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A Magazine for Everybody

**November
1933**



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Armageddon**

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EFFA E. DANELSON, *Editor and Publisher*

WE STAND FOR TRUTH UNMASKED

Make the world safe for INTELLIGENCE

VOLUME 9

NUMBER 11

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FEATURES

for December

PROPHECIES

Written 25 Years Ago
by Ada Bertoni
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THE BLUE EAGLE OF PLUTO

By Elbert Benjamin,
President of
The Church of Light

POET'S PAGE

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envelope

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LET US PROCLAIM

By EFFA E. DANELSON

To the people of all the world who have sight to see or hearing to understand that Life continues its journey unhampered and unhindered after the change called Death—who know that as a man lives before death, so is he after Death—that Death only gives us a change of *raiment* which does not help or hinder but oftentimes bewilders us, causing us to lose our direction because of our inability to detect the change—knowing that War, destroying only the physical body, peoples this world with roaming souls who go on fighting the enemy or seeking revenge for the loss of their earthly equipment—we beseech you one and all to band together to banish forever from the earth that deadly enemy WAR, the destroyer of men's bodies, robbing the earth of its brightest intellects and its most perfect bodies.

We beseech you, lay aside your bickering over names of Deities—your strivings to build up fraternities and enter into one great fraternity to banish WAR and to establish Peace among the peoples of earth. Brothers and sisters—your days on earth are few in number at the most—cease your quarreling and work to make the world a fit dwelling place for your children's children that their benedictions may fall upon your ageing heads—put Life above money and restore to earth its paradise in your day of time—come all you good people, wherever you are; stand boldly for the cause you know is right—fear no man or group of men, who can only kill the flesh. Life in all its grandeur supplants every effort of man to destroy it. Again we beseech you—band together to banish WAR from the earth.

EDITORIALS *in* TUNE

Without Fear or Favor

Why Do You Weep?

DEAR mother, why do you weep? Your child is not dead, neither does he sleep. He is with friends and loved ones who preceded him. Dry your eyes; this is no time for weeping for your child needs you; he has traveled into a strange country and most naturally will cling to mother. You must be brave to help him to take up his life without you; you must not mourn—you must seek to understand the language of the country into which he traveled. You must attune your thoughts to catch his voice and you must rejoice because you are living in an age of vision—of sight to see and hearing to understand and power to explore beyond the physical comprehension.

Dear Mother, be no longer misled by fancy phrases and misleading fantasies of those whose eyes are veiled by illusion. Cast aside the myths of the yesterdays and bask in the sunshine of revelation. Yours is the power—yours is the privilege—say good morning to your child when you awaken—he will hear you. Speak the good-night—let your soul sing his lullaby—he is living in a world where thought is the language. Think of him as though Death had not sealed his lips—he can hear you, he can see you.

Mother, rejoice that your child has not journeyed from your sight and hearing—ALL the universe is one great world and your whispered word can be heard by him. Weep no more, for your child is not Dead—he has been born again just as you will be born again some day. Life is beautiful where he is and where you will join him. IT IS THE LAW.

The Foundation of Life

EACH and every person must lay the foundation of his own Life. The experiences of others are only crutches for us—signposts, so to speak. Nothing is really ours until we have builded it into our lives through experiences and we cannot of a fact establish a Truth until we have builded it into our structure thereby testing its value and its absolute Truth and its relation to the Law which spoke us into action. The crying of a babe at birth testifies that it has arrived on the planet Earth. Once that cry has manifested itself the record of that life is written into the Book of Life and another pilgrimage has begun; it may tarry for a day or a year—even if it tarries only

for a moment it would have emblazoned its name on the physical records of Time and become a Living Life, manifested in the physical pilgrimage of its journey through the Consciousness of Time.

Bear in mind that we come to this physical Pilgrimage through successive Death—Births of various elemental bodies taken up and laid down until we reached the Planet which gave us physical substance and physical locomotion, embodying responsibility through having gained a retentive memory to guide us farther on in our pilgrimage toward our destined goal.

The storms of Life which greet us on every hand are the implements given us to enable us to realize our powers of resistance and to give us Mastery of Self. The foundation of Life did not begin with the Birth into the Physical expression; there is embodied in that foundation an experience from every element known or unknown, named or unnamed, active or passive, that is in every other manifesting entity in the universe. Whether man grasps this law or not he is actively manifesting in it, by it and through it to the glorification of every form, of every hour of the day or night.

Man has advanced on the Path only as far as his consciousness can grasp and assimilate his experiences through the power of his egotistical imagery. Once he breaks the silence of the tomb he is baptized with the Living Fire of Wisdom and he becomes a *free* man, endowed with the powers of revelation; once these powers manifest the superstructure is quickly added and man becomes the Pioneer, breaking the trail through adversity if need be to the destiny of his chosen work and he cannot be dismayed, discouraged or trodden down by any winds of adversity which may overtake him or any clouds of doubt that loom about him; he has glimpsed his goal and will never turn back.

Be a Fighter

NOT with sword or gun would we have you armed but with Good Will toward those who are oppressed. We would have you carry your load so lightly that all who passed you by would feel the power of your step and be bathed in your sunny smile. We would have you become so strong in your power of wisdom that the clouds of doubt would disperse, that the lurking shadows would reflect your light.

Be a fighter—hold up your head—defy the threatening storms breaking around and about you

WITH OUR TIMES

BY EFFA DANIELSON

—defy the enemy approaching on every side—gaze into the future with clear vision and give the “Forward March” command with thundering voice which shall make the ground under your feet tremble. You must be a fighter in your own cause—you must speak in no uncertain terms to yourself if you are to stand the test—you must be the officer in command if you expect the myriads of little cells in your body to win the battle against the foe. We are living in an age where every man must be at his post of duty. The enemy ever lurks at your side, the song of temptation is ever on our lips; it must become the song of right thinking, not worry—it must be the song of construction, not destruction.

Be a fighter—join the ranks of those who have vision—those who are the builders—those who raise the flag of right over wrong—of those whose right hand knows the power of letting the left hand know it must keep step with the onward march of progress—that it must, at all times be raised to protect the weak and lend power to those who are enlisted in the cause of clearing the debris which has drifted to the shores of Today.

Be a fighter and raise your boy and girl to be fighters in the cause of doing right and living right. Be a fighter, not with sword and gun but with the word of Wisdom falling in blessings from your lips—be a fighter, true and brave on the Battlefield of PEACE.

On the Path With Life

TODAY we are watching Life from the height of our mental vision. The path which lies just ahead may be obscured from our sight or it may be dimly seen in the distance or some tragedy may have befallen us, forcing a retreat. We are still on the Path although the foundation of our faith may be swaying and the odds frightfully against us; we hold our head erect, keep our toes squarely to the line and in defiance of the hidden foe we decide to move on even though a sacrifice must be met for we know that whatever direction we must take it must be right and must be in the direction of our coveted goal. We must therefore choose our goal with great deliberation and fortitude, sparing no sacrifice to acquaint ourselves with its worthiness.

Travelers “on the Path” today are fraught with great danger; the foe lurks where you least expect

to find him but if you are sure of your standard you need not fear any enemy, not even Death. Life, your most precious possession, cannot be taken from you. There never was, is not and never shall be any power stronger than the LIFE that brought you into your present form—LIFE which has carried you forever and will continue to wend its way from world to world through aeons of time to come. Once you comprehend the vastness of LIFE with its multiple avenues of expression, its glorious freedom from man-made laws, from the narrow confines of a Physical expression—once you comprehend this and become a free man you will see the folly of carrying the burden of worry that casts dark shadows about you.

Come, walk in the garden of perpetual light, knowing that though the hand of the reaper takes a loved one from your side or even yourself are the chosen one, the separation is fleeting. Life is not holden to the Physical. Life is independent; the power of adjustment is in Its hand. Say to the tormentor of the flesh “I know you not, begone; I am Life; I hold the reins of Justice—I am the Law—I am more powerful than the foe lying in ambush.” Build firmly into every thought the step you are to take; weigh your wealth on the scales of equality, measuring no man by the scale of his worldly possessions. Know that as you judge, so shall you be judged. You are the manifesting scale of the Judgment Day which comes like a thief in the night; if you have been a Just Judge you need have no fear of the night.

LIFE brought you here to fulfill its mission; do not become lost in the aggrandizement of the Physical adornment which flourishes only for a time and withers away. Life brought great riches of Love through the Travail of Birth; do not lose sight of your gifts and your duty to Life. Care for your Physical house, keep it clean and healthy; it is not your exclusive right; it belongs to the elements from which it was formed and to which it must return. You are, at the best, only a caretaker; awaken from your hypnotic sleep and behold yourself as a MASTER, not a slave—free yourself from the shackles of half truths and gird on the armor of the WHOLE TRUTH. Know that the LAW which brought you into being will carry you from world to world. Rest in the promise even though the day before you seems devoid of form. The Dawn cometh while darkness yet enshrouds the day.

The World's Awakening

A FANTASY—By LILLIAN RICH

THE GOLDEN glow of the setting sun reflected a flame of radiant color upon the big, blue sea that played at its feet. The air was blowing soft and warm and carried the scent of fragrant flowers, their perfume falling upon the green earth with a delicious sweetness, as from some mystic realm where fairies dwell. It seemed for one brief moment that the gigantic clock of destiny stood still. I bowed my head in deepest reverence; realizing in exultation that I was in communion with the everlasting silence. I seemed wrapped in a shining garment of Love.

Then softly, as if borne on the wings of the twilight, came a voice that I had heard in some far distant dream. It seemed to speak in the dazzling sunset, in the blossoms, and in the songs of the birds.

Minutes passed; and then I saw the form that I had felt. It was a quaint old man with a face so radiantly beautiful that I stood blinded by its shining glory. His snowy hair, thick and abundant, formed a silvery diadem, as if to protect the childlike purity that shone in the deep-set, kindly eyes.

"An artist's model," I thought, portraying one of the ancient prophets. Then, I noticed that he carried a folded easel, a palette and a brush.

"Oh, you're an artist!"

Instantly, his eyes grew sad and misty.

"I have had dreams of a picture," he answered softly.

As he stooped to sit beside me under a rose tree, the gesture caused myriads of petals to fall like a shower of colored raindrops.

"I wish I were a poet, so that I might write something beautiful about this—about the Soul of the Rose," I murmured.

"People who understand the Beauty of Nature, like you do, my child, are the true artists."

"Then perhaps you will show me your picture, for I know it must express the beautiful?"

He slowly shook his head.

"Twilight approaches. I must hasten to my inn. Early tomorrow, while the fragrance of flowers and outdoor things are still in the air—you may come and see my picture. As he spoke the first star of the evening came forth. Somehow, as I gazed from the star to the painter's peaceful face I felt that the star I was now watching must surely be the one that drew the Wise men from the East.

Strange and faroff music echoed through the trees, as he departed down the narrow path that winds to the sea.

* * *

I slept but little that night.

As the golden sun peeped above the eastern horizon, I wandered through a patch of tangled wildwood. The black-birds bathed in the dew at my feet. The robins sang merrily in the trees.

On—on—on to the opal sea. Life, dressed in a golden garment and with a laughing face was everywhere. And

of Nature's Rhapsody. Joyously singing, I paused to kiss and bless a tiny wayside flower.

In the distance, I could see the dear old man sitting on a cliff that overlooked the ocean. As I reached the crest of the hill, I saw his silvery head was lifted skyward. He did not seem to hear my approach.

"Are you dipping your brush into the glorious sunrise?" I whispered.

"No," he answered sweetly, "I was only thinking how those dreamy, drifting clouds look like the gossamer wings of angel children ascending to the Throne of God."

"Last night I thought you resembled some ancient philosopher, but this morning, I feel I am in the presence of an angel."

"What a strange little person you are."

His eyes were still closed as if his thought were still on some mystic vision. Without speaking, he gently took my arm along the path which led to his Sanctuary. There, under a pine tree, where the cool northern light descended, was his easel. He lifted the canvas and sighed deeply.

"Your memory must go back a few years," he said.

Suddenly, as I gazed transfixed, a dark cloud came sweeping across the sky; followed by rays of flaming crimson. I rubbed my eyes—bewildered.

Before that vivid lifelike picture, I saw the red light of pain and passion fall upon a war-stained, battle-trodden country. Everything was shattered. Life and beauty had been destroyed by sword and cannon. Amidst it all, I saw weeping mothers walking, as they sought their living amongst the dead. Frightened, and sensing something I did not understand, I cried: "Take away your picture! It is WAR! CRUEL WAR!"

While I still was speaking, the surface of the picture slowly changed into colors of green, gold and purple—then from out of the east appeared what looked like flocks of vari-colored birds, flying with the rapidity of lightning. The whole number, as if directed by an unknown electric force, began to circle into a vast formation. Suddenly, like the mystic writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, I read in living letters the words:

"POVERTY . . . HUNGER . . . UNEMPLOYMENT . . . !"

Peculiarly fascinated, I drew closer, but instead of birds, the painting was made up of human hands. White hands. Black hands. Red hands. Hands clenched with the grip of greed. Jeweled hands, with painted tips were overshadowed by the cool tender hands that soothed the fevered brow.

Aghast, I closed my eyes for a mo-

(Continued on page 18)

Daily Object Lessons

By LILLIAN RICH

Isn't it strange when we have once entered the Golden Portals of Truth and have become more attuned to the Spiritual Consciousness, even the simple and commonplace things in the material world take on a new and higher significance and become little object lessons in our daily lives?

For instance, who would imagine that the popular game of Jig Saw (which is now sweeping the country) if played in an Understanding way, can manifest and reveal enough of the higher attributes to promote the growth of a Neophyte into the ranks of a Guru in the shortest possible time?

First, this new fad teaches the technique of relaxation and patience; and we all know that this is the precious keynote that leads directly to the path of meditation and concentration.

Second, as we advance into this quiet mental atmosphere, turmoil, confusion, and the outer chaotic conditions vanish; then we get an entirely new concept of the inner life.

The student of the Higher Kingdom, knowing that patience and perseverance is highly necessary for internal discipline, can with this little puzzle as a spiritual guide, blossom forth into a garden of heavenly peace, which will in itself open up fresh channels of expression.

Then again, the putting together of the cut-up, jumbled pieces, develops a keener discrimination which, combined with spiritual knowledge and visualization, produces the wholeness and perfection of the complete prototype.

Truly, God's Divine Plan, symbolizing the Principles of Truth and Wisdom, the ONENESS OF ALL THINGS is, with infinite measure, becoming increasingly evident in the simple objects we contact in our daily lessons.

The Student becomes more simple and humble, too, with a finer and nobler understanding of Spirit. For we, the Soul of the Whole, grow daily by loving and serving God and our fellowmen more and more.

I, her offspring, marveled at it all, for my spirit at one with the Whole, could find its outpouring only in the beauty

WITH OUR TIMES

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Travelers “on the Path” today are fraught with great danger; the foe lurks where you least expect

to find him but if you are sure of your standard you need not fear any enemy, not even Death. Life, your most precious possession, cannot be taken from you. There never was, is not and never shall be any power stronger than the LIFE that brought you into your present form—LIFE which has carried you forever and will continue to wend its way from world to world through aeons of time to come. Once you comprehend the vastness of LIFE with its multiple avenues of expression, its glorious freedom from man-made laws, from the narrow confines of a Physical expression—once you comprehend this and become a free man you will see the folly of carrying the burden of worry that casts dark shadows about you.

Come, walk in the garden of perpetual light, knowing that though the hand of the reaper takes a loved one from your side or even yourself are the chosen one, the separation is fleeting. Life is not holden to the Physical. Life is independent; the power of adjustment is in Its hand. Say to the tormentor of the flesh “I know you not, begone; I am Life; I hold the reins of Justice—I am the Law—I am more powerful than the foe lying in ambush.” Build firmly into every thought the step you are to take; weigh your wealth on the scales of equality, measuring no man by the scale of his worldly possessions. Know that as you judge, so shall you be judged. You are the manifesting scale of the Judgment Day which comes like a thief in the night; if you have been a Just Judge you need have no fear of the night.

LIFE brought you here to fulfill its mission; do not become lost in the aggrandizement of the Physical adornment which flourishes only for a time and withers away. Life brought great riches of Love through the Travail of Birth; do not lose sight of your gifts and your duty to Life. Care for your Physical house, keep it clean and healthy; it is not your exclusive right; it belongs to the elements from which it was formed and to which it must return. You are, at the best, only a caretaker; awaken from your hypnotic sleep and behold yourself as a MASTER, not a slave—free yourself from the shackles of half truths and gird on the armor of the WHOLE TRUTH. Know that the LAW which brought you into being will carry you from world to world. Rest in the promise even though the day before you seems devoid of form. The Dawn cometh while darkness yet enshrouds the day.

The Battle of Armageddon

By A. GARFIELD WILDREN

Minister of the Enumeration—Bible Numerologist



A. Garfield Wildren

THE BATTLE of Armageddon, yet to be fought, is not of Daniel's Prophecy, but the Prophecy of Ezekiel, and but little of the prophecy of the book of Ezekiel has yet been fulfilled. Ezekiel the Priest, the Son of Buzi, describes the whole affair in the 38th and 39th Chapters of the 26th Book in the Bible named after him.

EZEKIEL

5852953—37-10(I) is the same Vibration or measuring value as the word SPIRIT

179992—37-10(I) and through the association of words of the same measuring value we conclude that Ezekiel was a highly spiritual man, for the number 37 indicates science, art, one who inspires, a philosopher, a sage, a distinguished savant and a person of special learning.

Battle of Armageddon

Its meaning as a great Battlefield of Palestine, also Hill of Megiddo, scene of some great Spiritual contests, while Rev. 16-16 literally signifies the Mountain of Mageddon or Megiddo a city situated in the great plain at the foot of Mt. Carmel. Zec. 12-11 says, "In that day shall there be great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon." See also 2nd Chron. 35th chap. 22nd Vs.

Jesus' Reference to Wars

Luke 21, Vs. 9 and on, Matt. 24, Vs. 6, Mark 13, Vs. 7. "And when Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars be ye not troubled, for such things must need be; but the end shall not be yet." The end of the world, or in the LATTER DAYS always referred to the end of an age or dispensation of the periods, known as Aries, Pisces, Aquarius, etc., periods of 2160 years' durations, which

is designated as a world of itself. Each one of these worlds brings on some great event; a great change takes place at the end of an age, such as we are passing through now, transiting the cusps of Pisces and Aquarius. Great wars are fought for various reasons, chiefly—hatred, envy, strife, money, greed, territory, needed by some nations to expand their people, the love of power, the intermingling of nations together that they may know each other better and for the movement of great numbers of souls through death where they then travel to other countries more advanced and there pick up baby bodies and receive soul development they could not receive in their own country, for we know that when war starts, the Birth Rate increases upon the Earth.

These important wars happen at the end of these 2160-year ages to break up the crystallization around the atmosphere of our Earth of the thought forms crystallized during the past age. It took place in Jesus' time, and Jesus came at the beginning of the Piscean Age, and some few years after his Crucifixion Rome invaded Judea, taking Jerusalem and destroying more than a million people. War can be overcome through the Great Brotherhood of Man, and since this Brotherhood is now forming in this Aquarian Age, this Battle of Armageddon will likely be the last Great battle between the nations. It seems some sort of a battle must be gone through, that the Anti-Christ to be set up by the Jews at Palestine, at this time, may be broken up so that the reign of Christ can come in—so that Christ can set his FEET (Understanding) upon the Mount of Olives, the seat of the new Government, as the Jews rejected the Christ 1900 years ago.

Money Needed for New Development Aquarian Age

The development of Palestine at this time will arouse antagonism from the followers of Islam and Turkey, backed by Russia, who will endeavor to recapture Palestine. The unfathomed wealth of the Dead Sea and Palestine is about \$1,154,500,000,000 or ONE Trillion, 154 Billion, 500 Million. FOUR great financial groups, viz., British, American, European and Anglo Palestinian, are hankering after the concession to work the huge mineral and chemical deposits which lie hidden in the depths of the Dead Sea.

Estimated Wealth of the Dead Sea

	Tons
Potash	1,300,000,000
Bromine	853,000,000
Salt	11,900,000,000
Gypsum	81,000,000
Magnesium	22,000,000,000
Estimated value in wealth as (Pounds Money, not Dollars), 240,524,000,000 or 240 Billion 524 Million Pounds. This total represents an amount equal to the	

aggregate income of Great Britain for 100 years.

It has been estimated that the combined wealth of the world is around One Trillion Dollars. That the wealth of the U.S.A. is 400 Billion Dollars or 4/10 of the wealth of the world. It was estimated in 1927 that 150,000 Jews had then returned to Palestine and settled there and that Palestine will become, with the surrounding country, the most fertile and one of the richest provinces in the world. Minerals and rare metals will be found there in abundance and large deposits of Coal and Oil will be discovered in inexhaustible quantities.

The above sets out much of the objective (Monetary) over which the Armageddon Battle will be fought. Immense amounts of money or credits will be needed by the nations to expand themselves with the knowledge to be conveyed to them by the Universe in this oncoming Aquarian Age.

The Nations Who Will Fight

We now go back 10,000 years to the days of Noah and his flood, to Shem, Ham, Japheth, as found in the 10th Chap. Genesis. The Sons of Japheth-Gomer and Magog-Javan and Tubal and Meschech, Sons of Gomer. The one mentioned in this coming Battle is To-garmah. Sons of Tar-shish—all mentioned in Gen. 10. By these were the Isles of the Gentiles divided in their lands; every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations.

The Sons of Ham—Cush—Phut

Sons of CUSH—Seba, Sheba and Dedan.

Sons of Shem—mentioned here, but they do not enter in this battle.

An ancient Chinese Manuscript takes us back to the days of Noah in which, when he (Noah) escaped from the flood with his Family, he instructed Shem to arrange a calendar and when Shem had completed this job he left Babylon and went into Egypt and later became the Father of three sets of Triplets; then he led his followers into Judea and built Jerusalem. The Triplets, however were left behind to rule Egypt. They were, we are assured, quite a different race from the natives and it became clear that ASENATH, wife of Joseph and Mother of Anglo-Saxondom, was of good old Anglo-Shemite stock. Here Joseph the 11th Son of Jacob, who became Prime Minister of Egypt, married Asenath, an Egyptian Princess, stock of Shem, and bore him TWO Sons, Ephraim and Manasseh. Jacob later blessed these boys, took them into the fold and by crossing his hands laid his right hand upon Ephraim the Younger, proclaiming that while Manasseh the elder shall be great also, but truly Ephraim the younger shall be greater than he and his seed shall become a multitude of nations.

(Continued on page 21)

Tarot Cards and American History

By JANA

THERE is a remarkable Kabala, or system of numerology, connected with the meanings of the Tarot Cards. It is usually applied to events in the lives of individuals, but it is also very illuminating in relation to historical events and national affairs.

The age attained during the year in question is added to the year, and the digits of the total again added. The resulting figure refers to the Tarot Card of the same value. (If the total comes to more than 22 consider 23 as 1, 24 as 2, 25 as 3, etc.)

For instance, a person born in January, 1902, is thirty-one years of age in 1933. Thirty-one is added to 1933, making 1964. 1 9 6 4 20. Referring to the tarotic key appended to this article, we find that 20 signifies a spiritual awakening, activity, aspiration. In 1934 the key will be found by adding the year and the age thirty-two, which equals 1966, or 22, egotism, error, blindness. If the individual had been born later in the year, say in May, the influences affecting the first half of the year would be calculated by adding 1933 and 30, those affecting the second half by adding 1933 and 31, as above. If the birthday came still later, in November or December, the whole year would be represented by 1933 plus 30, that is, the person's actual age at the time in question.

Applied to the history of the United States, we find the following interesting results:

Year	Age	Total	Key Number
1776	0	1776	21

Date of birth of the nation. Declaration of Independence. The Crown. Long life, power, honors, wealth.

1783	7	1790	17
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Treaty with England. The Star. Hope, birth, success, expectations.

1789	13	1802	11
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The Constitution. Washington president. Determination, direction of force, vitality.

Year	Age	Total	Key Number
1860	84	1944	18

South Carolina secedes. Darkness, doubt, an adverse change.

1861	85	1946	20
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Lincoln takes office. The Resurrection. A new regime, the call to action for a great cause.

1865	89	1954	19
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Civil war ends. The Sun. Happiness, attainment.

Lincoln, born 1809. Assassinated 1865 at age of 56. For him this year equalled 1921, or 13. Death the Reaper.

Year	Age	Total	Key Number
1916	140	2056	13

The United States declares war on Germany. Death the Reaper. Collapse, ruin, death.

1917	141	2058	15
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Satan. Evil, passion, malice, riot, lawlessness.

1918	142	2060	8
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Armistice signed. Justice, retribution.

These are only a few instances of the accuracy of the Tarot Kabala in interpreting events. Let us see what they show for the immediate past, for the present, and for the future.

1928	152	2080	10
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The Wheel of Fortune. Loss.

1929	153	2082	12
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The Sacrifice. Reversal, overthrow, loss, undoing.

1930	154	2084	14
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The Two Urns. Risk owing to actions of others.

1931	155	2086	16
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The Stricken Tower. Calamity.

1932	156	2088	18
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Darkness, doubt, hesitation. An adverse change.

Hoover, born 1874. 1932 58 1990 19. The Sun. In the positive, this stands for vital energy, strength, success, honors, elevation, and attainment; in the negative, for arrogance, domination, stubbornness, worry.

1933	59	1992	21
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The Crown. Positive, long life, honors, distinction, wealth; negative, selfishness, dominance, enemies.

Roosevelt, born 1882. 1932 50 1982 20. The Resurrection. Positive, the call to action for some great cause, activity, new regime, utility, work; negative, delays and hindrances. 1933 51 1984 22. The Fool. Ordinarily this number is negative, and stands for folly, privation, egotism, vanity, blindness and ruin, a serious mistake. With great effort it may be made positive, and then becomes The Master Builder, fortunate for statesmen and great leaders.

Year	Age	Total	Key Number
1933	157	2090	11

Direction of force, conquest, vitality. In the negative, pessimism, vacillation, hidden danger.

1934	158	2092	13
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Death the Reaper. Reaction, disappointment, collapse. With effort this vibration becomes positive, and then stands for change, spiritual ascension after discord, happiness through effort.

1935	159	2094	15
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Satan. Evil, controversy, fatality, malice, riot, and lawlessness. Or, with effort, good fortune. This number always implies selfishness, however.

1936	160	2096	17
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The Star. Faith, hope, birth, success.

Year	Age	Total	Key Number
1937	161	2098	19

The Sun. Joy, happiness, strength, attainment.

1938	162	2100	3
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Production, expansion, growth, riches, plenty.

1939	163	2102	5
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Religion, discipline, teaching, liberty and regulation.

1940	164	2104	7
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Knowledge, progress. Victory of the spirit, harmony.

We are too near the events of the past few years to evaluate them absolutely. Some will feel that the positive side more nearly fits the facts, others that the negative gives an accurate picture. Probably there is a good deal of truth in both.

At any rate, on the basis of this outline, Roosevelt's election is clearly foretold, even though Hoover's personal numbers for 1932 and 1933 seem auspicious. For the country, 1932 is shown to be a year of change, while for Roosevelt it is "a call to action, a new regime." Such a combination would be difficult to overcome.

As nearly as we can guess, upon Roosevelt's taking office in 1933, there is a temporary upward, constructive trend, followed by two horrible years of misfortune, perhaps even of war, brought on, apparently, by his mistakes. He will mend these ways in 1934 and 1935, but it will be too late to alter their bad effects, and not until 1936 may we look for the beginning of a new period. The years following are glorious ones, however, and show us at last profiting spiritually from the lessons of the depression.

(Note: No number is absolutely good or bad, but has both positive and negative phases. It depends entirely upon the individual whether a year is fortunate or otherwise. The most frequent meanings of the numbers are given below. Their opposites can easily be reasoned out.)

1. *The Magician*. Construction, a new start. Creative will, the mastery of forces. Purpose, ambition, action. Be self-reliant. Negative: egotism.
2. *The Priestess*. Imagination and adaptation. A passive and conservative year. Do not force any issues. Negative: weakness of will.
3. *The Empress*. Wealth and self-expression. Production, expansion, riches, plenty. Changes, investments, commerce. Make the most of opportunities. Negative: selfishness.

Continued on page 23)

The World's Awakening

A FANTASY—By LILLIAN RICH

THE GOLDEN glow of the setting sun reflected a flame of radiant color upon the big, blue sea that played at its feet. The air was blowing soft and warm and carried the scent of fragrant flowers, their perfume falling upon the green earth with a delicious sweetness, as from some mystic realm where fairies dwell. It seemed for one brief moment that the gigantic clock of destiny stood still. I bowed my head in deepest reverence; realizing in exultation that I was in communion with the everlasting silence. I seemed wrapped in a shining garment of Love.

Then softly, as if borne on the wings of the twilight, came a voice that I had heard in some far distant dream. It seemed to speak in the dazzling sunset, in the blossoms, and in the songs of the birds.

Minutes passed; and then I saw the form that I had felt. It was a quaint old man with a face so radiantly beautiful that I stood blinded by its shining glory. His snowy hair, thick and abundant, formed a silvery diadem, as if to protect the childlike purity that shone in the deep-set, kindly eyes.

"An artist's model," I thought, portraying one of the ancient prophets. Then, I noticed that he carried a folded easel, a palette and a brush.

"Oh, you're an artist!"

Instantly, his eyes grew sad and misty.

"I have had dreams of a picture," he answered softly.

As he stooped to sit beside me under a rose tree, the gesture caused myriads of petals to fall like a shower of colored raindrops.

"I wish I were a poet, so that I might write something beautiful about this—about the Soul of the Rose," I murmured.

"People who understand the Beauty of Nature, like you do, my child, are the true artists."

"Then perhaps you will show me your picture, for I know it must express the beautiful?"

He slowly shook his head.

"Twilight approaches. I must hasten to my inn. Early tomorrow, while the fragrance of flowers and outdoor things are still in the air—you may come and see my picture. As he spoke the first star of the evening came forth. Somehow, as I gazed from the star to the painter's peaceful face I felt that the star I was now watching must surely be the one that drew the Wise men from the East.

Strange and faroff music echoed through the trees, as he departed down the narrow path that winds to the sea.

* * *

I slept but little that night.

As the golden sun peeped above the eastern horizon, I wandered through a patch of tangled wildwood. The blackbirds bathed in the dew at my feet. The robins sang merrily in the trees.

On—on—on to the opal sea. Life, dressed in a golden garment and with a laughing face was everywhere. And

of Nature's Rhapsody. Joyously singing, I paused to kiss and bless a tiny wayside flower.

In the distance, I could see the dear old man sitting on a cliff that overlooked the ocean. As I reached the crest of the hill, I saw his silvery head was lifted skyward. He did not seem to hear my approach.

"Are you dipping your brush into the glorious sunrise?" I whispered.

"No," he answered sweetly, "I was only thinking how those dreamy, drifting clouds look like the gossamer wings of angel children ascending to the Throne of God."

"Last night I thought you resembled some ancient philosopher, but this morning, I feel I am in the presence of an angel."

"What a strange little person you are."

His eyes were still closed as if his thought were still on some mystic vision. Without speaking, he gently took my arm along the path which led to his Sanctuary. There, under a pine tree, where the cool northern light descended, was his easel. He lifted the canvas and sighed deeply.

"Your memory must go back a few years," he said.

Suddenly, as I gazed transfixed, a dark cloud came sweeping across the sky; followed by rays of flaming crimson. I rubbed my eyes—bewildered.

Before that vivid lifelike picture, I saw the red light of pain and passion fall upon a war-stained, battle-trodden country. Everything was shattered. Life and beauty had been destroyed by sword and cannon. Amidst it all, I saw weeping mothers walking, as they sought their living amongst the dead. Frightened, and sensing something I did not understand, I cried: "Take away your picture! It is WAR! CRUEL WAR!"

While I still was speaking, the surface of the picture slowly changed into colors of green, gold and purple—then from out of the east appeared what looked like flocks of vari-colored birds, flying with the rapidity of lightning. The whole number, as if directed by an unknown electric force, began to circle into a vast formation. Suddenly, like the mystic writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, I read in living letters the words:

"POVERTY . . . HUNGER . . . UNEMPLOYMENT . . . !"

Peculiarly fascinated, I drew closer, but instead of birds, the painting was made up of human hands. White hands. Black hands. Red hands. Hands clenched with the grip of greed. Jeweled hands, with painted tips were overshadowed by the cool tender hands that soothed the fevered brow.

Aghast, I closed my eyes for a mo-

(Continued on page 18)

Daily Object Lessons

By LILLIAN RICH

Isn't it strange when we have once entered the Golden Portals of Truth and have become more attuned to the Spiritual Consciousness, even the simple and commonplace things in the material world take on a new and higher significance and become little object lessons in our daily lives?

For instance, who would imagine that the popular game of Jig Saw (which is now sweeping the country) if played in an Understanding way, can manifest and reveal enough of the higher attributes to promote the growth of a Neophyte into the ranks of a Guru in the shortest possible time?

First, this new fad teaches the technique of relaxation and patience; and we all know that this is the precious keynote that leads directly to the path of meditation and concentration.

Second, as we advance into this quiet mental atmosphere, turmoil, confusion, and the outer chaotic conditions vanish; then we get an entirely new concept of the inner life.

The student of the Higher Kingdom, knowing that patience and perseverance is highly necessary for internal discipline, can with this little puzzle as a spiritual guide, blossom forth into a garden of heavenly peace, which will in itself open up fresh channels of expression.

Then again, the putting together of the cut-up, jumbled pieces, develops a keener discrimination which, combined with spiritual knowledge and visualization, produces the wholeness and perfection of the complete prototype.

Truly, God's Divine Plan, symbolizing the Principles of Truth and Wisdom, the ONENESS OF ALL THINGS is, with infinite measure, becoming increasingly evident in the simple objects we contact in our daily lessons.

The Student becomes more simple and humble, too, with a finer and nobler understanding of Spirit. For we, the Soul of the Whole, grow daily by loving and serving God and our fellowmen more and more.

I, her offspring, marveled at it all, for my spirit at one with the Whole, could find its outpouring only in the beauty

Analysis of the Hand of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

By ALICE DENTON JENNINGS



Alice Denton Jennings



Edith Bolling Wilson

THE IMPRESSION of the right hand of Edith Bolling Wilson, widow of President Woodrow Wilson, is in itself a remarkable instance of the expression of character shown by the shape of the hand as well as the lines.

The type of Mrs. Wilson's hand is that of the artistic, but one dominated by a long thumb, showing will power and strength of character.

All the lines on the palm are extremely fine, the skin of the hand also being of this quality. This is all in keeping with the basic character of this outstanding woman, who has made a distinct place for herself in the hearts and minds of the American people.

The Line of Head, being closely joined to that of Life, tells of her extremely sensitive, retiring nature, while the line itself, having such a graceful slope towards and into the upper part of the Mount of Luna, increases the artistic qualities shown by the shape and type of hand. It is the Line of Head that is the most dominant line in the hand. In its position on the palm, it causes the spacing between the Head and Heart lines to be almost perfectly shaped and even from one side to the other, denoting in itself Mrs. Wilson's level headed way of regarding life, her sound judgment and mental control over self.

The Line of Heart rising between the first and second fingers denotes an intense love of home, a sincere and deeply affectionate disposition.

An extremely straight and heavily marked Line of Fate appears on this hand, starting at the wrist and running far up into the palm without change or deviation. Two Sun Lines shoot out from it at about the 21st and 35th years. Both ages were like milestones in the career, especially the later date, when Mrs. Wilson's life became definitely before the public. A second or outer Fate line joins the Line of Sun

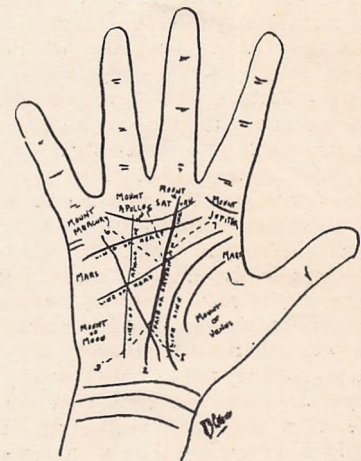
at about this time. This is a most significant indication when seen on any hand. It denotes a hidden or inside force, backing up as it were the Fate as it appears to the "eyes of the world," and as this outer Line of Fate succeeds in the end in joining, or taking the place of the first Line of Fate, becomes a wonderful promise of success in whatever the desires or ambitions may be. It is that inexplicable "something" in the lives of those who hold on to their purpose in spite of every obstacle and make of their life or work what they in their dream life imagined it would be.

The clearness and separation of the Fate Line from the Line of Life is an indication of strong individuality and independence of spirit.

The spirit of co-operation is shown in this hand by the Mount of Jupiter developed towards the Mount of Saturn. This is increased by the type thumb and shape of the hand. Courage is shown by a well developed Mount of Mars, whereas courage in emergencies is indicated by the spearhead on the Mount of Mars.

This hand also contains the rare and unusual Line of Intuition very strongly and clearly marked. Mrs. Wilson will always be right, provided she follows her first impression of both people and things.

(Continued on page 21)



KEY TO LINES IN THE HAND

1. Fate rising from Life-Line
2. Fate rising from wrist
3. Fate rising from Moon
4. Ending on Mount of Saturn
5. Ending on Mount of Apollo
6. Ending on Mount of Mercury
7. Ending on Mount of Jupiter

Turning the Earth Into Eden by Astrological Birth-Control

By HAASAN OSIRIS

How to avoid ill-fated children ... Your duty to your child and to humanity

Mankind goes on, haphazardly bringing children into the world, having them conceived at any old time and born at any old time without half as much thought and planning as is used in the breeding of animals, the raising of a crop, the building of a house or the organizing of a business.

(Continued from last month)

SO WITH the begetting of children, people are amateurs and are gambling with fate or luck without taking proper precautions so as to avoid scrambling nature's chemicals, and so running the chance of producing an undesirable effect.

If only a few of the simpler, elementary rules are observed it will help a great deal towards producing a better quality of mankind. Following is a list of the twelve Zodiacal Signs, the dates they cover, and the quality of the sign. You should familiarize yourself with these dates and qualities:

Aries—Mar. 21 to Apr. 19; Fire.
Taurus—Apr. 20 to May 20; Earth.
Gemini—May 21 to June 20; Air.
Cancer—June 21 to July 22; Water.
Leo—July 23 to Aug. 22; Fire.
Virgo—Aug. 23 to Sept. 22; Earth.
Libra—Sept. 23 to Oct. 22; Air.
Scorpio—Oct. 23 to Nov. 21; Water.
Sagittarius—Nov. 22 to Dec. 21; Fire.
Capricorn—Dec. 22 to Jan. 19; Earth.
Aquarius—Jan. 20 to Feb. 19; Air.
Pisces—Feb. 20 to Mar. 20; Water.

Take notice of the elements of each sign in the right-hand column. You know from experience that fire needs air to burn, therefore fire signs and air signs harmonize. But you also know that fire and water do not mix, therefore fire signs and water signs do not mix well together.

The signs which harmonize best are fire signs with air signs; and water signs with earth signs. A man and wife born in fire and air signs respectively should have children born also in some of the air or fire signs. In this way, there will be no friction of ideas and the family will usually be happy and harmonious. A man and his wife born in water and earth signs should have children born in some of the water or earth signs. But can you imagine how great a friction there would develop when the child grows up and is old enough to form ideas of its own if the parents are both water signs and the child happens to be in a fire sign? The parents would wish the child to be and act according to their ideas, which would naturally be different than the child's ideas, and there would be no end of worry.

Parents born in the same sign, or



Haasan Osiris

if both are born in a sign of the same quality, should have children born in the signs that harmonize with such signs. Children born in the same sign as their parents seldom harmonize with them.

Now in the case of mixed marriages; that is, if marriage has taken place out of astrological harmony, such as a father in a fire sign and a mother in an earth sign—then the children should be born in an air sign at a time when the important planets are in earth signs, or vice versa. For this information it will be necessary to consult an astrologer who is familiar with the prenatal epoch and who specializes in birth-control information. In all mixed astrological marriages there are so many things to take into consideration that it would be best for them to consult an astrologer before attempting to have children.

The time will come—and it is not far distant—when mixed marriages will not occur. People will realize the importance of marrying someone astrologically harmonious with them, and therefore the raising of children will become a simpler matter.

There are no general rules that can be given so that the ordinary layman

may determine the sex of children and have either a boy or girl without consulting an astrologer, because there are so many things to take into consideration that the regular business person would not understand, and it would be much easier to let an expert do the calculation and advise the date for conception to take place to produce the results desired.

Some people have the ambition to have their child follow a certain profession. It is foolish to pick out a profession and try to mold the child into it, if it does not have the natural faculties or qualities to become such a professional. Better indeed, to pick the profession and then have the child born to it. In the list below you will likely find listed the various professions and lines of endeavor that you may wish your child to follow. You will also note some professions are repeated in some signs; this is, so that no matter what quality of sign you have to have your child born in to harmonize with you, you'll find a sign that is harmonious with yours and at the same time one that will make of that child the professional you desire.

ARIES produces:

Doctors, Dentists, Travelers, Inventors, Electrical Experts, Authors, Musicians, Teachers, Actors and Actresses, Technicians, etc.

TAURUS produces:

Nurses, Doctors, Artists, Store Managers, Mechanics, Astrologers, etc.

GEMINI produces:

Lawyers, Travelers, Bookkeepers, Office Help, Publishers, Artists, etc.

CANCER produces:

Travelers, Agents, Bankers, Brokers, Sailors, Laborers, Nurses, etc.

LEO produces:

Mechanics, Travelers, Politicians, Astrologers, Photographers, etc.

VIRGO produces:

Nurses, Musicians, Dancers, Teachers, Secretaries, Actors and Actresses, Artists, Authors, Doctors, Ministers, etc.

LIBRA produces:

Teachers, Musicians, Singers, Actors and Actresses, Writers, Artists, etc.

(Continued on page 19)

Occult and Psychic Experiences

Told by Our Readers

Forewarned

By MERLE TAYLOR

THERE were seven of us at the seance expecting the trumpet to go up most any minute when a vision was flashed before me of Mrs. K., a medium whom all seven of us knew personally.

Mrs. K. was terribly agitated. A turned over automobile was beside her, on the road, her coat was open to the cold and she silently wrung her hands, looking this way and that.

I gasped in surprise, "Mrs. K."

Someone else in the circle said, "I see a telephone pole, and she is in her car headed straight for it." "Has she been in an accident?" we wondered until the trumpet guide voiced: "A warning!"

"Should we tell her?" we asked wondering why such a good medium as Mrs. K. would need our warning for none of us were so well developed as she. "Yes," he answered noncommittantly.

This was on Saturday night. We could not reach her by telephone so we wrote her a letter which she received on Wednesday morning as she was preparing for a trip to a neighboring city, in company with another lady. In haste to be started, she tossed her letters in the car to read later, asking her friend to open, "that one from the club" which was the one we had sent and which she supposed was an invitation from a club she favored.

A light mist was falling as her friend read our warning aloud, Mrs. K. told us

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One Drop of Blood!

By CIWA LYFORD LYNCH

YOU can take this as you please,—believe it or not, as they say, but when Ross told it to me I swear he was telling what he believed to be the truth. And the evidence, as he calls it. . . .

In the little Mexican town was a wishing shrine, one of those things at which you light a candle and wish, and if it stays lit the wish comes true. Ross had been doing some exploring down that way, and usually saw the people come, towards evening, with their little candles. They set them in the small semi-circle of adobe bricks, lit the wicks, and then went away. So on the evening he tells of there was nothing unusual in the group who approached.

But suddenly, just as an old woman neared the wall a long shrill scream sounded, eerie in the twilight. There was rather a thick growth of Manzanita trees just past the shrine and everybody looked in that direction for a possible explanation. But there was no movement nor sign of life. The old lady near the wall uttered a frightened sigh,

and leaned against it to steady herself, when she shrieked and fell to the ground. For there, on the opposite side of the half-circle, seemingly in the adobe, was a woman. No mortal woman, surely, for through her could be seen the last rays of the dying day, and she wore a loose flowing white robe that fluttered in an invisible breeze. Her head and shoulders, above the wall, seemed to be just a part of the air itself, and as she moved, her feet were a good two inches from the ground. The crowd yelled and shrieked hysterically and ran for their lives. But Ross, who had always prided himself on not being superstitious, stood where he was and stared at her.

She motioned toward him and unconsciously he moved forward until he stood close to her, close enough to prove to himself that she was not flesh—for her whole body was transparent. She spoke then, in Spanish, in a sad low voice that set all his nerves tingling, and said, "Help me, help me, O youth, for I have waited three hundred years for you—a man with blue eyes and red hair, as the curse decreed. None but you can release me—ah, help!"

Ross stared at her in horror, for as she spoke great drops of blood appeared all down the left side of her snowy robe, as though coming from her heart.

"Do not be afraid," she cried desperately, "and believe all I say. I cannot speak long, for when my allotment of words is ended so ends my heart's blood, and I must be as dead for a hundred years. Listen, O youth. If you follow me, save me, I give you wealth, jewels, whatever you desire. Only you must come so that I may use yourself to darken me, and so get through the light. Your presence will lend me the blackness. Oh, help, and ask me few questions, for my heart is robbed cruelly with all the words I speak. Promise, promise, that you will follow—"

"Yes, yes," Ross cried, aghast, watching the dress grow darker with blood, "I shall follow, anywhere, but speak no more."

She smiled gratefully, and a radiant glow suffused her. Turning, she beckoned, and he followed silently into the heavy darkness, where only the light from her robe glimmered. All external sensations were gone, and it seemed that he followed her down, down, where the darkness became heavier, clinging. The way was smooth, and at intervals the descent made him dizzy. She turned to face him suddenly, and fell to her knees before him.

"What is it?" he asked in a whisper.

She put her finger to her lips and laying her hand on her heart shook her head gently. She closed her eyes for a moment and then moved her lips slowly. Ross could see that she was be-

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Souls and Soles

A Strange Tale of Levitation

By GUSSIE ROSS JOBE

SHE was such a ragged, forlorn, little tyke that my heart went out to her from the first glimpse that I had of her as she struggled between two Orderlies in their efforts to keep her from entering the accident room, behind an ambulance stretcher; she kicked and bit and fought the two boys like a trapped wild animal.

I was night cook at the Memorial Hospital and tonight I was a trifle behind with the preparations for the midnight meal and was hurrying from the main kitchen to the nurses' dining room with a tray of sliced bread when the scuffle down the hall halted my footsteps. Seeing me standing there in my white uniform she must have thought me a nurse for she broke from the Orderlies' grasp and came running toward me; flinging her arms around my hips she clung to me, a quivering, sobbing Tatterdenalion.

"You make them let me in there with my mother!" I set the bread tray upon the railing and took the frantic child into my arms; the two Orderlies came up to us panting and sucking scratches from her nails, and rubbing their aching shins. "What is it?" I asked them. "Accident. Mother knocked down by a car." The boy gave me a significant look, raising his brows slightly. "Now come on back with me, sister." He held out a coaxing hand but she began screaming again and clinging to me.

"Let her stay awhile," I interceded, "until I quiet her. Do you want to help me get the supper, Pet?"

"No! I want to go to my mother in that room!"

"You let the doctors have a chance first, dear. Come with me . . . did you ever crack ice?"

I gave her a pick and a block of ice and pretended I was awfully thankful for the little chore, as I was so busy, and soon she was painstakingly chipping ice and telling me about the accident.

"They had no business to run over her," she complained. "Because she has asthma and can't run fast like me."

"How did it happen?" I encouraged her.

"We were going to the cobbler's to get my other shoes, see . . . these are all split, and my good shoes were having half-soles put on."

"I see," said I.

"And we started to cross the street and it come lickety-split, and I got over and Mom . . . and Mom . . ." she paused and gulped. The tears again coursed down the channels of dirt on her little pointed face.

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The Road to Tomorrow

By BEATRICE B. BEEBE

(Continued from last month)

THERE followed a terrible buzzing in Dick's ears and he lost all sense of his surroundings. When consciousness slowly returned and he had removed the receivers with their dreadful whirr, he found the pages of his manuscript lying in confusion about him. Fearing to look at them lest he should find it had all been a dream, he crawled to the davenport and stretched himself upon it, irresistibly drowsy.

When he awoke it was nearing time for his brother's return, so, making an effort not to see the pages, Dick gathered the scattered leaves and placed them quickly in a drawer of the desk, dimly conscious in the fading light of handwriting on the typed sheets where none had been before.

He made no mention to Jack of his experiences and his brother concluded his erratic fit was over. At ease concerning Dick's condition, Jack decided to keep the theatre engagement he had made for that evening some weeks before. Dick was secretly glad. He would be left alone to probe the false-ness or reality of the day's events.

Upon withdrawing the sheaf of papers from the drawer, he found his dream was not an idle one. There, on page after page, were the hastily scribbled corrections, mute evidence of the mental reality.

And now he was bent upon submitting the altered manuscript on the following day to Bernardo, famous director and a personal friend. He had not had the courage to do so before. The little Corona ticked busily much of the night, long after Jack had returned and fallen into a heavy sleep and again the following morning, until the three acts of THE ROAD TO TOMORROW were neatly typed and ready for the director's eye.

When Jack returned for supper that evening, he found the typewriter covered and beside it an attractive manuscript bearing the title page: THE ROAD TO TOMORROW, A FANTASY IN THREE ACTS, by Richard Love.

Jack waited for an hour but Dick did not appear. Where could he be? It was not like him to be away at meal time without leaving a note and there was none to be found on top of the radio, the agreed place for leaving messages.

When Jack had finished eating and there was still no sign of his brother he was a bit worried. Thoughts of Dick reminded him of the new radio equipment and to while away the time he adjusted the ear phones and twirled the dials.

Almost at once there was a peculiar buzzing and a shuddering premonition stole over him that Dick needed him, was calling to him. Gradually he

became conscious of a voice. Could it be Dick's? What was it saying? Just a jumble of syllables.

And then he received the idea that his brother had gone to call on Will Shakespeare, and wanted him, Jack, to take the manuscript he would find lying by the typewriter to their friend Bernardo that very evening, as Dick had not had time to do so himself before leaving for Shakespeare's home.

Distinctness melted again into a buzz, and when Jack tried to remember his brother's exact words he found he could recall no definite expressions although he felt the idea had been clearly conveyed.

"Guess I was more tired than I thought and fell asleep for a few moments," Jack tried to reassure himself, but to no avail. He could not rid himself of a growing belief that his brother had actually sent a message.

A force beyond his control impelled him to go to the telephone where he called Bernardo and stated his mission. He decided to make no mention as to how he happened to be acting as his brother's agent. Bernardo's reply unaccountably startled him. "I've been thinking of Dick all day. Can't seem to get him out of my mind. I'll be very glad to go over the play with you this evening."

With a shudder Jack answered, "I'll be right over," donned his overcoat for the late April night was a chilly one, and soon presented himself and the manuscript at the door of the director's apartment. The warm glow of the cheerful fire blazing on the hearth somewhat restored his spirits.

Bernardo was eager to begin the reading. The title intrigued him and he read to the end of the text without comment. Then, laying the pages on his knee and looking thoughtfully into the fire, he said simply, "It is a wonderful play!"

For almost an hour the two men sat in silence. Jack tried to smoke, but the cigarette tasted flat and he threw it into the fire. Finally Bernardo asked, "Do you know how your brother came to write this?"

Jack could not bring himself to relate the peculiar circumstances incident to the creation of the play, so replied non-committally, "He doesn't discuss his writing with me. Guess he thinks I'm too practical to be sympathetic. Perhaps I am."

When Jack started for home Bernardo placed in his hands a check for one thousand dollars, payable to Richard Love. "Tell him thoughts like his cannot be paid for in money, not adequately, that is," Bernardo said as he shook Jack's hand with a hearty "Goodnight."

Jack slept but little that night nor the five nights which followed, for Dick

did not return, and the finger of suspicion was being uncomfortably directed toward himself and one other—Dorothy MacDonald—whose quarrel with her fiance had been discovered by the press.

On the seventh night after his brother's disappearance, Jack answered the telephone to find Dorothy on the line inquiring what he had heard during the day. In a panic of grief he finally told her of the radio experiences he had heretofore regarded as purely imaginary.

"You'll think me an awful idiot," he said, "but I've got to tell someone, and although I never thought you cared much for my brother, I know he loved you. Of course, I know it's all bunk, the radio stuff. That is, I did. Now I don't know what to think."

"Oh, Jack, perhaps he was right! Do you suppose our unbelief has driven him away?"

"Unbelief?"

"If he knew we were under suspicion," Dorothy went on, "you, because of that check, and I, on account of our silly quarrel, he'd never rest until he came back and cleared us."

"Came back! You've given me an idea. I'll get busy. Call you later."

With that Jack rammed the receiver on its hook, and, trembling so that he could scarcely control his movements, he began an apparently aimless turning of the controls of the transmitting apparatus and frantically called for station AIR.

"Deliver a message immediately to Richard Love. He is thought to be—no, known to be—visiting Will Shakespeare. Tell him his brother and his sweetheart are suspected of his murder, and beg him to come and clear them. And be sure to tell him that Bernardo accepted his play and it will soon be produced at the Broadway. That's all. Rush it, please. This is his brother Jack broadcasting."

Three times Jack repeated the message, then, weak from excitement, he staggered to the bed and was soon fast asleep. In the early morning he was aroused by the shrill cry of a newsboy, "Hextry! Hextry! Body of missing man found!"

Jack rushed to the window and hailed the disappearing newsie. In exchange for a clammy nickel the boy thrust into Jack's hand a copy of the extra. There, in broad headlines, was the answer to his prayer.

REMAINS OF RICHARD LOVE
FOUND IN VACANT LOT
NO MARKS OF VIOLENCE
ON BODY
DEATH ATTRIBUTED TO
HEART FAILURE

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GRANDFATHER

By ELIZABETH WITMER LOCKE



IT WAS tulip-time. A mother and her seven-year-old son were sitting on a bench in the flower garden. She had just been telling him how much his deceased grandfather had loved tulips. Great-grandmother had been a flower lover and the sight of beautiful tulips always carried Grandfather back to boyhood days with her, for she had so many each spring.

The boy said to her, "Do you see that biggest one over there, Mother, that reddest one? I think it is the nicest, don't you? It is standing so straight and tall and looking so happy, because Grandfather is coming to see it this morning!"

For a moment what the child said seemed a strange thing. Then all sense of queerness was gone! It was quite the expected thing; yes, that explained why her heart felt so light and joyous. *Grandfather was coming!* Of course the tulips would be at their best!

But she had something more wonderful than tulips to show him; oh, vastly so! She glanced quickly at her eldest son. He seemed shining with the glory of the morning. He, too, was standing straight and tall, a perfectly modeled little figure. His honest brown eyes were aflame and seemed to be looking far beyond anything in their line of vision. For a moment her soul worshipped, then she trailed the direction of his glance.

Grandfather *was* coming! Away down the path and he was not coming slowly and with enfeebled tread. He was in good flesh, health radiating

from him! Nearer and nearer! Oh, was breathing going to become too difficult, she wondered. It must not—nothing must be allowed to dim this wonderful reality—this thing which she had longed for and had thought impossible, but was now to be!

A sudden electrifying movement of the boy brought her eyes back to him. It was the clicking together of little heels that she had heard and he was now standing in the military attitude of attention. Grandfather had caught the spirit of the game, clad himself in the dignity befitting an army officer and stopped short in front of the lad, who saluted with reverence and was answered smartly.

Then the game was over. The solemnity fell from their faces, gay laughter followed and Grandfather's hand eagerly grasped its miniature and drew the lad over to the bench where sat the adoring, spell-bound daughter and mother. Grandfather sat down close beside her. One arm encircled her shoulders, while the other held little lad close to his side. He looked long and searchingly into his daughter's clinging eyes. "He is a fine lad, daughter!"

"He had you for grandsire!"

"And you for mother," came the quick response. "You have poured much earnestness, labor, prayer and love into his little life and they all show, daughter. That is what makes him so fine!"

"I have done my best to make him just like you, father, for he is by nature so nearly so. It has been wonderful to watch your traits appear in him and to see how quickly he responds to the teaching of virtues that were so highly developed in you.

"And look at the hands." She took a hand of each and spread them upon her father's knees, palms down. Grandfather looked at them and smiled. There were the same strong square fingers, set evenly upon a stocky palm. The thumb was the most interesting member, for in its construction and joining it was more independent of the hand than most thumbs. This was more noticeable when she turned the hands over with the palms up. The thumb had a wide, loose joining to the palm of an otherwise tightly bound hand. The whole construction bespoke strength coupled with skill.

"I always thought they were like yours, father, and I am hoping that all the skill of yours will come, too, some day. They are dear, busy hands and love so to help; they are gentle with nature's tiny weak creatures and yet so able to deal four-square blows when rights must be defended."

The big hand slowly took possession of the small one again and gave it a gentle squeeze.

For some time there had been the loud regular beat of something. The mother thought at first it was her own heart, for it was so near to bursting with joy at this meeting. Now Grandfather was beginning to notice it. Turning to the mother he said, "What is it?"

The lad at his side answered, "It is our other boy, Grandfather. He is in the workshop making an aeroplane. I guess he has made about a hundred of them."

"Go and bring him here, lad, and bring the aeroplane, too."

The child sprang away and returned leading a smaller boy. They did not look like brothers. This one was blonde with hair the color of cornsilk and eyes like bluebells. Under one small arm he had the latest evidence of his craft, the aeroplane. Big brother led him up to Grandfather's knees. The steady, earnest blue eyes were gazing raptly at Grandfather's kind face, and Grandfather was giving back the look with full measure. A yearning hand went out and ruffled the yellow hair. "Grandfather's boy, too! Ah, he is so fine!"

Little brother laid his aeroplane across Grandfather's lap and said, "It is the dandiest one I have ever made, Grandfather. I did my best for I knew you were coming today! It is like Lindbergh's," and he began explaining all the details of the work, Grandfather listening and admiring with his whole being.

"That is a good aeroplane, my boy. Grandfather is proud of it," he said.

Then the mother spoke. "He is a different lad, father. Just as fine as he can be, but not like big brother."

She caught up one of his hands and spread it out on her own. "See this hand. It really belongs to a girl, doesn't it, so slight and delicate and molded down into such a slender wrist. You would hardly think it was the hand making those hammer strokes. You should see what it can do with crayon at the blackboard. It draws pictures, putting in clever touches that give them more individuality than the general run of drawings made by children of his age." Then, with a laughing catch of the breath, the mother said, "He, too, is wonderful, because he is mine!"

"Yes, I know," nodded Grandfather, "I had a tiny girl once, who was nothing short of marvelous, just because she belonged to me!"

The aeroplane was laid reverently on the grass and its small maker was lifted to Grandfather's lap, while the bigger boy came and stood at his mother's knees and thrust one hand into Grandfather's hand.

Silence held them for a short time. The mother and her sons never took their longing eyes from the face they were so hungry to see, and Grandfather

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Things Worth Knowing

READERS' PAGE

Works Versus Faith

By C. L. BARNES

THE RADIO is hailed as one of the outstanding discoveries of man but the most remarkable thing proven by radio and which has been disregarded, is the human body, a natural radio, functioning involuntarily, doing the same thing the mechanical radio does, that is, intercepting vibrational forces that may be circulating through the ether; yet no one seems to have become much interested in what this may mean. There are no exceptions to these body radios, we all have "IT" and a field of investigation is open that is limitless.

That the body is a radio will and does explain some of the phases of Psychic Phenomena such as Healing, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience and Trance manifestations and very likely the mechanical radio will demonstrate the "why" of the levitation and independent phases which actually are as simple and as understandable as why water runs down grade, but which at present is not explained reasonably by the sensitives possessing the phases.

When we get over our ignorance of what this physical body radio can do the clergy will get the shock of their lives and they will have something to "view with alarm" for it is going to explain the so-called miracles of the Bible, take them out of the miracle class and put them on the switch and dial basis of your mechanical radio which, if we hark back to the Bible is what Jesus said—"The things I do, ye can do and greater."

This mechanical radio, supplemented by the physical body radio, is going to turn the established orthodox churches upside down and either compel them to admit that communication with the so-called dead is a NATURAL DEMONSTRABLE FACT, having nothing more of the miraculous or impossible about it than a telephone has when we dial correctly or else the church is going to lose those of its members who do their own thinking.

And it is not going to "destroy religion" only to the extent of removing the vestment of semi-superstition with which the clergy have always clothed religion. The acceptance of the Biblical "miracles" by those who believe them true does not make them true any more than their rejection by the non-believer makes them untrue and the argument can go on forever and never be settled until those self same miracles be duplicated here and now. Yet the exponents of orthodox Theology are the last ones to attempt to perform the things that their dogma is based upon and the first to condemn, deny and attack anyone who says they can be done. Why

should a clergyman go into a Theological *faith* tailspin when some one asks—why not try and prove these miracles: did not Jesus state that "Faith without works (performance) is nothing?" Did he lie or did he not, when he said "What I do ye can do also?"

Marconi recently announced that he had found out how to send power through the air independently of wires and propel ships thereby. We believe this because we know Marconi proved it before proclaiming it and we do not consider it a miracle or due to some Divine dispensation granted to Marconi and denied to everyone else as we have been taught to consider things applied to Jesus when He walked on the water and when he materialized "to upward of 500." Perhaps Jesus knew how to produce these ABSOLUTELY NATURAL manifestations of the material body. Both levitation and materialization are produced because of the action of impersonal and impartial NATURAL FORCE probably closely related to electrical force and these forces were active millions of years before the time of Jesus. These vibratory forces manifest today through sensitives all over the world and of all races and religions and these sensitives are largely classed as frauds whereas the most of them are too dumb to be crooked.

Jesus walked upon the water because of the operation of the same force that Marconi used to propel a ship. Marconi used a mechanical machine to "step up" and control this force. Jesus used his physical body, either consciously or unconsciously and produced the same results. One is as much a miracle as the other. A radio could not be possible fifty years ago. Aeroplanes were beyond reason fifty years ago—even the automobile was unknown fifty years back and Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was so fantastic that some of the clergy advocated its suppression; yet it only described a submarine and a trip in it.

We admit that the space about us contains air for we can feel and hear its activities although we cannot see air and we know that our radio catches sound vibrations out of this same space. This being true there can reasonably be other forces or elements circulating in space that are too subtle or too delicate to be felt, heard or seen with the normal senses. Simply because we do not see, hear or feel certain elements or forces that may be operative in this space, does not, by any process of reason, do away with their possibility. Neither is there anything miraculous about the fact that these forces or elements are operative and that they may be intelligently controlled and made use of.

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Flashes of Prevision

By PEARL M. HOLMES

MAN presents many a piteous spectacle in his weakness and limitation but the saddest is his inherent desire to peer into the future. Every locality and country under the sun has its fortune tellers, with their various devices of forecast. This is a custom as old as the human race; all histories speak of it. The Bible is rife with incidences of man's blind desires to see around the jutting corner of tomorrow. In olden times the authorities took drastic measures against fortune-telling, even dealing death to soothsayer and hard punishment to the inquirer, but to absolutely no avail. It is interesting to note, that in the Biblical history all knowledge obtained in this manner was proved to be correct.

The harder the times the more flourishing the fortune-teller's business. The city councils decree that the fortune-tellers make no charge for their services—but there is an easy way around that; the inquirer simply lays a generous gift on the table as he leaves, instead of a small charge in the fortune-teller's hand.

Very few of us can boast of being immune, we either have our horoscopes cast or beg "Auntie" to read the tea-cups. Philosophers advance the theory that there can be no desire without a logical gratification; that whatever desire is inherent in the human heart, has a Divine fulfillment awaiting it.

Perhaps the answer is within ourselves as spiritual answers usually are. Perhaps, if we paid attention to the little sign-posts along the way, we could arrive at a knowledge of the future by the slow growth of development. Small things come before big ones by that route and all of us have common, every day experiences that point toward prevision, as a normal faculty which might with encouragement, prove to be the answer to this inherent desire to peer into the future.

Take the common incidence of calling on a friend and having her say as she opens the door, "Why, I'm so surprised; I've thought of you all day!" or "We were just speaking of you," or, "I've been intending to phone you all day." Common, so common, that we pass them by unnoticed; then the day that memory keeps recalling a far distant friend or relative and later the postman delivers a letter from that very person. Small, very small things, but who will say they do not lead to a half submerged faculty. No one takes them seriously or tries for a greater demonstration, so we are still in the dark as to where these simple every day things may lead.

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Tuning In on a New Era

By GOYAH GILBRETH

(Reprint from The Beacon)

HUMANITY seems to be almost unanimously agreed that we are entering a New Age. But it is difficult to have any definite idea about the kind of age it is, why we are entering it, or how we should respond to it. We are incapable of responding intelligently to it until we can readjust ourselves to the new rhythm that has been set in motion in some Cosmic Center, which is beyond the reach of the mind and imagination of man, though it affects man, atoms and universes, and is responsible for the Aquarian Age that rises in the east as the Piscean Age sets in the west.

The Aquarian era, which will last for over two thousand years, will offer a vivid contrast to the Piscean, and if we would assist the Cosmic Guide in His endeavor to give us a "smooth crossing" from the shore of one Age to the shore of another we must understand a few of the basic facts. We must realize that the Age heralds the coming into incarnation of a new type of humanity, and that the old type must make way for it, or else harmonize with it. The souls who, because of their particular place in evolution, were responsive to the requirements of the Piscean Age, and had life-lessons to learn from it, are in few instances mentally and emotionally equipped for the new era. Therefore they must step back into the Invisible for a few thousand years, giving another type and collection of souls an opportunity to play a part in the Drama of the Ages. They are demonstrating the eternal law of Periodicity by being temporarily reabsorbed into the Infinitude out of which they sprang, to reappear in another age and on a higher rung of the ladder of Evolution.

Those of us who do not definitely belong entirely to the old or the new civilization are the most likely to lose our equilibrium. We must be more steady, more balanced, and better aligned, in order that our intuitions and perceptions may become clearer and keener, and our minds better reflectors of the Cosmic Mind. Everybody in incarnation is going to make some manner of response to the new vibratory rate, even those who are not mentally and emotionally suited for doing so intelligently, and an incorrect response must result in both exterior and interior chaos.

Chaos and lack of poise are apparent in the new types, as well as in the old. The former are in many instances laboring under a compelling urge to sweep the world off its unsuspecting feet and force its upward progress. They act with the impetuosity of youth—being perhaps renewed and refreshed by a long period of repose in Infinitude, out of which they have been recently propelled by the tremendous impetus which is necessary for the ushering in of a new cycle. They appear to be trying to defend the New Age, forgetting that it needs no defender. It is powerful

enough to stand on its own. For it is a moment in Time, sent here out of Eternity by God Himself, Who impregnated it with His Thought, His Love, and His Power before He sent it. And into this age will be born in increasing numbers those souls who are in affinity with it and with each other. When the number of new-age souls warrant it the age will be established, not before. And those who would hasten its premature arrival are delaying it, by refusing to demonstrate the perfect poise and balance that prevails in the ordered Cosmogonies, and that should be reflected here below in each unit of consciousness made in the image of the Creator.

It shows lack of discrimination, balance, and delicacy for any man to try to oblige another to sing the Song of Life in a key that is too high for him—and that is what many who claim to belong to the Aquarian Age are endeavoring to do with their brothers of the Piscean Age. They are trying to pry open the door of a fellowman's consciousness, and thus let in knowledge which he has not by his life earned the right to know. Men are all gods, small duplicates of the Creator, and therefore endowed with the Divine Prerogative of choosing what they will do with their own individual lives. They can tarry in Time, or they can hasten back to Eternity, according to their own volition. For the door into the Spiritual World stands open to men, and as fast as they *prove* their divine heritage they pass through the door and into possession of it. Each man who achieves liberation, or even raises his consciousness to include a greater Truth, by that act alone uplifts the whole of humanity. And this is the legitimate way of helping a fellowman.

So many people at this particular period claim to have a "new message" for mankind, an urgent one, and when they deliver it are surprised and hurt to discover that few or none are inspired by it. They forget that humanity as a whole is not ready for a message that is *too* new. Then, if these "messengers" will search their motives for being so eager to bring light before it is required they will find that they have been guilty of two errors. First, they have shown lack of poise and discrimination, and second, they wanted the honor and distinction of being "torch-bearers." True helpfulness consists in giving to the individual, and to humanity at large, precisely what it requires for its immediate use. We cannot substitute for the simple thing frequently demanded of us even the most precious fragment of the divine teachings. *We must meet the requirement of the moment.* That is all that counts. By being helpful in the manner we *like* to be helpful we are satisfying our own vanity, yielding to a selfish urge to show somebody, or the

world, how wise we have become, and helping nobody, least of all ourselves.

The two chief faults of the Pisceans who are still among us are a too rigid adherence to those institutions and conventions which were correct for the preceding two thousand years, but are now out of place, and an incorrect method of responding to the New Age. A good illustration of the former class is found in that type of church-goer who blindly follows the doctrinal teachings of one of the various churches. Such a person is offended when someone offers a symbolical interpretation of the Scriptures in lieu of the literal text, even when the symbolical interpretation is the only logical one. He considers anyone seeking an intelligent conception of God and His Universe a blasphemer or an atheist. Those who respond to the new vibrations, though incorrectly, may be illustrated by the bobbed-haired, short-skirted, dancing grandmothers, who are vaguely aware that they are being left behind, and the law of self-preservation makes them adopt some very Quixotic measures for saving themselves. They are not mentally up to the task of understanding the real significance of the changing times, and this results in their making an outward response instead of the inner one demanded of us all.

There is another sort of unbalance prevalent among both the more highly developed representatives of the Piscean Era and the pioneering Aquarians, the two classes to whom the ungrateful task of spanning the gulf between two eras has been assigned. Their vehicles are more attuned to the incoming Aquarian vibrations, and therefore they actually obtain an "expansion of consciousness" which gives them a certain grasp of the Divine Plan governing worlds and individuals. The new conception is so vast, so distant, and so alluring—because it is new, vast, and distant—that many become dissatisfied with their ordinary human tasks and their worldly position, and seek an escape from everything suddenly grown commonplace. They make the mistake of trying to go to "heaven," instead of bringing heaven to them; of trying to escape the prosaic tasks, when the faithful performance of them is the only way to liberation. They really lose their balance by leaning too far towards the skies, by aspiring higher than their deeds done here below will permit them to reach. It may be helpful to this class of humanity to remember that the work of the world is not prosaic when it is done for the sake of Eternity, and by the Light which falls into our minds from out Eternity. Time is only beautiful when it is blended with the Eternal, so let us blend them.

(Continued on page 22)


 BOOK REVIEWS

LIBATIONS — by Genevieve Fitch Miner. Publ. by The Christopher Publ. House, Boston, Mass. Poems that teach as well as entertain can be said of this author's work. Every line in every poem has its lesson. Poetry lovers will like Genevieve Fitch Miner's—Libations. Cloth, \$1.50.

OUR DEEPER DESTINY—by Emil Ferdinand Lundstrom. Publ. by Dorrance & Company, Philadelphia, Pa. The author deals in a scholarly manner with the three vital phases of Life—The Inner-Life, The Over-Life and The After-Life from his vast experience and study of practical relationships from a logical point of view, leaving vast territories for the reader to explore. He gives a staff to lean upon as the student climbs the mountain's side. Cloth, \$2.00.

WITHIN A CACTUS GROVE—by S. A. Rhodes. Publ. by The Christopher Publ. House, Boston, Mass. This author has woven a garment of finest fabric in "Within a Cactus Grove." Strange as it may seem, Poems are living, breathing birthrights, given to the world as legacies, rich in building power. Each group in this Masterpiece heals and gives power to those who see beyond the material needs. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE SCIENCE OF VOCATIONAL ASTROLOGY — by Maude Houghton Champion. Publ. by The MaCoy Publishing & Masonic Supply Co., New York City. A new guide to Vocational placement. Not only for the advanced student but it can be used by anyone possessing the rudiments of Astrological lore. Individuals who instinctively feel that they are not in the right vocations can be directed into more satisfying occupations by following the guidance of this book. Nothing like it has ever been published. Cloth, Illustrated, \$2.15.

THE MYSTERY AND PROPHECY OF THE GREAT PYRAMID—by Charles S. Knight, D. D. Published by AMORC, San Jose, Calif. This most fascinating and educational book cannot be reviewed in one reading and many readings could not transfer to the mind of the reader the true revelation of the Pyramid. One must be prepared to visualize the reality, although the writer has drawn no veil of mystery about it. One must have pencil and patience, with reams of paper for notations to capture the scintillating pearls of Truth. Those who have only the knowledge that there is a Pyramid on the desert sands will be thrilled through and through by the revelations of history prophesied and its fulfillment across the space of TIME. Today's revelations portrays the future filled with hope for the reconstruction of the world's government, portrayed by the builders of the Pyramid in the long ago. No Library can be complete without a book of History on this monument of revelation. Board, \$1.25.

PSYCHIC REVELATION

Your Problems Solved

by *Za'del*

You are allowed one question. Please write briefly and plainly. Questions without name and address are not answered. Address ZA'DEL, The Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Questions are not answered privately for a stamped, self addressed envelope. The service in the magazine is free and is designed to help those who are in distress.

J.J.M., Colo.—You would be very successful if you realized that it means hard work and continuous application to study. You have the ability to do both.

W.A.S., Wis.—By all means, no; everything is against such a step.

L.A.F., Can.—Things will gradually improve and early in May will find you much improved in many ways, to your liking.

E.E.F., Ill.—Emil is right; go on, look to the future and forget all the grief.

A.B., Colo.—You did not starve and you will not starve, but what you get will be through your own efforts. Lay off the cloak of repining and depend on yourself. You have ability and can succeed where others fail.

L.A.A., Mass.—November, not later than December.

I.W.B., Ga.—Yes, your wish will be granted in the not very distant future.

E.J.K., Can.—Yes, if you work diligently enough at it.

E.B., Wash.—In the far distant time, you will.

M.H.R., O.—Very successful, for you are endowed with the right ideas of the profession chosen.

S.J.S., Calif.—Not indicated at present; difficulties of a complicated nature prolong the time.

M.R., Ill.—No; plan your life for new interests.

H.N., Ill.—Intuition comes through many channels, mainly by heeding the little things in life that form the network or fabric of our lives. Recognition of your powers of insight is the best method.

C.D., Ia.—You will adjust matters in a much better way than selling.

S.L.F., Pa.—Not indicated, but future looks better despite disappointment.

C.W., N. Y.—No change indicated for several months; stick where you are if you can.

H.W.S., Calif.—Already begun; future assured.

The Road to Tomorrow *(Continued from page 12)*

Then everything went black as Jack murmured, "Thank God!" and crumpled to the floor.

Four months later the morning papers heralded the success of THE ROAD TO TOMORROW, comparing it to the work of the master Shakespeare. To celebrate the event Dorothy and Jack had met at Irvington-by-the-Sea and were weeping together over their teacups in a quaint little Chinese tea-room as they spoke of Dick and their pride in him.

Dorothy had grown very lovely to look upon. A far-away, understanding light enhanced the blue of her eyes. In fact, to Jack, sitting across the table, she seemed almost ethereal.

"And dear Dick," she said softly through her tears, "I know now he proved that closing sentence of his play: 'Thought is all there is, and when man ceases to believe that a body must remain here inert to signify his passing to another stage of consciousness, it will be so, and he may then commune at will with those no longer here!' Jack! Isn't it wonderful!"

"And to think we didn't understand when Dick was trying so hard to explain it all to us. I only hope when the time comes for us, we can go together and just as he did."

The moment was too deep for words. In silence they left the tearoom and strolled along the beach, so engrossed

in their dreams that they were unconscious of passing many who recognized them.

The next morning with tear dimmed eyes, Dorothy's parents read in their morning paper: "Yesterday on Irvington Beach may have occurred a tragedy, although no one witnessed the actual sinking of the 'Nancy May,' nor have the bodies of the passengers, a man and a woman, been recovered, nor has any trace of the little boat been found. She was sighted not far from the shore at four o'clock, when the beach was crowded with bathers. One moment she was visible and in the next instant had vanished.

"No record of such a boat has been found, but missing from their homes since yesterday noon are Jack Love and Dorothy MacDonald, brother and fiancée of the late Richard Love, whose play, THE ROAD TO TOMORROW, is scoring such a triumph at the Broadway. They were seen walking along the beach a short time before the catastrophe occurred and it is believed they were drowned when the craft went down. The failure to recover either the bodies or the small boat cannot be explained, as the tragedy took place less than a hundred yards from shore. A strange coincidence lies in the fact that the ship featured in THE ROAD TO TOMORROW is called the 'Nancy May.'"

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NUMEROLOGY

Your Name Analyzed

By Mary Adams

Send full name and present signature, also year, month and day of birth. Communications without name and address will not be answered. Address NUMEROLOGIST, The Occult Digest, 1900 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

C.V.W., Mo.—Your birth path is good; your full name is also good but your present name makes you "scatter brain." Learn to concentrate. Use the signature Vivian C. W.—.

F.L.H., O.—You are kind and sympathetic, anxious to help others. Your full name is good but your present signature is not. Just drop your middle name and use the first and last, only. This will give you selling ability.

L.A.M., Pa.—Your present signature is excellent. Do not write out your middle name unless legally necessary. You have much enthusiasm and pep; can handle details; and probably are fond of music. Harmony of any description is very important to you.

D.C.M., Pa.—You are temperamental and difficult to understand; introspective, artistic. Probably fond of the stage. A strong Personality with the virtues and defects of a genius. Be careful in marrying.

E.C.C., O.—You are cut out to be a doctor or a teacher. Your present signature is excellent. You are particular, neat, and details mean a great deal to you. Your mind is scientific; your ability is executive.

A.L.C., Ga.—Your full name is all right for legal use, but your signature is better, so use it whenever you can. You are quiet, reserved, dignified; have a fine head for details, statistics, routine. You love harmony, rhythm, and artistic expressions in any line.

D.M.B., Wash.—Something based on mechanics or figures should appeal to you, in which both your brain and your hands would be occupied. In time you might become an efficiency engineer.

W.M.H., Wash.—You have excellent ideas but do not always carry them out. You do not attend to details. You are not using the abilities that you possess. Your signature is all right, but you need to concentrate and make more of yourself.

H.N., Ill.—You have an analytical mind, able to handle routine; self-reliant. You must work, not just wish. No "plum" will ever fall into your lap, for you are one who will always have to work for what you get.

E.B.H., Texas—Your name is very strong and indicates literary or artistic ability. You should have a good voice for speaking or singing. You crave love but do not always find it. Your signature is better than your full name.

C.I.W., Ia.—Your present name is all right. You did not give me your address.

P.S.N., Calif.—Your penmanship is very pretty to look at, but I cannot read your last name. You should always print your name. Your birthpath indicates much self-confidence. Success will come to you if you live up to the best that is in you.

M.H.R., Ohio—You are artistic, probably literary. You have much sentiment, good reasoning power, a desire to serve others, a very strong personality. You will find the best success in the professional world.

L.T.L., Calif.—Your profession should be something connected with music, rhythm, harmony or any sort of details. Learn to worry less. Your signature is good.

L.D.M., N. Y.—The best nick-name for your baby is Pattie. The best signature for her is Patricia M. M.—. Music, dancing, literature or any other artistic pursuit based on rhythm and harmony will bring her success.

F.A.B., Ill.—Your name and birth path are in perfect harmony. You have a great destiny if you live up to it—as a teacher, mother, adviser, helper. You have high ideals and are very trustworthy.

C.O.W., Ill.—You ask too much for this column. Your name is not good. Change your middle name to either Philip or Granger; or use either P or G as a middle initial.

D.D., Calif.—You are original, creative, independent. Your life will be full of new beginnings and pioneering in new paths. Dorothea is much better than your present signature. Thora would be a perfect name.

J.A.W., Calif.—Always work alone; do not go into partnership with anyone. You are both scientific and analytical. Follow these lines in the advertising field.

C.J.J., Ariz.—Your signature is perfect. You are original, creative, independent, anxious for self-expression; artistic tastes.

H.W.S., Calif.—Your full name is not in harmony with your birth path. H.W.S.— is your best signature for success. You are emotional, impulsive and yet balanced with considerable reason and introspection. You are home loving and artistic.

S.J.S., Calif.—You have more executive ability than you use. You are easy to get along with; lively; love your home although you enjoy new experiences. You have a bit too much egotism; do not rate yourself too highly. Let your head rule.

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It pays to pay attention to the ads appearing in
THE OCCULT DIGEST

The World's Awakening

(Continued from page 8)

ment, and wondered if it were but a dream.

I opened my eyes and knew it was no dream, for HE was there with his eyes raised in silent benediction.

Turning back to the picture, I saw the scene was again changing. Colors melted in the distant background; brighter and brighter they grew. A breath of sweetness like water lilies fell upon the air. I stood and waited.

"What do you see now?" the dear old chap asked.

"Why, I see all the hands joined together; linked with an emblematic jewel of peculiar brilliance, beneath a radiant arch. Above it all I see in golden letters the word L-O-V-E.

"L-O-V-E" murmured my companion, "is what the Heart of the Universe is crying for. On this baby planet there must be no division in heart or hand—for without the unity of love and co-operation, we can not have BROTHERHOOD. We know that our sun shines alike through a cobweb in an attic—as through a palace window. We know a house divided against itself can never stand, only when Unity, Love and Service are blended into one great aim and purpose—can a new age be born . . . Then all men will meet on equal ground!"

As he stopped speaking—a voice from far away—on waves of ether—so sweet and triumphant: "Go forth my child, dedicate your life to God! Stretch forth your hands in loving service, so that you, too, may add another link to the chain of Universal Power.

The picture slowly faded into the distance, like the mirage of a boat drifting out to sea. But the holy calm of the painter's face radiated a golden glow of the purest love, as he departed down the solitary path that wended to the sea.

Memory came back like billows of sunbeams, and as I raised my eyes heavenward—I noticed that the sun stood at meridian.

Grandfather

(Continued from page 13)

was appraising first one and then the other with admiring glances.

Finally he spoke. "This laddie is not as robust as he should be, but with watching and care he will grow into a strong man."

"I know, father," breathed the mother.

Another silence wherein Grandfather was in deep thought.

Then with all of his attention given to the mother, he spoke quietly, "Daughter, it has grieved you to see them playing at soldier so much and so vividly acting out the cruelties of war."

"Yes, at first it did, father. I don't mind it so much now," she answered.

(Continued next month)

Everybody's Astrological DAILY GUIDE

By
HAASAN OSIRIS

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

NOVEMBER, 1933

The lunation of October 19, 1933, occurs in the 29th degree of Libra at 5:40 P. M., astrologically known as the scales or Balance, a cardinal, airy, masculine zodiacal sign ruled by Venus. This lunation is in effect until November 18, 1933.

This is a month of stabilization of world markets, increase in international trade and new channels of revenue will develop. The Stock Market will be active and heavy speculation will take place.

Consolidation of several big concerns will take place now and the public spirit will be aroused to constructive activities.

Confidence in the Administration's policies will be cemented, except some radical factions who will spread some temporary alarm, which will not amount to much.

There are to be several, or a series of earthquakes along the Pacific Coast, and in Japan and other lesser important countries.

All eyes will be turned to two European countries who will blaze forth with a program of rigidity, that some will fear means eventual war.

The American naval forces will be strengthened, as well as the Aviation department. Most unusual activities will take place in all aviation circles, in this country and abroad.

People must be careful of sea foods—for some mysterious poison will be discovered in some sea foods, that will cause some deaths before being brought to the attention of authorities.

It is more or less a month of public tension, but withal a month of rapid, advancing strides which will set a precedent in most branches of industry and commerce.

NOVEMBER, 1933

(For verification: Raphael's Aspectarian for 1933)

1. An adverse day for important things. Postpone everything of real urgency and concentrate on plans for the future. Avoid accidents.
2. This day is most excellent for all progressive business, personal and social matters. Travel, ask favors, seek work, buy, sell or trade.
3. Somewhat unsettled for constructive things. Best to wait until a better time for the transaction of delicate affairs.
4. Conditions are adverse until 1 P.M. Then good until 5:30 P.M. The evening is decidedly adverse for everything. Remain at home and engage in quiet amusements.
5. Attend church or lectures. Read, study, meditate. Travel after 11 A.M.

6. Favorable for all business, social, friendship and personal matters all day.
7. Alternately good and adverse influences are in operation. Be careful but keep busy. Useful work can be accomplished but you need to be alert.
8. Avoid disputes, losing your job, making errors and accidents until Noon. After that very good. Evening favors romance, courtship and amusements.
9. Avoid losses, delays, disappointments and unexpected set-backs until 5 P.M., but after that the tension lessens a great deal.
10. Confusing until 9:30 A.M. After that gradually stronger and better. The evening favors visits, courtship, games, contests, recreation and study.
11. A succession of unsettled conditions prevails throughout the day. Be very careful and cautious. Take no risks or chances.
12. An excellent day for correspondence, attending church or lectures, study, travel and visiting.
13. Same as yesterday. This being a week-day it is excellent for business ventures and attending to important things.
14. Many annoyances, delays, exasperations, and minor hurts and disappointments are liable to take place today.
15. The forenoon is the same as yesterday. The afternoon and evening is very good to attend to urgent affairs.
16. Mostly good business vibrations are in operation, but beware of accidents, misplacing money or valuables, and misunderstandings.
17. Alternately good and adverse. You can come through the day successfully if you keep alert, watchful and do not give in to moods or emotions.
18. A good time to promote things, make changes, travel, grant or ask favors, buy, sell, exchange and seek work.
19. Not good for travel but favorable for quiet Sunday interests.
20. Until 2:15 P.M. fairly good to conduct all important affairs. Until 6 P.M. somewhat doubtful and uncertain. Be careful. The evening favors light recreation.
21. Alternately good and adverse. Be cautious. The evening favors light amusements, visiting, and short trips.
22. Avoid losses through fraud, theft and carelessness until 2:20 P.M. Also avoid fires and explosions.

(Continued on page 21)

One Drop of Blood—(Continued from page 11)

seeing him to read her lips in a piti-
ful attempt to save each spoken word.
Watching closely, and studiously follow-
ing every movement she made in expla-
nation, he managed to understand fairly
well.

"... bars the way. Many years ago,
hundreds, when I was eighteen... put
a curse upon me because I would not
marry... a man who was a great thief.
Forever would I be chained in misery
... unless a man with red hair and blue
eyes... came to save me. Never has
one come, in this land of... Mexico,
where all men are dark... but he who
saves me must dare peril... fight
death in the lights." Here she put her
hands again on her heart and grew
deathly pale. She was more beautiful
than anyone Ross had ever seen, with
her dark eyes and hair, and full curving
lips, and his senses reeled.

"Anything!" he whispered in the close
darkness, moving nearer her. He had a
sensation of walking on something soft
and light, as if the blackness all about
him and above were the same as that
on which he walked. Nothing seemed
solid, firm. Slowly she bent towards
him, spreading her hands longingly. He
moved to clasp her in his arms when
she shrieked and flashed away, a look
of terror on her face.

"Oh pity, pity, beloved," she moaned.
"You must not touch me—for then one
or both of us remain here forever—
hopelessly. Oh that I were old and bent,
to spare you this threat, but the curse
has it so. Her dress darkened with the
ominous stain and she swayed slightly.

On again she moved, but as Ross fol-
lowed it seemed that she walked in a
circle. His breathing labored strangely,
and the enveloping darkness clung
tighter about him like a fog.

Suddenly a deafening roar was in his
ears, and with it came blinding bril-
liance, flashing, dancing, as if life itself
had become a scintillating, glaring dia-
mond. Worse than the darkness had
been, it hemmed him in, the maddening
colors deadening his sight, the clamor
increasing in volume. He could see
nothing—only staggered around in this
brilliance, flinched as the great stabs
of light penetrated his being. But his
eyes grew accustomed to it, and at last
he was able to make out a black shape
directly before him, and an arm beck-
oned. Slowly he followed, laboriously,
for despite the guarding black form
the flashes tortured him with their
brightness. On—on—becoming weaker
and weaker, until a voice in his ear
whispered, "Soon now, soon, beloved, it
is over. One more, and we are here
where I was put so long, long ago, and
where no one but you could help me
through that barrier—ah, now!" And as
she spoke it all ceased as suddenly and
abruptly as it had begun. His first sen-

sation was relief, but almost imme-
diately his nerves protested in exquisite
torture. For the blackness fairly
screamed with silence, and he felt his
strained eyes pulling at their sockets.
Uncannily he felt a wall about them,
drawing closer, slowly, threatening. He
swayed and felt the darkness support
him. Dashing a hand across his eyes, he
looked around and saw her standing
there, her robe in tatters, eyes closed.
Her bosom rose and fell uncertainly,
and Ross again had a wild desire to take
her in his arms. But even as he thought
that she raised her head, her tragic
eyes staring at him.

"It is no use," she said in a soft half-
whisper, "I feel that... it is no use!
Ah, beloved, forgive me, but it has been
so long—so long... I grew desperate.
Yet now it is too late. I must stay. Go,
you, while there is still chance, upwards,
go upwards... I stay. For even though
you saved me I could not be near you,
could not touch you... and that would
be even greater death, for—pity me, I
love you!"

The red seeped swiftly over her torn
gown, but she laughed madly. He took
a step forward, hesitated, and her voice
rose, in a strange weird song, sweet and
terrible. He tried desperately to silence
her, to conserve the ebbing life in her,
but she sang on, head thrown back in
abandon.

Then he could hold himself no longer,
—he clasped her in his arms and felt
her near and yet remote. He pressed his
lips against hers, and still her voice
kept on hauntingly. Holding her so, the
walls closed in on him, closer, tighter—
until he had to release her, could not
move. Only then she stopped singing,
and looked at him strangely.

"Lost," she said, "Forever lost! Fare-
well beloved,—yet this you keep, one
drop, my last drop of blood—" and she
put her hand to her heart, to bring it
away and place one drop in his own
hand. Then she grew fainter, more
shadowy, and at last disappeared.

It was daylight when Ross next knew
anything, and voices could be heard. He
opened his eyes.

"What's the matter," he asked dully.
One of the men gave a cry and called
to the others. "Ah," he said "we thought
you were gone. For two days we
couldn't find you, but at last Pedro sees
you lying here unconscious as he herds
his sheep. You must have fallen down
into that little cave when you were ex-
ploring. We hadn't thought to look
out here in the brush for you."

"But—" Ross checked himself, and
looked at his closed hand. This would
tell... he opened it. His palm was
wet, and in the center of it lay a ruby,
sparkling, blood-red,—a ruby, in a sec-
tion of country where a ruby had never
been found.

Birth-Control

(Continued from page 10)

SCORPIO produces:

Managers, Artists, Travelers, Farm-
ers, Gardeners, Bankers, Lawyers,
etc.

SAGITTARIUS produces:

Authors, Astrologers, Actors and
Actresses, Mechanics, Travelers,
Agents, Organizers, Inventors, etc.

CAPRICORN produces:

Mechanics, Musicians, Actors, Trav-
elers, Astrologers, Military People,
Politicians, etc.

AQUARIUS produces:

Nurses, Doctors, Lawyers, Astrol-
ogers, Tailors, Artists, Authors,
Home-makers, Ministers, Managers,
etc.

PISCES produces:

Agents, Travelers, Managers, Me-
chanics, Sailors, Investigators, De-
tectives, Business People, etc.

Nature has produced the mold, and
it is up to humanity to use the proper
kind of "clay" to fill these molds for
most sensible and most effective suc-
cess.

It is squarely up to you, men and
women of the world. Will you use a
bit of management in conceiving your
children and have them born at a time
so they will want and accept the plans
you have for them or will you go on
ignorantly bringing them into the world
to struggle and suffer even greater
difficulties than we have already en-
dured?

In years past this challenge would
have been untimely; but today, in this
enlightened age with births not de-
creasing, and in most cases increasing,
it is indeed a timely warning that it is
"high time" we did something about
improving the quality of our births.

Therefore awake, America! Take
note, Humanity! It is coming with no
uncertain sureness. There is no alterna-
tive. There MUST be a change. The
Aquarian Age cannot tolerate the
ignorance that we of the Piscean Age
have demonstrated.

Get wise to the importance of astro-
logical birth-control.

The Invisible Fulcrum

by J. John Gilbert

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Souls and Soles—(Continued from page 11)

"Well, let's not talk about it any more. Our Doctors will fix her up. They are smart, good doctors, you know."

"Honest?" she asked.

"Yes, they are honest too," I smiled, but she would not joke.

"There was blood running out of her mouth and I want to go in there."

"You just stay with me for a little while longer and they'll come for you." I lifted the skinny little form up to the table's edge and gave her an orange which she held in her left hand, the right being busily engaged with a huge wedge of chocolate cake. Before giving her the food I had dampened a towel and washed her tear grimed face and hands. I noted that she wore a frayed brown sweater and there were no pockets in it or her faded gingham dress which I could stuff with other tempting sweets.

I could spare her no more time so I settled her comfortably and returned to my activities in the kitchen just across the hall. Through the glass doors I kept an eye on my little charge and saw her sit back drowsily with the cake and orange in her two hands.

The wire basket of French fried potatoes hissed into the pot of sizzling fat and a haze of smoke rose. For a while all my attention was centered upon the frizzling tubers. When they were ready to drain I turned to look at the little waif.

I peered in and shook my head thinking that the smoke from the hot fat was still clouding my vision. I squinted until I penetrated the haze and I could see some one with her. She was asleep, lying back against the wall relaxed, and over her stooped a figure in white. A cloudy, misty woman's shape like the aura one sees of flies when they dart quickly away leaving for the thousandth fraction of a second the subtle essence of substance.

As I looked the figure bent over the child and fondled her, brushing back the moist sandy hair, kissing the little neck and chin. I started for the dining room and the swinging door opened to my push, but when I stepped inside there was no one there except the sleeping child. I had just come through the only exit except the windows and my mixed emotions left me breathless.

I berated myself for a sentimental fool and decided the child had affected my head as well as my heart and turned back to my potatoes. It must have been Miss Bryan, the accident room supervisor, I thought. But imagine haughty, dainty Miss Bryan kissing the grimy little urchin. And how had she gotten

in and where had she gone, and how?

I told myself that I was in for another of my headaches as I certainly seemed to be "seein' things." Oh well, the night force had to eat regardless. I always marveled at the appetites of those doctors and nurses. They could remove an arm or a leg, lay open an anatomy with the greatest nonchalance in the world and then come down to the dining room and eat like a gang of harvest hands.

Now, let's see, did I have everything? The serving girls were due any moment. There was the cream of tomato soup, the roast veal, French fries, harvard beets, hot apple pies . . . the girls would make the salads of celery and apples which I had already diced and on ice. Bread, butter, coffee and tea in the tanks, already hot. All this at midnight for it was the third meal for the night force, a strange routine but pain and sickness have no respect for hours. All was in readiness and I started back to the dining room. At the door I all but collided with Miss Bryan who was evidently in an irritable mood.

"Where is that kid?" she asked ungraciously.

"Why, Miss Bryan, weren't you with her a few moments ago?"

"How could I be in two places at one time," (she almost said, "simpleton")—"I've been in the accident room with the mother. She's dead."

I gasped: "Dead!"

"Yes, they sometimes do, you know, in spite of our efforts," satirically. "Here, kiddy, wake up! I must take you to the officers who are waiting to take you home. You know where you live, don't you?"

The child looked at her serenely, all traces of emotion wiped from her little gamin face. "Of course I do, but I'm to go to Aunt Lida's first, and afterward me and paw will live there."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Miss Bryan, "Who told you . . ."

"Hush!" I said, jerking a sleeve, but the child hadn't noticed the interruption.

"She told me, my Mom did, to be a good girl and not cry and I'm not going to either . . . see . . ." and she raised a tranquil face to ours. "And say, my Mom is a good remember-er, ain't she? Look, she brung me this." And she lifted the hand in which I had placed the orange only a short time ago: the orange had fallen to the floor and rolled against the table leg and in its place the child held up a perforated half of a pasteboard card entitling the holder to a pair of half-soled shoes.

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The Battle of Armageddon

(Continued from page 6)

The Israelites were first a 12-tribe, later a 13-tribe nation. Only one of these Tribes—the Tribe of Judah—was or rather became Jewish, destined by God to be known as a desolation, a reproach, a hissing and a curse, and to be meted out and trodden down, Jer. 25, etc. The remaining or non-Jewish tribes were to wander over the face of the Earth as the Lost tribes, supplying Leaders and the inspiration and finally under Divine Guidance to settle down in the Isles of the North and West, to form the New Israel—chosen by God to carry out his Divine purpose for the world. It has been proven by Great Britain that these Tribes went North and became and remained good Nordics. That the Tribe of Ephraim became the Backbone of old England, while the Tribe of Manasseh drifted to America and set itself up as the United States, while Dan, a fierce, turbulent and adventurous people settled in Ireland. As Ephraim the Younger, (Great Britain) has become many nations and the modern Israel of Bible Prophecy, or God's servant nation, and the Anglo-Saxons have really been Israelites. The British Empire is God's Battle Axe and it is her destiny in league with the U.S.A. to prepare the world for the second coming of Christ. Two English Bible students revealed to a startled world in 1800 the Truth that Great Britain was of the Lineage of the Royal House of David, and it was time for God's chosen people to manifest themselves. These men were laughed at, but years later Queen Victoria, who ascended the throne in 1837, learned of their researches and became convinced that her forbear could have been no less a man than David. And so the British Government has learned that King George the V is the lineal descendant, in the 99th Generation, of King David and holds the British throne "in trust for him."

(Continued next month)

Analysis of the Hand of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

(Continued from page 9)

Many "travel by water" lines in this hand bespeak voyages that have been made, and voyages that are to come.

The Line of Health, although heavily marked on the opposite side of the hand, fails to approach or cut through the Line of Life—an excellent promise of good health in late years.

This hand shows both an inner Life Line and one from the Mount of Mars under the commencement of the Line of Life, which continues for some time. These two lines form a distinct triangle, a splendid indication for long life, as well as an indication of presence of mind and calmness in danger.

Because of its splendid characteristics, this is a hand destined to carry on for many, many years, to accomplish a goal.

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Works Versus Faith—(Continued from page 14)

When we consider only the seven planets in their orderly procedure around the sun and try to think of what keeps them there, it seems almost an insult to the Supreme Intelligence to regard walking on the water as a special miracle, impossible of duplication.

Jesus revealed the Key to Knowledge when he said "For behold, the Kingdom of Heaven (Knowledge) is within." His explanations, definitions and directions were all misconstrued because of their very plainness and Theology crucified Jesus' works along with His body upon the cross of *faith rubbish* entirely disregarding His assertion that "Faith without Works (performance) is nothing."

Take these two quoted statements and reason says that to find the "Kingdom" we must first have "Works" (or per-

formance) by the seeker and "Faith" is secondary. By faith we only assume a thing but by works we prove it true or false.

Paul said, "I know not whether I was in the body or out of the body," which statement would indicate that Paul regarded his body much the same as a house which he occupied or left at will. Now if Paul left his body at times then we can do the same thing today, as the means, method or force used was in force before Paul's time and still is effective. But whether Paul did or did not leave his material dense body and function in his etheric body consciously, is only something to argue about and get nowhere until we do the same thing intelligently. Then we have "Works" demonstrated without which "Faith is nothing."

Astrological Daily Guide—(Continued from page 18)

- | | |
|--|---|
| Balance of the day is very pleasant and agreeable. | 26. Good only in early afternoon. Read, study, correspond and interest yourself in unimportant things. |
| 23. Not good for taking risks or chances. Bad for speculation and risks. Concentrate and meditate and plan today, but act at some other time. | 27. Not safe to do anything of real importance. Retrench and be careful. Avoid accidents, quarrels, and losses. |
| 24. Adverse until 3 P.M. Start nothing new. Avoid accidents. The balance of the day is very good for all necessary, urgent or important affairs. | 28. Same as yesterday. |
| 25. Unusually good for all progressive matters. | 29. Reverse of yesterday. This day favors all necessary and urgent household or business matters. |
| | 30. Same as yesterday. |

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Tuning In on a New Era—(Continued from page 15)

We microcosmic beings should pay closer attention to the harmonious scheme of balance which is in operation throughout the Cosmos, and strive to govern our everyday lives as wisely as the Creator governs our world and His countless chains of worlds. We each have an important part to play in helping to maintain the poise and harmony of the universe, and it should appall us when we stop to reflect that many of us are ignorantly working in opposition to the very Law of Balance which makes it possible for us to be here. We should realize that each unbalanced act of ours must be adjusted, and that each adjustment demands a supply of thought and energy from the Divine Store-house. We should also realize that every unbalanced action of ours reacts on everything and everybody in the universe. For nothing in the entire Cosmic Scheme is isolated, or capable of expressing itself independently. Everything makes reference to everything else, and requires the aid of the whole universe in order to express itself. Even planets are merely the orderly atomic organisms of vast solar systems, and each planetary atom is dependent upon another planetary

atom for self-expression. All are inter-related and inter-dependent in their balanced functioning to express a perfect Cosmogony.

We as individuals are a part of the great Scheme. For implanted within each of us is an atom of Divinity, which according to a harmonious law of balance governs the millions of lesser atoms which together make up our vehicles of manifestation. These millions of physical atoms must function as a harmonious unit, under the form control enclosure of the physical body, governed by the Spiritual Intelligence atom, in complete balance with the perfect Divine Plan. Any departure from balance results in chaos.

Recently a great scientist, upon making the announcement that a cell possesses a life-span potentiality of Infinity, added that if one cell were released from the balanced autonomy of the body it would be capable of projecting itself into proportions of immensity at a rapid rate of reproduction, although in an uncontrolled, unbalanced manner. This same law would be operative on the plane of the thoughts and emotions, and any abnor-

malities there would be the result of inharmonious relationship with the Divine Law of Balance.

In order for us to attain to the perfect stature of man's evolution, as decreed by the Great Plan, we must consciously strive for a three-fold development of ourselves. The physical, mental, and spiritual functioning of our being must be in proportion. We must learn to function as units, through the harmonious co-ordination of our three-fold faculties. Then we must become conscious of our dependent relationships with the millions of other human beings who, united under a controlling intelligence, make up a greater unit, even as the atoms of our physical being unite to make each of us a functioning unit. We should lead a normal and balanced life, not merely for our own sakes but for the sake of all the souls which are linked with ours. For all that we say, think, or do reacts upon all humanity, and assists or hinders the maintenance of perfect balance throughout the universe. With this thought in mind we should be inspired to hasten our adjustment to the New Era.

Tarot Cards and American History—(Continued from page 7)

4. *The Emperor*. Work and organization. Concrete and material effects. Steadiness and endurance. Property, credit, and position. Not a year for risks. Negative: materialism.
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7. *The Chariot of Triumph*. Philosophy and independence. Knowledge, power, progress. Victory of the spirit. Contracts, treaties, harmony. Negative: despondency.
8. *The Sword and Balance*. Success and reason. Justice, retribution, reason, and the punishment of wrong-doing. Material success, constructive activity. Negative: mortality.
9. *The Veiled Lamp*. Universality and application of force. Readjustment. A year to cast bread upon the waters. Negative: destruction.
10. *The Wheel of Fortune*. Change, action. Cause and effect, periodicity. Negative: loss.
11. *The Muzzled Lion*. Spirituality and power. High idealism. Direction of force. Negative: pessimism.
12. *The Sacrifice*. Debasement, suffering, overthrow, madness. The victim of the plans of others. Positive: like 3.
13. *Death the Reaper*. Ruin, reaction, disappointment, collapse. Upheaval and destruction. Misused power. Positive: change of plans, final spiritual ascension after discord.
14. *The Two Urns*. Combination, change, experience. Social life. Negative: danger.
15. *Typhon or Satan*. Evil, wilfulness, passion, lawlessness. Mystery, fatality, and black magic. Positive: Knowledge of good and evil, good luck.
16. *The Stricken Tower*. Downfall, calamity, accident. Exhaustion of mind, defeat of plans. Positive: like 7.
17. *The Star*. A new cycle, peace. Faith, hope, birth, success. Spirit rising superior to trials and difficulties. Immortality. Negative: tragedy.
18. *The Twilight*. Doubt, darkness, hesitation. An adverse change. Treachery, quarrels and wars. Positive: readjustment and melancholy.
19. *The Great Light*. Vitality, attainment. Joy, strength, success, honors. Success of plans. Negative: arrogance.
20. *The Resurrection*. Awakening to new purposes. The call to action, activity, work. A new regime. Negative: obstacles.
21. *The Crown*. Victory and honor. Advancement, position. Long life. Negative: profligacy, dominance over others.
22. *Folly*. Mistakes, blindness, ruin. Egotism, credulity, insanity. The dreamer awakened through danger from others. Fanaticism, destruction. Positive: the master-builder, material accomplishment of ideals.

Forewarned—(Continued from page 11)

later and the thought raced through her mind, "What is to be, will be," an entirely erroneous supposition which accounts for our receiving her warning, I suppose, for we know full well that warning is given that calamities may be averted. However, she had started, and she kept on. After all, she reasoned (instead of listening to her guides), *this* may not be the time anyhow.

Within eight miles of her destination, on a curve, wet and slippery a car shot toward her, swerving erratically which she strove to avoid in panic. She says a telephone pole loomed ahead of her which if she had crashed it, would undoubtedly have finished them, and she turned the wheel violently, avoiding the

pole but receiving the impact of the other car which shot her out onto the road, overturned her car, injured her friend who retained consciousness, however.

Mrs. K. lay unconscious on the road for an hour until an ambulance arrived. An internal injury, developing later cost a terrific hospital bill and now, months later, recovery seems problematical after all her suffering. This is an absolutely true account.

Author's note.—I want to add that the medium who was "Forewarned" passed over on Wednesday, August 28, and talked to our circle through the trumpet on Thursday night.

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Flashes of Prevision — (Continued from page 14)

Many years ago I began to question such occurrences and to read along psychological lines and now after fifteen years or more, I find the above mentioned flashes of prevision augmented by others of a more obvious nature. These flashes of prevision express themselves in symbols—very timely and appropriate symbols, but very hard to read or interpret, especially as we must seek for enlightenment in the unexplored region of the future, where anything might happen and usually does. I have not yet reached the point where I can interpret the symbol so as to benefit me, I have to wait till the event comes along to explain it.

These brief visions occur while I am busy about my household duties, just a flash and then gone but they are so indelibly stamped on the memory as no brief observation by physical sight can ever be. They are never related to my chain of thought; utterly irrelevant and so very startling. The following are some flashes of prevision and their solution at which I arrived when time had passed in review. I am going to recount several that were promptly followed by the events they foretold.

One day while down town, I saw a young man walking toward me on the side walk and grasping his left collarbone or neck was a large well formed, well groomed hand, just as if some one were walking behind him and had laid a violent hand on his neck; this persisted until the young man was within six or eight feet of me. I went my way pondering and totally at a loss. Within twenty-four hours, I met an appeal from a young friend of mine to help him meet a gambling debt. He was desperate and the man pushing him was of course the proprietor of the game. I asked him if the man in question had

good looking hands and the boy wonderingly replied, "Why, yes, his hands are nice—he takes good care of them." So I decided that the hand on the young man's neck was a perfect symbol of the appeal for help to be encountered the following day.

Yet again: while talking cheerfully to a companion one night, I suddenly felt something about to brush my face. It was the bough of a Christmas tree and that particular bough was heavily laden. Just a flicker and then it was gone. It was not holiday season, so I went questioning for interpretation. Wrote my daughter about it giving the date and hour, she replied almost hysterically that at the very hour, she had been telling a friend of a present and a surprise she was preparing for me at that very hour and that she had put away the money for this, that very evening. Then there was the night I was chatting with a friend and had the sensation and sight of being thrown through a passenger coach and three days later found myself answering a death-call by rail.

In the above mentioned incidences, the possible solution followed close on the heels of the vision, if I might call it that. Often long periods of time will elapse before anything will happen to interpret the symbol and of course sometimes never, or at any rate I do not connect the event and its symbol when the event takes place. I always try desperately to remember the symbol and recognize the event when it happens along.

It is my belief that nearly all of us are subject to these experiences and that we should take them seriously; that if we study them, they will lead us to greater and greater vision.

That they are the answer and the promise to man's inherent desire to peer into the future.

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