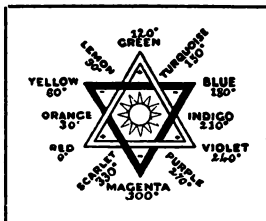


# SPECTRO-CHROME

JUNE 1922  
TURQUOISE 1922



VOLUME 1  
NUMBER 1

Devoted to: Spectro-Chrome Therapy      Dedicated to: Service of Humanity

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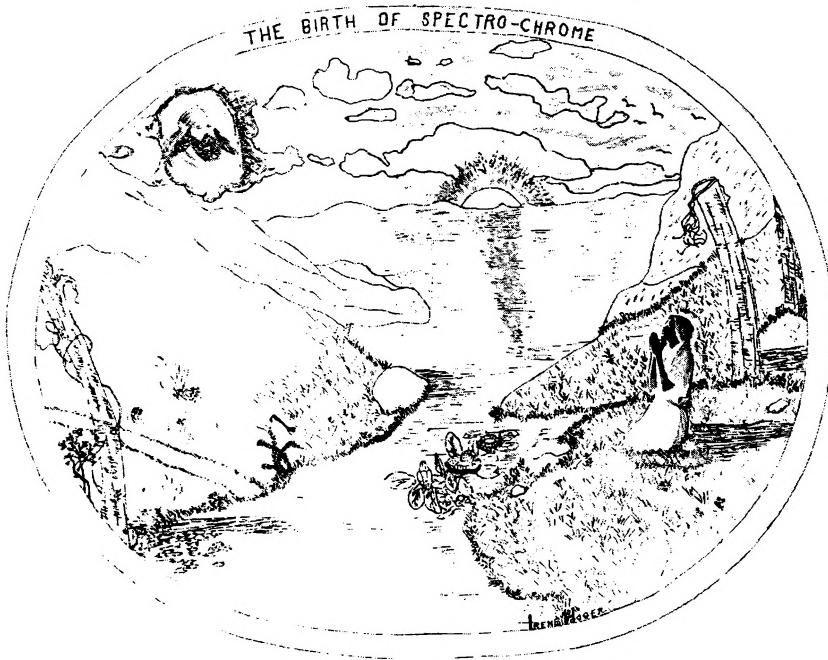
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**Editor**  
**Dinshah P. Ghadiali**

In course of life you reach a tin y,  
When Doctor, Lawyer, Priest alike,  
Does fail to give the sought relief,  
To troubled mind or burdened heart--  
Then come to me;  
I help you to help yourse f.

SPECTRO-CHROME.

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**IRENE HOGER, S. C. T.**

The Artist who Sketched

**THE BIRTH OF SPECTRO-CHROME**

**Dinshah's Prayer to the Grand  
Architect of the Universe and the  
Benign Masters of Wisdom**

Offered at Bombay, India,  
Tuesday, February 10th, 1891

O Ahuramazda! Grant me Thy powers!! Grant me that which was in me but was suppressed!!! Grant me the tongue that resounds the world, the eye that enfeebles the wicked, the nose that scents the truth, the ear that hears the ant, the touch that feels the ether the intuition that knows the Norns, the health that helps the needy, the wealth that wields the worldly; all so that during life I exist selfless and at passage to the Higher Planes leave behind a lighted trail to be followed by the Searcher for the Beyond.

A fructification of this prayer is  
The Birth of Spectro-Chrome.

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Devoted to the Latest Revelation in the Healing Art

SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY

Restoration of the Human Radio-Active and Radio-Emanative Equilibrium  
(Treatment of Dis-eases) by

ATTUNED COLOR WAVES

No Drugs - No Manipulation - No Surgery

Conceived, Originated, Developed, Applied and Copyrighted, 1920, by  
Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, M. D., D. C., Ph. D., LL. D., &c.  
Metaphysician and Psychologist

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## Attuned Red Wave

(The World Through the Eyes of Dinshah)

The Birth of Spectro-Chrome

After long years of laborious investigation and original research, having succeeded in developing in 1920 both the theoretical scientific and practical applicative phases of the entirely new Healing Art now known and recognized as Spectro-Chrome Therapy, I began to organize the Spectro-Chrome Institute to train by personally conducted resident courses, those who were willing to study the system and use it for the alleviation of human dis-eases.

The Pioneer Class was formed at New York, N. Y., followed by Philadelphia, Pa., Atlantic City, N. J., Baltimore, Md., again Philadelphia, Pa., Washington, D. C., and a second class in New York, N. Y. All this was accomplished in less than 18 months and the graduates of the Spectro-Chrome Institute spread out so widely and produced such beneficial clinical results that they demanded a medium of communication not only among themselves, but between them and the outside world. I bowed to this demand and with this issue, SPECTRO-CHROME sees the light of day to enlighten the world for therapeutical emancipation.

Although essentially devoted to Spectro-Chrome Therapy, the columns of SPECTRO-CHROME are open to all for exchange of views on everything pertaining to human progress. Its platform is universal and broad in the broadest sense. SPECTRO-CHROME will be conducted on the principles of an open newspaper owned by the whole world as it were and what none may dare print because of partisan and pusillanimous views, it will publish boldly without prejudice. Its aim will be found to be the most impartial and independent public servant—ungraftable, incorruptible and fearless in the performance of its duty by the exponee of the truth.

## BRAIN TUMOR

Henry P. Davison, a partner of J. P. Morgan, died under second surgical operation for brain tumor. It is reported that the case was considered utterly hopeless from the beginning. The tumor was said to be pressing on the auditory (eighth) nerve and was causing him pain and sleeplessness. Such are cases as are especially suited for Spectro-Chrome treatment, because where everything else fails Spectro-Chrome starts. A systemic Attuned Green followed by Attuned Indigo would bring about better results for such symptoms than all surgery could do, with a better opportunity for living through the danger. Even during surgical operation an Attuned Indigo Wave is a great standby for hemorrhage.

## WHY PRESCRIBE POISON?

Dr. Blair Spencer, Assistant Director of Public Welfare and a member of the medical staff of the House of Correction of Philadelphia, Pa., is reported as stating that no doctor now knows when he makes a legal purchase of the article whether he is getting whiskey or wood alcohol. He blames it all on the Prohibition Laws and wishes the act repealed. No, doctor dear, let the law stay; you stop prescribing alcohol and the House of Correction will stay empty.

## WASHINGTON SHOWS SENSE

All Government departments inaugurated the plan of working an earlier hour from May 15th, thus making a saving of day light by 3,600 seconds each day. Very creditable plan this is, compared to the silly idea of bungling astronomy by pushing the clock ahead 60 minutes. The cock will crow at the same time no matter how much you monkey the clock.

## MIDDLE AGES OR CIVILIZATION?

On May 5 three negroes were lynched by a mob of 500 and burned to death in Kirvin, Texas, on their confession of having raped and murdered a seven-year-old white girl, Eula Awsley. No firearms were discharged and the lynching was deliberately carried out. There certainly is no defense in favor of the conduct of the negroes, but what can defend the inhuman atrocity of the more advanced white people who would burn human beings at stake, and what can justify the absence of legal processes in such cases? Retaliating murder with a worse murder will never bring about reformation.

## SANITATION—WHERE IS IT?

Health Commissioner Dr. Royal Copeland, of New York City, shut down the milk plant of Dairymen's League Cooperative Association for conditions violating the Sanitary Code. It would be interesting to learn what sanitary conditions obtain in butcher shops and fish markets where the carcasses appeal with gruesome openness to the optic and olfactory senses. Milk! Where IS it?

## AMERICA IS NARROWING

The conferees of the State and House reached an agreement for extension of the 3 per cent Immigration Restriction Law to two years more. Praise the Pilgrim Fathers and the psyche of George Washington! America, they say, is overcrowded, and yet there are no human residences nearer than 20 miles of one another in some Southern States!

## SURGERY IN AGONY

Prize for Tonsils.

London England specialists in major surgery are in despair over the attitude of the general medical practitioners and the public toward them. It appears that before the war a certain class of people was not satisfied unless a knife was stuck into their vitals for one reason or another periodically. This applied more to removal of adenoids and tonsils which to the specialists was a veritable mint. After the war the tide turned and the patients took to other things, forgetting many imaginary ills for which they previously ran to the specialists. Commenting on this, Dr. John Kynaston, an English surgeon, protests that 90 per cent of such operations are needless and insists on their danger. He shows that a large number has fatal issues, and maintains that the extirpation of tonsils is followed by many throat troubles. This is certainly worth looking into and with a view to encourage clear knowledge of the functions and purposes of the tonsils which surgeons generally believe to be useless, SPECTRO-CHROME offers a prize of Ten Dollars Cash for the best 1000-word essay on the subject. Competitors should send their articles by the 1st of August, 1922. Essays must be signed and certified as original. Rejected manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by stamped envelope. The prize-winning article will become the property of the Spectro-Chrome Institute.



This sign indicates editorial remarks. Contributors must give their full names and addresses for information, even if not for publication.

## AMERICA THE FREE GIVES OPIUM TO CHINA THE FETTERED AS GIFT

Interchange of questions and answers between Miller and Representative Dyer, Republican, of Missouri, revealed that the principal source of the opium supply in China was in the United States. The drug first was imported into the United States and then shipped to Japan, whence it was continuously poured into China in flagrant violation of Chinese custom laws.

Dyer declared, "There are two or three concerns in this country that do or have been doing this very thing. One of them is located in Philadelphia." Miller replied that he thought "that condition will be effectively blocked by the enactment of legislation."

Legislation nothing! Expose the name of this Philadelphia firm and enforce laws already in existence. There are, according to the latest information, over 39,000 laws on the statute books of Pennsylvania and if a few were enforced all scandal would cease. The trouble lies not in want of legislation, but in political graft. Clean the grafts.

## SUGAR OR DROSS?

A few hundred years ago sugar was considered a luxury in Europe and only medical practitioners and those with bulging pockets could afford to use it. Now it is recognized as an article of diet, but meddling chemists have converted it from a pure natural product into worthless concoction treated with bone ash, lime, sulphuric acid and the like to whiten it. White sugar is no food; let the sensible housewife use the variety which may perhaps be displeasing to the eye, but is the real<sup>3</sup> nutrient. It is the stomach that has to be the judge.

## SPECTRO-CHROME IN MEASLES

The following interesting article was printed in *The World*, of New York:

### MEASLES SERUM SEEMS TO PROMISE REAL IMMUNITY.

**Dr. Rudolf Degkwitz Reports Successful Experiments with New Preventive.**

Manchester, England, April 5.—Dr. Rudolf Degkwitz announces in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* (an authoritative publication) that he has succeeded in conferring immunity to measles by injecting a serum prepared from convalescent patients.

"This may prove to be one of the greatest epochs in preventive medicine," writes a medical correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. "In his last series of 1,700 cases Degkwitz claims that all the contacts inoculated were completely immunized or so protected that the disease was developed only in its mildest form and there was no untoward result.

"If these results are confirmed and the method can be effectively and generally applied, the result should be an even greater saving of life than has accrued from Jenner's discovery of vaccination.

"Measles, the most deadly of all the diseases of childhood, continues to be the least controllable of the scourges which regularly affect our people," the *Guardian's* correspondent says warningly. "With the possible exception of influenza there is no form of epidemic disease in face of which preventive medicine is so helpless. The causes for this are mainly two. In the first place the disease is not only highly infective but its infectivity is highest before the symptoms can be recognized. The child which contracts measles has three or four days in which to infect his family, his friends and his school-fellows before it is known definitely that he is suffering from

measles at all. The second cause is public apathy and ignorance of the dangerous nature of the complaint.

"Half a century ago there appears to have been some justification for regarding measles as a trifling disorder, something that every child must 'get over,' and the sooner the better. Owing to the operation of the still mysterious laws which govern changes in type of disease, scarlet fever, which was justly dreaded has declined in virulence and ceased to be one of the major dangers of childhood; diphtheria is also much milder in form and its dangers can almost be eliminated by the early use of antitoxin. But measles has become more deadly year by year.

"The present writer can recall one recent epidemic of measles in a Lancashire town which slew in six months precisely the number of children that had succumbed to scarlet fever in ten years. Yet it is still not an unknown thing for a mother to put the other children in bed with a case of measles so that they may all 'get over it together,' and it is the constant complaint of doctors that they are not called in until the child is blue from pneumonia and beyond all aid.

"Compare this apathy with the horror of smallpox. Yet, before the introduction of vaccination, when smallpox was regarded as the national plague, the death rate from this cause averaged 420 per million. In 1915 the death rate from measles was 1,398 per million. Neither the Government nor the local authorities seem to have waked up to the facts represented by these figures. We continue to lavish enormous sums of money on the hospital isolation of scarlet fever with very little effect on the prevalence of the disease, but hospital accommodation for measles is very rarely provided.

"Scarlet fever is compulsorily notifiable; the notification of measles is optional and, in these days of anti-spending as opposed to true economy, practically in abeyance."

Having given the views of "the other side" as above, without any alteration, let us say in a few words that all the misery and deadliness of the scourge called "measles" may be saved by the use of the Spectro-Chrome alone without any serum or vaccine. Treat the patient with a full systemic Attuned Green Color Wave and guard the circulation by Attuned Magenta on Area 4. Should there be marked fever, treat with systemic Turquoise instead of Green. The results in each case will surpass your most sanguine expectations. Serums and vaccines are filthy—for treating diseases of filth, use Spectro-Chrome exclusively; it will cleanse the entire system and restore equilibrium as no other rational system can.

#### AREAS FATAL IN X RAY WORK

Many experiments conducted on dogs (O poor dogs), at the University of California Medical School by Drs. L. S. Warren and G. H. Whipple aim at proving that Roentgen Rays administered over the abdominal region are fatal in a majority of cases. The same rays thrown over the thorax produce no untoward effects. While they are "searching" for the causes and effects, innocent dogs will be uselessly sacrificed. Any Spectro-Chrome Therapist will be able to say without such torturing experiments that the fatal influence is owing to the X Ray being on the Ultraviolet section of the Spectrum. Thrown on the abdomen, the high potency acts through the Suprarenal Capsules and interferes with the Magenta which works on the heart therefrom, while through the thorax no such detrimental absorption takes place, the utmost that could happen being interference with metabolism. The physiology of animals does not coincide with that of man, their psychical and higher

construction being different. Vivisection is a barbarous practice in modern civilization and at its best is worthless and a disgrace to the healing art. Spectro-Chrome study avoids it and is the cleanest and the most accurate healing art, in its positive conformity to the laws of God.

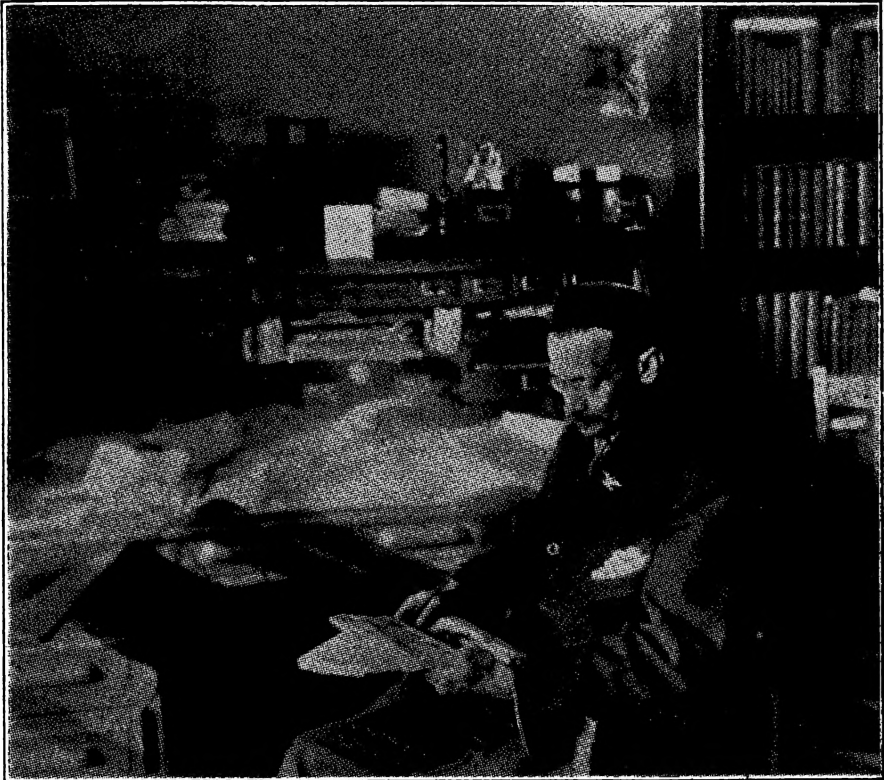
#### MATHEMATICS IN LOVE

An English psycho-analyst, Dr. David Forsyth, says that a man loving two women at the same time is one-half for each, and if loving five synchronously is only 20 per cent for each. He thus measures love by rule of proportion, forgetting that though the sun shines on the whole world, he shines no less or more according to the population shone upon. Love's irradiation is so brilliant that it is utterly impossible for the casual observer to fathom the fundamentals of its potency. The average thinker mixes the feelings of love and lust, and not being aware of the true difference, faulty deductions are likely to occur. Were love in its prime aspects an arithmetical calculation only, God and the Benign Masters would lose their glory. Love is the Light of the Lord; its expression in the Cosmos is universal; it is the sacrifice of personal interests for the good of others in whom we be interested; it asks for nothing; it gives and does not expect even to receive; it has no condition or obligation, no end to serve; it is all devotional. But, as comprehended today, so-called Love is nothing but the chasing of a chimera of conceived ideas of happiness, a material shell clothed in the aura of the semi-high and at its best is only a name without the soul of impersonality behind it to activate and energize it into the effulgence of the eternal self. What appears in the law courts as love shattered, never was love, or there

would be no mud-slinging, no black-washing of character, no alimony demands, no aggrandizement, no ill feelings, no childish backtalks of lawyers, no desertions, no exactions of a mundane type, the root of all of which is nothing but downright jealousy of some third soul entering a human life as the answer to the unchangeable laws of Retributive Justice from own misdeeds or otherwise.

### DUTY

Duty is its own reward. Its performance as dictated by one's conscience is its greatest fruit. Duty exacts no condition, yet in its fulfillment without regard to the imposition of any condition lies the evolution of man. Man, the glorious emblem of the Deity, is the essence of creation, protection and destruction; he is the highest image of his Creator, being represented without from within.



Humble Servant of Suffering Humanity  
DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, Originator of Spectro-Chrome Therapy

### DINSHAH'S PLATFORM AS ADOPTED BY HIM SINCE 1891

The Boundless Vibratory Ocean of Thought is Essentially Universal and All-pervading; it is the Individualized Monopoly of NO Person, and is the Common Heritage of Humanity's Evolution: thus, what a Development of Unrevealed Ages has given unto Me in the Form of Knowledge in My Present Incarnation is No Distinctive Acquisition of Mine for My Sole Use, Benefit or Elevation, but is All for Thee and Is Thine Without Condition. Without Obligation, Without Expectation. I Fear No One; Only God Above and Conscience Below, and From Them I have Nothing to Fear.

## Attuned Orange Wave

(Humor, Wit, Fun, Satire, Tickle, Irony)

### HOT DOGS!!!

**A Hot Sketch on the Knickerbocker Girl  
vs. the Short Skirt Flapper, by  
Mrs. Anna Tilley, E. C. T.**

"Hot Dogs" at last! She arrived, with her knickers, a charmingly picturesque treat, and to be sure, a fascinating person she is, from the crown of her bobbed head to the sole of her trim two-colored shoes, everything about her intrigues the fancy. And not the least of her charms is the fact that she is so wise in the way of costumes.

However indignant we grow at the modern generation's latest prank we know it is just a sensible style.

Why is it? Will some doctor, psychologist, or perhaps some wise layman tell me, is there a screw loose or is it just a kink in the brain that makes a certain class of people yell "Hot Dogs," snigger, or convulse with laughter when they see what they consider an oddity in dress? Do these silly flappers think because they wear short skirts and sheer hose, that that is the only style, or the most advanced style?

Please, gentle reader, do not misunderstand me. I am not just deriding short skirts or silk stockings. I am merely putting in a word for the girl who chooses to wear knickers instead of short skirts. Not, perhaps, because it is ultra-modern, but because it is more sensible to my way of thinking, more comfortable and surely more modest. I do not think that anybody will deny that knickers worn below the knee with wool stockings are more modest than short skirts worn above the knee with silk stockings, or as in some cases with socks.

It is well to notice that in those countries where modesty is still con-



sidered a virtue women have always worn trousers and are still wearing them.

I wonder, dear friends of the fair sex, and you, their husbands, brothers or sweethearts, if in looking up the history of skirts you would still laugh at the knicker girl, or would there be a rush to the clothiers for knicker suits? I think the latter would happen.

I know there are thousands of women who would like very much to wear knickers for the comfort they give, but these dear sisters are afraid of being laughed at. What difference does it make if people laugh, if you know and feel that you are comfortable, and just as well

dressed as the next one, if not better?

After all, propriety or impropriety is only comparative. It is the conception of the individual, the nation or race he or she belongs to; for instance, in the *Morning World* dated May 3rd a small article appeared of which the heading was "Modern Both Ways"—Albanian women are discarding trousers to become modern, and American women for the same reason are putting them on. So I suppose these women of Albania think they have been wrong and are right now. And we who wear knickers also think we were wrong before, and are right now. It is all comparative; what is right in one country will appear wrong in another, and what is right in one individual will seem wrong in another.

Last, but not least, YOU FLAPPERS who wear petticoats and envelope chemise, and presume to laugh at the knicker girl, if you could see yourself with her eyes when the flap of your chemise is flapping or your petticoat shows two inches below your very much abused short skirt, you would think twice before you would dare to laugh.

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### AN ATTACK OF THE GRIP

By Herbert M. Horn, M.D., D.C.,  
S.C.T.

Say! Did you ever go joy riding with an attack of the grip? You may take it from me that it has all other forms of amusement beaten to a standstill. The grip germ is the brainiest little bug that was ever chased by a doctor.

I was sitting quietly at home reading Einstein's masterly treatment on the "Bending of Rays," when I suddenly began sneezing like a Bolshevik regiment answering roll call. A friend happened to be visiting at the

time in my house. He was deeply absorbed in the mysteries of Darwin's latest achievements, "Monkey Glands and Monkey Shines." He acknowledged my first sneeze with the customary "Gesundheit," then he trailed bravely along with his responses for several minutes, but it was useless; I had more sneezes in my system than there are "Gesundheits" in the entire German army. "Mr. Johnson," he ventured after a time, "you are getting a cold." "I'm not getting it," I sniffed, "I have it now."

What a mean contemptible little creature a grip germ must be! Absolutely without any of the finer feelings and instincts of the more aristocratic germs, it sneaks into people's systems disguised as an ordinary cold. It isn't straightforward like the rheumatism germs or the toothache bacilli, both of which are brave and fearless, and will walk right up to you and kick you on the shins, big as you are.

I discovered shortly after I had sneezed myself into a condition of fearful profanity that a newly married couple of grip germs had taken a notion to build a nest in my solar plexus, and two hours later they had about 1,857 children attending school in my pituitary gland. Every time they came out for recess they would create such a rumpus in my coco that I would go up in the air and hit the ceiling with my nose. Before daylight came all these children had graduated from school, and after they tore down the schoolhouse, the whole bunch was married and had large families of their own; then all of them went out paddling their canoes on my alimentary canal. That was the fiercest night I ever spent.

Then the doctor arrived on the scene. He threw his saws behind the mantelpiece and put a bunch of fierce-looking instruments on the table; then he felt my pulse. He took

my temperature and remarked that my tongue looked like a currycomb. Then he said "Ah!" and look at my leg very hard. "Say, Doc," I whispered, "It is no use cutting my leg off, because the germs will hide in my elbow." But the doctor disdained even to take notice of this ghastly attempt at humor; he began shooting questions at me faster than I could answer them. "Do you feel shooting pains in the back of the head? Have you a buzzing in the ears, and a confused sound like distant laughter in your abdomen? Does your tongue feel rare and high priced like a porterhouse steak at a summer resort? When you look at the wall paper does your brain sort of turn topsy turvy, and cause you to meld a 100 aces, and double pinochle, and eighty kings? When you lie on your left side, do you have an impulse to be on your right side, and then do you feel like jumping out of bed to throw stones at a policeman?"

I answered all these questions in the affirmative, because he had really mentioned all my symptoms. "Tell me the truth, doctor," I asked with palpitating heart, "what is it, the bubonic plague?" "You have something worse, you have the grip," the doctor whispered gently. Then he got out his pencil and paper and became busy with it, and left me enough prescriptions to keep the druggist in pocket money throughout the winter.

Then my friends and relatives began to drop in and annoy me with suggestions. Uncle Louis sat by my bedside and after I had barked for him two or three times he decided on pneumonia and was insistent that I tie a rubber band around my chest and take a bath in gasoline. I told my uncle I had no desire to become a human automobile, so he became mad and went home. But before he became mad he drank three bottles of home brew and be-

fore he went home he borrowed my Sunday suit of clothes. An hour later my friend John dropped in. John is a medical student. So he looked me over and decided I had galloping tuberculosis, incipient asthma, tonsillitis, croup and the measles. Outside of that, he solemnly assured me, I was all right. He insisted that I take 50 grains of quinine, ten grains of aspirin, rub the back of my neck with benzine, soak my ankles in kerosene, then swallow a little phenacetin, and a hot whiskey toddy every half hour. If I found it hard to take the whiskey toddy, he volunteered to run in every half hour and help me.

I obeyed the doctor's orders religiously for three consecutive days. But the only result that I got was that I was getting weaker every hour, and there was absolutely no improvement in my condition. So I decided to call in another doctor.

Now, in our neighborhood there lived a doctor who was considered a faker by everybody. He had certain queer ideas in regard to the treatment of dis-ease. He used to say that drugs were unnecessary for the treatment of dis-ease. He treated his patients with some sort of a crazy arrangement of colored lights. But the funniest part of the thing was that the blessed thing worked. This doctor had set right quite a number of people, who had been given up as hopeless by the other doctors.

So I sent for this "doctor." He came in and felt my pulse and took my temperature. "H'm," says he, "you need Spectro-Chrome Turquoise." "Doctor, is this fatal?" "Is what fatal?" "The dis-ease you just mentioned." "Ha, ha, ha! This is not a dis-ease, this is a treatment." "But, doctor, is this medicine going to kill the grip germ?" "So the doctors have got you convinced that an army of germs have invaded your body and are very gradually chew-

ing you up. According to the blindness of this theory, the whole organic domain is fearfully wormy, and man, the highest product of physical life, is a seething army of vicious parasites which are consuming his vitals, some of which many physicians insist should be cut out. According to this theory God made man to be consumed by parasites and physicians, and to work like the devil all his life to pay physicians for catching and killing these little worms. Now I have something far better to right you. I am not going to pour any poisonous substance into your insides in order to kill the germs, for the simple reason that whatever is strong enough to kill the germs is also strong enough to destroy the live cells of your body. I am going to shed an

Attuned Color upon you that will reduce your fever and make you feel perfectly all right in a couple of days. What have you been eating?" "Nothing at all, doctor; just a cup of hot broth every hour, and a soft-boiled egg and toast every once in a while, and a drink of whiskey occasionally to keep my strength up." "Now, all you are permitted to have is a little milk every once in a while. You must not take any such food or drugs, and take these treatments as I shall direct you."

Well, I did as this freak doctor directed, and would you believe it, in two days I was perfectly well? I swore off regular doctors for life, and I refuse to take the advice of relatives and friends. Give me my "freak doctor" every time.

## Attuned Yellow Wave

(Correspondence, Query, Catechism, Inquiry, Interrogatory)

### FOODS AND SEX

To the Editor of Spectro-Chrome:

Reviewing events of the last decade, it would almost appear as if civilization is retrograding instead of progressing.

The world is a school to teach us how to think and feel aright, so that we may be qualified to use those two subtler forces of thought and the power of emotion. Poverty, sickness, privations and tribulations are all lessons for not complying with law. The greater part of humanity drifts with the tide. The more man and woman takes cognizance of life and its complexity, the more they realize that the perverted use of the sex function (with all its concomittant sins) and perverted

appetites (alcoholism, narcotics and flesh foods) are the main causes of slow evolution.

Inertia and indifference go hand in hand. In the individual, lack of faith (fear and worry) and self pity are the greatest hindrance for development. In each life we learn different lessons and self-mastery is the goal, for no amount of work can so tire the physical body and wreck it as when the enormous energy of the desire body is let loose in a fit of temper.

As there never can be universal happiness till sex life is properly regulated, explain in your columns the double function of the sex faculty, Procreation and Regeneration.

As service is our keynote, may the "Spectro-Chrome" be a torch and a

beacon to humanity! "God's Kingdom come!"

Yours for the hastening of Brotherhood,

ANNA C. DE LA MOTTE,  
M.D., S.C.T.



SPECTRO-CHROME cordially invites articles on the stated aspects of Sex, and also on Rational Human Diet.

### SPECTRO-CHROME, ART AND DRAMA

My dear Col. Dinshah:

As a pupil of your classes in Spectro-Chrome Therapy and Higher and Occult Aspects of Human Life, for the benefit of the readers of the "Spectro-Chrome" (your new magazine), many of whom are among those who wrote me letters of appreciation regarding my art upon the screen and asked me questions about my habits and activities in daily life, I desire to write a few lines expressing my sincere views.

The acme of any attainment cannot be reached without a well-balanced body and mind; it is particularly so in the field of the regular as well as the silent drama. In fact, the silent drama exacts more from the artist because the entire expression has to come direct to the eyes of the spectators without appeal to other senses; herein lies one very great difficulty of the Motion Picture artist. She has to have a perfect body and a perfectly balanced mind working in it to score the success desired.

The Silent Drama draws forth the inner consciousness of the true professional: it illumines the features through the innermost Soul Spark; that is why I became a student of Applied and Practical Psychology and why I studied in your classes, as you can so thoroughly express and impart the truth about the inner self of human nature. And after go-

### MISS MADLAINE TRAVERSE

The Well-Known Motion Picture Star is the first of her Profession to Graduate as a SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPIST



ing through your courses of instruction I believe that only now am I fitted for greater and higher expressions in dramatic work; with the right opportunity I shall be able to unfold the truth of it, the real art of it—and I shall be able proudly to assert Dinshah did it—he showed me the way!

With the greatest appreciation to you, my guide and teacher, I remain heartily and most sincerely yours,

MADLAINE TRAVERSE.



Dear Friend: Your kind words do me good and inspire me to greater efforts for the benefit and in the service of humanity. I am no less proud to have such a gifted person as you are in my classes and your beautiful presence there does certainly impart a further charm to the atmosphere. It is the grateful appreciation of his students that makes for the success of any teacher and your noble words do credit to you and your refinement. Thank you cordially.

## Attuned Lemon Wave

(Medicine, Surgery, Science, Osteopathy, Chiropractic, Philosophy)

### THE BLOOD-BOAT

#### Polarity of the Tissue Cell

By LaVerne A. Barber, M.D.,

The electron is the base of atomic structure, bodily cells are molecular masses, man is a human dynamo. In health, man functions as a Positive; dis-eased, he becomes a Negative.

The brain is divided into two equal hemispheres because of polarity. Polarically the left side, it is said, functions Positively; the right, Negatively. This is reversed in the body, where the left side is Negative; the right, Positive. There are exceptions, but this is the rule.

Why? The answer is Polarity.

The Medulla Oblongata is a commixture wherein the wires are switched across and the nerve-currents shunted over to a changed polarity and a quickened vitality. Thus it is that the slightest lesion in the medulla is fatal, because polarity is disturbed at its vital center and the human dynamo is short-circuited, "shocked" beyond repair.

Imperfect polaric exchange affects the human body in many ways, because the body is composed of many cells. Virchow speaks of physical "Automatic Regulators"; what he referred to was "Polarity." To master basic dis-eased conditions, one should study physiological polarity.

Begin here the study of metabolism and scientific dietetics.

All normal assimilation of food, all tissue metabolism is a polaric give-and-take, a play between the positive and the negative vital currents which quicken the cells into activity. Healthy cells have normal polarity; to acquire and maintain this, foods must be properly

blended and balanced, that chemical changes be not abused. What the average medical mind knows about a scientific diet is a startling revelation to the inquiring mind.

May I metamorphose? The bloodstream is a river, the red-blood corpuscles are steamboats. Their normal cargo is oxygen, and they traffic in nutrition, carrying it into interior parts of the country (body), where they unload and exchange it for a cargo of waste material.

Hemoglobin has positive polaric attraction for ozone, and oxygen combines with hemoglobin to coax and hold nutrition aboard the blood-boat. Billions of these tiny ships, carrying cargos of food and warmth, cruise along Red Rivers to deposit their cargos when and where needed along Life's flowing stream.

Every hungry tissue cell along the banks of this stream is negative to the arriving blood-boat. Polaric give-and-take occurs, the poles are switched, the unloaded boat becomes negatively absorptive to the now positively excreting cell, reloads with waste material and departs along venous canals en route to eliminative Integumental, Bronchial, Malpighian and Intestinal docks.

Normal inter-cellular traffic requires an exact polaric balance, a 50-50 break. Any excess of deficiency quickly affects these blood-boats and immediately we find them carrying suboxidated cargos of toxic matter instead of nutrition.

Improper foods, and foods badly blended, cause fermentation which leads, in turn, to acidosis. Cells are sullen workers in an acid medium. There follows lowered cellular vibration and sooner or later dis-ease and death. Equalized cellular polarity is the road to perfect health

—plus, of course, the required mentality.

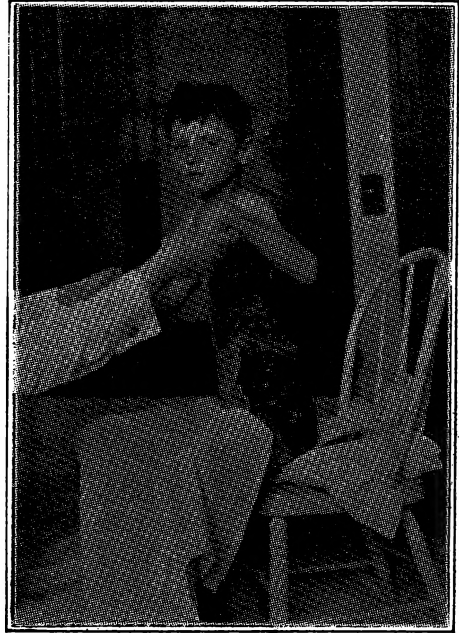
In this article, there is dropped to the student-mind merely a hint of a fascinating subject often neglected, if, indeed, not entirely overlooked.

Truly, metabolism depends upon cellular polarity; to understand its many phases more and more we must study Nature's Primer. Physiologically, that book can hold no more important subject than the polarity of the cell and the traffic between the blood-boats and the hungry tissues.

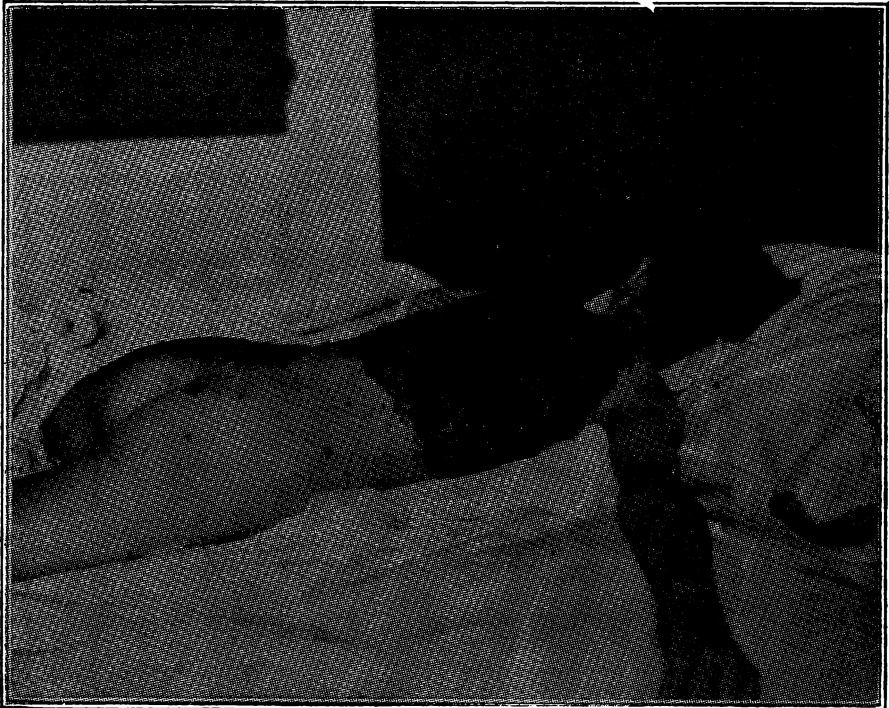
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This burnt girl owes her life to Spectro-Chrome Therapy and its skillful administration by Dr. Kate W. Baldwin; ordinarily, such a case under known medical and surgical methods would have been considered hopeless. Read next page for particulars.

Front View of Burnt Area



Back View of Burnt Area



## Attuned Green Wave

(Spectro-Chrome Therapy, Spectro-Chrome Therapists)

### NO PROOF OF ANYTHING BUT RESULTS

The Wise Man knows how little he knows  
of what may be known.

By Kate W. Baldwin, M.D.,  
F.A.C.S.,

Senior Surgeon, Woman's Hospital  
of Philadelphia, Pa.

A statement of opinion is as nothing compared with a report of experience. Repeated successes allow of no other conclusion than that experience with Spectro-Chrome Therapy or Attuned Color Waves has proved its value. This truth is worthy of all the reiteration it can be given.

Here I can only mention in a general way some of the results secured by the use of Attuned Color as a therapeutic measure. It is the most well-worth-while contribution to the healing art in many years. I doubt if anything known to "scientific medicine" can show more satisfactory results.

As with any other therapeutic measure, acute cases respond quicker than do chronic ones, but results will come with the chronic cases if due time and attention be given. I would like to give histories and go into details, but that is impossible in the short space available.

Attuned Colors seem to have a particular charm in all varieties of septic conditions, regardless of the special organism; as a fact, in mixed infections, the streptococci disappear first in many cases. Septic cases with temperatures of 102 to 105 degrees F. have a normal temperature in from one to three days and, if gotten early, resolution takes place before necrosis; if not, the

time for healing is much reduced. Very seldom is an opiate or even a sedative required; the fewer sedatives, the less call for cathartics and laxatives.

Burns of the first to the fourth degree heal in about half the time taken with any other line of treatment. No exuberant granulations form and the new skin is soft and flexible. Large areas cover in without contractions. At the present time, I have a girl eight years old whose clothes caught fire and from two-thirds to three-quarters of the torso, the neck to the hair line, one ear and one arm to the elbow were very badly burned. According to all rules for burns, this child "has no business to be alive," but she is very much alive and the burned surface is practically one-half covered with beautiful flexible skin. The skin is so perfect that the nurses on the case remarked some days ago, "Dr. Baldwin, you will have difficulty to convince people of the extent of that burn." This case has had no medication. Attuned Colors and correct diet have taken care of all symptoms, and elimination by kidneys, bowels and unburned skin has been so perfect that the tax on her vital forces has been reduced to a minimum. The local dressing in this case has been sterilized, waxed lunch paper dipped in a saturated solution of bicarbonate of sodium in crude cocoanut oil. The cocoanut oil melts at body temperature. It is warmed to about that temperature and the paper takes it up as a sponge does water and gives a translucent covering for the burned surface. The oil paper, if allowed to extend beyond the burned surface, adheres to the skin sufficiently not to shuck. Outside of this we have used a jacket of two thicknesses of

gauze just tucked together over the shoulder and down the sides. No clothing at all and no bandages. This is the simplest and the most efficient dressing I ever used for burns and I have tested nearly if not all of the recent as well as the older methods of dressing. It is difficult to do justice to such a case, on paper. The photograms may help a little, but they do not show the full extent of the burned surface.

If Spectro-Chrome was of value in the treatment of burns **only**, it would be worth while for every physician to investigate it.

In extreme cases of hiccoughs, it remedies after drugs have failed to give relief. In one case where hiccoughs had continued for ten days, the attending physician said, "We have reached the limit of our resources: try anything that promises a chance of relief." So Spectro-Chrome was used. After the first treatment, the patient had several hours of refreshing sleep and within eighteen hours the hiccoughing ceased entirely. Another man had hiccoughed continuously for five days without even momentary relief. This case also responded satisfactorily to Spectro-Chrome.

A woman past seventy years of age addicted to the use of morphine for eighteen years, a registered drug addict and a paralytic for twenty years, has not taken morphine now for more than a year, thanks to Spectro-Chrome! This patient came under my care because of a fracture of the left leg, the tibia at the lower end and the fibula at the upper. The next day after this accident, we found that the left arm was paralyzed. She developed a fast spreading bed sore over the sacrum. The excretions were all involuntary and as a whole the case was discouraging. For at least three weeks there was no indication that the bones were going to unite, but finally we were able to secure union, the bed sore responded promptly, the excretions were controlled and

could she have continued the treatment I feel reasonably sure that the paralysis would have been even better than it is. It is a little more than one year since the fracture. Today I called the daughter on the telephone and learned that the mother with assistance was able to walk around on the one floor and that she did not take any morphine and in a general way enjoyed the family life.

Members of the medical profession, Spectro-Chrome or Attuned Color Therapy is well worth your time to investigate.



By kind invitation of Dr. Kate W. Baldwin, I visited the hospital and saw the burnt girl. It occurred to me that the doctor had certainly produced the most marvelous result in so serious a case. The coconut oil and waxed paper dressing was doing all for the application of the Attuned Color Waves through its translucence and the absence of pain to the patient demonstrated the potency of the Spectro-Chrome in the alleviation of suffering which in cases of deep burns is intense, agonizing and pitifully distracting. I congratulate the worthy doctor on her confidence in the power of Attuned Color Waves and exclusively using them against all odds, bravely avoiding morphine and its associates. It is truly hard to believe that drugs could be dispensed with entirely even in such extreme cases and their secondary and tertiary physiological and other adverse effects guarded against for the ultimate complete recovery of the patient. Since the introduction of Spectro-Chrome Therapy into Philadelphia, Penna., about fourteen months ago, the Spectro-Chrome Institute conducted two classes aggregating about 110 students of the system. A majority of these pioneers is practicing in and around the city, but few had such opportunities for clinical observation of the poten-

cies of Spectro-Chrome in such varieties of dis-eases as Dr. Kate W. Baldwin, owing to her high hospital position, and, without any reflection on the enthusiasm of other practitioners, it might be said that few followed the courses more attentively and put the knowledge to quicker use for suffering humanity than this good doctor. She took the lead to introduce the new system on its own merits under crucial conditions which would have probably discouraged a less competent surgeon, and for and on behalf of the Spectro-Chrome Institute I offer the best and the most heartfelt compliments to her. I also convey my sincere thanks to the Board of Managers of the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia, Penna., for liberal thoughtfulness in introducing Spectro-Chrome Therapy into their institution—setting an example of the nobleness of womankind to the less progressive hospitals conducted by men.

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### SPECTRO-CHROME IN THE DENTAL OFFICE

By Alice M. Norton, D.D.S.

Early in October, 1921, I began to use a 400-Watt Spectro-Chrome equipment in the treatment of three cases of Pyorrhoea Alveolaris.

The first patient dropped out in three weeks, declaring she could not give the time or observe the dietetic rules.

The second patient, a woman of pronounced dislike for any form of medicine, was interested and willing to be a subject for experiment. She came in the midst of an acute attack, five beautiful anterior teeth being involved (an X-ray examination showed marked disturbance.) I removed all calcareous deposits from necks of the teeth, cleaned and polished crowns of the teeth, and instituted a regular half-hour local treatment of alternate Green and Tur-

quoise in place of the usual routine prophylactic treatment I gave such patients.

There was a marked improvement after the sixth treatment—the patient able to bite apples with comfort—the color of the gums much improved. I then switched to alternate Indigo and Lemon at three-day intervals. I dismissed her after the 18th treatment. No recurrence so far.

The third case was a woman 52 years old, a diabetic; she was not satisfactory as a patient, though quite interesting. She is an invalid, comes infrequently, has had seventeen local and two systemic treatments in six months; the improvement was very slight, which is all one could expect under the circumstances. Her physician insists on a "diabetic diet," which includes meat and whiskey! An interesting phase of her treatment is that she always settles herself for a nap as soon as I turn the Green or Turquoise Color on her and says it rests her for about two days.



The above cases are interesting and the trouble lies only with the patients or their attending physicians. The patients expect Spectro-Chrome (as a new system) to perform "magic" in all cases without attention to the diet or the technic and rarely give opportunity to the Spectro-Chrome Therapist to show the results by following Nature's laws, as indicated. Pyorrhoea should be treated like any other constitutional dis-ease with systemic Green a number of times in conjunction with the local Green, etc., and the patient must be patient with the Therapist in going for the necessary treatments. We thank Dr. Alice M. Norton for her perseverance and her encouraging report.

## Attuned Turquoise Wave

(Poetry, Romance, Drama, Art)

### SPECTRO-CHROME

The Harp of Health

By Miss Kashmiria Dinshah, S. C. T.



Amaranthis was in sorrow,  
For its noble King lay ill;  
The physicians said that grim Death  
Would his weakened pulse soon still.

So throughout the splendid kingdom,  
There was woe in every heart;  
Up they gave themselves to praying,  
All forsaking shop and mart.

Incurable, so-called, there lay  
That land's illustrious King;  
Abandoned hope the healers all,  
Affirming they tried everything.

"Tried everything!" But with what aim?  
Ah! was it to save or kill?  
If the first, they failed, if the last,  
Time in that would prove their skill.

That day the King's son came to him  
And said, "Worthy sire, thy wealth,  
Domains, rulership, what are they,  
Without that great treasure, Health?"

"Prince, O my son, thou speakest truth,"  
The suffering King then said,  
"But these wise healers have despaired.  
They say I am all but dead!"

"O my beloved father, live!"  
And he drew him to his breast,  
"I shall seek that wondrous treasure,  
And till I succeed not rest!"

"Brave, O thou loyal hearted Prince,  
Go, my blessings on thee, son!"  
"Father, farewell!" They parted.  
Fell the twilight—day was done.

Alone, the young Prince sallied forth,  
When sable night's wings unfurled;  
The full moon gleamed a silver track  
Of bright light across the World.

Long he did travel, day and night,  
Thru woods and marshes haunted,  
Where dark and wicked Nature sprites  
Him pursued, harassed, taunted.

Across the stormy seas he went  
Inquiring, seeking ever;  
Of turning back before success  
Did crown him, he thought never.

The North and South and West he  
searched,  
Through countries fraught with danger:  
Treachery, sham, truth, law and love,  
All met this royal ranger.

At last the pearly Eastern strand  
He reached—the Land of Sunrise:  
The natal place of mystic lore  
And wisdom that never dies.

The Prince went onward in his quest,  
Passing marble cities grand.  
Asking the sages, "Where is Health?"  
As he traveled through the land.

"Seek farther," was their one reply,  
And still farther on he sought.  
Braving now the jungle's terrors  
Thinking, "This is not for naught."

Cent times the sun did rise and set;  
Still the palmy jungle thru  
He pressed; at last, the night crept on,  
Silence rose, and cooling dew.

Presently, up a mountain side,  
The gallant Prince's way led,  
Himalaya, old, majestic,  
Forest-robed, with snowcapped head.

The next day dawned. The morning sun  
Crowned the mountain tops with light,  
The blossom laden tropic trees  
Seemed as with bright gems bedight.

Now paused the Prince beside a lake  
Upon whose surface gleaming,  
Rested loti creamy-petaled,  
And white swans floated, dreaming.

The lush grass formed a carpet soft  
On which the wild deer bounded.  
The songs of rainbow-plumaged birds  
Thru verdant groves resounded.

A balmy wind, sweet Nature's fan;  
To the flowers murmured low,  
Swaying them to its harmony,  
In a measure soft and slow.

Down on the lake brink knelt the Prince,  
And uttered an earnest prayer.  
"O Himalayan Lords Divine,  
Is that precious Health found here?"

Filled with reverent thoughts, he rose,  
A Being of holy mien,  
An exalted occult Master,  
In a halo crowned, was seen.

Awhile the young Prince gazed in awe,  
At his features supernal;  
Then, bowing, said, "I seek the boon  
Of Health Supreme, Eternal."

Penetrant-eyed, the Master looked,  
At the tireless seeker brave;  
"O man courageous, thou hast won,  
Thou wilt yet thy father save!"

Then, by the Master there appeared,  
A radiant Harp of gold,  
He drew his hand across the strings,  
Forth a silver sonance rolled.

Harmonic, fresh and free, it swelled,  
In joyous cadence ringing,  
Pulsating waves of melody,  
Like holy angels singing.

The wondrous music soared and spread,  
To a throbbing sea of sound,  
Embracing in its tonal arms,  
That calm, hallowed scene around.

Then, to the sense of sight became,  
The marvelous sonance clear,  
In great iridescent surges  
That the Prince could see and hear!

"Behold, O man," the Master said,  
"Now no farther need you roam,  
That treasure Health you seek is here—  
This glorious Spectro-Chrome!"

"Thy dauntless unselfish virtue,  
Invincible truth has brought  
To thee, after all thy trials,  
This brilliant success long sought."

"Thy name befits thee, loyal Prince.  
That of Duty thou art King;  
Down through the aeons thy honor  
All posterity shall sing."

"More lustrous than a thousand suns  
Yet shall be thy splendid fame,  
The anguished millions thou wilt heal,  
Shall speak blessings on thy name."

"Great and good and godly-thoughted,  
The world's darkness thou shalt light;  
Thine shall be transcendent glory.  
Strong Defender of the Right."

"Before these Attuned Color Waves  
Shall medical legions bow,  
On thy path of truth and duty  
March thou boldly forward now."

A violet light exquisite  
That Grand Master's face illumed,  
The soft refreshing mountain air  
Became with roses perfumed.

The celestial Being vanished,  
And the luminance grew dim,  
The glowing Sun now sank beneath  
The western horizon's rim.

With velvet touch the nocturne gleamed,  
With jewels in her dark crown,  
The sparkling stars—the rising moon  
On that tranquil scene shone down.

Bearing the wondrous Harp of Health,  
Back to Amaranthis came  
In haste the Prince; the populace  
Did in songs its joy proclaim.

Straight to the palace chamber went  
That faithful son, where, dying,  
Figure and features gaunt and wan,  
His father dear was lying.

In sombre black the room was hung,  
And the windows veiled in black;  
Anything that might tend to gloom,  
That apartment did not lack.

The chamber's mournful atmosphere  
Was augmented by a dirge,  
Its doleful strains enveloped all  
In a melancholy surge.

Humbly kneeling, the Prince then said,  
"Honored Father, I am here!"  
Slowly the King opened his eyes,  
And in them was seen a tear.

"My beloved son! God bless thee,"  
Affection truly royal  
Entwined these two, the gracious King,  
And the young Prince so loyal.

Noting his father's pallid cheeks,  
And the room's dark hangings grim,  
The Prince exclaimed, "I wonder not  
That the fire of life grows dim!"

Turning to the smug-faced leechers,  
He gave vent to righteous rage,  
"Where is your much-vaunted learning?  
Tell, who were your teachers sage?"

"Your so-called 'skill' proved valueless;  
This environment of gloom  
Is as if designed to hasten  
On the patient to his doom!"

"But in a few weeks—days, perhaps,  
The King would most surely die  
Naturally," the doctors said,  
Shrinking from the Prince's eye.

"And so, dictates your wisdom great.  
Send him to Death in hurry!  
Leave at once!" the Prince commanded,  
They all fled in a flurry.

Tore away the sombre curtains,  
Open wide the windows threw,  
In streamed the gladdening sunshine,  
And in cooling breezes blew.

The Prince then took the golden Harp,  
A marvelous melody  
Issued forth as he struck its chords,  
Silencing the threnody.

Softly thru the quiet chamber  
Rang the tender harmony.  
A swiftly increasing ocean  
Of enchanting symphony.

As though stirred by sudden impulse,  
Did the dulcet music soar,  
Like a titanic tidal wave,  
With a tuneful, rushing roar.

At this point the royal patient  
Raised eyes that once more sparkled;  
Illness, Death's foreboding shadow,  
Around him no longer darkled.

And, as apparent to his sight  
The wonderful sound became,  
His languor left. Re-energized,  
Life's bedimmed spark leaped to flame.

The rolling ocean of sonance,  
Thru the spacious palace halls,  
Spread in melodious surges  
Refluent from the crystal walls.

Soon the tremendous sea of notes,  
Engulfed the city entire,  
It glistened like a pearl amidst  
That impassioned tonal fire.

Amaranthis' favored people  
Saw and marveled at the sound;  
Delighted, they, for a moment,  
Did listen as though spellbound.

Then the multitudes assembled,  
By a mighty force impelled;  
And proceeded to the palace  
From whose halls the music welled.

At the portals of that building,  
Halted that imposing throng,  
Watched and waited, rapt, expectant;  
They had not to wait for long.

On the gleaming glassen terrace  
Of wide steps, builded about  
The palace, there appeared the King,  
Quite well now, without a doubt.

Bearing the music's source, the Harp,  
The triumphant Prince came out;  
The joyful populace sent up  
A great, hilarious shout.

Facing the assemblage beaming,  
In a strong, commanding voice,  
Spoke the eminent-thoughted Prince,  
"My good people, I rejoice."

"At that time when from us our King,  
It was likely Death might wrest,  
By filial affection urged,  
I set out upon Health's quest."

"When success my long search ended,  
Only then I turned; a wealth  
Of knowledge having gained. Behold,  
The marvelous Harp of Health!"

As the final words were uttered,  
From the gladsome concourse broke  
An exultant cheer which echoes  
From the distant hills awoke.

The solar orb shone down upon  
The city, gem of beauty,  
Its people, their King, and the Prince  
So faithful to his duty.

Again from the vibrant Harp-strings  
Rang out harmonious chords;  
Sounding praise to God Almighty,  
And to the great Karmic Lords.

Then there arose, as with one voice  
Sweetly from a million throats,  
A swelling chant of gratitude,  
Of radiant silver notes.

"O Masters of Occult Wisdom,  
Hail to ye Lords Supernal,  
Hail to our King, and noble Prince  
Whose name shall live eternal!"

"Wavering not from stern Truth's path,  
Our Prince's fame resplendent  
Shall be; above all others he  
In Knowledge is transcendent."

Everlasting, thru the ages,  
Shall be sung in every home.  
By unnumbered grateful people,  
The glory of Spectro-Chrome.



## Attuned Magenta Wave

(Love, Friendship, Kindness, Emotion)

### MAGENTA

By HENRY C. LANNEAU, S.C.T.

(Paper presented before the Washington Association of Spectro-Chrome Therapists at their regular monthly meeting.)

Recently I was the recipient of a highly diverting and altogether interesting post card message, as follows:

Saturday night, 8.30—1439 R.

Dear Henry—Well, old boy, you are to show what Magenta will do. I demand it on your part to produce a new field of progress and prove to us that you can and will surround the Universe with this immense stimulant.

H. B. Coblentz, Pres.

Rather a large order, I should say. I treasure this post card, for of all strange missives I ever saw, much less received, this seemed then as now most cryptic. In fact I regard it nothing less than classic, but like all classics worthy of the name its true intent and import was to a degree obscure. The first impression of surprise gave way to puzzled wonderment, then amusement mingled at last with a feeling of haunting uncertainty, that spite of glee over the whimsical message would not down. Was the worthy doctor only joking, or half in jest, half in earnest, did he really mean to make a goat of me? If the latter, I thought, then all good and well, in true sporting spirit I'll accept the challenge and become the goat. But if so be, beware! for in true goat-like fashion I mean to play my part. I give you fair warning then, all friends alike, whoever you are or wherever you happen to be or however disposed at the time, if in the immediate vicinity of my for-

ward-going part I shall certainly endeavor to give you a very cordial butt—for playing goat remember is only a game of give-and-take; it is up to you to decide which you want. As the children used to say, I bid not to be it! I hear each one in turn exclaim, "All right, then I'll be the goat." But look out! For I the butter, and you the buttee, will know what it is like to affront and confront a goatee. Next day perhaps after your vigorous pom-meling, you may not be able to do very gracefully or with a high degree of comfort what every good tub is required to do, but nevertheless, you may console yourself with the thought that Spectro-Chrome can relieve you of your frightful predicament and all will soon be well.

And now in passing, while on the pleasant subject of goats let us consider for a moment this amiable creature's character, and analyze from a strictly scientific standpoint based on the indisputable principles of Spectro-Chrome, his most striking characteristic. Whatever else may be said of him, a goat is certainly a progressive, forward-moving animal. Whoever doubts this claim to virtue need only stand in the path of his progress to be convinced. So much for that. But whence springs the animal's well known propensity for displaying his high spirits by coming into violent contact with all around him? Just a moment's thought will show the explanation to be very simple, yet sound and accurate. Everyone knows that the most effective and at the same time inexpensive way to dispose of the accumulation of old tin cans on the premises is to allow his voracious majesty, the goat, free access to the feast. He indeed should be very

appropriately called, if not the king of beasts, at least the king of legerdemain, for the goat is the only animal in or out of captivity, known to be able to devour, and not only that but to be able to devour with exceeding gusto, articles of food composed entirely of metal,—in this case, large, round, fat tin cans. Now pause a moment—with what are these tin cans adorned that first attract the animal? Why to be sure, the most conspicuous, gaudy labels of flaming red and yellow! And where do we find the element of tin? Right on the yellow spectral section! Enough said. This animating tin can diet supplies the necessary motor stimulus, and the immediate, magical effect is to cause the hilarious animal to go pitching about in every conceivable direction like a man four sheets in the wind, until stopped perchance by a stone wall. Thus, friends, we see that Spectro-Chrome is at the bottom of everything and can explain even so obscure a subject as the traditional nature of the common, garden variety of goat. I trust you will pardon this manifest digression which is intended merely as a divertisement by way of introduction to the real subject in hand.

Magenta! What mystic meaning and music in that word! Long ago a mighty one of earth exclaimed, "What's in a name?" Ah! Surely you must know by now as he too would have known had he but learned the principles of Spectro-Chrome, that there is everything—yes, deep significance in a name. Who has not found from frequent experience that music indeed hath charms? And what forsooth produces the charm save the vibration of the sounds in both words and notes in combination of harmony. Further, a single glance at the white and black triangles will at once disclose why all stimulating, gay, martial, war-like music, is predominantly composed of notes or vibrations

found on the red side of the spectrum, while at the same time every mother's lullaby and every crooning love-song must equally partake of the soothing vibrations found on the violet side. But hold! you say. It may be well enough to claim that such a love-song is composed mainly of blue and violet notes, but how explain the fiery, passionate song of an ardent, wooing lover? Look again at the black triangle and mark well the position of this magic wave. You see that Magenta is mid-way between Red and Violet, like a pendulum, as it were, suspended from the top or head of the white triangle from which flow the directing influences of the brain and animating impulses of the heart through the central canal of the sympathetic nervous system, which swing the pendulum at will to right or left depending on the nature of the emotions dominant. When fiery passion fills the breast and ardent love would seek to free itself in song, suddenly and in a violent manner as if from the tremor of an earthquake does the pendulum swing from its central, balanced position, far over toward the animating Red? Here then the impetuous lover finds fuel for impassioned song, and the nearer the pendulum swings toward the degree of Red the higher mount the hydrogen flames of his desire, until if not restrained in some measure he will be consumed by the fervor of his own passion. But observe the curious fact that it is possible for the pendulum to swing far enough from its position where it animates merely personal love and self-seeking, far away toward the Red and beyond, until it partakes of the nature of selfless or humanitarian love, and fires the soul of the patriot with love of country, until borne along on strains of martial music he glories in death upon the battle-field. Here again we see the underlying principle of martial music—to stir the

blood and stimulate violent activity as found on the Red side of the spectrum. Thus, according to the dictates of the directing will toward right or left, forever swings the magic pendulum—and like the Giant Clock of Time—which is but a name for a portion of Eternity—the pendulum, now swayed to left, now right, ticks off unceasingly the seconds that mark the Destiny for good or ill—a destiny of happiness or one of doom—for each mortal soul that breathes the prana of life. In contra-distinction to the emotions finding expression as Magenta moves toward the Red side displaying the aggressive forms of love, we find that as it moves in the opposite direction, toward the Violet side, the more refined forms of emotion become dominant. And the more refined the emotion, the more the cool, discerning influence of the intellect is felt upon it, and as the scale mounts higher a feeling of gratitude and reverence toward a higher being develops, manifesting itself in love for the Creator and appreciation for all His manifold blessings. As for the fervor of religious zeal so frequently displayed, be it remembered that albeit the cool electrical forces are found on the Violet side, that the principle of electricity as has been so often pointed out is, under proper conditions, to generate the most intense heat known. Therefore we find that heat is generated no matter in which direction we move, whether heat of holy passion or passing through the opposite phases, heat of the more physical emotions, differing in kind or character, not degree. We might liken the distinction on a lower plane to the difference between the fire of eloquence on the one hand and the heat of billings-gate on the other.

Coming now to the effects of Magenta from a practitioner's standpoint, we know that Magenta is the most powerful wave acting on

the emotions of the human body. This being the case, it should certainly be used with appropriate caution and judicious care, in all cases especially in the young where matters of sex are concerned, not to overstimulate or unduly depress the functions which would entail disastrous results. In the case of more mature or even very old patients unfortunate results might easily ensue, but with them habit has become formed, and it is with the young that we should be more vitally concerned. I believe in all such cases that the utmost care and judgment should be exercised in the use of Magenta where sex is involved. Speaking of Magenta in this connection of course embraces the use of Purple and Scarlet, which are both composed of half Magenta.

The heart, that great wonder working organ of the body, is most frequently the target for the magic waves, to increase energy, stimulate respiration and restore circulation to normal. The place Magenta occupies in the middle of the base of the White Triangle is deeply significant, for as we know it is an artificial wave not appearing in the visible spectrum, but is none the less real and potent because it is not seen. It is there, although invisible, the motivating spirit of the powerful trinity of attuned color potencies, symbolic of the great mystery which runs through all creation. This pure emotional or love wave, is at the very foundation centre of our life, deep within the hidden springs of being. It is like the delicate balance wheel in the mechanism of the finest watch; disturb it in the slightest degree and the whole system suffers. You have seen natures which seemed to have lost entirely this animating force, and they were as withered as sheets of parchment or the crumbling forms of mummies which had been dried by the air of three thousand Egyptian years. How true it is

that "The mind has a thousand eyes, the heart but one, and the light of the whole life dies when love is done"!

As Green is at the apex of the White Triangle, it becomes naturally the governing wave of the whole system from above, but in a deeply significant and highly remarkable way, Magenta, which is in fact merely the other end of the same rod or pendulum, and is the lowest point, in reality the apex, of the super-imposed, inverted Black Triangle, becomes the great governing wave from below. Now follow and observe this closely (for the analogy is perfect) the logic irresistible. While the direction comes from above with the touch of the pilot's hand upon the wheel, the choice directed by the brain, the course is taken by means of the way the rudder below responds to the guiding hand, the frail barque of life quivering in answer to the summons as it leaps to sail the uncharted seas. But we may go further and say that this secondary governing wave as it were, in reality assumes a far more important role, and becomes indeed the prime factor and influence of all activity during life. For, keeping in mind always the position of the two triangles, we readily see that the Dark Triangle, like the shadow of the White Triangle, is indeed more the substance from which the brighter reflection springs, while we find Magenta at the very lowest point, the apex of the submerged triangle, like the great tap-root from which the resistless forces of life push their way up and expand into all the radiant energies of a full orbed human being. And the stronger, more perfect system of root growth developed, the more fertile the soil and nourishing the substance on which it is fed, the loftier and more sublime is the tree of life that rears aloft its mighty branches, softened by glistening leaves, to drink in the

sunshine and the dew and sway and bend and shout in triumph as it withstands the mighty, rushing winds of heaven. So then viewed in this light we are led to regard Magenta as the great feminine force of Spectro-Chrome of which Green at the other end naturally assumes the positive or masculine polarity. Green the masculine, positive, generates and projects, while Magenta the feminine, negative, receives and produces. Following the analogy just given of the tree, Magenta is to human life like mother Earth to Nature, the great receiver of, brooder over and fructifier of all those mysterious life forces which in the fullness of time bring forth after their kind, filling the world with the matchless beauty of the ever changing panorama of the seasons on the one hand, and on the other populating it with vibrant beings but little lower than the angels. Man governs the world that is, but woman produces the race of men that people the earth, shapes and molds their character, so that in the last analysis the feminine force is found to be the more potent. Thus it comes about that Magenta, symbolic of a mother's love, unseen, yet ever alert and powerful, unceasing in its influence as the human heartbeat, becomes of necessity by virtue of its inherent power, the true governing wave. How often have we read, and how often do we know, that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world!"

Because Magenta is the general wave surrounding the body it likewise fills completely the entire round of our existence, which was so aptly described by one who said, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep." From the first moment of conscious life when Aurora glides softly through the gleaming gates of dawn, and a mother bends over her rose-petaled babe with a smile far sweeter than



# **Spectro-Chrome Institute**

Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New Jersey. Authorized for the trans-  
action of business as Foreign Corporation under the Laws of the States of New  
York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, New Hampshire, etc.

**Central Office and Experimental Laboratory**

**2401 NORTH BROAD STREET**

**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**

The main objects as set forth in the Charter of the Spectro-Chrome Institute are:

The instruction, advancement and practice of Spectro-Chrome Therapy and the research, development and pursuit of such sciences as may assist in the equipment and application of Spectro-Chrome Therapy or the restoration of the human Radio-Active and Radio-Emanative equilibrium by Attuned Color Waves, without the use of drugs, manipulation or surgery, in accordance with the system conceived, originated, developed and applied by Colonel Dinshah P. Ghadiali, M.D., D.C., Ph. D., LL. D.

The building, equipping, establishing, conducting and maintaining of schools for the investigation, instruction, demonstration and practice of Spectro-Chrome Therapy; also the power to confer and grant the degrees of Spectro-Chrome Therapist, Master of Spectro-Chrome and the like, and to issue diplomas and titles in connection therewith.

The corporation shall also have power to use, manufacture, sell and dispose of, in any way, all means, publications, appliances, instruments or products that may seem fitting or in any way connected with such purposes or objects aforesaid.

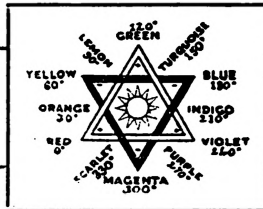
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Spectro-Chrome Institute conducts complete resident courses in Spectro-Chrome Therapy in a number of cities each season. Each Course, comprising 24 discourses, is delivered personally by the Originator of the System with demonstrations and experiments. At the end of the course, students passing the examination are granted Diplomas. There are no correspondence courses. Classes now forming in Chicago, Ill., Philadelphia, Pa., New York, N. Y.

Spectro-Chrome Institute also manufactures and sells complete equipments for the practice of Spectro-Chrome Therapy. For further information address the Central Office.

# SPECTRO-CHROME

JULY 1922  
BLUE 1922



VOLUME 1  
NUMBER 2

Devoted to: Spectro-Chrome Therapy

Dedicated to: Service of Humanity.

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Editor  
Dinshah P. Ghadiali

In course of life you reach a time,  
When Doctor, Lawyer, Priest alike,  
Does fail to give the sought relief,  
To troubled mind or burdened heart—  
Then come to me;  
I help you to help yourself.

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SPECTRO-CHROME.

*The Latest Honor Conferred  
Upon  
The Originator of  
SPECTRO-CHROME THERAPY  
by the  
Maryland Academy of Sciences  
of  
Baltimore, Maryland*

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**MARYLAND ACADEMY OF SCIENCES**

FOUNDED A. D. 1797. RE-ESTABLISHED A. D. 1819.

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In the exercise of Academic Jurisdiction reposed in us by Acts of the Honorable Legislative Assembly of the State of Maryland, A. D. 1826 and A. D. 1867, we confer the dignity of Academician for Life upon

COL. DINSHAH P. GHADIALI, M.D.,

IN RECOGNITION OF  
HIS SERVICES TO THE ACADEMY.

Granted and Conferred this first day of May, A. D. 1922, and authenticated by our seal and the signatures of our duly constituted officers:

M. W. PULLEN, *President.*

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS, *Dean.*

EDWD. STABLER, JR., *Secretary.*

EDMUND B. FLADUNG, *Treasurer.*

In everything is some truth

Let everyone be heard.

[EMBLEM]

[SEAL]



## Attuned Red Wave

(The World Through the Eyes of Dinshah)

### OUR NEW EXPANSION

To render punctual service to the subscribers of this periodical and to cope with the fast-increasing demand for Spectro-Chrome literature, I have installed a printing plant in 2401 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa. This four-story corner building now exclusively houses the Central Office activities and Experimental Laboratory, and purchasing it for the Spectro-Chrome Institute I have dedicated it to the unselfish service of humanity.

### CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, WILL OPEN

I paid a flying visit to Chicago, Illinois, this month and decided to open a Middle Western Division there for my Spectro-Chrome activities. The autumn course on Spectro-Chrome Therapy will open with a few public discourses in the early part of September. Graduates and friends are requested to communicate promptly the full names and addresses of prospective students. This course will be as usual, of 24 discourses, but will be given five nights a week, so as to leave me free for the Philadelphia, Pa., and New York, N. Y., classes by the middle of October. Please, without fail, pass the word to those interested and oblige. Write me soon.

### NEXT ISSUE

The August issue of *Spectro-Chrome* is now getting ready, and with the printing facilities making us independent of unnecessary third party delays, it is necessary that your reports and

articles be sent promptly for publication. Join me in making Spectro-Chrome more helpful and bigger. I cannot do everything alone. Send your articles, reports and your photographs. You surely have faces handsome enough to look at—what makes you shy?

### SENSIBLE NEGROES

At a convention of the Negro Baptist Churches of Pennsylvania, assembled in Scottsdale, Pa., the delegates decided that as "the sight of wagging jaws was most disconcerting to the preacher while delivering his sermon, gum chewing should be forbidden in the churches." They are right. Converting human beings into ruminating animals was not the purpose of Nature, and human "goats" and "jaw waggings" are out of place anywhere. Will some sensible judge undertake to reform the law courts by removing the ornamental spittoon?

### GARTERS VERSUS SAFETY PINS?

A battle is raging in commerce between the Garter "Trust" and the Safety Pin "Trust," each trying to decry the use of the other's manufactured commodity. The garter makers estimate there are 53,000,000 men in America who should buy and use garters and say that if they discontinue garters 106,000,000 safety pins will be needed to take their place. The Ohio State Journal asks "what badge do you wear?" I say emphatically "neither." Men's apparel needs no such "support"

or "hold-up" except as a silly fashion. Garters impede circulation and safety pins, for the stated purpose, have no field as a "necessity." Drop both from the said field and save money for better purposes. A twist on the socks is all you need and even that is not essential.

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### SMOKING STUDENTS

Big headlines in the New York daily papers announced the installation of smoking rooms for students in the new New York University building and congratulated the far-seeing policy of this institution of learning. I regret such a policy. At a time when the studying mind has to be kept clear for absorption of knowledge, to let the student fill his body with filthy poisonous material such as is produced by the smoking of tobacco is suicidal and will prove detrimental to efficiency. Smoking was proved during the war army tests to deteriorate accuracy in marksmanship by 14 per cent. and the New York University deserves censure of the right thinker in encouraging such a foul practice by actually providing accommodation for its "enjoyment."

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### THE EARTH BREATHES

Astronomer J. W. Evans declares in the last eighteen years Greenwich drifted about half a mile toward the equator, Naples is one-third of a mile south of where it was fifteen years ago, and between 1872 and 1913 Cambridge, Mass., moved thirty-six feet away from Greenwich, England. He maintains that the earth bulges a foot and a half in an up-and-down movement owing to the gravitative influence of the sun and the moon. It is a pleasure to note that similar great thinkers are now awakening to previously unrecognized matters. The students of higher life know that

even minerals breathe and this with many similar matters is placed before the students of Spectro-Chrome Therapy in the courses delivered on the subject. The rein, the mysteries of human breathing processes are expounded thoroughly and demonstrated in relation to the same solar and lunar influences by means of our special chart called "Occult Operation of the Great Sympathetic Nervous System." The price of the chart is only 25 cents. Investigate the truth by personal study.

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### EXEMPLARY BRAVERY!

In Japan, shooting innocent ducks in flight is considered "great sport." During his recent conciliatory visit to Japan, the Prince of Wales got three ducks, beating the record of Japan's Prince Regent by one. I fail to see the bravery or "sport" in such inhuman slaughter. This prince, who will some day perhaps become the head of the British, ought to use his young life to better advantage, because as European political trend goes at present, he may be under the necessity of earning his livelihood other than by "kingship." Let him watch his steps; he may be a good, jolly fellow, but the world is drifting to a point where kings will be ranked with political "kinks" and even as such they will have to make good or lose their head from the shoulders.

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### BUSYBODY GLOOMGOBLINS

There is an association in New York called the Lord's Day Alliance. Rev. Harry L. Bowlby, its secretary, started recently a Blue Law campaign by raiding merchants doing business on Sunday. The violators were fined \$5.00 by Magistrate Dale, of the Bridge Plaza Court in Brooklyn, N. Y. This Blue Law craze is a remnant of by-gone ages and in the hustling civilization of mod-