a few minutes each day to the study and application of principles that will bring you untold happiness, then you are ready to receive this most profound knowledge of life that has come down through the ages. Write a personal letter (not a post-card) and ask for a copy of the free book called "The Light of Egypt," which will explain the wonderful aid extended by the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. No books will be offered for sale. Address your letter carefully as follows:

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California

Then the writing suddenly ceased and the smoke of the incense vanished.

Dick turned to me. "What do you make of it, Kitty?" he asked in amazement. "I don't know," I replied. "But that message, did you get it all? Something about Ella, whoever she is, and a twin Buddha. But that funny name and the three rivers—what could they mean?"

"Probably a place. There's a 'Three Rivers' in Quebec," he suggested. "It seems to me that Buddha could tell a story if it could talk," he went on. We laughed. Hadn't the thing almost talked? Dick lifted it from the mantle and began a minute inspection of it. Emptying the ashes into a cigarette tray he felt carefully the inside of the ornament. Nowhere was there a hidden spring but the cavity was not large and the bulging thickness of the idol suggested a secret compartment somewhere. Dick pulled out a small pocket knife and began scraping off the green coating from the bottom, but found nothing. He began pressing it all over with the tips of his fingers, searching for a hidden spring; then he scraped a little of the green coating from the flat nose. As the chip fell away it revealed a small gold wire protruding ever so slightly from the cavity made by the missing flake of green clay. Dick pressed the wire slightly but without result. Then foraging in his pockets, he brought forth a tiny pair of tweezers and with them managed to get hold of the wire and pulled it out slightly. Instantly the torso of the idol flew open, revealing a false interior. We bent close, keenly interested. Reposing in a niche in the secret compartment was a piece of folded paper. Dick drew it forth and straightened it out. It was a duplicate of a will, signed "Mildred Crann" and dated at Montreal, 14th June, 1914. It bequeathed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash and bonds, and an equal value in property, including Shadowlawn, to Ella Crann, her ten-year-old daughter. In the event of her daughter's death the money and estate was to become the property of Aaron Crann, the child's uncle, who was a half brother of Mildred Crann and the child's only remaining relative, or near relative. The document was signed by Ernest Waring as witness and lawyer.

"Funny, she doesn't leave a cent to this Aaron Crann in her will, except if the child should die," said Dick.

"She may have disliked him and made that provision merely as a matter of duty," I suggested. "And those words! That message in the incense was probably right," I gasped.

"Queer," was all Dick said then, but I knew he was thinking deeply. "I'll look this lawyer fellow up tomorrow," he said finally. "His address is here, so we might as well look him up and see what he knows or doesn't know about this. Perhaps he can enlighten us anyway."

The following day Dick kept his word and looked up the lawyer, Ernest Waring. The only information he gained was that Mildred Crann's daughter had died at the home of a friend in the country where she had been spending a short vacation, and that she had passed away a few days before her mother. The mother, an invalid, had died without knowing of her child's death. The doctors had refused to allow the news to reach her, in view of her critical condition. Subsequently the money and estate went to Aaron Crann, who was now on a business trip in Three Rivers. But the most curious part of it all was that little Ella Crann's body was buried in Three Rivers instead of Montreal.

"You'd think they'd have the decency to send the little girl's body home, anyway," said Dick. However, he added, "But the child's uncle was in Three Rivers at the time. He probably arranged for the funeral and had her buried there."

Dick and I kept all information concerning the mystery to ourselves. We feared that we would be the laughing-stocks of our families if they got wind of our snooping.

Finally Dick and I resolved to spend the weekend in Three Rivers, just to see what we could discover.

Arriving in the afternoon of a rainy Saturday, our first procedure was to look in a directory for that queer name, Heuroch. It occurred to me that we were a couple of silly young things, making a trip to this place on the strength of a message which no one would have believed if he had not seen it. But Dick was certain that there was an unsolved murder somewhere and because he loved detective work, he made up his mind to solve this mystery without fail.

Fortunately, we were not long in finding the address we sought which was in the suburbs. We had arrived at our destination when Dick turned to me with a laugh. "Look, Kitty. Luck sure is with us." He pointed to a sign nailed up outside of the house. It read, "Board and Rooms." Dick was grinning. "Here's where we park our toothbrush for the next couple of days, Kit," he said.

Within an hour we were preparing for dinner in one of Mrs. Heuroch's best front bedrooms. Dick was as happy as a boy. Everything was happening just as we wanted it to happen, even to there being a person by the name of Heuroch. But as it was the only Heuroch in the directory, we "had our road already cut out for us," as Dick said.

The house was comfortably furnished and the meals were good. The only drawback to our feeling quite at home was the grim, hard face and manner of Mrs. Heuroch, the landlady, who was well over fifty. Mary, the maid-of-all-work, was the butt of her continual ire, and before that first

EVERYBODY'S

Astrological

DAILY GUIDE

For October

This Daily Guide covers from sunrise to sunset unless otherwise stated. When the influence is over during the day the hour is generally given.

1. Look for surprises.
2. Favorable for intellectual affairs.
3. Write, read and correspond.
4. Avoid gambling or speculation, also disputes.
5. Favorable for females and friendship.
6. Visit or entertain company.
7. Travel, think and form ideas.
8. Not good for financial affairs.
9. Good for most things.
10. Interview superiors and officials.
11. Remain quiet; unfavorable.
12. Good for sales; advertise or write letters.
13. Avoid occasion for scandal.
14. Be very careful, especially in business.
15. Bad to lend or to gamble or speculate.
16. Avoid friends and sweetheart.
17. Pleasure or journeys good. Avoid opposite sex.
18. Good for land or property.
19. A very bad day.
20. Keep out of arguments.
21. Push all affairs.
22. Very evil.
23. Do not argue. Danger of small losses.
24. Do nothing in business that is not necessary.
25. Good for friendships and musical affairs.
26. A very good day.
27. Go to church, rest.
28. A very good day.
29. Very uncertain.
30. See your sweetheart; good for social affairs.
31. Good for scholars, writers or scientists.

Occultism Simplified

(Continued from page 10)

true self, and no other mind can reach you in that inner chamber of yourself, if you lock the doors and bar the windows. You will become exhilarated and invigorated, and if you can get into the very depths of the universe, you will not feel your physical body. It will apparently be eliminated and you will be living in that other life, the life of the living dead.

There are other realms, other conquests, other truths, other hidden things to be revealed, and you will go deeper and deeper into the things worth while. You will become less conscious of the difficulties that beset your path. Once you enter into this silence, you possess the Law, and until you do enter into this silence, the Law possesses you, and exacts toll every day.

You can gain this knowledge without a teacher, by sitting in the silence, eliminating all false ideas and destructive thoughts, and feeding upon the things that will satisfy your particular need. Don't trouble about any one else's need. Don't take any textbooks into your silence. Read your textbooks as you will, of whatever kind, but don't take them into the silence. They won't fit your law. They are another person's findings, and only the pure nuggets of truth that will assemble with the chemicals of your own findings will build into your law. Reading and study aids you mentally, but when you go on the search for the hidden things in which you are interested, you must leave all footmen and enter alone, alone into the death chamber. You must not be afraid. You must say to yourself, "Nothing matters; there is only one thing that concerns me, and that is to know what this life is, what this region is, into which all men are sooner or later cast." You do not ask for leave of absence, and you do not ask for permission to enter. You have no passport. You are cast upon the

waves, helpless and alone—you *must find yourself*. You must say to yourself, "No longer shall I flounder. I will know the road over which I am destined to travel. I will know beforehand the condition of that country into which I must enter. I will know the kind of people there. I will build for myself a home, so that I shall not be an outcast, so that I shall not be dependent upon my friends who have preceded me."

To die intelligently should be the desire of every human being. Men and women, after all these years, flounder through life, not knowing how to die, not knowing how to meet death with assurance and poise. We not only want to know how to meet death bravely, but we want to know how to meet death intelligently and be master of the forces that take hold of us when the physical body no longer supplies us with physical energy.

We are going to gain this knowledge in the next few years. Men will no longer be hurled into death blindfolded. "Oh," someone says, "but there is so much danger in mingling and associating with those who are dead." And why? Because men have never been allowed to die intelligently. They have been stuffed with lies about life after death, and they have been blindfolded so that they cannot see for themselves. Cripples they are in this life, and cripples they are in the next, and until we send men and women of intelligence into that life beyond the grave, we can't hope to have much intelligence brought back.

The day is upon us when men and women shall be born into this world with full sight and complete hearing. Their paths will be clear before them. Even as little children they will be independent thinkers, and these independent thinkers will become the builders of the new race.

Soul Traverse

(Continued from page 7)

Jean. She went back to the hole in the cave and listened. "Jean, Jean!" she called. "Here I am. Come out this way!"

Jean aroused from his stupor and tried to answer. He was weak with horror, had lost the power of visualizing energy. Enid's strength of will revived him.

"Coming!" he called, stumbling toward her.

Near the opening he saw two dancing rays of light and remembered the snake head which the priest had worn.

Now he picked up the slender silver bar with two large diamonds set in it. The head had been jarred loose and the bar had fallen out.

"Here's a souvenir!" he cried, "I'm going to take it back to show I have been here."

"Oh how can you think of such things!" Enid shivered. "Come out of this evil place. Now tell me what happened after I left."

He told her quickly, having no desire to dwell on the subject.

"Do you think that marble woman

knocked the priest into the pot and then laughed?"

"Yes. Without doubt she was the visualized image of some woman who has lived. And we don't know how many years she has been worshiped as an evil Goddess."

"Spirit never dies," Enid declared. "He called on her and she destroyed him."

They went to the place where the child lay on the sand.

"What shall we do with her?" Jean asked. "Don't know where she lives, can't take her home."

"When in the body," Enid argued, "we send and receive messages by telepathy. Why shouldn't we do the same now?"

"That's right," Jean agreed. "I remember now, you heard a voice urging you to go to that mountain."

"Yes, so let's be quiet. Perhaps I can pick up something that will tell us about this child."

She sank down by the baby, while Jean stretched out upon the sand near them. A pied snake crawled past; sounds of the jungle night drifted out into the silence. Suddenly Enid stared, listening.

"Come!" She sprang to her feet. "I caught the mother's call. They are camping at the foot of the mountain on the other side of the desert!"

Jean jumped to his feet, caught the baby up in his arms and took Enid's hand.

"Are you sure?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, I caught the wave of anguish, calling for the child! And I saw the camp!"

They stood for a moment while she made a more vivid impression of the camp on her mind. Then, as before, they were carried on thought waves to their destination. The camp lay on a tableland at the foot of a low range of mountains. There was a scattering of small trees and shrubs. White tents showed ghastly in the moonlight. Native servants stood in groups, the women wailing softly. An English woman paced up and down like a restless spirit.

"The mother, poor thing!" Enid whispered. She gently shook the little tot to awaken her, then when the mother turned she placed her in the shadow of the tent and turned toward Jean.

"I'm very tired," she faltered. "It's time we were getting back home."

"Surely," Jean smiled. "It'll seem good to get back to the old body and rest; vibrate so high this way we need the body for an anchor."

"Yes," Enid sighed, "we're earth-bound. Fine for a little while, but wouldn't want it to last very long."

They kissed each other good-bye and a few seconds later Jean was back in his own room. He started, half-blinded



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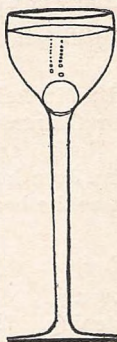
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Forecast for October

By GRACE ELLERY WILLIAMS

In "Astrological Student-Adept"

TRADE delegations from foreign lands will receive notable receptions and honors. Festivities are indicated in capital cities when this country will be highly dignified around the 10th. Civil court judges and ecclesiastics will be censured, developing legal controversy.

Many new companies will be organized to promote aviation, new airports and hangars will be built and some pioneering aviators will seek new honors. Newspapers and books will have a large sale.

Some discovery of new and valuable metals will enhance scientific exploration and new fields of enterprise will be launched. Fluctuation in motor and electrical stocks with severe criticism, depression and exposures will cause a drop in the market on the 11th.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THINGS are happening all around you every day of the week. Not a moment passes but something different is taking place in Nature. Now Science is doing new things, or at least things not known to the memory of man. People on one side of the world are listening-in by radio on the activities of the people on the opposite side of the world—at last beginning to learn "how the other half lives." Men are finding out that there's more to gravity than the process of falling, and they are starting to fly in earnest, just as the birds have always done. Pictures are being transmitted instantaneously over miles and miles of space—no matter whether the space is mountainous, watery, wooded, or just plain space.

And you—what about you? What are you doing? To be in tune with the time in which you live, you must be doing something, feeling something, living something new—something that you never did, felt, or lived before. You can't stand still. If Nature abhors a vacuum, how she must writhe to see a creature of hers, endowed with life and reason, standing like a ship becalmed. Get a hobby, if you haven't already one or two or more. *Do something*, if it's just to be agreeable to somebody you thought you couldn't tolerate before. Don't stand still—for that's stagnation, the only real death there is this side of the veil or beyond.

—J. D.

You believe that easily which you hope for earnestly. —Terence.

with fatigue, to enter his body.

"So!" a voice sneered in front of him, "you thought to escape so easily after destroying my body. You return to yours!"

It was the priest of the cave, body twisted and marred, face a mask of hate!

"Stand aside!" Jean ordered, darting back. "I only took the child from you. The woman thrust you into the fire."

"I'm Chanta!" he snarled, "priest of the jungle. You dared to take the sacrifice of the spirit-queen; and in her anger she caused my body to be destroyed and my spirit was cast out to wander."

He sprang in front of Jean, as he tried again to reach his body on the bed. He was growing weaker, with no power to draw strength to himself.

"My will is stronger," Chanta taunted. "We will journey together. The girl will find that you haven't returned, then she will seek for you. I will get her also."

"No, no!" Jean moaned. Mustering his strength, he jumped for Chanta. It was useless. Chanta's long arms reached out and caught him. Jean hung limp. Then through the haze, he heard his mother's voice.

"Jean! Jean! wake up!"

Chanta's fingers loosened. He crouched, panting and listening. "My queen calls," he whispered. "I must go."

Jean swayed blindly, then fell softly onto his body, sinking down and down into darkness.

After a time, his heart fluttered, beat feebly, stopped, beat again. A faint tint of pink stole into his white face; purple faded from his lips; eyelids twitched, then rolled slowly back. He looked dazedly into Doctor Allen's face.

"What do you mean!" he growled,

"scaring your mother half to death!"

"I came to the door at one o'clock," Mrs. De Veron smiled wanly. "He seemed asleep. Then I came in at two and I thought he was dead."

"Yes," Dr. Allen replied absently. "Make him a cup of tea; go to the grocery and get some olives."

"Now!" he accused, when they were alone, "you've been out on a soul-journey, after I warned you about it this morning, too!"

"Guilty!" Jean grinned, as his hand came in contact with the silver bar, "and here's proof of where I have been."

Dr. Allen took the bar, then listened while Jean told him in dramatic sentences about their adventures.

"Well," the Doctor laughed, when Jean finished, "I wouldn't be so sure about your journey being real, if your body wasn't too weak for a hold-up. Besides, there's not a diamond in this country like these."

"Suppose I couldn't sell them," Jean sighed. "People would think I was daffy or a wonderful liar."

"Quite right. Only a few know about these things, and it's years early yet for the masses to grasp the truth about man's mind and soul."

Jean was staring into space, an eager look in his eyes. Doctor Allen noticed and waited for him to speak.

"Enid called me," he explained. "She's just got through, very tired when she arrived home. No one there, but she made the grade."

The hall door slammed and Mrs. De Veron rushed into the house.

"Don't either of you try it again," Dr. Allen warned *sotto voce*, "unless you are properly prepared."

"Never again for me," Jean vowed, "prepared or not!"

Libra

(Continued from page 19)

resort to deception. Listen carefully to it and use gentle means of correction.

Other Signs With Libra Rising

Libra rising at the time of birth tends to make people more gentle, courteous and just. They will also be more upright, frank, and hopeful.

They must, however, guard against extremes of temper or moods, for they are likely to be easily angered, although they soon get over it. And they must strive to come to their decisions quickly, for their first impressions are apt to be right. They should take care also not to be put off the track by the opinions of others.

Libra rising gives inventiveness and constructive ability, love of beauty and talent for decorative work.

Persons with Libra rising at birth ride hobbies and are rather fickle or changeable in their views. They generally find success in occupations having to do with fluids. They may do well as chemists, sailors, navigators, doctors, or surgeons.

Usually they have many brothers or sisters or else marry into a large family. There may be trouble with the father, or he may die while they are young. A second marriage of father or mother is likely.

Friends or associates are likely to be of high birth or position and unexpected friends may be found among artists or other professional people. One with Libra rising should be careful of secret enemies among servants and members of the father's family.

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SMILING THROUGH

A MINISTER had been urging his congregation to give a hearty welcome to the stranger within the gates, not forgetting to maintain a proper interest in their own household.

After the service he went to the door, as usual, and began to shake hands with the people passing out. He was interested in a well-dressed and intelligent-looking young woman, and greeted her heartily.

"I hope we may see you here often," he said. "We always have a warm welcome for new faces."

"Thank you," replied the girl, modestly.

"Now," went on the minister, "if you will give me your address, my wife and I will call on you one evening."

The girl smiled.

"You won't have far to go," she said. "I'm your cook!"

—Tit Bits, London.

* * *

The flying field was crowded at the finish of the air race, and great was the astonishment when the winning plane descended and out of it stepped an unknown amateur. The representatives of the press surged forward.

"Wonderful achievement!" the spokesman shouted. "You've broken all records for a non-stop flight. How did you do it?"

"Well, to tell you the truth," the rank outsider answered, modestly, "I think luck had something to do with it. I didn't find out until about five minutes ago how to stop the darned thing."

—Tit Bits, London.

* * *

"Pop, what's a monologue?"

"A monologue's a conversation between husband and wife."

"I thought that was a dialogue."

"No, a dialogue is where two persons are speaking."

—Capper's Weekly.

* * *

He: "When I was young my doctor told me I'd become feeble minded if I didn't quit smoking."

She: "It's too bad you didn't stop."

—Penn State Lion.

* * *

"Do you ever work in the garden?" inquired a friend of an eminent financier.

"Well," remarked the latter reflectively, "I sometimes water my stock."

—Timber.

* * *

"I never drink a cocktail save upon great occasions."

"What do you call great occasions?"

"Whenever I drink a cocktail."

—Purple Parrot.

LISTENING IN ON W-O-R-L-D

—Little Straws that Show the Way the Wind Blows—

Languages—Languages, English and Others

Found recently in *Tit-Bits* (London):

The fact that there are no fewer than 2,500 different languages in use, into 618 of which the British and Foreign Bible Society have translated the Bible, is revealed by the society.

"Since our centenary in 1904," said an official of the society recently, "progress in translation has been very rapid. During the past quarter of a century the Scriptures have been reproduced in just under 250 languages, an average of a language every five weeks.

"Even if this rate is maintained, it will be another 200 years or so before the Scriptures can be printed in every language.

"At present we know the names of some 700 languages in Africa, and there are about 150 known tongues in India. In the South Sea Islands there are close upon ninety.

"Last year was a record year in distribution. We issued 11,399,540 volumes, nearly a million and a half more than during the preceding year."

Shortly after reading the above we came across this in the *Chicago Defender*:

English now holds first place in the language spoken throughout the world, according to a study of the growth and decline of languages in the past century. It is declared that 100 years ago English was the tongue of only about 20,000,000 people, while today it is spoken by 160,000,000 persons throughout the world, and 60,000,000 other persons understand and use it. A century ago 32,000,000 persons spoke German; today between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000 understand it. Dutch is spoken by 15,000,000, Swedish by 7,500,000 and Danish by 5,000,000. The use of Roman languages has not increased so rapidly. The number of those speaking Italian has increased in the century from 21,000,000 to 45,000,000 and Spanish from 32,000,000 to 50,000,000. French is understood by 75,000,000 foreigners and as a mother tongue has increased in the number of users from 32,400,000 to 45,000,000. Turkish has declined in use from 30,000,000 to 24,000,000.

Doctor's Symbol of

Ancient Origin

Says *Tit-Bits* (London), "The symbol of medicine, a staff with serpent entwined round it, had its origin some centuries before Christ." As *Tit-Bits* explains:

In those days medicine was practiced by Greeks of the priestly class, who, called to their aid many gods, chief of whom was Æsculapius, to whose honour temples were built in which the healing art was practiced. One of these temples was built at Epidaurus, and was dedicated to Æsculapius.

After his deification it was supposed that his powers of healing were continued by serpents, which visited the patients in the night.

In the year 296 B. C. Rome was visited, and Æsculapius is usually repre-

ited by a severe plague, and the Roman Deputies sought the help of the god Æsculapius. The priests of the temple, which was a hospital of Æsculapius, permitted one of the serpents to be sent to Rome with the Ikon of Æsculapius, and, on reaching the isle in the River Tiber, it escaped and swam ashore; in that place a temple was erected and the plague ceased.

In memory of the event a portion of the isle was faced with stone and shaped as the stern of a ship, on which was depicted the serpent and staff. This, which may be seen today, has ever since been the emblem of medicine.

Gradually the knowledge and skill of the priests who presided over the temples began to spread to the laity, and finally completely lost its priestly attributes, but the symbols remain with sented as holding a staff with serpent entwined.

According to an ancient writer, the explanation of these symbols was that the sick must renew their bodies and slip their skins as the serpent does; the serpent being also the emblem of attention signifies that doctors should be very attentive to their patients. The staff signifies that those who recovered from any disease had need of care and support to prevent a relapse.

Help Promised Chinese Children

President Hoover's recent announcement that a national child welfare conference would be held in Washington within the next year is now followed by reports of similar activities in China. In fact, a new organization, China Child Welfare, Inc., has been formed with headquarters in New York to "advocate, protect and insure the rights of the children of China and to promote in every way possible their well being."

Secretary Nagel of the new organization says:

"In no country in the world does there exist such a need of a child welfare movement as in China. This is evident in view of the number of China's underprivileged children."

Finds Loss of Tongue No Bar to Speech

Grit is to be credited with this story which should be an encouragement to all who are handicapped—and who is not handicapped in some way?

Despite the fact that he has no tongue, John L. Nichols, of Los Angeles, Cal., is noted as a public speaker. Surgical removal of his tongue was necessary in 1912, and eight weeks later he began gradually to develop the power of speech.

There are only 14 of the 26 letters in the alphabet that can be pronounced without the aid of the tongue, Nichols says. The other 12 he sounds by blowing or whistling. At a convention he talked for two hours. A stenographer taking down the speech, misunderstood only one word.

CURRENT EVENTS

—News Items of Especial Interest to Occultists—

Aged Woman Killed Because Of Alleged "Evil Influence"

Eugene Burgess, 53, and his wife, Pearl, killed Mrs. Loretta Fairchild, 75, a minister's widow, because they feared her evil influence, according to a news item from Kalamazoo, Mich. Police obtained their confession after they found Mrs. Fairchild's body in a cistern in the rear of the Burgess home. She had been beaten to death with a lead pipe and hammer.

It is said Burgess and his wife quoted Mrs. Fairchild as saying she had killed more than 100 persons a year for twenty-five years through a strange power of will which enabled her to kill any person she desired.

Evangelist Charters Boat For Trip to Holy Land

An ocean liner has been chartered by Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, Los Angeles evangelist, at a cost of \$500,000.

She proposes to take a band of 800 worshippers on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The cruise will be made aboard the S. S. Republic, leaving New York March 20 next and returning fifty-two days later, after the re-enactment by Mrs. McPherson of the trial and death of the Savior in the Holy Land.

Fire Destroys Boat Prepared for Deluge

New visitors to Burlingame, Calif., will miss seeing the architectural curiosity known as "Noah's Ark," since it has been removed by fire.

The "ark," as it has been called for over 20 years, was built by the late Mrs. Sarah Winchester, who wished to be prepared for the world deluge which she believed was coming.

From River Mud To Electric Power

Tit-Bits (London) says:

A hundred thousand tons of mud fuel have been ordered by an electricity works on the Rhine. A German company has discovered how to make the mud in the bed of the River Emscher into a useful substitute for coal. For thousands of years rich combustible matter has been washed down the river from the Westphalian coalfields.

Noted Psychic Researcher Coming to U. S. to Lecture

According to the *National Spiritualist* Mr. Horace Leaf is planning an extended lecture tour of the U. S. and Canada, continuing to March of 1930, after which he will visit the British West Indies.

Ninety-Day Fasters To Bathe and Fish

Sixteen persons are reported taking a ninety-day fast, ending in October, on the banks of a lake on the Middle St. Vrain River, twelve miles by horseback from Ward, Colo.

Their fast, they say, is in the interest of health, faith, rejuvenation, inspiration and metamorphosis. They will live in tents and bathe and fish, stringing their catch in the water until the end of their foodless period.

His Heirs Have Long Wait Ahead

Mr. Will H. Latta, Indiana attorney, recently killed in an automobile accident, six days before his death made a will providing that his estate of \$50,000 be kept intact for 200 years at compound interest. It is estimated that the sum will then amount to \$160,000,000.

His beneficiaries are the De Pauw University, the Art Association of Indianapolis, and the city of Ligonier, Ind., also other public institutions not now in existence but created in the will.

Osteopaths Claim Royalty As Patients

This we noted in *The Osteopathic Magazine*:

Osteopathy is now employed in the most exclusive social circle in Great Britain. Prince George, the youngest son of King George, who recently resigned from the British Navy on account of ill health, is receiving osteopathic treatment.

Princess Marie Louise, King George's cousin, is also trying osteopathy for a serious condition which has been giving her trouble for about ten years.

Attempt to Make Farmers of Nomads

It is reported that the Persian government has allotted a piece of land to each of the nomad tribes of the provinces of Luristan in an effort to convert the tribesmen into peasant farmers.

Spiritualists In Annual Meeting

The members of the National Spiritualists Association will hold their 37th Annual Convention at the Hotel Statler, Boston, Mass., October 14 to 21, 1929.

Capital Punishment Upheld in Georgia

Recently a bill to abolish capital punishment in Georgia was killed in the lower house of the Legislature.

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PHILOSOPHER AND KING

THE story is that King Alexander had summoned to his presence the chief Greek philosophers of his time, including Plato and Aristotle. But the king was obliged to satisfy his desire to see Diogenes, the only one who did not heed his summons, by going to visit him where he held forth at his tub.

FROM "A TRAGICAL COMEDY OF ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE"

Alexander.—Diogenes!

Diogenes.—Who calleth?

Alex.—Alexander. How happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my place?

Diog.—Because it was as far from my tub to your palace as from your palace to my tub.

Alex.—Why, then? Dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

Diog.—No.

Alex.—Why so?

Diog.—Because they be no gods.

Alex.—They be gods of the earth.

Diog.—Yes, gods of earth.

Alex.—Plato is not of thy mind.

Diog.—I am glad of it.

Alex.—Why?

Diog.—Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind, but Diogenes.

Alex.—If Alexander have anything that may please Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

Diog.—Then take not from me that you cannot give me—the light of the world.

Alex.—What dost thou want?

Diog.—Nothing that you have.

Alex.—I have the world at command.

Diog.—And I in contempt.

Alex.—Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

Diog.—But I shall die whether you will or no.

Alex.—How should one learn to be content?

Diog.—Unlearn to covet.

Alex.—Hephaestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.

Heph. (Alexander's servant)—He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how sharp, with a kind of sweetness; full of wit, yet too wayward.

Alex.—Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

Diog.—Do!

Translated by John Lylie.

BORDER LANDS OF SCIENCE

—A Record of Scientists' Approach Towards the Occult—

Africa Found Ideal Workshop for Science

Prof. Jan A. Hofmeyr, president of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science, believes that Africa may, as Darwin suggested, be the "scene of nature's greatest creative effort," so he said in his speech at the meeting at Cape Town, South Africa, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and the South African association.

"It would seem to be not without significance that Africa possesses in the chimpanzee and the gorilla those primate types which approach most nearly the form and structure of primitive man," he said. "To that must be added that in the bushman, pygmy and negroid races Africa has at least two and possibly three early human stocks which are characteristically her own and belong to no other continent. No less striking is the fact that in Gibraltar, in Malta and in Palestine—that is, at each and every one of the three portals into Africa from Europe and Asia in pleistocene times—there have been discovered evidences of the presence of Neanderthal man.

"In Africa itself there was found at Broken Hill some nine years ago a skull with the most primitive or bestial facial form yet seen, and so closely akin to the Neanderthal stock as to establish firmly the expectation of finding further compelling evidence of a long-continued Neanderthaloid occupation of the African continent.

"The recent investigation in the Great Rift valley, near Elementeita in Kenya, and the fossil discoveries on the Springbok flats, North Pretoria, have again fixed the attention of the anthropologist on Africa."

Medical science and animal biology also have a big field in Africa.

"In the African continent," he continued, "there is no lack of opportunity to advance science by physiological inquiries into animal structure, by the isolation of the parasites of human and animal diseases, and by the tracing of the life histories more especially of the minuter forms of animal life. 'Nowadays' in the words of Prof. J. A. Thomson, 'the serpent that bites man's heel is in nine cases out of ten microscopic.' But scarcely less important are the extensive facilities which Africa still offers for the study of the habits and behavior of the larger mammals. The naturalistic study of these animals, not as stuffed museum species but in the laboratories of their

native environment, has received all too scanty attention from the scientist, and this is a reproach which African science, with its rich dowry of mammal and primate material, may confidently be expected to remove."

Open Training School For Child Prodigies

The announcement comes from Laguna Beach (Calif.) that a summer training period has begun at La Escuela del Mar for children from 5 to 12 years who are abnormally intelligent.

The children will be allowed to develop as rapidly as possible during the six weeks of this training period. Miss Elba Johnson, member of a Los Angeles junior high school faculty who is in charge of this special work, plans graduation from universities at the age of 17 for her pupils.

Miss Johnson holds that the abnormal child is more of a problem than the subnormal boy or girl and with this in mind hopes to enlarge on her plans until the time will come when an institution will find its place in the school system where children whose intellectual age is ahead of their chronological age may attend.

Scientists Reveal "Key to Evolution"

A news report from Berkeley (Calif.) states that E. B. Babcock and J. L. Collins, professor and assistant professor in the University of California department of genetics have revealed that the power which is the mainspring of life comes from old Mother Earth herself. It is the power which stimulates evolution in all living things, and its source is the radioactive substances in the earth.

It is further stated that experiments have been conducted at the University of California by Professor T. H. Goodspeed and at the University of Texas by Professor Muller, which proved that evolution could be speeded up thousands of years by the application to living things of the x-ray and radium ray, also that inherited characteristics could be completely changed.

Monkeys Fall Down In Picture Tests

Dr. J. A. Bierens de Haan of Holland says that he has been able to teach two monkeys to distinguish readily between cubes and cones. But when he showed them pictures of the cubes and cones, one failed entirely to make the grade, though the other, a monkey of different species, seemed to make the choice intelligently, at least some of the time.

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M.A.McC., Fla.—Change comes early in fall of 1929. Marriage indicated early in 1930.

L.T.S., N. Y.—Money will be paid with interest. Health improves; change your food, eat a green vegetable for one meal a day and nothing else for that meal.

J.B., N. J.—As you dreamed, so it shall be. Strong vibrations are pulling you together.

A.E.R., Canada—The small business. No marriage before two years.

L.M.H., Ill.—Break the spell and a change for the better will follow.

B.T., Calif.—Quite a sudden change coming, little dreamed of now. Two additions.

G.M.B., Fla.—Do the big thing you have in mind and you will be independent. Health will be restored to daughter.

I.K., Ill.—Name not working against him. If he gets plenty of rest, work won't hurt him. Will make good—success comes at 23 years.

L.I.F., Minn.—Work is disappointing. Success comes later, then marriage.

Rex, N. Y.—Amount or year not indicated.

E.G., Ill.—No particular change for nearly two years—just a steady improvement.

J.S.K., Ill.—Your work is steady. Your son is returning soon.

A.V., Mass.—No sale for a year. To Europe in 1931.

A.C.I., Kan.—The place you have in mind will work out well for all interested.

M.W., Colo.—No sale for some time. Oil not active.

M.I.L., Pa.—Location good. Will sell. E.M.S., Minn.—Travel not indicated at all.

E.S.D., N. Y.—Marriage not indicated as outlined.

W.H.W., Calif.—Marriage indicated. Location all O.K.

A.M., N. Y.—Marriage indicated but not soon. Present position secure.

F.R., Calif.—Property valuable. Marriage positive.

B.L.H., Calif.—Future full of promise. Will sell.

M.G.T., Calif.—Position assured. Operation not necessary.

E.S., Calif.—Marriage indicated as planned.

K.M.K., Ariz.—Sell and move family. Locate where you are. Better times ahead.

A.K., Calif.—Success for you in your proposition. Marriage indicated as you wish.

R.L.B., Nebr.—No change in work before middle of 1930. Marriage not indicated.

M.D., Calif.—No great profit to mother. Troubles are settled to your advantage.

C.S., Calif.—Do not sell; let neighbor do the moving.

E.F., N. Y.—We must never lose sight of the fact that we owe a duty to ourselves and our family while serving humanity. Health and prosperity are indicated.

E.H., Calif.—Remain single. Washington would be all right.

M.A.S., Ala.—Father will make just the average amount.

F.W.U., Ala.—Take up commercial designing. Marriage not indicated soon.

M.B., Calif.—Nature intervenes. You will remain in California.

A.M., Calif.—Law settlement in your favor. Sell part, not all.

R.A.M., Ohio—Depends on yourself. Yes, to last question.

A.R.T., Tex.—In reality you would do much better to keep to yourself. If you hold real estate it will be much better.

F.E.S., Calif.—Marriage indicated. Yes, to second question.

R.J.J., N. Y.—Change coming for you along entirely new lines and in another city and state.

G.R., Calif.—Yes, hold lease.

J.R.G., Canada—Will travel; will sell. Marriage not indicated.

J.R.B., Canada—Marriage not indicated. You can sing.

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—dvj.

Who cannot sing is lonely,
Who cannot love is lost.
The mute and chastened only
Know silence' fearful cost.

But what if tears are stinging?
If lips may never move?
My heart a song is singing,
My soul is loving Love!

Dreams

Psychically Interpreted
By The Dream Editor

Have you ever had a dream which later came true? Psychically interpreted dreams are of benefit only for the specific dream discussed. Communications without name and address disregarded. No responsibility shall rest upon The Occult Digest or its editors in any replies given. Dreams must be received by the first day of second preceding month. Positively no dreams interpreted by mail unless accompanied by three dollars. Address THE DREAM EDITOR, The Occult Digest, 1900 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

R.A.H., Calif.—Your dream is a symbol of success in every way and an encouragement not to give up but to continue in your search for happiness and success. Opportunity is offered as your dream indicates.

J.R.G., Canada—Your dream was a sort of nightmare, neither dream nor vision, but has the significant meaning of "beware." Trouble brewing if you are not alert.

L.T.S., N. Y.—Your dream is to assure you of protection from a danger which threatens you. Take heed of the warning to be on the watch for deceit.

L.A.H., Ill.—Your dream is significant of a new life coming to you in the beginning of your next cycle which will come next year.

M.T., Calif.—Your dream signifies that a misunderstanding will be cleared up by the facts being laid bare.

J.K.S., Ill.—Your dream is a warning to you to watch your step in regards to health. Eat more green vegetables, less fruit and starchy foods—the thief is what you eat.

M.M., Wash.—In your dream you were living the real true Spirit Life, that of sensing the accomplished deed. Someday you will be able to realize the power of full Life and soul communion. Keep peace in your soul and all will be well.

Most of our wild habits can be civilized if we really want to tame them. The weakness with many of us, however, is that we make believe we want to reform. But we are not really in earnest. If we were, we'd quit. And that is all there is to it.

Nature's Path.

Each step we take in life should be one of progress, made possible by diligence and earnest effort. Accept each task that comes as an opportunity, not as a makeshift to hold until something better comes along.

—Grit.

Friend: "You look very serious."
Doctor: "I am worried about one of my patients."

"Is it a very serious case?"

"Yes—he won't pay his bill!"

—En Rolig Half Timma, Gothenburg

The Message in the Mist

(Continued from page 29)

evening was over, my heart went out to poor Mary in sympathy. Why she stayed to endure such ill-treatment was beyond my comprehension.

The following day, Sunday, I managed to call her into my room for a moment's chat while Dick went out for some cigarettes. At first she was reluctant to speak but we soon were talking like sisters who had not seen each other for years. The girl was a veritable volcano of restrained emotions and our talk served to loosen her up a little, for we had not been talking more than ten minutes when she commenced telling me all about herself. Orphaned ten years before, she had been left penniless, and Mrs. Heuroch had taken her in at her uncle's request to help with the household. Years of toil with no reward except her room and board, and the suffering she had endured at the hands of Mrs. Heuroch were spirit-breaking. She longed to be free, but had no money.

While she talked, my mind worked fast. "Mary," I said, "did you ever see another statue like this?" I handed her the Buddha and her eyes bulged with astonishment. I then asked, "Mary, did you ever know a girl named Ella Crann?"

She looked at me rather blankly for a moment. "Why, Madame," she finally gasped. "Why I—I—" The idol slipped to the floor as she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. At last she drew out a handkerchief and wiped away her tears.

"You have been so nice to me," she said, "I feel I must tell you. I—I am Ella Crann. But please, please do not tell Mrs. Heuroch I told you. She would kill me if she knew I told."

I was deeply touched. "You can trust me, Mary," I assured her. "My husband and I have come all the way from Montreal to try and do you a good turn. Are you willing to help us?" The poor girl's eyes opened wide in amazement, then the fear in her face faded and she smiled a most becoming smile. In spite of her drab garments and freakish hair dress, the girl was really pretty.

"Do you know if there is another ornament like this?" I questioned, picking up the Buddha as I spoke.

"You mean the twin? Yes, there is. I saw it once in Mr. Crann's bureau drawer. I had been tidying up and some ties and things were hanging out of the drawer and when I replaced them I saw the Buddha. They used to be my mother's."

"And Mr. Crann is staying here now?" I asked.

"Yes, and he has just gone out,"

she replied, as if reading my mind.

I began to feel elated at the success of our amateur detective work. I bade her go and fetch the Buddha. "Don't let anyone see you," I warned, "and it may be the luckiest thing you ever did."

Though puzzled, the girl agreed and soon returned with the twin Buddha. She did not give it to me but sat down and with the edge of her fingernail scraped away the coating from the nose of the idol, thus releasing a hidden spring exactly the same as in its counterpart. As with the other idol, a folded paper was lying within. The girl tore it out and read it. When she had finished, the tears streamed down her cheeks anew. She handed the paper to me. It read:

To my dearest daughter Ella:

I write this tonight as I fear that I will not long be with you. Ella, my darling, I know I shall die long before you grow to womanhood and I want you to know that my last and only thought is of you. Of your future there is little to worry about. Mr. Waring, the lawyer, will see to everything. If I should be called away before I can tell you myself, it is my wish that you always make your home at Shadowlawn. Do not go to your uncle.

Your loving mother,

Mildred Crann.

Just then Dick returned, and both Mary, or Ella, and I talked so fast that it took some time to understand us, but when he did, he was overjoyed. "Now to tackle Uncle Crann," he exclaimed. "I'll speak to him after dinner tonight. You women keep mum and do the disappearing stunt."

True to his word, Dick tackled Mr. Crann. Mrs. Heuroch had gone out, so Mary (as she asked me to call her) and I waited outside the living room, hidden behind the portieres.

"Mr. Crann," began Dick, "did you ever have a niece or a daughter named Ella?"

A long silence. Then Crann's reply. "Why—ah—yes. I had a niece by that name. Why do you ask?" His tone was rather rude, I thought.

"Well," Dick faltered, "my wife, when she was a child, had a friend named Ella Crann. She lost track of her some ten years ago, though. She is wondering if perhaps she might trace her friend through you, since the name is the same."

"She might, at that," came the grim reply.

"How" asked Dick.

"By going over to Clover Hill. That's where she's buried."

Mary gripped my arm.

"Would you mind telling me where her grave is located?" asked Dick.

"Certainly not," was the reply, and Crann gave specific directions for finding the grave.

My spirits began to wilt. Was Mary an impostor? But then, the Buddhas. How would she know about the hidden spring?

Dick decided we had better stay over another day as it was already too dark to read tombstones.

However, we set out the next morning immediately after breakfast to look for Ella Crann's grave. It was not in a cemetery, as we had supposed, but all by itself under an elm tree on Clover Hill. A small headstone read: "Ella Crann, daughter of Mildred and Arthur Crann, aged ten years and two months. Born April 10th, 1904; died June 10th, 1914. Rest in peace."

Dick looked at me and sighed. As we walked slowly away, he seemed to be thinking deeply and I did not bother him with questions. Before returning to the house, however, he called Mr. Waring, the lawyer, by long distance telephone and asked him to come to Three Rivers as soon as possible.

We had just finished our evening meal when Mr. Waring arrived. As soon as it could be managed without causing suspicion, Dick and Mr. Waring went out for a stroll to talk matters over. Both of them looked very serious when they returned, so I gathered they had discovered something more concerning the mystery. When I questioned Dick, he said that Mr. Waring was of the same opinion as himself. He, too, thought little Ella Crann had been murdered.

We retired early as Dick prophesied a busy time for us the following day. We little knew how quickly his prophecy was to be realized. It must have been about half past eleven when I awoke with a start. The feeling came over me that something or someone was in the room besides myself and Dick. From some corner I felt that eyes were resting upon me. I shook Dick roughly by the shoulder and whispered, "Dick, I feel as if there was someone in the room." He listened attentively for several seconds. Then I knew he, too, had sensed it.

Dick had his hand outstretched, ready to switch on the light, when something happened.

In the corner near the closet, there was a white fluffy ball moving round and round in midair about two feet from the floor. It reminded me of the misty cloud that had appeared above the Buddha on the mantle. As it revolved it grew larger and larger until at last it began to twist and turn itself into shape—a human shape. From the corner of the closet a woman clothed in a filmy white mist seemed to beckon

to us, and then pointed out of the window in the direction of Clover Hill. "The ghost of Ella Crann's mother," I whispered to Dick. At this the ghost face actually moved into a semblance of a smile. We noticed she had something in her hand. It looked like a small coal shovel. Dick was staring horror-stricken. "She wants us to dig up Ella Crann's grave," he said. The ghost nodded slowly and gradually began to disappear. Fainter and fainter it became until it vanished entirely. Then Ella had died. Mary may have learned the secret of the Buddhas from Ella before she died and now meant to make use of her knowledge. The doubt persisted.

Dick was out of bed and commencing to dress.

"You're not going to dig up that grave now, Dick. Surely—"

"Sure thing," he came back.

"But we can make inquiries tomorrow," I persisted.

"Not much good," Dick grunted. "Nobody's going to dig up a body just on our say-so."

"Then you mean we must find out tonight. Why, Dick, you can't leave me here alone after that ghost nearly scaring the life out of me," I remonstrated.

"Get on your duds and come along, too," he said. His matter-of-fact tone was making me a little bit angry. I did not relish the idea of digging up a corpse in a graveyard at midnight.

As soon as he was dressed, Dick tiptoed into the next room and awakened Mr. Waring.

I started to get into my clothes. "I'd rather be in a churchyard with Dick than alone in a room with a ghost," I reasoned.

Dick smiled when he returned and found me almost dressed. "Gosh, Kitty, I didn't think you were game," he laughed. "It's a risk, but think of the forces behind us. Remember the incense episode and Mildred Crann's ghost. We are doing something for her. She ought to see that we are not harmed."

I had flung a heavy woolen cloak about me and pulled on a small felt hat when Mr. Waring's faint knock on the door told us he was ready. Dick let him in and we all made our exit by the fire escape. Dick foraged around the yard until he unearthed from under a pile of leaves a shovel and a pitchfork. We looked around to find a screwdriver and a hammer, but these were not to be had as the tool shed was locked. So we made our way to Clover Hill.

Though we could see it clearly from our bedroom window, it was a good twenty minutes' walk before we reached it. This was because the houses that were in front of it forced us to take



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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

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I wish to express my thanks and appreciation for your inspiring editorials in the August OCCULT DIGEST, particularly the one entitled "Command Yourself." This little three-paragraph masterpiece contains more practical, profound wisdom than many books along occult lines.

Mrs. Marie Darr—B. C., Canada:

I enjoy reading my OCCULT DIGEST magazines. The departments are very interesting.

R. O. Campbell—Detroit, Mich.:

I have been reading THE OCCULT DIGEST over a year and have found the editorials and subjects very inspiring and the quality increasing monthly.

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I enjoy your magazine very much and believe you are doing a great work.

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I think your magazine is great.

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I am deeply impressed with THE OCCULT DIGEST. I surely hope your readers understand and appreciate the great amount of labor required to publish a magazine of the quality of THE OCCULT DIGEST.

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THE OCCULT DIGEST is changing my whole life. I hope I shall never be without it.

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... a wonderful magazine for the money.

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Received my Characterology Course by L. Hamilton McCormick. It truly is all you claim for it. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to obtain such a wealth of knowledge and I know I shall enjoy every issue of THE OCCULT DIGEST.

Mrs. Nettie E. Samuelson—Asbury Park, N. J.:

I am more and more in love with your magazine every time I receive it, as it helps me to get a scientific viewpoint of occultism and occult values as few books or periodicals ever have.

Nellie M. Quigley—Indianapolis, Ind.:

I think THE OCCULT DIGEST the most splendid magazine—could not be without it.

a roundabout route. We walked quickly but softly so we would not attract the attention of anyone who happened to be on the streets. The moon was shining full on the headstone when we reached the grave. From a distance, the effect was startling. Perhaps it seemed so to us in view of our recent experiences with the white mist and the ghost.

Swiftly and silently Dick and Mr. Waring started to work. While Dick loosened the earth with the pitchfork, Mr. Waring shovelled it to one side. I sat on the headstone which they had moved to the other side and watched them.

Tirelessly they worked until the pile of earth was about three feet high. As yet there was no sign of a coffin. Then Dick stopped work suddenly and faced the lawyer. "Perhaps there isn't any body here at all," he said.

"That's just what we're here to find out," replied the lawyer and fell to work again harder than ever. Dick gave a queer laugh. He had hardly put his pitchfork into the earth when he looked up, smiling.

"Touch something?" inquired Waring.

Dick did not answer but began clearing earth away with his hands. Mr. Waring picked up his flashlight and we looked close. Sure enough, we had reached something wooden. The nails suggested a coffin, but a rude one. In a few moments Dick and Mr. Waring had cleared away the remaining earth from the coffin. Lacking the tools to pry open the rough wooden box, Dick stood at the foot of it and gave a quick heavy jump. The boards splintered and crashed in. Not only at the foot of the box where we had expected it to cave in, but the whole lid of the thing had crashed in, and Dick was

standing on the floor of the coffin.

He raised the splintery boards. The box was empty save for a few crumbs of earth.

The lawyer looked grim, but Dick was smiling. Our little trip had not been for nothing, after all.

Suddenly Mr. Waring solemnly extended his hand to Dick. He said, "You have done Ella Crann a favor that I am sure she will never forget and I as her lawyer heartily thank you."

There is little left to tell. Mr. Waring attended to the details of transferring Ella Crann's fortune from the hands of her uncle, who, thanks to his miserliness, had not spent much of it, to her own hands.

Upon hearing of his half sister's death, Aaron Crann had forged a death certificate and hired some men from the underworld to pose as officials to convince the lawyer of the child's supposed death, so that he would inherit the estate. Mildred Crann had not cared very much for her half brother and had told him that only on condition her child did not live to inherit her money would she leave him anything. She had said this, of course, hoping her child would live to a ripe old age.

Mary, that is, Ella Crann, is married now and lives at Shadowlawn with her young husband. Our last three vacations we spent with her at her summer home in Three Rivers, so have been amply repaid for the little service we did her.

The twin Buddhas still repose on the mantle at Shadowlawn, but never have they been known to "smoke words" again. And, too, the peculiar musty atmosphere of the place has disappeared altogether.

A Blissful Reunion

(Continued from page 13)

house and asked Carrie whether she had noticed Dora's feverish state?

"Yes," she answered, with considerable concern, "I telephoned the doctor, and have sent Dora to bed."

* * *

The doctor said that not before the third week, if the fever should last that long, could he make a correct diagnosis. For two weeks Dora showed no improvement. In a patient, resigned attitude she thankfully acknowledged Phil's and Carrie's ministrations. In the third week the doctor's blood test indicated typhoid fever. He held out little hope for he was convinced that Dora had no desire whatever to live.

It was one afternoon during this week that Phil found Dora almost free from fever and in full possession of

her senses; and while Carrie took a well deserved rest, he sat down on Dora's bed. She rose to a sitting position and looked at him expectantly. "Dora," Phil implored, "won't you try to live for my sake? I cannot live without you. We shall find some way to happiness. Won't you try, Dora?"

Staring as though her eyes had already caught a glimpse into the unknown, she replied, "No, Phil. You will be happier after I am gone." With a gesture she silenced his attempt at further pleading, and as if groping laboriously for the appropriate words, she continued after awhile, "As we have now read each other's hearts, we would be unable to keep within the boundary of moderation, and would in thought and deed transgress upon forbidden grounds. Don't

deceive yourself on this point. We could not face either Carrie or the world with the reproach of adultery stamped on our brows. Remember, Phil, only my body will be gone, but I will be always with you."

Exhausted by this speech, she sank back on her pillow and closed her eyes a short while. Opening them again, she perceived Phil's pained expression. "Phil, don't grieve," she urged. "You will find the sweetest consolation in consecrating your life to my memory." She stretched out both arms imploringly toward him. He bent down, and she put her arms about his neck, and Phil in his agony almost inviting death from infection, kissed her mouth, her perspiration-covered brow, her throat, her arms.

She rewarded him with an angelic smile, which he knew well enough to be her last smile forever. Two weeks afterwards, she had joined the millions gone on before her.

Phil took her death stoically. Dry-eyed, with an incredulous smile on his lips, he shook his head frequently, unable to conceive that Dora was no more. For three days, while she rested at the undertaker's establishment, he seemed impervious to any emotion; neither was he aware of his surroundings; the universe seemed to him an immense space bare of habitation; his body seemed to have shrunk to a fragile, hollow shell, liable to crumble at the slightest touch, and the food he forced down had no taste whatever—everything tasted alike.

But he seemed faintly to perceive Carrie's growing concern and shyly proffered attentions. She grew closer to him, with traits of tenderness not unlike those of Dora. Sitting on the couch opposite her, he involuntarily began to study her face. It was like Dora's. Although eight years her sister's senior, Carrie appeared to him still very attractive. Her eyes were grey, not brown like Dora's. Her hair was dressed the same, and was also fluffy and unruly. Her body, although slightly ampler, betrayed traces of a certain ripened grace. So he thought Dora would have looked at Carrie's age. At the thought of Dora, tears welled up in his eyes for the first time.

Seeing Phil's deepening grief, Carrie suddenly remembered the surgeon's warning years ago. But no warning was needed. Whatever she now did came to her naturally as the outpouring of a slumbering but by no means dead love.

She rose, sat in his lap, put her arms about his neck, and with eyes wet with tears, she buried her face on his shoulder. She pleaded, "Phil, don't take it so hard. I know what I say sounds heartless, but Dora could find her happiness only in the other world.

Her wish is fulfilled and something tells me that she is happy now." Bursting into a torrent of tears and smothering him with kisses, she implored, "Phil won't you try to live for my sake."

Her warm body, her scalding tears, whether of contrition or repentant love, her frantic embrace brought back to him Dora's confession of love a month ago in the stable. A warm glow kindled in his heart, for his was a nature which easily forgave, unable to live without loving and being loved.

But the shocks which had struck him mercilessly in rapid succession clouded his reason. Still holding Carrie in his arms, he began to speculate whether her reawakened love was Dora's legacy of happiness which she promised he would find after her death.

He promptly rejected this surmise, for Dora stood outside of it; and did she not say that *she* would play, in some intangible form, an integral and vital part in his future life?

There is in all of us a tendency, contrary to logical reasoning, to assume a certain amount of fatalism in the effort to stifle grief at the loss of a dear one. We try futilely to steel ourselves with fortitude to face the inevitable.

Phil was no exception to this rule, for when Dora was lowered into her grave, he lost all control of himself. With his face averted, he wildly flung his arm about the neck of Thomas, his old friend and neighbor. "Thomas," he cried, "this loss will kill me!"

Thomas helped him to the car, but at his words of consolation, Phil's eyes only filled with tears. Nor did his tears cease during the dinner Thomas and his wife had prepared for Carrie and Phil. At nine o'clock in the evening Thomas and his wife left them for a visit to a sick neighbor.

As soon as they had left, Phil and Carrie retired. Carrie, thoroughly exhausted, soon fell into a profound slumber, but Phil tossed, unable to rest.

Night is always the avenger of our wrongs, intensifying our grief; torturing us for any unfriendly act we have committed; steeping us in despair at iniquities either handed out by us or suffered by us, and crushing us with fear of what the future may hold. Thus is human nature constituted, and Phil, accusing himself of having dealt Dora all kinds of wrongs, although they were chiefly fancied ones, he, in his abnormal state of mind, felt he must seek forgiveness from her. He must see her, and therefore he held tenaciously to the hope that she was still somewhere on his place.

This conviction grew so strong in him that he could hardly restrain him-

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Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. —Shakespeare.

Opportunity is ever worth expecting; let your hook be ever hanging ready. The fish will be in the pool where you least imagine it to be.
—Ovid.

The beginnings of all things are small.
—Cicero.

He is twice a conquerer who conquers himself in the moment of victory.
—Syrus.

Excess in nothing—this I regard as a principle of the highest value in life.
—Terence.

The stomach is a slave that must accept everything that is given to it, but which avenges wrongs as slyly as does a slave.
—Souveste.

The only hope of preserving what is best lies in an immense charity, a wide tolerance, a sincere respect for the opinions which are not ours.
—Hamerton.

Selfishness is the only real atheism; aspiration, unselfishness the only real religion.
—Zangwill.

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery.
—Smiles.

Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises a man above another.
—Addison.

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self from awakening Carrie, less for confirmation of his belief than for refuge from his haunting thoughts.

On second thought he did not wake her, but he could not resist the temptation to verify his belief that Dora was still in form and substance somewhere on his place. He left his bed, put on his trousers and coat, and after assuring himself that Carrie was fast asleep, he went, shoes in hand, to the kitchen.

Closing the kitchen door behind him, he stopped on its threshold. All creation was sleeping. The plaintive barking of a dog; the gravel crunching under the wheels of a distant car; the melancholy, swishing motion of dry branches stirred by the breeze; and the stealthily flapping wings of a bat were the only faint sounds that broke the silence. Phil looked up at the star-sewn sky, and fancied himself standing under the dome of a mighty cathedral. Overwhelmed by the solemn tranquility, his heart flowed over. With the feeling that his soul had left his body in search of that other soul vanished into the Unknown, his will girded itself to a supreme effort. He called upon Dora. With fingers intertwined for prayer, he beseeched God to take Dora into His merciful fold.

Without any definite sense as to direction, he went to the field where his oak stood. The stubbles bent with a brittle noise under his feet. His tear-filled eyes searched for Dora far and wide. He called out to her to come to him. Presently he remembered that she came seldom here, therefore no use to linger any longer. Suddenly a breeze coming from the cornfield, laden with the odor of lavender—Dora's favorite perfume—struck his senses. She must be there, he now felt sure. He dragged his feet like leaden weights toward it. With bowed head, he stumbled over the cut-off stalks, and without volition of his own reached the spot where he sat weeks ago with Dora. He remembered her prophesy on that memorable day, and he soliloquized, "Dora, you promised to be with me. Why aren't you here?"

He sauntered toward the melon patch. The frost-killed vines twined around his feet, impeding his progress. He dragged them along with a crackling sound. At last disentangling them from his feet, he said, "You are withered and shrivelled because the nimble hands that tended you so lovingly are now cold."

He had by this time reached a row of loganberry bushes near the fence adjoining Thomas's property. A path on the other side of the fence, leading to the latter's farm, was completely hidden by a double row of young cedars. Espying one of the tall posts in the patch, he made for it in the vain

hope that Dora might be hiding behind it.

The wind had increased in velocity and fridity. The fields lay bare and cold, ready for their winter sleep. Phil's spirits sank. Dejection grew into despair. His head began to ache, and a peculiar sound, as though someone were weeping far away, filled his ears. Could it be that Dora was crying for him, he asked himself. Leaning against a post, he said aloud, "Oh, Lord, you took her away from me. Give her back to me!" This he uttered more like a command than a humble supplication, and hearing no response, he shuffled on, his hand following the wire stretched from post to post.

It was at this time that Thomas returned home with his wife. They watched Phil from behind their cedars. Thomas's wife, torn with pity and afraid Phil might contract pneumonia, was on the verge of slipping through the fence wires to bring him home, but Thomas held her back. Phil, leaning on the post and looking up to heaven, said aloud in a last appeal, "Dora, aren't you coming back to me?" Immediately he heard a female voice answering, "Yes, I am coming." It was Mrs. Thomas's voice in response to her husband's frantic gesture to follow him home.

Phil's face lit up instantly with a beatific smile. His tears were now tears of joy. His mouth twitched with suppressed words of gratitude. He wiped his eyes dry, and with a wave of farewell toward heaven, he said, "Thank you, thank you, Dora. I knew you would come."

Quickly he entered the house. Undressing in the bedroom, he inadvertently dropped a shoe and woke Carrie. "Where have you been?" she asked. Ashamed to tell the truth, he replied that he was in the stable to see whether Thomas had attended to the livestock. She said nothing, but tucked him into his bed.

Phil soon fell asleep, while Carrie lay awake, her conscience tormenting her. If, so she had to admit to herself, it had been more than a mere comradeship between Phil and Dora, she alone was to blame, and she made the solemn vow to repay Phil with all the tenderness and love in her power for the wrongs and neglect he had suffered at her hands.

A new and sweet bond tied them together. Carrie was constantly about Phil; she performed many tasks formerly done by Dora.

But in spite of her changed attitude, Phil could not banish the memory of Dora. It clung to him, just as Carrie's conscience returned to Dora, not without an admixture of pity and contrition.

It happened in the latter part of

October, during a dry, cold spell, that Phil stood with Thomas in his potato field. Six hundred sacks of potatoes he had harvested. Turning to Thomas, he expressed his satisfaction at the splendid yield. Thomas, always more eloquent in deeds than in words, and a man of unwavering loyalty, could not omit to mention that he felt glad to see his friend happy again.

Phil said, "It's not so much the fine crop that makes me happy, but the fact that Dora's prophesy, that death does not separate us, came true, for wherever I am, either in the house or in the barn, whether I sit in my easy chair or in my car, I feel that Dora stands beside me. Often I turn

around, feeling the touch of her fingers as though she had laid her hand on my shoulder. I seem to catch the sound of the rustle of her dress, the sound of her footsteps. Her image is often so vivid before my eyes that I can hardly resist reaching out for her. It's this kind of blissful reunion that makes me so happy. Do you believe it, Thomas?"

"I lost a son in the war, as you know," Thomas reminded him, "and I feel the same way you do. Dora was right when she told you that there is no separation after death."

The friends shook hands in mutual understanding, and Thomas walked off toward his home, sunk deep in thought.

Psycho-Symbolism

(Continued from page 16)

is a pitiable illustration of this.

As liquid is absorbed into the composition of the body cells, so it appears that past knowledge is forever becoming insufficient for the mind's nourishment. It constantly requires replenishing. Hence the term "a thirst for knowledge."

This absorbed material also requires constantly revitalizing, or aerating, for knowledge, like water, is only satisfying if it is pure. Anything that is learned that is not true is much worse than truth. As Barrie Paine wittily puts it, "The thing of which you know nothing is not necessarily the thing of which you know the least." Not knowing that one's information is untrue is below the decimal point as wisdom. Some newspapers are guilty of forgetting this law. Deception is of far less value than no knowledge at all.

A fact is only true for the moment. It is subservient to "time," that is, the symbol K is dependent on J—it hangs on it. Knowledge is forever advancing its requirements; forever drinking in fresh matters of fact. Truth, as an ultimate end, has never yet been realized. Hence the further information of tomorrow, cancels the facts of today. If knowledge was not used up, or absorbed, there could be no vacancy for anything fresh. In other words, if there were no vacuum created, there would be no room for anything more to come in.

As illustrating deviations from the "ideal," or K "typical wisdom," if it shows "signs" of being disjointed, irregular, bizarre, it must be rationally disorganized, unscientific, or one-sided. The body it represents must be also lacking in wisdom or right use of knowledge. Such errors may be the acceptance of information on wrong lines; at a wrong angle; with misunderstanding; carelessly; it may be wrongly ventilated; re-issued before being understood; held until stale; mis-

directed, or in other ways maltreated. All such methods being imperfect, the knowledge must be below the "standard" or "ideal."

Mechanically, the diagram illustrates the process of a stomach pump, a vacuum cleaner, or a sponge.

In natural life, it represents the growth of the strawberry plant and its runners; or the banyan tree and its branches.

* * *

THE letter L is a "sign" of anything perpendicular and erect, or means of producing such. It represents the "square" or mathematical instrument used by the mason or joiner to true or adjust the lines of a structure. It produces uprightness, strength, equable stresses and strains in buildings, or other vertical fabrics. It is rectangular, a diagram of rectitude, a symbol of foundations of strength.

A symbol by man of himself, as a figure with a base, it "stands for" a mobile body, capable of forward propulsion or other movements.

It is a diagram of an "upright" figure, or pillar, with a level foundation, base, or foot. From the fact of its being exactly "level" and "upright" it becomes also "square." It portrays a cornerstone on which the building is solidly built.

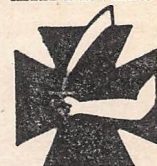
In terms of humanity, it is symbolical of an "upright," "honest," and "true" man; one who endeavors to square all his actions with an ideal, the "type." He is subject neither to fear nor favor. Such is a figure of "integrity" and "firmness"; able to "stand alone" against adverse circumstances, sustain "weight" and "gravity," even helping others with their burdens. It typifies the really strong man, who can be relied upon. He will "stand" his ground. He will accept praise or blame with calmness, and will be impervious to flattery.

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THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN RECOGNIZED

THE Premier has had prepared a statement respecting recent experimental legislation in Norway.

The chief measures dealt with are the Children's Rights Laws and Maternity Insurance. These aim at a greater recognition and respect for the sanctity of motherhood. The new laws give adequate protection to the mother and child, whether born in or out of wedlock. Illegitimate children have a right to their father's name the same as legitimate children, and cannot longer be disinherited.

There is established by the new law equal responsibility of the father and mother towards the child. The father must take care of the mother; and the right is reserved to the child to be brought up according to its father's social position if the father should be the more well-to-do of the parents. A simultaneous alteration of the criminal law has made it penal for a man to neglect a woman, or to leave her in a helpless or needy position. The State accepts the responsibility of trying to establish paternity in all cases.

Six laws have been passed altogether, and the principal one deals with children whose parents have not entered into marriage with each other. The child has the right to the family name of its father, and to the family name of its mother. If the father's family name is not taken at the birth of the child, a later adoption of the name must be taken out in accordance with the law in force in regard to change of names.—Sydney Morning Herald, from a reprint in *The Revealer*.

If a man hears a voice when there is no human, mortal, anywhere near, and the thing heard is afterwards verified it cannot be explained away on the theory of coincidence.

When one is momentarily endowed with *clairvoyance*, or clear vision, and sees events taking place and, being *clairaudient*, hears the conversation which is carried on, and that is afterward capable of corroboration in detail, it is useless to cry fraud, collusion or imagination.

—Will Erwood in *Super-Psychology*.

I am wondering why so many take delight in idle gossip. It is one of the worst things, a person can do to cause sickness, and inharmony.

—Mizanna Wolff in *Namasta*.

By the lightning stroke the cloud is broken. Unrest and turmoil are often the means whereby men can keep their sanity.—E.E.D.

It represents a "stand," and a "standing" is a "reputation." It is a "sign" of man's estate—a posture of uprightness, as distinct from the anthropoids. No additional supports are illustrated. He stands on his own base. There is no gesture of throwing out the arms to hold up the figure, no tail to act as steering gear. It keeps its footing; is not easily carried away by every breeze that blows.

This symbol, like most of the others, shows a backbone, but in this case its process is extended. It is similar to the spinal column and leg bones with the foot. It is the chief line of resistance to various outside forces. It gives rigidity to the figure and at the same time produces resilience.

On the other hand, the acute-angled figure illustrates a "cuteness" or sharpness, or "urge." It shows the "inclination" to "stoop" when the pressure of circumstances are strong. It does not stand up against them. It typifies the "racing" figure, but "great haste" is an animal urge. It is the uncontrolled desire to get food, safety or sex before others get them.

Man, by the "signs," was intended for higher things. In not "standing

up" he "lowers" in "rectitude," or "standing." He gains nothing in "strength," for his balance is thrown forward and the chances of stumbling greater. It illustrates the "angle of the mind" which is acute. Hence being out of "balance," and actually "moving ahead"—not merely imagining ahead—there is little "presence of mind," and the person thus symbolizing is therefore more liable to panic in a crisis, for it is obvious that the "figure" must recover its "balance" before it can even "stand fast."

In terms of the business man, it represents the one who is so "keen" he can easily be unscrupulous; who is in such a hurry he may be unable to stop when circumstances demand it; whose book "balance" may be thrown so far forward he can never recover his "position"; and when the pressure is too great, he falls, fails, or "prostrates."

Inversely, the obtuse-angled "figure" indicates the laggard, either too lazy or too indifferent to bother. Such is slow to take up his own responsibilities. He is behind the times. Fearing to do wrong, he will fail to do right. He is "dull" and "backward" in taking things up. He is half-hearted, lacking interest, unwilling, and so on.

Patience

(Continued from page 26)

The reason being that patience is lacking.

Webster has defined patience as "the act or power of calmly or contentedly waiting for something due, or hoped for; forbearance, constancy in labor or application." And again, "undergoing pains, trials, or the like without murmuring or fretfulness; bearing up with equanimity against trouble; long suffering."

The inspired writers valued this quality highly.

Peter in his Second Epistle admonishes his readers to "add to their knowledge, temperance, and to temperance, *Patience*."

James declares, "Let Patience have her perfect work that ye may be perfect, wanting nothing."

Paul, writing to the Romans, states that "tribulation worketh patience," and to the Colossians, admonishes them to be "strengthened in all patience." Penning his Epistle to the Thessalonians he declares, "We glory in your patience," and in his Epistle to the Hebrews he exhorts them to "be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job," declares James and that statement conjures before us the picture of that ancient patriarch who suffered loss of property, loss of servants, loss of sons, loss of health, was upbraided and censured by wife and friends and

maintained a marvelous equanimity and forbearance through it all.

Moses is another striking example of this quality. Moses was called the meekest man in the world—and meekness is a synonym of patience. Forty years in Pharaoh's palace where he became "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" and, as the record states, became "mighty in words and deeds." Forty years in the desert of Midian patiently waiting and preparing for the time when he should defy the mighty Pharaoh and lead out a half million slaves and make a great nation of them.

Nothing in fact great, worthwhile or lasting is accomplished without patience.

Gibbons was twenty years writing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Bancroft was twenty-six years preparing his history of the United States and Noah Webster thirty-six years on his dictionary—patience.

Take the 13th Chapter of Corinthians and substitute for the word "charity" the word "patience" and see how well it fits into the picture. Seven things the inspired writers declare are unprofitable without love and these very seven are likewise so without patience.

Let us instill this ingredient into our beings and "run with patience the race set before us."



The NEW OCCULT DICTIONARY

Occult Words, Terms and Expressions
of All Ages

From Past to Present Day Schools of
Philosophy

By W. STUART LEECH, M. D.

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Fragarach In Irish legends, a sword given by Lugh from the land of the living.

Frank, Sebastian. A thinker of the 16th century who taught that the story of Adam was allegorical.

Frankenstein An occult story by Mrs. Shelly.

Frankincense Burnt incense. Symbolic of the dense body which has been etherealized by the "Living the Life."

Fraud No white-magician can be guilty of fraud. It is a recognized fact that trance mediums consciously or unconsciously will practice fraud or resort to fraudulent means to gain their ends. They have their "off" days, but the man with trained second sight knows no off days, for he is not ruled by the stars.

Freemasonry A progressive moral science having an esoteric insinuation. Very few of the Blue Lodge members and only a handful of the higher degree members are able to find the lost word. This great order was put forth by the Elder Brothers of humanity aeons ago. The lectures have been much interpolated but not sufficiently to conceal the mystic philosophy. There is a link in the religion of every race that leads to the discovery of the "lost word". See Phree Messen.

Freewill (Ipigenesis) All decisive steps or acts are voluntary when not controlled by karma.

Freher, Dionysius Andreas According to Jacob Boehme, he was a prince, philosopher and theosopher. He was tutor to William Law, the English sage and theologian. His writings, which consist of twenty-one treatises, are deposited in the British Museum. He inaugurated the theosophical movement in England. Born Sept. 1649; died Nov. 1728 at London.

Friar Rush (Rausch) In German mythology, a spirit sent from the infernal regions to keep the friars and monks in their perpetual state of wickedness.

Friends of God A German mystical society of nuns, monks and all other persons organized for the purpose of doing good. The ire of the clergy was soon aroused against them.

Friends of the Cross A society allied to the Rosicrucians. It did active work in Holland about 1572.

Fritzlar, Martin Von A German alchemist (1750) who was duped by

Lascaris and ever after renounced his search for the philosopher's stone.

Fumigation in Exorcism This rite was practiced with the object of disposing of an evil spirit. Various prescriptions have been handed down for it throughout the ages.

G

Gabriel According to the best occult information, he came from the moon and announced to Elizabeth the coming of John and to Mary the coming of Jesus. He was not an archangel. Other angels announced the coming birth of Samson, Samuel and Isaac. They announced the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah due to the abuse of the creative function. The book of Enoch states that Gabriel is one of the Holy Angels who is over paradise and the serpents. You will find that throughout history the angels were always concerned with the birth and the sexual function.

Gad The Seventh Book of Moses states Gad was the idol Belus, signifying luck.

Galactides or Galaricides A species of emerald prized by mediaeval magicians which was said to make ghosts visible to promote friendship.

Galeotti, Martius An Italian astrologer (born 1442, died 1494) who was versed in theology. He wrote a book on astrology which, with his other teachings, incurred the ill will of the clergy and they had him imprisoned in Venice. He was later freed by order of Pope Sextus the 4th who had once been his pupil and he then went to France where Louis the Eleventh made him state astrologer. Sir Walter Scott in his "Border Waverly" mentioned Galeotti as being consulted in regard to Quentin's future.

Galigal, Leonora A French sorceress who was beheaded and burned in the year 1617 for having brought a "spell" on the queen.

Galitzen, Prince A student of Jacob Boehm. He was associated with the great mystic and philosopher St. Martin.

Garatronicus A red stone carried by Achilles, said to have made him invulnerable except at one spot.

Garden of Pomegranates. A kabalistic symbol.

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS
(Cosmo)..... Cosmo-Conception
(Eng)..... English
(F)..... French
(G)..... Greek
(G.S.)..... The Great School in America
(I)..... Italian
(Imp.)..... Imperial Encyclopedia
(L)..... Latin
(L.S.)..... Lewis Spencer Encyclopedia

(N)..... Noun
(plur.)..... plural
(R.C.)..... Roman Catholic
(R.F.C.)..... Rays From Rose Cross
(S)..... Sanskrit
(T)..... Theosophical
(Theo.)..... Theological School
(T.S.)..... Theosophical School
(v)..... verb
(W.W.S.)..... Western Wisdom School

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Gargates A species of ember known as jet, a cupful of which, according to Pliny, could be used to discover poison.

Garinet, Jules French author (1818) of "History of Magic in France" in which he gave a good description of the Sabbath.

Garnier, Gilles Was condemned and burned alive for being a werewolf, under Louis the 13th at Dole.

Gastromancy Divining by means of ventriloquism. In some of the ancient pythonesses there is no doubt but that low voices from the region of the solar plexus were heard. It appears that the prophet Isaiah recognized this class of familiar spirits.

Gates, The Seven Otherwise the seven golden keys to the gates. In theosophy they are Self-abnegation (Saturn Dana), Equilibrium (Jupiter Shila), Insensibility (Mars K'Shanti), Detachment (Moon Virag—Separation from Seduction), Inflexibility (Venus Viraya), Knowledge (Mercury-Dhyana), Sabbath (Sun Prajna or Enthronement in the Celestial Kingdom). It is the path of the serpent and the cross and these seven principles must be mastered by the disciple.

Gaudillon, Pierre A sorcerer who was burned for going around at night as a hare (1610).

Gaufridi, Louis An ecclesiastic whose sweetheart was forced into the convent of Ursulines. He followed her and made the nuns believe that the building was filled with demons. For the purpose of obtaining the girl he freed the nuns of the demons but was finally arrested and burned alive.

Gauher, Abad A Persian abode of jewels in antediluvian times, guarded by well disposed angelic beings.

Gauthier, Jean An alchemist in the time of Charles IX who worked for the king, obtained his money, ran away, was pursued, caught and hanged.

Gauthier of Bruges A bishop deposed by Clement V. It is recorded that he wrote an appeal to God against Clement V's despotism and that when he died he was buried with the appeal in his hand. Sometime later the Pope visited his tomb and was much astonished at seeing Gauthier presenting the appeal with his withered hand.

Gballo A priestly order among a people of West Togoland.

Geber A Spanish Moor born near the end of the eight century who became a chemist and metallurgist. He was the author of "Sum of Perfection" and "Investigation Into the Perfection of Metals" which works were republished in 1682 at Danzig. There are many spurious treatises attributed to him.

Geburah A kabalistic word meaning power.

Gedulah (H) Mercy.

Gehenna The Valley of Hinnom was so called. The meaning is "Hell". This was the valley where the children of Israel passed their children through the fire to Moloch, the god of the Ammonites. It is synonymous with the Greek word "Hades".

Gelupka A sect in Tibet whose members wear yellow caps.

Geloscopy (G) A keen perception where the divination is made by the laugh. The voice betrays the color of the soul to the operator.

Geluppa A Thibetan sect given to Tanyik magic.

Gematria The science of interpreting the kabalistic alphabet.

Geomancy A system of divining in which certain dots irregularly grouped on paper are read in connection with the movements of the earth. Chaucer and Dryden mentioned this system. The Chaldeans, Hebrews, Persians and Egyptians practiced it and it is still practiced in the Soudan and China by the ignorant. M. de Cattani of Paris (1567) described it as an art and a science. Lord Lytton used it in a remarkable instance on Disraeli, Prime Minister of England, before he had seen him. The details of the prophecy are given in Vol. 2 of Lord Lytton's biography of his father. Compare this system with the incident of Christ and the woman accused of adultery (St. John 8:6).

Genealium, Diurnum Original source of things.

Genius As interpreted by the occultist, a genius is one who in previous lives has developed himself in some direction beyond the rest of mankind. In this life we inherit the physical form only and not the soul qualities. Genius as a quality is considered an indication of an advanced soul. The physical body and mind are not always suitable for a full expression of the Ego, and as a result people are not always what they appear to be in the physical form.

Gerson, Jean Chartier de Chancellor of the University of Paris (1429). He was author of "Astrology Reformed" also "Examination of Spirits".

Gert, Berthomine de A sorceress of Prechac in Gascony about 1600 who confessed to having attended the Sabbath.

Gervaise A Rheims archbishop (1067) whose death was made known to a Norman knight by a vision.

Ghee (Sanskrit) Clarified honey used for culinary and religious purposes.

Ghor-Boud-Des, The Mr. Pococke in his "India and Greece" claims that the people of Ghor-bund-land are the original Cabiri or ministers of God.

Ghost Spirit; apparition; wraith.

Ghost Seers Those able to sense the presence of spirits or nature spirits. Persons born under certain Mercurial and Neptunian aspects have one or more gates of the higher planes thrown open, especially twenty-four hours before the full moon. The sense organs of the desire body are more developed than they are normally. There are the negative conditions also.

Gilgal Nesha-moth The passage of the soul from the physical to the desire world at death. That which the Ego leaves consists of Nephesh (astral), Neshamah, and Ruach.

Gilles de Laval A famous "Bluebeard" and French sorcerer born in Brittany in 1420 concerning whom there are many romantic legends in which he is connected with Black Mass at the Castle of Champtoce.

Girard, Jean Baptiste. A Jesuit Pole (1680) who was accused and persecuted by the Jansenists for the seduction of Catherine Cadier of the convent of Ursulines at Brest.

Gladden, Root of This powder taken internally was supposed to be a specific for Elf-cake or ague.

Glamis Castle A castle at Strathmore figuring in many faked ghost stories.

Glamourie A kind of phantasy bordering on trance; a state of mind in

which mediums could have visions.

Glands The glands of our physical organism, together with the alimentary canal, had their origin during the Sun period. Their creation is said to have been accomplished by the joint action of the Lords of Flame and the Lords of Wisdom.

Glanyl, Joseph The author (1636-1680) of "Sadducismus Triumphatis" and "Scepis Scientifica"; he defended belief in the supernatural. Was chaplain to Charles 2nd in 1672.

Glas Ghairm A formula or "spell" of Highland origin which was supposed to keep dogs from barking and to be of special value to young men of courtship age.

Glauber, John Rudolph A German alchemist (1603) of Carlstadt, of "Glaubers Salt" fame. He wrote "Philosophical Furnaces", "Heaven of the Philosophers", "Commentary on Paracelsus", "Book of Fire" and other works.

Gloriana The Elixir of Life, so called by some. Supposed to have been discovered by John Dee.

Glosopetra or Gulosus A stone in the hands of some magicians which was said to have fallen from the moon and granted one power over lunar motions.

Gloucester, Eleanore Cobham, Duchess of Wife of the uncle to Henry the Sixth of England. Charges of witchcraft were brought against her by the Cardinal of Winchester. In a design against the king she had sought the aid of a witch, the priest Hun, and several other men. At the trial the priest Hun turned informer; the witch, Margery Jourdain, was burned; and the Duchess of Gloucester was sentenced to walk the streets of London on three separate occasions, bearing a lighted taper. She was later banished to the Isle of Man.

Gnome (G) A nature spirit resembling a small man. Said to preside over the concealment of minerals and to have his ethereal habitat within the interior of the earth.

Gnomes, The Irreconcilable A class of nature spirits whose prince is well illustrated by the Comte de Gabelis.

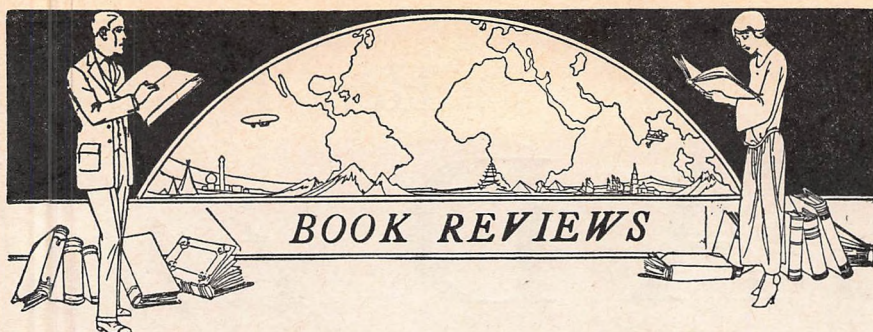
Gnoides Wives of gnomes who live in the interior of the earth.

Gnostics Philosophers of the early centuries who followed the gnosis (knowledge) and taught a theosophical doctrine. They were versed in all the learning of the early Roman times and like Christianity were sheltered by Mithraism. In Persia they were put to death and were later persecuted by both Christians and Moslems. Apollonius of Tyana is said to have been connected with the gnostics. Moses was an Egyptian gnostic.

Goat The emblem of wicked men and the form in which the devil often appears. He presided over the "witches' Sabbath".

Goblin A spirit which seems to have its special habitat in old houses.

God. The Absolute; the "All in All"; the Great Intelligence; the Supreme Architect of the Universe. The Great Being of all the solar systems conceived of. The A-E-I-O-U-W-Y, for it is difficult to use any word without using one of the vowels. God and the Father—see Eph. 1:4; James Ch. 27; and Peter, 1st Book 1:3. God and the Father God—see Ps. 45:6 and 7. The public idea or conception of God has been confused by the peculiar terms of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.



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