

# The Aquarian Pioneers

Adventure and Romance  
on the High Sea

BY THEO NYLAND



Illustrations by the Author  
Frontispiece by Franz Wenzel

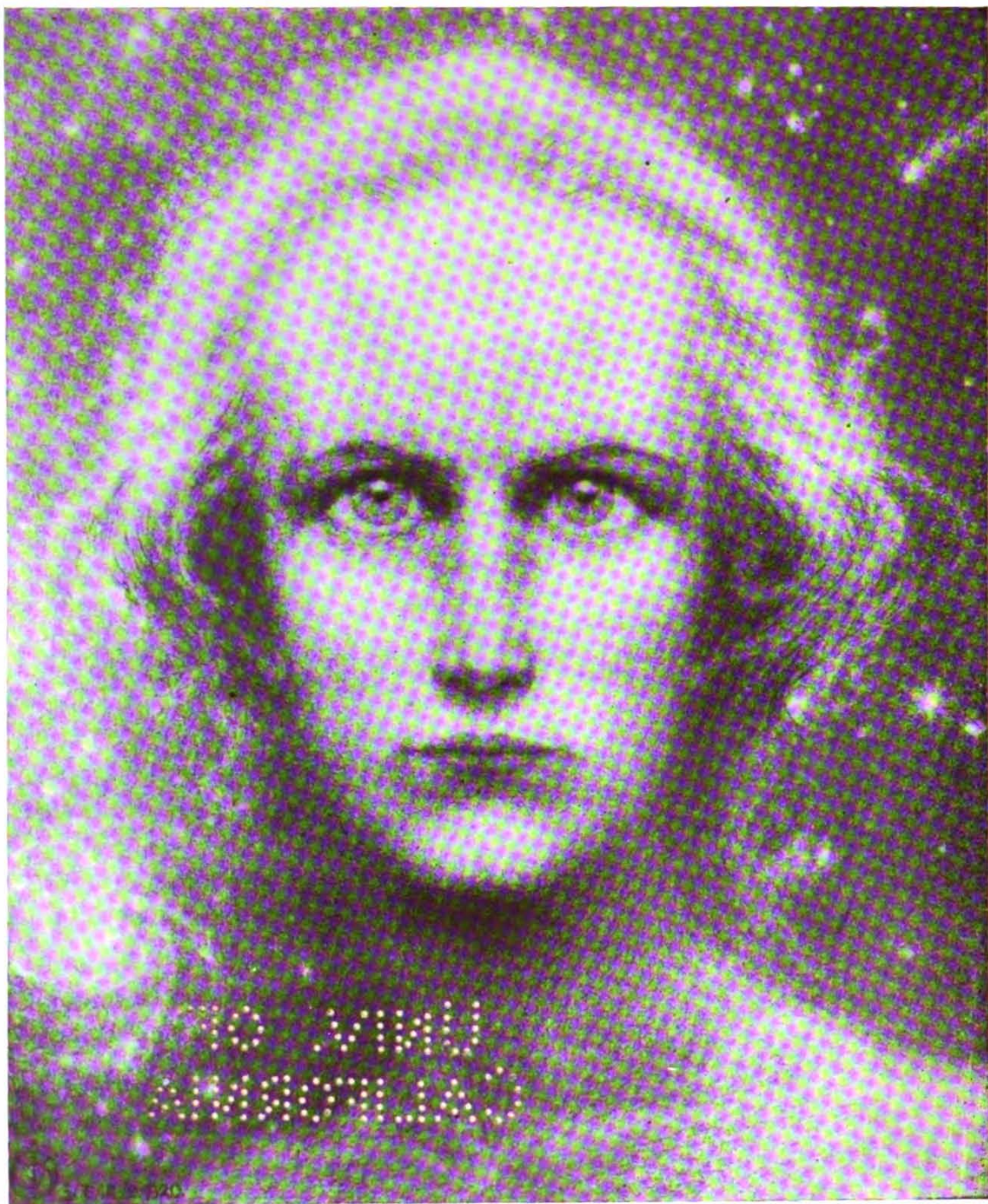
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Frontispiece by FRANZ WENZEL.

The brute-man of the planet, he will pass,  
Blown out like forms of vapor on a glass;  
And from this quaking pulp of life will rise  
The Superman, child of the higher skies—  
—Edwin Markham.

“The AQUARIAN PIONEERS”  
By THEO NYLAND

To Henry Ford  
and all the Builders  
of the New Humanity

669136





THE people are always helped forward much against their will. Humanity is not so naturally progressive as we sometimes say it is. It does not move so much as it is *moved* by forces beyond its control. Were it not for leaders, whose self-fulfillment depends on completing the mission they were sent to perform, we little know how slowly humanity would progress.

HENRY FORD.



ANYTHING that is to appear to us as Truth must be seen as such within the range of our own experience. To accept a statement as authoritative is folly. To *believe* on the statement of any person, or on the records of any book, or because of opinions held by any number of persons, is also folly. For *belief* is not knowledge; it is a confession of ignorance. Knowledge is gained through observation and experience, and in no other way. When we have the experience, we have the knowledge; and *beliefs* are no longer of any moment to us, one way or the other.

From "THOUGHTS FOR THINKERS"  
—ANONYMOUS.

# “If.”

If I can throw a single ray of light  
Across the darkened pathway of another;  
If I can aid some soul to clearer sight  
Of life and duty, and thus bless my brother;  
If I can wipe from any human cheek a tear,  
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

If I can guide some erring one to truth,  
Inspire within his heart a sense of duty;  
If I can plant within the soul of rosy youth  
A sense of right, a love of truth and beauty;  
If I can teach one man that God and heaven are  
near;  
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

If from my mind I banish doubt and fear,  
And keep my life attuned to love and kindness:  
If I can scatter light and hope and cheer,  
And help remove the curse of mental blindness;  
If I can make more joy, more hope, less pain,  
I shall not then have lived and loved in vain.

If by life's roadside I can plant a tree,  
Beneath whose shade some wearied head may  
rest,  
Though I may never share its shade, or see  
Its beauty, I shall yet be truly blest—  
Though no one knows my name,  
Nor drops a flower on my bier,  
I shall not then have lived in vain while here.

—Dr. B. F. Austin.

# The Aquarian Pioneers

## I

The stars above us govern our conditions.  
—Shakespeare.

AS I looked at the man who had come three thousand miles to find me, I had no idea that the great adventure was beginning. He did not look like a messenger of fate—this tall, grave gentleman, upon whose face a lifetime of sad experiences had stamped deep lines of self control.

“Doctor Hartford, my name is Mac Donald.” The voice was one which I had heard in my dreams; its deep tones gave a strange ring of authority to the simple announcement. “How soon could you be ready to leave San Francisco?”

I stared at him in amazement.

“What! You have not received my letter? Then I must beg your pardon for such an abrupt beginning. My letter should have reached you yesterday, so that you would have had time to think about the matter, and come to a decision.”



"Sorry, sir, I did not receive your letter," I said, still puzzled by his singular manner and way of speaking.

"Then I shall have to explain," he replied; "I have come to see you by order of Mr. Reynold Van Hoover, the well known multi-millionaire who at this time is on his way from Panama to San Francisco. I came by train from New York to arrange matters for Mr. Van Hoover's intended voyage to the South Sea, afterward to the Orient. As this is the most favorable time of the year to make a trip in safety and comfort, he will leave as soon as his cargo is in. Mr. Van Hoover has commissioned me to offer you the position of physician on his yacht 'Andromeda', and to practice the other sciences and arts in which you are so well posted, as Mr. Wright has informed him."

"Mr. William Wright?" I inquired. My interest was aroused.

He smiled.

"Yes," he replied, and continued in a matter of fact way, "I have no doubt but that your profession will be of such a nature that you will find great satisfaction in your work and which will undoubtedly be in harmony with your ideals. There is very little to do at

present in a medical way, as every one on the yacht is in excellent condition. Mr. Van Hoover desires principally to have you as his advisor, companion, and co-worker, for he feels that your knowledge will be of great help to him."

I had listened with great interest. The evident sincerity and straightforward manner in which he presented his commission made a most favorable impression.

"I am much honored by Mr. Van Hoover's offer and confidence," I said, "however, I must have time to think it over."

He nodded approvingly, saying:

"Very well, doctor, if you accept you will have to be ready to leave on Thursday of next week, as the 'Ardromeda' will sail at five p.m. It is for this reason that Mr. Van Hoover thought it advisable to send me here in advance, giving you, I hope, sufficient time to arrange your affairs."

It was most difficult to refrain from accepting this unique offer at once. Nevertheless, I was not impulsive enough to do so. While I was thus deep in thought, my caller drew out his wallet and took from it a bank note.

"Here are five hundred dollars in advance for your expenses," he said, his voice and

manner having the assurance of the success of his commission.

Notwithstanding this visible proof of his sincere intentions I refused to accept his note. I motioned my refusal, saying:

"You will have my answer at this time the day after to-morrow."

"Very well," he replied, "As for references, any bank will furnish you with the same. Mr. Wright will also gladly give you any information you may desire. At this time the day after to morrow I shall expect an answer. Good day, doctor!"

"Good day, sir!" I answered; then closing the door I seated myself in an easy chair. Although everything looked favorable and interesting, I could not so easily banish from my mind the thought of becoming subordinate to another. The offer coming at this time was most gratifying for I had long promised myself the pleasure of a sea voyage; seeing foreign countries had always been my heart's desire; and traveling on a private yacht bound for the South Sea and probably the Orient suggested romance and adventure.

"But no!" I thought, "It would not do, to sell my occult knowledge to a millionaire, to make him richer; perhaps to show him the

best time to speculate, to win a race, to gain advantage—money at the expense of others—No!—And yet—this millionaire may be different from others; he may have higher ideals. Have I the right to judge before I know him? Besides, he comes recommended by my friend Wright, who, with his extensive knowledge of human nature and life, surely would not give me wrong advice. But how did Wright make his acquaintance? Wright is certainly not a fool; he would not rashly recommend this Mr. Van Hoover and me to each other. What does it all mean? Should I regard this circumstance as a turn for the better promised by the stars?"

Although we occidental scientists have not all the knowledge of the old Chaldean magi, nor that of Oriental adepts, to clear up the problems of life with ease and assurance, I welcomed every opportunity that presented itself in my daily life to verify the claims of those Orientals and of the hypothesis of astrology as to what influence the planets exert over human life.

I chanced to look at an astrological symbol on the wall with underneath a few lines from Shakespeare:

*"I find my zenith doth depend upon a most*



*auspicious star."*

That gave me an idea!—

Yes! . . . let me have a consultation with my Hindu friend Ramakaswanka—the wise man from the East.

. . . . .

I found him waiting for me. Smilingly he welcomed me with the words from Shakespeare:

*"I know thy constellation is right apt for this affair!"*

"You know already?" I said, inquisitively, but not entirely surprised as I knew his inner powers.

*"In nature's infinite book of secrecy a little I can read,"* he quoted again from Shakespeare.

"I know you can! More than you will admit. Tell me, shall I accept the proposition made to me?"

"Your intuition—your Inner Self—answers 'yes'—nevertheless we are allowed to seek verification."

He went to his desk, offered me a chair, and began to calculate. Soon he had a "Chart of the Heavens" with the positions of the planets in the zodiacal signs. Following the rules of the ancient Chaldean and Egyptian scientists

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of judging such a chart, we concluded from it that all seemed favorable. I was now quite sure, I should accept. Nevertheless, on my way home, I sent my friend Wright the following telegram—seeking confirmation:

William Wright

2454 Thirty Sixth Avenue New York

What is Van Hoover's object Is proposition  
made me in accordance with my life principles  
Wire answer Hartford

Early next morning I received the following night letter:

Dr Henry Hartford Bay View Berkley Cal

Van Hoover is fine fellow you will like him  
splendid character unselfish lives simply  
although millionaire high ideals man of the  
new age good motive in proposition conform  
your ideals work together for betterment race  
do accept will not regret I recommend on my  
own responsibility Wright

His telegram confirmed many things my Hindoo friend and I had interpreted from the chart: "Harmonious co-operation with a wealthy man of high ideals and splendid character; work involved of a humanitarian nature; occupation honorable and pleasant; plenty of money; much traveling, voyage in the very near future; mysticism and occult-

ism involved; many adventures; many friends and—powerful enemies; some mysterious losses, opposition and danger!”

The latter indication of adversities: enemies, losses, opposition and danger, made a strong appeal to me as it gave promise of an opportunity to demonstrate just how far we are masters of our destiny by avoiding obstacles and overcoming oppositions which may come in our path.

“And, after all, what of it,” I thought, “if we have to have some thrills in life caused by dangerous adventures or oppositions? It will at least banish the dull and monotonous!”



### II

Wondrous truths and manifold as wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars above.

—Longfellow.

And the thoughts of men are widened with  
the process of the suns.

—Tennyson.

AFTER notifying Mr. MacDonald of my decision to accept Mr. Van Hoover's offer, I began at once to prepare for my departure. The task was about as difficult --- the time being so short --- as any I have ever experienced. However, I was ready on the evening before the day of sailing.

In Mr. MacDonald's letter, which I had received in reply to my acceptance of Mr. Van-Hoover's proposition, was enclosed a check for five hundred dollars and a photograph of the 'Andromeda.'

I wondered whether the yacht was already in the harbor. Having a splendid view from my window of the bay of San Francisco, I took my field-glasses and tried to locate her. At last I saw a vessel which seemed to be like the photograph ---. Yes --- no doubt about it; there she lay!



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I confess I was becoming over-anxious to start my adventurous voyage as I looked at the graceful, white yacht with her cream-colored funnels, cradled in the embrace of the blue waters of the bay, and bathed in the glory of the setting sun, making her supreme above all her surroundings.

Is it any wonder that the sight of such a beautiful picture should influence my thoughts, and give rise to dreams and desires of the unusual --- the unknown?

Was it any wonder that my dreams should carry me away to those beautiful islands of the South Seas and the mysterious ancient countries of the Orient? Or that I should muse on what might be the purpose of this voyage in this time of war,\*) even though America was not at war with any country and seemed unlikely to be?

Why did not Mr. MacDonald mention the fact of the dangers of traveling at this time? Why did I fail to consider the foolishness of traveling and of risking my life and that of others?

Was it because here, in the West, Californ-

\*) For reasons that will become clearer later on, the reader should keep in mind that this story is laid out as occurring during a period before the United States entered the world war of 1914-1918.

ians seem at peace, enjoying life as usual: going to shows, dances --- dining and drinking --- and amusing themselves as if there were no suffering over there in the warring countries? Was I influenced by the same spirit of indifference? Was it because I had given up reading about the war as a waste of time, while I had many other problems, and work to do? Or was it my natural indifference to danger and death?

But then! What about Mr. Van Hoover? What about his men, whose lives he was risking in this voyage?

It is true, there were other steamers of neutral countries sailing from here to the Orient and back; and also true that the dangers and risks of encountering submarines and mines were at least as yet slight in the Pacific Ocean.

Then my mind reverted to the 'chart of the heavens' in which I had read of danger and enemies; but it might mean enemies who have nothing to do with war.

Whatever may come, I cannot now resign; the call of the unknown has been heard and answered. With these reflections I cast a last glance at the 'Andromeda.'

When afterwards I reached the street on

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my way to dinner, it was already dark. And while standing at the corner trying to decide which restaurant to patronize, an automobile stopped in front of me and a voice called:

"Hallo, Doc! What the d----l are you doing nowadays? By George! I wish I could join you! Anyhow, I hope those d---d devils of submarines are not going to spoil your appetite by sending a torpedo through your stomach! But, say, what are you standing here for?"

Looking up I saw one of my friends, Frank Johnson, to whom I had sent notice of my intended voyage --- a young fellow with a good heart, but who spent his life and money in idleness and foolishness, caring nothing for the improvement of mind and spirit.

I do not know why he was attracted to me, as he apparently considered my ideas of occultism and ideals for a better world very foolish. Yet, he seemed to be very fond of me.

Not replying quickly enough to his remarks, he continued:

"Come! Be a sport! Jump in and let us go to the show! I have to eat first though! Have you had your dinner?"

"No," I replied, "not yet; I was just going

to Collwine's."

"Well then, jump in! We'll have dinner together in Oakland. D---n this dry town; you can't get a drink here! And I am as thirsty as a horse --- !"

I hesitated; I knew the restaurants were better in Oakland --- and I was very hungry.

"Let her go!" I said, stepping in and taking a seat by his side; "I am very hungry, so you will have to hurry, as I have not had much food today; yet, on scientific principles we can do with less food ---"

"Now, cut out that nonsense!" he interrupted. "No wonder you are thin and --- and ---"

"Now what? and --- and ---," I said smiling. He knew very well that, though my body was slender, I had enough flesh and muscles covering my bones to compete with him, though not in weight, certainly in health and strength.

He laughed, then said:

"So, you are going to leave us. But tell me, what's the idea?"

I related all I thought wise to tell. He would not understand the higher motives I had in accepting this position.

"Well, by jove! old boy, I'm glad for you! And Bill Wright is a d---n good fellow to



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recommend you! I like him though he is as foolish as you --- with his nonsense of reform, and his constant agitation against war; --- let them fight over there and decrease the over-population of Europe! The fittest will survive! Let us take care of ourselves or others will take advantage of us and grasp the opportunity we should have!"

I had no time to reply, as we had now arrived at our restaurant and were soon seated at a table, each having chosen our special kind of food, and for my friend a bottle of wine.

We talked about many things while we enjoyed the excellently cooked and well served meal. Johnson's joviality made me forget the time, and so it was very late when we finished, and the "Newsies" were calling their wares when my friend drove me home.



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### III

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
—Shakespeare.

I WENT to bed with the newspaper, read some headlines—through half closed eyes—followed some telegrams about the war, half-consciously read about warships and airplanes, about big guns, torpedoes and submarines; and on another page I read something about the “Andromeda”; then . . . then . . . . .

. . . . .  
I could only remember that I was lying on a long rattan chair on the deck of the yacht, enjoying an after lunch *siesta*, reading an Oakland paper while all around, as far as the eyes could reach, nothing but water, the blue sky and a burning tropical sun above me. I wondered how many days we had been traveling. It must have been weeks, because, about one week ago we were in Honolulu, where we spent two days sightseeing.

But how did we get on board, Mr. MacDonald, Johnson, and I?

We had had a nice lunch together, and Johnson chatted and laughed in his usual way,

making jokes on Wright's ideas and my methods of healing. Even the grave Mr. MacDonald could not resist the jovial spirit of Johnson.

But where was Van Hoover? . . . .

The weather began to change; a heavy wind was rising, and dark clouds gathering into a storm; the sea sweeping over the yacht, tossing her about as though it were a toy, giving me an odd feeling.

Johnson came up on deck, complaining about a strange gnawing in his stomach and head, and laughingly said: "It must be a torpedo that tickles me in the stomach." ---Then came Wright with an umbrella; and a funny appearance he made! While we were standing together, trying to keep our balance and clinging to the side rail, we heard a voice calling from the bridge:

"A submarine! A submarine! ---"

A second later a torpedo came flying over the deck, taking all three of us with it on its top! We flew far away from the yacht! We could see the 'Andromeda' sailing straight ahead now, at full speed, and following us the submarine! --- Imagine our surprise!

Closer and closer it came, until we were

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summoned to surrender. When we refused, another torpedo was fired, but did not harm us. I jumped on top of it, changed its direction and was carried away up in the air, followed by Wright under his umbrella, which now, looking larger, seemed to have changed into a parachute.

"But Johnson, where is he?" I thought. Too late! --- I saw him, a prisoner on the submarine!

I felt sorry for the boy, but I could not return. Higher and higher we flew, Wright and I, up and up into the clouds, and when we came out, I noticed that my torpedo and Wright's parachute had changed into an airplane. We were seated quietly side by side, Wright steering.

We were above the clouds: we could see lights --- and still flying higher and higher with a speed like that of a falling object, but beyond the attractive power of the earth--- and were being carried in the opposite direction, as if an unseen power were drawing us with an attraction we could not resist.

We saw the moon, but we were evidently not going there. We passed one planet, then another --- With a never slackening speed we flew and flew, until we saw a star, whose

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volume became larger and larger as we came nearer. Then a strange, giddy feeling came over me when I saw it was coming straight towards us as if to engulf us, airplane and all, in one of its mighty oceans or pools, or whatever those dark spots might prove to be.

I closed my eyes, trembling and dizzy; --- when I ventured to look again I could hardly believe my eyes, for below us stretched a scene of unmatched beauty --- a veritable paradise, with here and there beautiful homes, artistic buildings, bridges, and towers, surrounded by gardens in which fountains played. Over mountains and valleys we flew, across continents filled with cities from shore to shore.

Our eyes rested on gardens of flowers and fields of wheat; orchards and vineyards, with blossoms and fruits; everywhere beauty and art. In every country, in every city, we could see contented, happy, healthy people, working under favorable conditions, living in these beautiful homes. We, too, were happy, enjoying this strange trip; we too, were blessed and delighted, seeing nothing but happiness and joy, and peace, and beauty!

We saw no prisons, no courthouses, no slums, nor poorhouses; no forts, soldiers, war-

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ships, submarines, guns, nor arms! Neither could we find --- although looking with clairvoyant eyes --- thrones with kings or emperors; no millionaires, no poor, suffering, hard-working people!

Nothing but a vibration of delight, happiness, and peace --- a Paradise made manifest.

Even the animals seemed content. We saw nowhere slaughterhouses, as these happy people appeared able to live healthily without eating the flesh of their fellow-creatures.

A strange feeling crept over us when we saw children playing with lions and tigers, and other creatures of which the earth-inhabitants have such fear.

"Oh, what beautiful children!" I exclaimed. "Look at that boy! Look at that girl! --- "

"Let us return now, Henry!" Wright interrupted, "Van Hoover is waiting for us!"

"Oh no --- no! Let us stay here! Let us go down and live with these happy people. I can never live happily again when I return to earth. Oh, do! please, let us stay!" I pleaded, as he steered away from this wonderful planet, "please, leave me here --- alone --- without you, if you do not care to stay!"

Tears clouded my eyes. I stretched out my

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arms to the people, as if asking for assistance to remain with them rather than to go back again. As I looked at them, at their loving features, and clairvoyantly comprehending their unselfish hearts, it was hard to resist their inviting gestures, hearing their sweet voices, vibrating with love and goodwill, beckoning us to come down and to stay with them.

When our plane seemed stationary in the air, flowers were thrown in our direction. Even the birds, large and small, seemed to invite us with their songs, flying without fear around us, and some even perched on my arms and shoulders, and I took them in my hands and kissed them.

Even the birds could love! And I loved them; so it was hard to part from them. I could scarcely restrain my tears, being so deeply moved, and with deep reproach in my voice I cried out when Wright moved the plane again:

“Oh, why are you so cruel, to take me from them?”

As my friend turned his head toward me, I saw that his eyes, too, were wet. With a sob and in a soft trembling voice, in which I sensed his own great sympathy, he said:

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“Dear friend, we have our duty to perform on earth; it is not yet our time to enjoy this paradise and live among such highly evolved and superior beings. Our duty is to make our earth as beautiful as this planet is, and the people there as happy and peaceful as these people are. You cannot be entirely happy if you think of your suffering friends and fellow creatures on earth. You are not so selfish as to be unwilling to do your bit for the betterment of the race on the poor world of ours. You are not such a coward as to object to battling against all that is wrong and unfair, even though you may have to fight to the bitter end. Cannot you see that it is because you are worthy and able that you were chosen to work with Van Hoover, side by side, and shoulder to shoulder in this war against the dark powers and enemies of mankind? Because you are worthy you have been allowed to visit this beautiful planet and see these harmonious and happy people. The rays of this wonderful planet will have a greater meaning and influence every time it is in aspect with the earth. By knowing this you can thus aid in uplifting men, inspiring them to noble deeds of unselfishness and love, and the outcome will be a beautiful earth with a



harmonious and happy people.”

As he spoke we were flying so rapidly away from the happy planet, that it now looked small again like an ordinary star.

The nearer we came to earth the more depressed we felt; our hearts ached as we entered the earth's atmosphere of turmoil and hate --- now we were within hearing of gun firing, explosions and the noises of hell.

Louder and louder became these satanic sounds, mingled with shrieks of pain and despair, curses, blasphemous words --- thoughts of men and demons were intermingled as if untold billions of spirits or demons were released from hell to assist and enjoy this tremendous bloodshed --- this murder on a large scale!

I became sick and miserable, and despair overmastered my hope --- my heart longed to go back to that peaceful planet. I could not longer endure it and once more I begged Wright to take me back and leave me there forever.

On --- on --- away we flew over the ocean; far, far away, with a speed I cannot describe, in a space of time I cannot guess, until we saw land again and then another ocean.

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Faster yet we flew --- still faster --- until we saw the "Andromeda," the beautiful yacht, with her peaceful aspect and her radiant aura.

As we drew nearer I saw Mr. MacDonald waving his handkerchief and smiling --- then we were on deck by his side, and I so tired and dizzy, it seemed as if I could not stand --- I was hungry --- sleepy --- sick and miserable. Vaguely, I remember that Mr. MacDonald and Wright supported me to my berth in my cabin, where I slept . . . . .

I awoke the next morning with an odd feeling of surprise and bewilderment. I did not know where I was; I even doubted whether I was awake or dreaming. Had I not yet been on board? Had I yet to leave, or had I been sleeping for days as my dream suggested? Was the "Andromeda" still in the bay? Suppose she had gone without me?

Not until the clock struck seven and I saw my trunk and suitcase in one corner of my room, did I get my bearings at all; even then so strong was the influence of my dream upon me that I was impelled to take my field glasses and look out of my window to make sure.

Behold there she lay, still and peaceful, bathed in the glorious sunshine of the beauti-

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ful day --- inviting me to come.



### IV

Great objects form great minds.—Emmons.  
Having a good soul I received a good body.  
—Budda.

THE time to leave shore was set for three p.m., as the yacht was to sail at five.

I had plenty of time to make my last arrangements. I had left the morning hours free for the last goodbye's to some friends.

I expected Mr. MacDonald at half past two with a taxicab. He was on time and soon we were at the pier, and found the yacht's launch awaiting us. Fortunately my baggage had been delivered in good order.

We spoke but little on our way to the yacht. I was too deeply absorbed in thought, my dream being still a vivid memory. Perhaps, Mr. MacDonald thought I was depressed at leaving country and friends for an unknown destination. Whatever his thoughts might have been he was showing good cheer, talking now and then of current events and matters in general, in which I must have shown very little interest.

As we came nearer to that mysterious yacht,

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I could not help conjecturing as to her destiny, with her mysterious owner. I could come to no definite conclusion, however, though I knew better than I did before --- at least if my dream had any significance --- that it was the promise of an eventful life.

Still gazing at her graceful lines, her smoking funnels showing all was in readiness to leave, we drew up alongside the yacht.

As I climbed the ladder, I saw a pleasant, handsome looking, well dressed young man, standing at the rail of the upper deck.

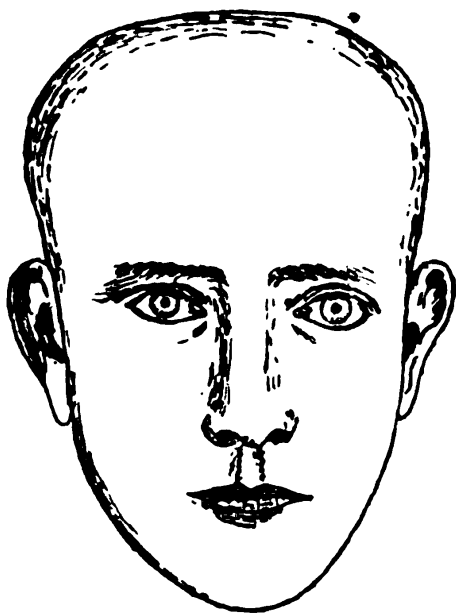
When we reached the deck, Mr. MacDonald introduced me to Mr. Van Hoover.

I was very favorably impressed by his cleancut, handsome face, broad forehead, bright yet soft and expressive eyes, Grecian nose, well formed lips, and broad chin; while his cranium was remarkable for its brain capacity --- a face and head on which the Venus-Jupiter-Uranus influences were strongly marked, which delineated a strong, splendid character, spiritually inclined, an excellent mentality, great determination and will-power, accentuated by his commanding bearing.

Moreover, he impressed me as belonging to the Aquarians of the New, or Aquarian

Age.\*)

1



See Footnote on Page 36

He welcomed me with a pleasant smile and a warm handclasp, saying:

"I am glad you have accepted my proposition, Doctor Hartford, as our mutual friend Wright seemed positive that we could work together and I wish you to feel that we are to be co-workers and friends." His voice was vibrant with power and magnetism.

"I am much honored, Mr. Van Hoover," I answered, "by your confidence as well as by your goodwill and friendship. Also I thank you very much for the opportunity I shall have to do my share towards the success of whatever enterprise in which you are to engage."

"I thank you," he said, smiling, "for accepting this position, thus enabling me to do more, as two can do more than one. Mr. MacDonald will show you to your cabin, as I have to arrange with Captain Burton for our departure. I will see you later at tea, which will be served

on the aft deck.”

“If my first impression is right,” I remarked to Mr. MacDonald, as Mr. Van Hoover left, “I think we shall be able to work very harmoniously together. I believe he can inspire men to great things.”

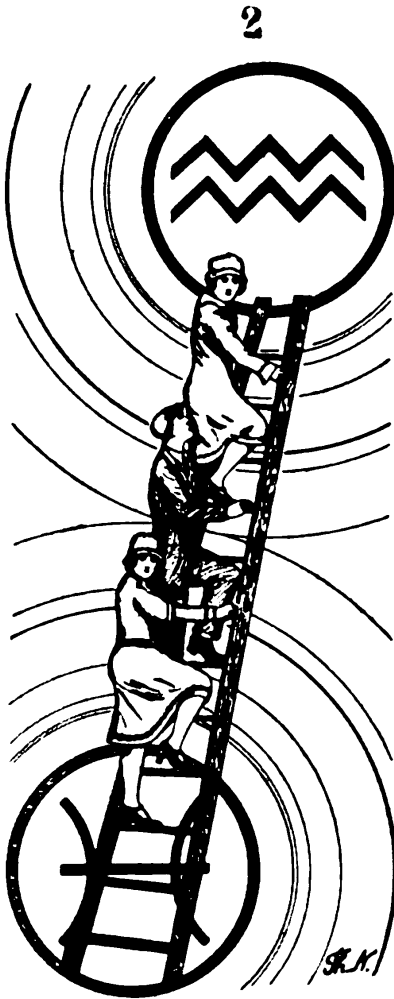
“I am glad you like him,” Mr. MacDonald replied. “Yes, he is an exception among men of his class; you will find that out soon enough.”

As we reached the end of a passage, he opened the door, inviting me to enter, saying:

“Here is your cabin.”

I could hardly believe my eyes, as I saw the cosy room. Opposite the door was a window, to the right stood a roll top desk, on which were two beautiful statues: ‘Inspiration’ and ‘Aspiration.’ Before the desk was an office chair, at the right stood a revolving bookcase, and to the left, under the window, a small typewriter table. Hanging above the desk was a painting, “The Dawn of a New Age,” by Ledeboer. On the opposite wall another painting, “Towards a Higher Evolution,” by Viola Van Hoover.\*) In one corner stood a

\* The illustrations 2 and 3 are not reproductions of the paintings by Ledeboer and Viola Van Hoover, respectively, but symbolic of the new or aquarian age, harmonizing, however, with the paintings.



“Towards a Higher  
Evolution”  
See footnote, Page 35

small table, on which was a bowl of exquisite flowers; beside it, a large armchair.

Walls and ceiling were made of palissander wood in soft cream and yellow.

A door at the right opened into a completely equipped chemical laboratory and doctor's office.

To the left of the study was a bedroom comfortably furnished, and from this room a door opened into a completely equipped bathroom.

I noted that my trunk and suitcase had already been placed in the bedroom.

Mr. MacDonald remarked, as he turned to leave:

“The steward or cabin boy will help you to unpack if you desire. Here is a button for the electric bell: ring once for the steward and twice for the boy.”

\*) Illustration 1 illustrates the form of head and features of an Aquarian with whom the author became acquainted—a case which may convince any other earnest and unbiased student of truths and facts regarding astrology.

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I thanked him and busied myself getting settled in my new quarters.

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“The Dawn of a New Age”

See footnote on Page ~~34~~ 35



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### V

There is a woman at the beginning of all  
great things. —Lamartine.

Her look is like those tranquil eventides,  
Where mystic love in beauty's home abides.  
—David Lowe.

IT was not quite four o'clock when I was ready to go on deck. As Mr. Van Hoover said tea was to be served on the aft deck, I made my way aft, where another surprise awaited me.

A row of large beautiful palms, arranged in a semicircle across the deck, screened off the companion way that led to the hold, and at the same time afforded a cosy nook, in the protecting shelter of which a rattan table and chairs were placed for the serving of tea or refreshments. Placed in the center of the table was a large bowl filled with beautiful flowers. Seated here one had an unobstructed view over sides and aft of the ship.

No one had yet arrived, but soon I heard voices and in a moment I noticed Mr. Van Hoover with an elderly lady by his side; Mr. MacDonald accompanied by a young lady; a middle-aged man in uniform accompanied by another young lady. I did not expect ladies

on board. "Perhaps visitors," I thought, "friends of Van Hoover."

As they came nearer I could not help noticing the unusual grace and beauty of the young lady at Mr. MacDonald's side. In a flash it came into my mind that I had seen her before --- "but where?" --- I mused, "she certainly looks familiar to me!"

Mr. Van Hoover brought me back to myself by saying:

"Ah! Doctor Hartford, you are here already, I see! Let me introduce you to my mother."

Then taking me by the arm, he led me to the beautiful young lady, saying:

"My sister Viola."

She put out her beautiful hand, her soft, lovely eyes looked straight at me, her voice sounding like music as she spoke:

"Glad to see you here, Doctor Hartford!"

"--- To see you here ---" Her musical voice still sounded in my ear when Mr. Van Hoover introduced me to the other young lady:

"Miss Judith Shetland."

Absent-mindedly I extended my hand to her, and in the short contact sensed the total difference in character of the two young ladies. Mr. Van Hoover then introduced me to

Captain Burton.

"And now feel yourself one of us, Doctor," said he, motioning me to a chair. All being seated, Mrs. Van Hoover turned to me with:

"Well, Doctor Hartford, are you not surprised at seeing ladies on board?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Van Hoover, I had no idea there were to be ladies here, but I suppose, of course, you wish to see your son off. Do you return by train?"

"Oh no! Certainly not! We are to be of the party! I could not allow my son to leave his mother and sister alone, while he is carrying out his plans, for we are as much interested in them as he. Then, we are not of the hothouse or parasite type of women, or as birds in a cage, and, as such, unfit for important work; besides he is my only son and I wish to be near him as long as I live!"

"But, Mrs. Van Hoover, do you not think there is much danger in such a trip for women, especially in this time of war?"

"Well, but Doctor Hartford, is there more danger for women than for men? Or do you think women are the cause of more danger if they are on board? Why are you men always speaking of women as the 'weaker sex' ---?"

"Oh, pardon me, Mrs. Van Hoover," I broke

in, for I was half afraid I had offended her, "I did not mean it in that sense. I know very well there are weaklings among men and strong characters among women. Undoubtedly you ladies are of the latter type; nevertheless, you will grant me, you ladies are an exception!"

"Yes, but --- "

"Oh mother," Miss Van Hoover interrupted with a charming smile, thus tactfully stopping further discussion, as the steward was bringing the tea. "Shall I now serve tea?"

"Yes, dear," her mother replied; then turning to me:

"Well, doctor, I hope we shall have the pleasure of many talks as the days go by."

"I am sure we shall!" I said, casting my eyes on the graceful Miss Viola.

The tea caused a change in the conversation, and after a while Mr. Van Hoover said to me:

"Doctor, we shall sail at five o'clock, and as the officials will be on board very soon, your presence will be required for the formalities. You have, of course, been to the marine office, as Mr. MacDonald advised you in his letter?"

"Oh yes," I replied, "I have been there; I have my passport and the other papers."

"Then the ladies will excuse us."

With these words Mr. Van Hoover rose, followed by the captain, Mr. MacDonald, and myself. We had not long to wait, as a steam launch approached with our pilot and the officials on board. The latter examined our papers, and finding them satisfactory took their departure, while the pilot went to the bridge, and Mr. MacDonald and I returned to the ladies.

"Pleasant voyage, ladies," said Mr. MacDonald, "till we meet again! May everything be satisfactory! Good bye!" ,

I was surprised; I was under the impression Mr. MacDonald was to be one of our party.

Turning to me, he said:

"Doctor Hartford, I hope you will find your change of occupation favorable in every way; I am sure you will have no regrets, notwithstanding the difficulties that may arise in the future --- I believe you are a man who has sufficient courage and determination to help Mr. Van Hoover to succeed. Pleasant voyage; we shall meet again. Good bye!"

Then, giving us all a hearty handshake, he left.

The ladies and I followed Mr. MacDonald

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to the companion ladder, where we waved him a final good-bye.

The whistle sounded and the yacht now moved in the direction of the Golden Gate. Passing the ferry building, we soon had a view of the grounds, where once stood those magnificent buildings and palaces of the world's greatest Exposition—buildings and monuments of man's creative power and genius: an Exposition gone as a dream into the archives of time, while on the other side of the globe destruction still took place. What a struggle of forces for supremacy! Here had been shown all the constructive abilities of the human mind; over there the paramount issue is to destroy, to tear down what ages of human endeavor have created.

This thought brought me back to the time when I had visited the Exposition; wandering from place to place, from palace to palace. Then I recalled that marvelous sculpture of Italian art, and the '*one*' statue that impressed me so much—then, like a flash, I seemed to see a familiar face—was it a dream, or was it reality? Was it a face of marble, or a face of flesh?—Could it be true? Was it the same face I now saw here before me?—Was it '*she*'? --- And as I stared so long at Miss Viola's

beautiful inspirational face, she asked:

"What are you thinking about, doctor?" looking at me with her expressive eyes as though she had read my thoughts. "I also attended the Exposition and I well remember the beautiful display of art in sculpture and painting. The Italian sculptors especially are geniuses. Don't you think so?"

"Oh yes," I replied, nervously, "I agree with you. For instance the statue of 'Inspiration' so fascinated me that I visited it again and again! One could hardly find anything more beautiful and, oddly enough, I find the same statue on the desk in my cabin!"

She did not reply, but I thought I read in her face an expression of satisfaction and agreement with my remark. Mrs. Van Hoover, overhearing me, said:

"I am glad we are of the same mind, doctor, and I hope you will find opportunity to tell us more of your impressions of the marvelous Exposition. Was it not grand --- wonderful?"

"Indeed, it was!" I replied.

In the meantime we were approaching the ocean; soon we should pass the Presidio and Fort Scott on the left and Point Bonita on the right.

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Indeed, a magnificent view presented itself on every side. In the distance the Pacific Ocean: the radiant beams of the now setting sun played on its waves, producing a various play of colors which was reflected over the entire scene.

The shore, with here and there buildings and bungalows between the green hills, was clearly outlined by the ocean; and its foaming waves were breaking on the sand and rocks, as if trying to disturb its peacefulness.

The weather was especially beautiful, the evening cool, one of those evenings on the West Coast of America that bring sensitive souls 'In Tune With The Infinite.' "

As if by mutual understanding, no one spoke, realizing the futility of words to express the beauties of the scene now unfolding before us like a panorama.

Presently I recognized in Miss Viola's eyes the eager appreciative look of the artist, and in their hidden depths I read the soul of the mystic.

I, too, was under the spell of the moment. What I beheld was a picture of art and beauty: the mighty ocean with its restless foaming waves; its background this wonderful sunset, the sunbeams playing over the moving



water; and, in the foreground, this graceful girl with her radiant, beautiful face, and expressive eyes.

"Surely, this girl must be keenly receptive to the marvels and mysteries of nature," I thought.

Miss Viola evidently felt the intensity of my gaze, for she turned her sweet face toward me and our eyes met. Oh, those eyes of hers!

She did not speak, and I --- well --- I was so confused, I could not find words to cover my embarrassment.

Miss Shetland, who had been talking to Mrs. Van Hoover, turned her head towards us, saying:

"The pilot is leaving, Miss Viola. It is already six o'clock. Shall I help you dress?"

"Oh no, not yet! It is too beautiful here! I wish to enjoy a little longer this wonderful evening, this glorious sunset! It will be dark soon enough! But mother will be wanting you." Then to her mother: "Can I help you, mother?"

"No, dear. Judith will be kind enough to lend me a hand. But don't stay too long on deck; we will have dinner at seven." And turning to me: "You will excuse us, Doctor Hartford."

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I soon learned that Miss Viola had an excellent education, and an extensive knowledge of many subjects, in all of which she showed a clear understanding and logic, seldom found in women of her age.

I was enjoying her company and our conversation very much. I confess the time passed too rapidly for me.

Mr. Van Hoover came down from the bridge, and approaching us, said:

"Well, have you enjoyed this beautiful evening? I take it as a good omen. Captain Burton is in good spirits; he thinks we shall have good weather for at least a week."

"If we could have more evenings like this, I shall not complain," said Miss Viola, "but, Reynold, I shall have to get ready for dinner —. Mother and Judith have already gone, so you and Doctor Hartford will, please, excuse me!" With a quick sideglance at me, she was gone.

"Let us do likewise, doctor — we can talk more comfortably after dinner, and tomorrow we shall have our first council and arrange matters for our work."

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### VI

A fair test and measure of civilization is the influence of good women. —Emerson.

The first duty to children is to make them happy. If you have not made them so, you have wronged them. No other good they may get can make up for that. —Buxton.

AS I entered the dining room ---followed shortly after by the ladies --- Mr. Van-Hoover and Captain Burton were standing by the fireplace in earnest conversation. They turned on seeing us; and Mr. Van Hoover came forward, leading me to the dining table. When we were seated I found myself between brother and sister, Mrs. Van Hoover to the right of her son, followed by Miss Shetland, then Captain Burton.

The large round dining table was spread with all the appointments of wealth and refinement: snowy damask, crystal glassware, and shining silver, sparkling in a profusion of tiny electric lights, placed in the center of a garland of beautiful flowers, arranged in the form of a zodiac. In the center of the table was a large crystal bowl, filled with the most exquisite flowers I had ever seen. It was like a scene from fairy-land.

“What beautiful flowers,” I observed. “You

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have rare taste and appreciation of the beauties of nature."

"We like flowers," Mr. Van Hoover replied, "and as we cannot have them fresh every day on a voyage like this, they will be a treat once in a while on our departure from a harbor."

"It is a pity we cannot get them everywhere so beautiful," Mrs. Van Hoover remarked.

"No, not so beautiful as these," said Captain Burton, "although in Honolulu, and other tropical climates you find exquisite flowers, but not, perhaps, in such variety."

"Your brother has rare taste and unique ideas," I said to Miss Viola; "this round table, arranged for six, and the tiny lights set in zodiac; he must be a 'circular philosopher' as Emerson said, believing all things go in circles."

"You are right," she replied, "my brother believes that environment has a great effect upon the mind. Is it not true that the round table has an advantage over the square one? It may seem foolish, this question, but why do people prefer white to black table cloths? Is it not true that nature generally shuns black? Does not the mind instinctively turn to bright colors? Did you ever see a black flower ---

entirely black without any other color between or at the border?"

"No," I replied, "I cannot remember ever having seen such a flower --- no, I am quite sure I have not; still they may exist."

"If they do, they are not in the gardens," she said, positively.

"Excuse me, Viola," her brother interrupted, "I know a flower which has a name almost like yours, --- commonly called pansy --- It is true, however, that it is not entirely black, having yellow veins and yellow stamens in it."

"Even so," I said, "I quite agree with Miss Viola that bright colors have more attraction. One has but to read Babbitt's work on light and color to be convinced of the great influence color plays in human life; for instance, no up-to-date physician allows his patients to be surrounded by black furnishings, for he understands the value of colors."

"Another important factor in human life is sunshine," remarked Mrs. Van Hoover, now entering the discussion. "While modern physicians are recognizing the value of sunshine, the old timers thought differently. About twenty years ago I had occasion to go contrary to a physician's view in the case, it being that

of my younger sister. He forbade her to leave her room. But as she did not improve, I put her on the balcony in the sunshine, and she was better at once. When the doctor came, he was quite irritated, but I persisted in repeating the action daily, and my sister's recovery was rapid. After that, I had such faith in the magnetism and warmth of the divine sunbeams that I practically raised both my children out of doors."

"And proud you may be, Mrs. Van Hoover," Captain Burton remarked. "The results is seen in the splendid physical and mental condition of both your children. The world would be better if there were more such mothers."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Van Hoover, "but the majority seem to think it too great a burden and responsibility to rear children."

"That is all very well," Miss Viola said with some warmth, "but how many are deprived of the necessary means of bringing up children? How many are living in houses in which the sun never penetrates --- in surroundings and circumstances where want rules, and sickness is a toll that must be paid?"

"It is often people's own fault that they

are poor and miserable," remarked Miss Shetland. "There is opportunity enough to work and earn a livelihood, at least in America, where good wages are paid. Many are too lazy to work and inclined to join the class called I. W. W. --- 'I won't work.' "

"Yes, that is partly true," the captain remarked, "though there are many who are not able to find work with sufficient pay to raise a large family."

"And rear them humanly," Mrs. Van Hoover interjected.

"Yes," Captain Burton repeated, "rear them in a human way; it is easy enough to raise children on pork and beans, put them in dirty beds at night, often the entire family living in one dirty, filthy room."

Miss Shetland, not finding a better answer at the moment, replied:

"But such conditions are found in the old countries. It is not so in America."

"Pardon me, my dear," said Mrs. Van Hoover, "those conditions are also found in America, though not so frequently as in the other parts of the world."

"But it has been so from the beginning of the world, and it will always be." Miss Shetland replied, seemingly unwilling to yield her

point.

"There again, we cannot agree with you, Judith," Miss Viola remarked. "America of today is not the America of a century ago. The world of to-day is not the world of the middle ages."

"I do not know how you can say that," Miss Shetland returned warmly. "Was there ever a more terrible or more barbarous war than the one now raging in Europe? Does it not show that men are still fighting animals? Are not the prisons crowded with murderers, robbers, and other criminals --- yes, and even many more criminals outside of prison? And are bribes not the usual thing in America, the country of progress, 'Sweet Land of Liberty'?" And with an air of one who had conquered in the debate, she finished her meal.

Having been so much more interested in Miss Viola, I had given but little attention to Miss Shetland. Now I observed her more closely.

Though at first glance her face would not be considered entirely unattractive, on closer observation, however, one noted the sensuous mouth, the hardness of the eyes, the heavy jaws, and the nose resembling that of the Hebrew. A small forehead, and evidently grow-



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ing double chin, completed the impression of a selfish soul with a biased mind. Already too stout for her age, she seemed to think it necessary to eat sufficient for two.

Van Hoover, who had talked but little during the meal looked at Miss Shetland with an almost unnoticeable smile, his eyes showing that he was meditating on his remark, and spoke:

"You are right, Miss Shetland, from your viewpoint, since it cannot be denied that seemingly there has been no advancement in the human race, so far as character and actions are concerned. But we will talk about it later. Since we have finished dinner, let us adjourn to the salon, where we can be more at ease."

Accordingly we arose. Turning to me, he said:

"Doctor, I hope you have enjoyed your first meal with us. Mother reared us very simply, so if you have complaint to make, you know where to deliver it. But as you have not talked much, I hope later you will give us your views on these world problems."

"The meal, though simple as you say, is exactly to my taste," I responded. "Allow me to compliment your cook."

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Captain Burton, overhearing my remark, said:

"You are right, doctor. Our cook is an artist in his line, and believes he is doing just as great a work as a physician or skipper --- he takes great pride in his work."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Van Hoover, "there are very few people who do their work wholeheartedly."



## VII

Everywhere in life, the true question is not what we gain, but what we do. —Carlyle.

Education in its widest sense includes everything that exerts a formative influence, and causes a young person to be, at a given point, what he is. —Mark Hopkins.

**I**T would be a task, to even an artist at word picturing, to do justice to the uniqueness, genius, and beauty of the main salon which we now entered. The thought that first came to my mind was the newspaper head-lines, the day the yacht arrived in San Francisco Bay: "THE YACHT ANDROMEDA DROPPED ANCHOR IN BAY; VERITABLE FLOATING PALACE."

An involuntary exclamation fell from my lips; I stood stock-still and stared in amazement. The whole ceiling of the room was one

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immense round dome of glass, to represent the blue of the sky with its myriads of stars, now lighted by electric globes so arranged as to imitate the starry heavens. Never had I seen anything so marvelous.

On the polished floor of inlaid wood were strewn costly rugs from the Orient with here and there interwoven symbolic designs. In one end of the salon the gilded pipes of a large built-in organ glistened in the blaze of light. At the opposite end was an open fireplace in which played the electric flames of an imitation log fire, and in front of its spacious hearth were drawn up comfortable arm-chairs for six. At one side of the room stood a piano.

Set in deep mouldings of either wall were six panels of rich tapestry into each of which was woven a sign of the zodiac. A few appropriate pieces of statuary, divans, and easy chairs completed the furnishing.

We followed the lead of Mr. Van Hoover and seated ourselves in front of the fire.

I could not refrain from expressing my admiration at the originality of the designer of this room, and yet I was totally unprepared for the astounding yet simple declaration of Mr. Van Hoover's answer:

"Yes, doctor, its beauty and art is all that the most skilled workmen could produce, but even this is surpassed by its immense utility. Its inception was an effort on my part toward a working model for students in the science of astrology, and also to create an instrument to aid in the working out of charts or horary figures for masters of the art. Later I will show you the mechanism for operating the electric globes."

I could not then quite express my thoughts and feelings, but remarked:

"In that case I shall want to come here often!"

Miss Viola said, smilingly:

"Why should you not, if you want?"

I thought I should want to, but with her, whose fascinating eyes were again penetrating mine. It would not be tiresome chatting with her. However, I replied only:

"Of course, I shall do it after my day's work is done!"

Miss Viola, gazing into the fire as if to change the thought currents, said:

"We were talking of the many poor creatures who are deprived of the comforts we are now enjoying; people who cannot enjoy, as we do now, a peaceful rest, a pleasant chat,

and a nice cup of coffee.”

I put down my cup.

Miss Viola paused a moment when she saw my movement; then turning her eyes toward me, continued:

“We may feel uncomfortable thinking of the many, yet, let us be thankful we can do something for the betterment of their social condition.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Van Hoover, “that is what we want to do, doctor. You understand, of course, --- for we have already explained how surroundings affect people—one of the essential things for reform is to give men better surroundings; better, cleaner, sunnier homes; better working conditions, parks, gardens, and other places of amusement. That means: time for recreation; time for mothers to care for and educate their children; schools for young and old to improve their minds, and obtain understanding of life; and, not the least of all, good food and the knowledge how to prepare it.”

“As this is so often spoken of,” Mrs. Van Hoover observed, “it is time to show what can be done.”

“It seems a useless work,” Miss Shetland sighed, “considering the few who are trying

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to reform, and the great number of people who do not want to help --- yes, who even oppose any reform; and the still greater number who are in need of it. It seems hopeless to me. I maintain that humans are like animals, absolutely selfish, full of hatred and wickedness, and born with the instinct to destroy."

"I am sorry, Judith," Mrs. Van Hoover said with sympathy and understanding, "that you fix your mind so much on the dark and wicked side of life. Not that I am blind to the imperfections of man, yet I do not think it hopeless to change human character and existing conditions. But we must begin with ourselves and our closest friends."

"Will you excuse me, Mrs. Van Hoover," Captain Burton said, looking from one to the other, "as I can speak for you more freely than you yourself care to. I should like to call Miss Shetland's attention to the fact that you have given an example of how one can educate children to become useful members of society. Your education, your wisdom, your love, your care, your sense of duty have formed their characters, and they are now what you have made them: willing to do what is right; unable to feel any hatred, loving their fellow-men; asking in their hearts with

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words and deeds: 'What can I do for you, my brother, my sister?' living up to the highest that is in them. Your son and daughter will in turn give the right education with love and wisdom to their children, or to other children, as they do not see strangers or foreigners in the man, woman, or child they meet. Now then, if every one of us begins with ourselves, and our closest friends --- as you have already said --- we shall have done something that will bear fruit. We can at least improve our own character and be examples." --- Then, addressing Miss Shetland directly, and looking at her earnestly --- "Miss Shetland, you have not been among us long enough to know that everyone on this yacht is happy, does his work willingly, and is trying to follow the example of our leader, who puts into practice what he believes."

I was much impressed by Captain Burton's simple and enthusiastic speech, which I knew was not meant for flattery --- on the contrary, one could feel the earnestness and uprightness of the man's character in the very vibration of his voice.

I noticed more thoroughly now his somewhat round face; his upper head was globular, but had not the broad and high Uranian

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skull as that of Van Hoover, yet, with his brows, and intelligent looking brown eyes, and the regular normal ears, nose, and mouth — his mien spoke of intellect, firmness, and determination. His sunburnt complexion was no deterrent to the pleasant features indicating a frank and honest man. His total appearance suggested that he was born while the sun was rising in the sign Leo.

“Now, captain,” Miss Viola said, “you must not overlook the fact that you would not be one of us, if you had not the same inclination for doing something for your fellow men! Is that not true, brother?”

“Birds of a feather flock together,” laughed Van Hoover.

“And like attracts like,” Mrs. Van Hoover added.

“You see, Miss Shetland,” Captain Burton said, quickly taking up the conversation, as if to avoid the possibility of someone again commenting on his goodness, “we have to join forces with the good kind of people in order to do something worth while for the world; then we shall be stronger to avoid and oppose the bad influences of wicked people. Even if we are harmed by others, we will not let this make us bitter against a seemingly



ungrateful world."

"It is all very well for you to speak in this way, captain," Miss Shetland replied, with a sad expression on her face, "but if you had had the experiences I have, you would probably be as bitter and sceptical as I. If I did not believe that you people are an exception to the general rule, death would be more welcome to me than to live longer in this world of human beasts, hypocrites, and liars. I am thankful to you, Mrs. Van Hoover, for your kindness in taking me away from those brutes, and allowing me to stay with you." Sobbing pitifully and hiding her face in her handkerchief, she moaned: "Oh! the misery and heartaches caused by those devils, I shall never forget!"

Mrs. Van Hoover rose quickly, followed by Miss Viola, and, putting her arm around the weeping girl, led her from the room, saying:

"Now be quiet dear, and forget the past; you are among friends! Keep this thought strongly before you!"

Silence fell among us for a time, then Captain Burton remarked in a low voice:

"One of the cases of insufficient education and adverse surroundings."

"Yes, but brought into her life by karmic

causes," said Van Hoover. "As you may observe, she has many good qualities, but the adverse, unfavorable side of her character is overpowering her. She wants to be good, she wants to be happy, but is not yet able to master herself. This is a case of strongly contradicting and antagonistic tendencies."

"She must have suffered deeply," said the captain, sympathetically, "to have such bitter feelings against men, and to be a disbeliever in the betterment of the race."

Van Hoover proposed to have a walk on deck. When we were strolling to and fro, he remarked:

"If she could only see the purpose of life, and understand the laws governing existence! It is only because of her ignorance that she suffers. If she in her past experiences could have realized the relationship of human beings to each other, she would have escaped many an evil effect and would have been happier today, as happiness is the product of wisdom."

"The trouble is," interrupted Burton, "people do not understand that knowledge and wisdom will put an end to all suffering and thus bring about happiness."

"That's just it!" continued Van Hoover,

"But suffering will bring them knowledge, and knowledge will push them forward into evolution. Just as we feel safe on this yacht, because you know the art of seafaring, so spiritual illumination alone can light our way,\*) enabling us to move safely among the



rocks that lie before us." Then turning toward me: "That is one of the reasons, doctor, we are not afraid to meet danger, if need be, convinced as we are, that the inner illumination and the occult knowledge we possess will help us to overcome dangers and avoid obstacles. There is much for us to do, but knowledge, and love, and wisdom will enable us to succeed."

The ship's bell was sounding at this moment, giving the time as the beginning of the third watch. Captain Burton had to leave us.

We were now alone, strolling to and fro on

\*) Illustration 4 is symbolic of the course of initiation into the secrets of life, to attain **Spiritual Illumination**.—"There is no mystery that may not be unsealed by him that hath the unbiased mind and the 'opened eye' of the Seer."—The Riddle of the Sphinx.

deck. The calm ocean and the clear sky gave me the feeling of delight and tranquility I always had when on the sea. We did not speak for some minutes, so occupied were we with our thoughts.

Then Van Hoover began:

“As I told you before, we should not talk about our work and our plans until to-morrow; this evening I should like to hear something about your experiences and studies, as it will give me a ‘line’ on what I shall need to speak about to-morrow.”

He began asking me questions relating to medical science; by degrees our conversation drifted to the subjects nearest our hearts, and to my great delight I discovered he was an advanced occult student as well.

So engrossed had we been in our talk, we had not noticed the flight of time until Van Hoover, taking out his watch, remarked:

“Well, doctor, two hours have passed. We have had an interesting and profitable conversation, and it shows that we are in perfect accord. Indeed, it will make things easier for me. Wright was correct when he said that you were the man who could be my immediate and most intimate helper. It has also verified my first impression of you. Harmonious

and similar-minded people are necessary to co-operate in any line of work to attain success. Burton, mother, Viola, MacDonald, and Wright are also in the same vibration, but every one has a different responsibility and a different duty to perform. We need a man of your capacity for the purpose we have in view."

"I am much honored, Mr. Van Hoover," I said, "by your estimate of me. Although I am not perfect, and liable to make mistakes, I assure you I will do all I can --- that your cause is my cause, your success my success. As I now understand, our aspirations run parallel. This mutual understanding is sufficient to make me happy and enthusiastic for the work, come what may!"

He put out his hand, saying:

"Thank you, doctor; we are more than friends, and as you know the karmic law, you understand what I mean. But it is already time to retire. As we follow the rule of 'Early to bed, and early to rise,' we will now go to the salon and say 'good night' to the ladies."

Miss Viola was alone. As we entered she rose, saying her mother and Miss Shetland had retired. Shaking hands with me and kissing her brother good night, she left the salon,

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Van Hoover and I following her example.

I was soon in bed and dreaming of those whom I had begun to love as my own people.

### , VIII

I never saw an eye so bright,  
And yet so soft as hers;  
It sometimes swam in liquid light,  
And sometimes swam in tears;  
It seemed a beauty set apart  
For softness and for sighs.

—Mrs. Welby.

\* \* \*

All nature is but art unknown to thee,  
All chance direction which thou canst not see,  
All discord harmony not understood,  
All partial evil universal good.

—Pope.

THE next morning I awoke with a light heart, and after a refreshing bath went on deck. The air was so delightful that my whole being seemed to expand and embrace all on board. It was as if something within me were reaching out into the great universal love, as if I could take up into my own being everyone on this yacht, as if to let them enjoy the same happy feelings I had.

On walking aft I saw beautiful Miss Viola leaning on the rail, drinking in the glow of the rising sun.

Standing there in her light dress, waved by

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the refreshing breeze, she suggested a counterpart of the picture I saw the evening before. This time, however, everything seemed so young, so bright. The blue sky was pure in its softness of color. The white crested waves moved gently by a light breeze and sparkled in the dancing sunbeams, that seemed to whisper of an approaching day of glory. The soft quivering sun-rays, spreading light over this endless mass of water, seemed to confirm the "Dawn of a New Age," for a new humanity, whose image was symbolized by the perfect beauty of the girl, standing in the foreground of the picture. The beautiful, inspirational face bespoke depths of spiritual enlightenment, and in those soft devotional eyes one could read the purest love.

I was magnetically attracted to her. How could it be otherwise? How could such a divine beauty leave a man cold and indifferent?

But not long was I allowed to indulge in my admiration and in the strange feelings of my heart.

She seemed always to know when someone was near her or thinking of her. As she turned her face and her wonderful eyes met mine, I was sure that she knew what was going on in my mind. I do not recollect exactly what

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was adding to my confusion. I cannot remember ever having been in such a strange mood before.

After conventional greetings, I remarked:

"You are up early; not many of the fair sex are up before sunrise."

"Nor many men," she smiled back. Then turning her face to the rising sun, continued: "How many fail to take from nature her daily appeal to the senses, the unrivaled beauty which she displays for us with so free a hand."

"I see you have been enjoying this beautiful sunrise," I said, stepping to her side.

"And you not less," she replied.

"Yes, that is true, but I saw more than the sunrise. I saw a beautiful picture, which I shall never forget, so vivid was it before my eyes!"

She sensed my compliment, but did not reply, and silence fell between us. Words seemed so trivial. It was impossible for her to follow the custom of society and utter some meaningless, empty phrases. Moreover, she stood too high in my estimation for me to speak to her of anything commonplace, or for the purpose of flattery. To be in her presence was happiness to me, and words had little



place in this new mood that was upon me.

Seeing Mrs. Van Hoover coming from her cabin, we went forward to meet her. Greetings over, I asked about Miss Shetland.

"She is still sleeping," was the reply.

"Poor girl," I remarked, "the remembrance of her experiences seems to have racked her nerves, but, of course, we who understand astrology and phrenology, and observing the symptoms, would naturally conclude that the Moon was forming an adverse aspect with the planet Saturn at the time of her birth, which signifies sorrow in life, and makes the mind melancholy at times."

"What else do you know, doctor?" asked Mrs. Van Hoover, apparently interested.

"This aspect also causes delays and disappointments. People under such influence experience difficulties and misfortunes of all kinds from persons and things, signified by Saturn, probably parents. If they, or even their parents have money, they will lose it and have difficulty in getting more. Such people make more enemies than friends, especially with the planet Mars also forming an unfavorable aspect to the sun. They become subject to slander and scandal, but the disfavor they meet is merited, as this aspect may make

the mind bitter and selfish, having little regard or respect for others. If this aspect is a weak one, or the planets are in favorable signs, the effect is not quite so evil in the latter part of life. This seems to be the case, as Miss Shetland has met you; which may mean that she will learn her lesson, and as a consequence may find herself in happier conditions."

"What do you think of her physical condition, doctor?" inquired Mrs. Van Hoover, inquisitively.

"The adverse aspect of Saturn and the Moon is bad for the health, especially in a woman's case. And, therefore, I judge that attention and care are still needed before she will overcome this influence. I am stating only one aspect, which I feel is the most influential in her life. But, of course, there is more to be considered, and to do that, we have to know the time, date, and place of birth.

The ladies had been listening very attentively. Mrs. Van Hoover remarked:

"Even without knowing her birth time, you have given a correct delineation of her character, and of her past and present condition. How unfavorably that aspect you mentioned, seems to influence her character and life, not-

withstanding her many good qualities!"

"No doubt, she has many," I replied, "and the good planetary influences must have saved her from a more serious degeneration. However, the opposing forces of good and bad in her case are at the present time still struggling for predominance. Hence, some people are, as it were, in conflict with themselves, sometimes saying something which they do not mean, or acting differently from the way one would conclude from their talk. You have often heard people say: he or she is a riddle to me. Astrology could explain this."

"It is true," Mrs. Van Hoover said. "I have often noticed Miss Judith's peculiar mental condition. To people who do not understand such a character, she would undoubtedly be a problem, or a riddle as you say."

Miss Viola broke in, saying:

"Mother, I think you might tell Doctor Hartford her story. It might aid him in studying her horoscope."

After reflecting a moment, Mrs. Van Hoover began:

"For many years she lived with her parents, sisters, and brothers; although not entirely happy, yet, seemingly content, as many people are, having a good house to live in,

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money enough to spend, taking life easily --- shopping, dining, going to theaters, spending some time at beaches, or making trips; --- in short, her life was one of pleasure, and she did not suspect the possibility of trouble until it came suddenly.

“A series of bad speculations swept her father’s fortune away. The house of happiness was ruined, torn down as by a sudden, unexpected earthquake. Her father did not long survive the shock. The mother, not used to the hardships in which she found herself, became ill and died.

“Judith being the eldest, the responsibility fell on her young shoulders. She was not altogether in harmony with her younger sisters and brothers, which made their lives very difficult. Being inexperienced and not educated in the right spirit and manner, she could not understand that love, devotion, toleration, and patience would help her to make life more successful and happier.

“She tried to find assistance from her own and her father’s friends. Some gave her money, some gave her advice, but the real help she needed was not given. Some even turned enemies, complaining of her father being also the cause of their misfortune. The

young man to whom she was engaged, broke their engagement when reverses came. That was a bitter blow."

Mrs. Van Hoover paused a moment; there was a vibration of understanding and sympathy in her voice.

"Not having been taught any useful occupation," she continued, "any position she could get was not of such a character that she could earn enough to supply their wants. She did have good sense enough, however, to press her brothers to look for work.

"She created an atmosphere of unhappiness around her by continual grumbling and complaint. Consequently this affected also her physical condition and appearance. Had she been more attractive, had she shown a more pleasant, happy face during those days, instead of the gloomy, hateful looking countenance, it would have been easier for her. Many a time she was discharged as unfit for work.

"And so the years of struggle and hardship went on. Indignities, heaped upon her and her sisters by men who tried to take advantage of their misfortunes, embittered her. It is not necessary to go into details, you well know the terrible struggles of girls left in

such a position.

"Just a few days before we left New York, I met her and learned that her mother was an old school mate of mine, who in our girlhood days had done me an unselfish service. I, in turn, therefore, could not leave her daughters in this miserable condition.

"We arranged that her younger sister should complete her education in the charge of a friend of mine, and Mr. and Mrs. Wright offered to take care of the other members of the family.

"As to herself, we proposed to her that she should become our companion and try to begin a new life."

"We must be patient with her," Miss Viola added. "To us, who have had the advantage of harmonious surroundings and proper education, her case is indeed a sad one."

Mr. Van Hoover now came up, and after kissing his mother and sister good morning, turned to me:

"Good morning, doctor! It is not necessary to ask whether you had a good night's sleep. You look splendid!"

"Indeed," I replied, "I am in perfect condition. In this pure atmosphere one can get rid of the taint of the city."

"And yet, how many prefer the city life." Mrs. Van Hoover observed.

"They are blind to the beauties of nature," Van Hoover remarked; then turning to me: "Are you used to an early breakfast?"

"I seldom take more than a cup of coffee, or a glass of milk, or fruit, for breakfast."

"You are like Viola," he replied.

"I do not consider it necessary to eat much in the morning," she observed. "After a good rest during the night, the body needs no other refreshment until about noon."

As we advanced toward the dining room, Miss Judith came from her cabin.

"Good morning!" we all said in chorus.

"I hope you feel better, Miss Shetland," I queried. "Is it not a beautiful morning?"

"Indeed, it is!" she replied. "I seem to be the only sluggard here."

As we took our seats I noticed another table laid for breakfast. Soon after, the officers who were not on watch came in, and after greetings, took their seats at that table.

"Mr. Van Hoover is a real democrat," I thought, "In practice as well as theory."

As none of us ate much, with the exception of Miss Judith, we had more time for conversation. When we had finished Van Hoover

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said, "Well, doctor, I will now initiate you into the secrets of the ship." Turning to the first officer, who was just leaving, he asked:

"This your watch, Phil?—Tell Captain Burton that I will meet him in his cabin. I wish to show Doctor Hartford over the ship."—Turning to Mrs. Van Hoover:—"Mother, we will join you ladies in the library later; say about ten o'clock."





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### IX

In every department of human activity the note of brotherhood begins to be struck. Science demonstrates our oneness; philosophy corroborates science; and religion tells us more and more the same story.—Ernest Crosby.

**W**HEN we left the dining room, Van Hoover said:

“We will give you a general survey of the ship to-day, doctor; later you may examine her more in detail if you wish. You will find any member of the crew willing to give the information you desire.”

“Thank you, Mr. Van Hoover, it will give me a good opportunity to get acquainted with the men.”

“Yes,” he observed, “and also to win their confidence and goodwill, and make them feel we are all brothers.”

We were by this time on the bridge, where we met the fourth officer and a sailor on watch.

We talked a few minutes to these men; then we walked up and down the bridge before we went to the captain’s room.

When we entered his office, he was talking

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to the first officer. On seeing us, he said:

“Good morning! I will be with you in a moment!”

He continued to give instructions to his officer, but soon he turned, saying:

“I am ready now, Mr. Van Hoover!”

We spent two hours going over the yacht; Captain Burton and Mr. Van Hoover explaining to me all I had to know in order to get a general idea of the vessel.

Her splendid, up-to-date arrangement showed that she was constructed with a view to combining pleasure, comfort, utility, and economy. Not economy to save here and to lose in another way, but the wise economy of spending money plentifully where needed in order to save in the end. To be sure, this yacht was not built for pleasure in the first place, but to enable the owner to carry out his projects.

Even the quarters of the crew were arranged so as to give them all the comforts of a home; cosy places where they could rest, read, write, or converse with one another.

Having seen the stinking quarters of ill-paid men on my former voyages, no wonder that I was astonished to find such extraordinary conditions here. I could imagine how

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thankful and happy the crew on this ship must have felt, that there lived a man—who might be considered a capitalist, that is true --- who was a human with a loving heart, with an understanding of the needs of his people, and of humanity at large; a millionaire, who spent his money wisely and was not unwilling to let others share in his wealth, where he saw that people deserved it. The happy and contented faces I met during this survey were, moreover, a proof that the right kind of crew was chosen; the right kind of jobs were given, according to the individual's taste and ability; the right kind of treatment and authority maintained.

No wonder that all seemed to be taking pleasure in their work, and with a high sense of duty. All seemed to be inspired with the ideas Van Hoover had in mind, anxious to carry out his wonderful, noble plans.

I must not omit to mention the large salon provided for the crew: it was a dining room as well as a club—or recreation—room. On its walls were mottoes and paintings, symbolic or emphasizing the ideas of co-operation and brotherhood. One of the mottoes read: 'Be in Tune with the Infinite which is in you, in your Brothers, and all around you.'

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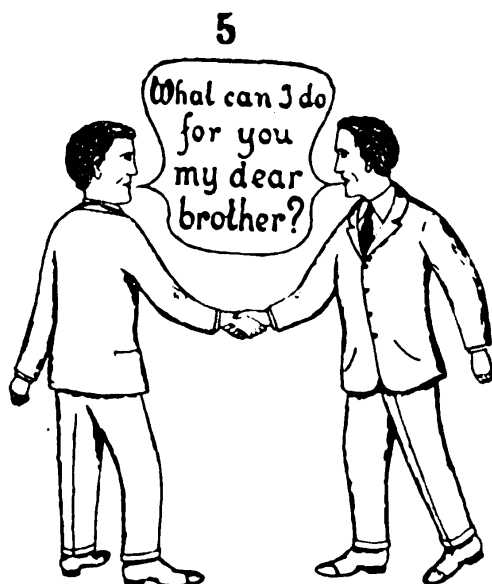
The large painting represented two men facing each other with clasped hands. Beneath the picture were these words: 'Brother, what can I do for you?' \*)

The whole atmosphere of this place could not fail to have a beneficial influence upon the minds and actions of these people.

At ten o'clock we joined the ladies in the library. Mrs. Van Hoover and Miss Viola were waiting for us. Miss Shetland had gone on deck.

The library was a beautiful room, modernly equipped. The bookcases contained a magnificent choice of books and publications of art.

The ladies were anxious to hear what my impressions were of the 'Andromeda.' After taking a seat, I answered their questions with much enthusiasm. While we were conversing, Mr. Van Hoover and Captain Burton were in earnest discussion at the other end of



"In Tune"

See footnote

\*) Re: Illustration 5: If one is indeed "In Tune with the Infinite," he then can apply co-operation, and bring brotherhood into practice.

the room. Presently, however, the captain left, and Van Hoover coming to my side, began to explain his plans.

By and by the discussion became exceedingly interesting to me; consequently I inquired about some details.

"Let Doctor Hartford read your manuscripts relating to these questions, Reynold," Miss Viola suggested to her brother.

"I will do that;" was the reply, "however, mine are not complete without yours. So I will give yours too!"

Opening the drawer of a bookcase, he took out a neatly bound volume with typewritten pages and handed it to me.

During the rest of the forenoon we sat in easy conversation, Van Hoover explaining to me his ideas concerning my profession, suggesting I could be of great assistance to Captain Burton and his officers in regard to my knowledge of astrology, philosophy, and sciences, in the classes and entertainments for the crew.

We continued our discussion as to astrology being the stepping stone to higher truths, \*)

\*) Illustration 6. Symbol: From the Pisces Age of about 2000 years we are entering—progressing into—the Aquarian Age, another cycle of about 2000 years, as "On Stepping Stones to Higher Things."

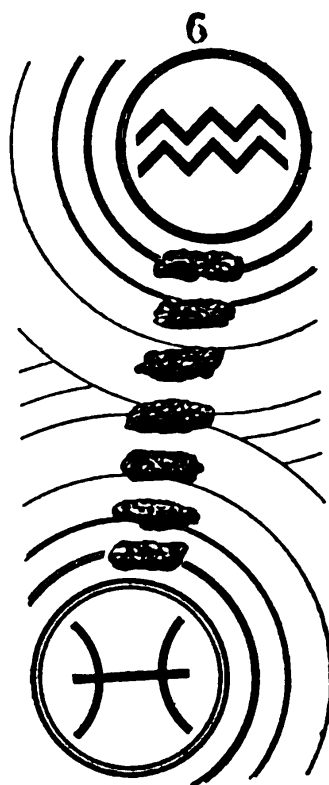
the ladies eagerly joining in as some special point presented itself, until Van Hoover observed:

"You have heard, of course, of criminology? You know that the governments of many countries have established bureaux for the purpose of investigating and examining the causes and effects of crimes, and that experts are appointed to examine criminals by phrenology, physiognomy, psycho-analysis, etc. You understand, therefore, what a big problem we have to deal with in connection with what we are planning and pioneering for. We need knowledge in attempting anything of importance."

"Knowledge gained from every source, from everywhere," Mrs. Van Hoover remarked, "not from a one-sided investigation or study, in the manner of some narrow-minded people."

The time passed quickly enough until luncheon was announced.

Van Hoover and his mother preceded us to the dining room. Miss Viola walked by my side. Never had I experienced such pleasure



"Stepping Stones  
to Higher Things"

See footnote

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in the company of any young woman as I did in the presence of this lovely girl. I could not explain, neither did I attempt to analyze, the queer mood that was upon me while in her presence.



### X

Keeping away from the mire is better than washing it off.—Sanskrit Proverb.

\* \* \*

There is war in the skies.—Owen Meredith.

THE next morning I awoke very early. I could not sleep longer, for even in my dreams were the thoughts of the day just passed.

The dawn was breaking as I came on deck. It was not so cool as the previous morning. Glancing over the ocean I noticed the sun appearing at larboard. Surprised at this, as the day before it was at the stern, I went up to the bridge, where I met the officer of the watch, and asked him the reason.

“It is the captain’s order,” he replied.

“But why did we sail yesterday towards the West-South-West?” I inquired.

I did not quite hear his reply, as my attention was diverted to Miss Viola, who was just

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coming on deck, though not alone; her mother was with her.

Leaving the bridge, I joined them, and after morning greetings, asked if they had noticed the changed course.

"Yes, we did," Miss Viola answered. "Perhaps Captain Burton has received a wireless. We must be prepared for every eventuality."

Not wishing to appear too curious, I did not ask for any explanation. We spoke of other things. In the presence of Miss Viola I soon forgot the change in the ship's route. Yes, and even the yacht itself!"

In about an hour Van Hoover and Captain Burton joined us for breakfast. No reference was made to the altered course, and I kept silent.

After breakfast, however, Van Hoover and Burton, joining the ladies and me on the aft deck, said that news had come by wireless to the effect that, owing to the ruthless submarine warfare of the Brugolians not respecting the laws and treaties of war, neutral ships as well as those of enemies were liable to attack. The allies had therefore been compelled to make arrangements for closer control of the seas and harbors. America seemed likely to be drawn into the trouble. The



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United States had made stricter rules for outgoing and incoming ships, especially for such as the yacht, being regarded as a pleasure boat; and as in Honolulu and in Panama the same rigid control had begun, they thought it best not to go to Honolulu, but join the S. S. 'Esperanto' on its way to Labora Island. This steamer fortunately had left Panama before the new rules were effected.

I excused myself as it was the hour for me to do my duty as ship's-surgeon. I made my rounds of inspection, then returned to the empty hospital. On my way I saw the cook and the quartermaster in excited conversation. On seeing me, they seemed anxious to tell me something, but hesitated.

Noticing this, I asked:

"Did you wish to speak to me?"

"Why—yes, doctor; a strange thing has occurred," said the cook. "As we are positive that all on board are honest, and at least not inclined to playful tricks in connecton with our work, we have not been in the habit of locking the pantries and storerooms, except when we are in harbor. Yesterday morning for the first time, and again this morning, we noticed that food had been taken, and we are at a loss to account for it. There are no dogs

or cats on board.”

“Someone of the crew may have become hungry and taken the food,” I suggested.

“No, doctor, the crew is not in the habit of doing such things; besides, the rule is, they have to ask me or the steward.”

“Are you sure,” I asked, “that you have not made a mistake, somehow?”

“No, doctor, we have been searching every imaginable place, and the quartermaster has made inquiry. It is almost impossible to mistrust any of the crew.”

“If you are sure,” I responded, “you had better report to the captain, and he will probably have a watch stationed.”

“Thank you, doctor, that is what we will do.”



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### XI

Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,  
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal.  
While he who walks in love may wander far  
Yet God will bring him where the blessed are.  
—Henry Van Dyke.

SUNDAY dawned bright and clear. I was on deck enjoying the fine weather though the temperature was beginning to rise as we sailed southward toward the equator.

Suddenly a strain of deep toned harmony from the organ broke the morning stillness. I stopped spellbound. A marvelous melody of wondrous power and beauty floated out on the morning air, now sinking into low rhythmic cadence, again vibrating in loud joyous peals of rippling laughter, then trailing away as if telling of the peace abiding in a soul filled with love and harmony. No familiar strain smote my ear, and now I sensed the player was improvising the thoughts that came from that occult plane, known only to the mystic; and I knew it was she.

Every Sunday afternoon the crew's *salon* (their dining-living-room), was arranged for a meeting for discussions or lectures on some topic of general interest for the improvement

of the mental condition of the men. While any one was privileged to deliver a lecture, it generally fell to Mr. Van Hoover.

“Once, Samson, the quartermaster, gave a brief, yet splendid lecture,” the captain informed me, “which had a good effect on the crew. They were already fond of him, but now they show admiration and respect for this simple man, who had no college education, but who nevertheless understands many things better than the average college graduate.”

“As you can understand, doctor,” remarked Mrs. Van Hoover, who joined us with Miss Shetland, “Samson is of unusual advantage to our work and of great benefit to the men.”

In addition to this remark the captain said something, to which I could not give my full attention, as I was wondering why Miss Viola had not joined us. Something prevented my inquiring.

When we were in the large room and comfortably seated, a marvelous melody resounded, as if coming from a higher sphere, charming the air around us.

Now, for the second time during that day was I arrested as by enchantment.

What celestial harmony is this? What a choice collection of notes and of melodies unheard before?

Then --- that strain again that I heard in the morning, filling the air with a sweet, charming symphony.

Presently it dawned upon me whence came this sublime artistic achievement. Then I realized that, by means of connecting tubes between the salons, the music of the organ was transmitted from the ceiling.

Not long, however, was I allowed to meditate on this remarkable incident. When the last vibrations of the melody had echoed away in the vast distance of the universe, Van Hoover, taking my arm, introduced me to his people, explaining the reasons for my association, and hoping that each of us would give his co-operation to bring about ultimate success.

Thereupon he invited the audience to sing and asked the second officer to direct the chorus. Nearly every one joined the choir, singing in four different parts, accompanied by the music from the piano.

In the meantime Miss Viola had come in and joined the choir.

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The singing over, Van Hoover spoke again. The synopsis of his speech ran :

“My friends, wireless messages received in the last few days have been very disquieting.

“It seems quite possible that the United States will be drawn into the struggle now raging in Europe. Therefore, we must be prepared for coming events.

“We are living in a changing world. The awful war in Europe will cause many disturbances after it is over, more than people can realize now. The number of soldiers in Europe will increase during the so-called peace period after the war than it was at the beginning of the war. And as prophecies have it, a greater war, the *Armageddon*, will follow, before real peace and goodwill among men is established.

“As for us, let us keep in mind that we are not of this world, with its selfish motives and purposes, but that we are pioneering and trying to form a separate commonwealth in a new country. In fact, we have already formed a new community on the ‘Andromeda’ and on the ‘Esperanto.’ Nevertheless, let us never forget to think rightly, because thoughts are

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the first causes of our actions, and determine the quality of our life in a community. What I am thinking, what I am doing, is more important than my thoughts of what the other man is thinking or doing.

"I am sure we have here the right men in the right place, as I have been very careful in my choice; and I am sure that the harmony and fellowship existing between us will carry us safely through any danger that may befall.

"Every man must do his work, if we are to make a success along the as yet untried field which we have chosen. Remember, pioneering is not easy!

"Communism following on the heels of revolution has ever been sooner or later followed by a relapse into some form of government that still maintained a heavy hand on the common people, always supporting an exploiting class which gradually degenerated into an aristocracy of wealth, whose rapacity must of necessity eventuate in bloody revolution.

"We believe we have found the remedy for failure in co-operation,\* and we know that the remedy we wish to bring forward is based

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See illustration and footnote on Page 93

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on Nature's laws.

"These laws may pertain to physical, as well as to metaphysical or occult laws. The more we understand these laws and bring them into practice, or live and act in accord with them, the better for our community.

"The law of attraction and of harmony is proven to be working not only on the physical, but also on the metaphysical planes.

"We apply astrological selection to bring similar minded people together, thus working with the law of attraction and harmony.

"When you, my fellowmen, have mastered the ground work of this science under the able tutelage of Doctor Hartford, you will be efficient teachers, capable of going out as *Aquarian Pioneers* into the world to bring about a new age and a new race; the fellowship of man, the practice of universal brotherhood, which is a fact of Nature. And thus — helping to establish the AQUARIAN BROTHERHOOD.\*)

\*) Illustration 7:—Symbolic: the links of the unbroken chain, the interlaced triangles, the significance of the number 9 and the sign of Aquarius—all relating to Universal, Aquarian, Brotherhood, Unity, Co-operation—the many into one—By understanding the Law of Life all these can be brought into effect.





“Now my friends. we will have our reading in Esperanto.”

Then turning to Samson, he motioned him to take the platform.

Samson's pronunciation was perfect; simple words were chosen so as to be easily understood. To my great delight I could follow every

word, as Esperanto had been a favorite diversion of mine.

A discussion followed; questions were answered by Van Hoover and others; and afterwards the meeting ended with a musical selection by Miss Viola.

At dinner I complimented Miss Viola on her marvelous achievement. She smiled, but did not respond.

As I could not express my admiration and appreciation of her art in more befitting words, I simply said:

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"The audience was obviously listening with great delight."

She only smiled again at me.

"Music has a great influence upon these men," observed Mrs. Van Hoover. "It cannot fail to stimulate them to higher aspirations."

"Indeed," Burton remarked, "and they do not need to learn Esperanto or English in order to appreciate music, though not every one may understand the '*finesses*.' "

"Music is the Universal language of mankind," Van Hoover quoted from Longfellow.



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### XII\*

Few men temper rightly with the stars.  
—Shakespeare.

After dinner we continued our conversation in the salon, Miss Shetland and one of the officers joining us. When later the latter had left, Captain Burton said:

"The cook reported again this morning that last night food was missing for the third time. We have decided to place a guard on watch tonight.

"It is strange!" Mrs. Van Hoover mused.

"I suppose we can find the solution," Van Hoover said, smilingly, as if he had guessed already.

At this moment Miss Judith rose from her chair, seemingly not quite at ease, her eyes turned away from us in the direction of the door. Thereupon, as if there were something disturbing her mind, she looked back at us,

\*) This chapter went into print in March 1926 as a booklet, titled: "COMING EVENTS Cast Their Shadows Before"; the date of publication being April 19, 1926. Application for copyright was made on April 13, 1926, and entered under No. 892720 in the United States Copyright Office, May 1, 1926. For obvious reasons the reader should take notice of these facts.

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then at Van Hoover, and finally said, abruptly:

"Good night!" and left the room with downcast eyes.

At this sudden proceeding we looked at one another, wondering, but no one made a remark.

Evidently to banish the tension of the moment, Mrs. Van Hoover asked:

"What do you think of the near future, doctor?"

"You mean the coming events?"

"Yes, what will be the outcome of this war and the conditions thereafter, according to your observations?"

"I agree with Mr. Van Hoover that troublesome years will come, as he hinted in his lecture this afternoon."

"You mean, you have come to the same conclusion?"

"Yes, I have, though we may differ in matters of no moment."

"I asked this question," Mrs. Van Hoover said, thoughtfully, "because astrologers and other prophets, apparently, do not agree, even in the principal matters."

"That is true," Van Hoover observed, "but there are some principal points on which

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many do agree."

"If astrologers were also gifted with the faculty of seership," Miss Viola remarked, with a sideglance at me, "they would be more exact in their prophecies."

"Undoubtedly," Burton observed, "but often the seers' predictions agree with those of astrologers, as I have concluded from reading on these subjects."

"That reminds me," Van Hoover said, "that I have kept many special issues of magazines and clippings of newspapers in regard to the predictions of the present war. I will get them."

Soon he was back from the library with magazines in his hands.

"You know these publications, of course," he said, showing me a few. "It will be interesting to read again what was predicted years ago, and to see how at the present time some predictions have already been fulfilled and others are in course of fulfillment."

Looking for a special issue and showing it to us, he continued:

"I will read only those sentences which I have underlined. In this issue of 'Modern Astrology' for July, 1910, we read of King George of England: '---he will do all in his

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power to avert war; but he will hardly escape a grave and serious possibility of war during his reign." And of the Austrian Emperor: "The fate of the European nations hangs by the thread of the Austrian Emperor's nativity." '----it is no idle prophecy to say that if a European war breaks out during the lifetime of these two monarchs, the Emperor of Austria will be the direct cause of drawing England into the struggle.'----

Taking up another magazine, he continued:

"And here is an issue of 'Modern Astrology' for October, 1914, in which we read 'the Kaiser's fate; '----he is doomed eventually to fall. His friends will desert him and cause him to engage in some colossal acts of folly. He will ruin his country financially. He will close the royal dynasty for Germany, and will be the direct cause of a revolution that will bring a republican government to the seat of power in Germany.

"Very interesting!" Mrs. Van Hoover remarked.

"It is, indeed!" Captain Burton rejoined. Then turning to Van Hoover, he inquired:

"Why do you think there will be another and greater war than this, as you hinted in your lecture?"

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“My statement is partly based on the occult significance of the Great Pyramid, that stu-



Sphinx and Pyramid

pendous monument of ancient times. If you study the plans and the hieroglyphics\*) concerning this pyramid, you will know, captain, that it must be the result of deep

thought and design, intended to convey an idea and to reveal a purpose. In fact, the pyramid is the ‘Witness in Stone’.”

“Nay,” Mrs. Van Hoover quoted, “but if these deny me, even the stones will cry out!”\*\*

“The interior passages of this pyramid,” Van Hoover continued, “are all significant of great historical occurrences. Each turn, or change in these passages, and in the interior construction, was so planned that the inch measurements correspond exactly to the years in which certain changes will take place. Those who have studied for many years the

\*) This statement may not be true to fact, but Van Hoover is supposed to know that the pyramid contains other passages, chambers, and hieroglyphics than those already discovered.

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meaning of these measurements and hieroglyphics have proven beyond doubt that these explanations are correct. The period of the early Christian Era, that of the Reformation, and that of the French Revolution, as well as that of the present war, all correspond to certain inch-year measurements in the Great Pyramid. If the occurrences of the past are the fulfillment of the predictions recorded by means of these inch-year measurements, we may expect with great confidence that the remaining measurements denote future events in certain years. According to these measurements, the war will end in 1918.

Turning the leaves of a magazine, Van Hoover came to a page on which a diagram and plans of the pyramid were printed. Showing it to us, he continued:

"This war is indicated by the 'low passage' --- here—The open space which follows indicates the armistice; then comes the 'Hanging Granite Leaf', another 'Low Passage' again followed by another open passage --- this one --- corresponding in years up to July, 1926. Then comes --- this --- the final 'Low Passage', indicating the 'Armageddon', leading, --- as you see --- to the 'King's Chamber'

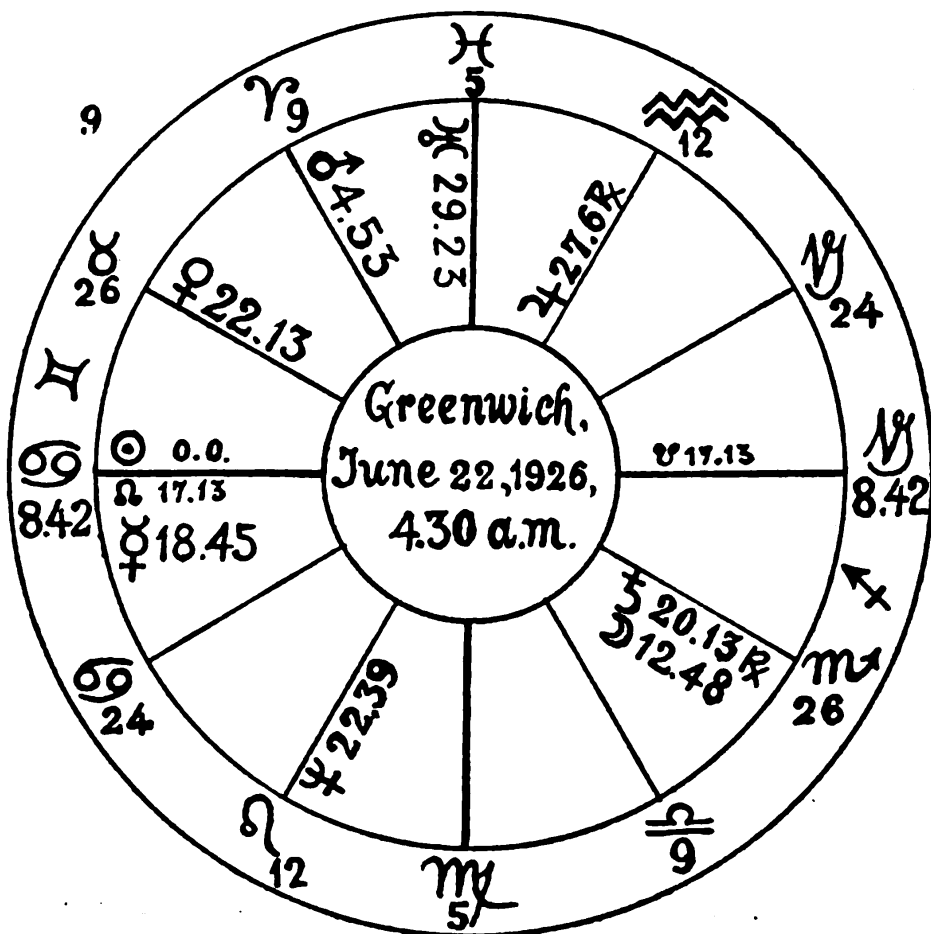


BEFORE\*)

# COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS

This is one of the horoscopes, cast by the author, from which he predicts the coming events explained in the following pages.

Maps of the heavens for various countries for the date and time stated here, can be derived from this map by applying the rules for casting mundane horoscopes.



\*) The above map and note is a reproduction of page 6 in "Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before." See also footnote on page 103 . .

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--- here --- denoting the 'Millenium', which will begin in 1932."

Turning to me, Van Hoover asked:

"Have you ever compared these pyramid indications with those of the planets?"

"I have, but not quite in detail, for it would mean an enormous amount of work to calculate the positions of all the planets so many years in advance. However, I know that in 1926\*) the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune and Mars will be <sup>in</sup> fixed signs and in an adverse constellation, which has an unfortunate influence upon the earth and upon humanity, causing great disturbances everywhere. Did Wright show you his manuscript regarding the events of 1926-1932?"

"Yes, he gave me a copy,"\*) Van Hoover replied, and his delineations confirm the indications of the Great Pyramid. He thinks that the Spring quarter of 1926 is indicative of great cataclysms, explosions, earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, etc., and anticipates greater unrest, excitement, and disturbance among nations than has ever before been experienced."

"I believe he is right!" I remarked.

\*) Diverse so-called Mundane horoscopes were calculated by the author, from which the following dialogue in this chapter is derived.

"He also found indications, Van Hoover continued, "that the Summer quarter of 1926 will bring out latent forces, producing disaster and change, and the beginning of the great trouble."

"But, he does not seem sure of another war," I remarked, "at least not to begin so soon.\*)" He predicts great unrest among the nations, with disputes, quarrels, lawlessness, dissatisfaction with law, strikes and rioting — a spirit of discontent and rebellion. A turbulent spirit directed against those in high places, an increase of secret and mysterious crimes, enmity, treachery, fraud, and a struggle between the masses, either socially or politically."

"Yes," Van Hoover replied, "but remember also that he hinted at a martial aggressive spirit, both at home and in foreign affairs; rumours of war, or actual war."

"Of course," I interrupted, "Mars, during that period, is often in unfortunate aspect with other planets, but it may only indicate an increase of murders, fires, assaults, outrages, ill health and deaths from martian diseases. Or discontent and trouble affecting army, navy, or police."

"Anyhow," Van Hoover continued seri-

\*) Some astrologers and seers think that 1928 will bring another war, the "Armageddon".

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ously, "it will be a very unfortunate time for governments and ruling powers; and surely the upper classes will feel the effects of hostility and opposition. As Wright says, there will be a tendency to crime or secret dealings directed towards them."

"It seems to me," Burton said, joining in the discussion, "from what you or Wright said, that the world is likely to get more revolutions. If the pyramid points to disaster or cataclysms after 1926, then it may be that more thrones will fall, or something of that nature."

"Not only thrones," Van Hoover replied, "republics will also undergo great changes. According to Wright, whoever happens to be president of the United States, will go through a critical time and suffer some misfortune. He also predicts that someone in authority, or a very eminent person will die or be assassinated in 1926."

"It surely is a fateful period," Mrs. Van Hoover remarked, seriously, "and it can only be the time of harvesting what has been sown. The law of cause and effect, reaping --- and undoubtedly the churches will be affected by it, as they have also sown."

"Undoubtedly," Van Hoover replied, "as

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Wright predicts, religious disturbances will increase, churches will be unfortunate, and there will be increased misunderstandings in religious and political affairs. Occult ideas, new to the churches, will disturb orthodoxies."

"There are astrologers," I remarked, after hesitating a moment, who are very pessimistic regarding the future, especially concerning the period after 1926, believing that there will be a time, such as has not been recorded by history during the last ages."

"You may regard the coming period after the war as the fat and lean years," Van Hoover observed, "the seven fat years from 1919 to 1926, then the seven lean years from 1926 to 1933, and, therefore, those who are wise will prepare themselves and store away whatever they can for the lean years. And believe me, astrologers and other prophets may be pessimistic, but some, surely, know what they are talking about. As Captain Burton can know in advance whether a storm is approaching by consulting his barometer, and by other ways or means, so we can know in advance the coming events when we study and consult the occult sciences!"

"Some use ostrich sense and don't want to

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know or to see!" Mrs. Van Hoover remarked.

"Indeed," Van Hoover continued, "until the flood comes and drowns humanity, figuratively speaking --- in fact, until the cataclysms suddenly descend upon mankind, as this war came unexpectedly!"

"And what misery and despair will the next cataclysms cause! And for such a long period!" said Viola in a low voice.

"My, my!" ejaculated Burton, "so many years of mystery and horrors!"

"The 'Great Desolation,'" Mrs. Van Hoover quoted, "a 'time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation' \*) Then looking at the clock, she marked: "It is getting late!"

We bade each other 'Good night!'; thus bringing an interesting day to its termination.

\*) In St. Matthew XXIV: 21: "For there shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be."

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### XIII

A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more devotion, a little more love; with less bowing down to the past, and a silent ignoring of pretended authority; a brave looking forward to the future with more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ripe for a great burst of light and life.—Elbert Hubbard.

**N**EXT morning I was up early for my usual morning walk. As I passed the closed hold of the front part of the yacht, I was surprised to see two strangers sitting there. They were dressed in worn-out dirty over-alls, and looked like the usual type of working men. They made an unfavorable contrast to the neat and cleanly clothed, happy looking sailors of the 'Andromeda.'

When they saw me, they became uneasy, and with an embarrassed look in their down-cast eyes, pretended not to see me, notwithstanding betraying themselves by nervously moving their feet.

I returned to the aft deck, where I found Miss Viola and her mother.

I merely mentioned what I had seen without further comment.

Mrs. Van Hoover remarked:

"We shall probably learn all about it from the captain and Reynold at breakfast."

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A few minutes before breakfast Miss Shetland appeared, obviously in better spirits.

"You are looking fine this morning," I said, when we went to breakfast. "You had a good sleep?"

"I did not sleep well before midnight, but afterwards I must have been in deep sleep, as I am late this morning."

"Let nothing disturb your mind when you retire," I advised her, remembering her last nights behavior. "Read something to divert your mind when you are worried."

During breakfast the captain told us of the two strangers on board. Van Hoover, turning to me, said:

"We have a ship's-council, composed of the captain, two officers and myself, and we wish you to be one of us. The purpose is to discuss and to dispose of any question that may arise. So, if you will meet us in cabin No. 12, after your inspection is over, we will hold counsel as to what course to take with these men."

Cabin No. 12 was a room which could be used for different purposes. This time it was transformed into a kind of council room.

Accordingly we met here, and after we were seated, Captain Burton, turning to the quartermaster, said:



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"Call in the cook, and the two sailors who effected the capture of these men."

In about five minutes they entered the room.

"Tell us," said Captain Burton, addressing the cook, "how you caught these men."

"Tobolsky was put on guard from ten o'clock until midnight, but nothing occurred during the watch. Mathews was to take second watch and I joined him."

Captain Burton's eyes twinkled, as he said:

"This is the first time I ever knew of a cook taking watch. How did you get your commission, Sir Chef?"

"Well, captain," replied the cook in some confusion, "I went to bed earlier than usual, and after midnight I could not sleep, thinking of the food disappearing, so I joined Mathews. We hid ourselves in different places. There was no light, except some faintly coming from outside. About half past one a man came stealthily in and went to the pantry, opposite to the place where I was hid. Taking bread and other food, he went out, first precautiously looking to see if everything was safe. As he passed Mathews' hiding place, Mathews followed him. The man went to one of the iron posts that connects with the deck above, and climbed it. Mathews followed him and I

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ran to the stairs. As I reached the upper deck, no one was in sight but Mathews, who pointed to one of the life boats. I told him by gestures to keep guard while I would go to the officer on watch."

"Mr. Ellis," the captain said.

"Yes," the cook continued. "I made my report to him, and he telephoned to the quartermaster. Samson came at once. Mr. Ellis told him to follow me and to act according to instructions. Samson went to the boat, threw off the covering and ordered the man to come out. To our astonishment two men appeared. The quartermaster gave orders for them to be taken care of until further orders."

The cook finished. The other witnesses had not much more to add. Then turning to the quartermaster, the captain said:

"Bring the men in."

As they were brought in and told to be seated, I examined their outward make-up.

They presented a sorry appearance with their dirty clothes and unshaven faces.

The taller of the two men was not a bad looking fellow. He was about thirty five years of age and clearly belonged to the better class of working men. The form of his head was of the average type, nothing stand-

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ing out in particular, except his somewhat crooked mouth, the appearance of which was made less repulsive by his moustache. And with his clear blue eyes, his total make-up gave the impression that he was not deprived of intelligence.

The other man was short, had a thick bull neck, heavy lower jowls; small, backward sloping upperhead, broad flat nose; large mouth with coarse lips; small shifty, faded grey eyes with oddly formed eyelids, indicating a man of gross, worthless animal-like nature, inclined to laziness, combativeness, and destructiveness, with moderate conscientiousness: unmistakably belonging to the lower type of radical.

They looked abashed as they saw the calm and friendly looking faces of the officers, and their eyes kept glancing uneasily at Van Hoover's intelligent, handsome face, with the clear, open, penetrating eyes, as if they felt that he could read their very thoughts.

Addressing the men, Captain Burton said:

“We want you to understand beforehand that you are among friends. It is not our intention to punish you. On the contrary, it is our desire to help you, if possible. For our

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goodwill we ask in return a truthful statement from you: why are you here? What are your intentions?"

After a short silence, neither replying, the captain continued:

"Perhaps it is unusual for you to meet people with honest intentions, who try to live a life of truth. We understand very well, that as you have lived in a world of deceit and selfishness, it is difficult to believe that we have only the best intentions."

Van Hoover, touching the captain's arm interrupted:

"Understand well what the captain has said, my friends. You are among friends, who believe in the brotherhood of man and are, therefore, inclined to treat you in a brotherly way. Of course, you understand, the captain has authority to keep you as prisoners until he can turn you over to the American authorities, for you are American subjects and have violated the laws of your country in leaving it without a passport, to say nothing of violating our rights, by shipping as stowaways."

They seemed more at ease now, yet the bull-faced man still inclined to a suspicious attitude. From his features and bearing one could deduce the man<sup>of</sup> fixed ideas, in whose opinion such ideas were the only conceptions

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worth while considering, condemning all others.

I happened to notice that the chief engineer was particularly scrutinising him.

"Now, friends," said the captain kindly, "you have heard what Mr. Van Hoover has said. Will you answer our questions?" There-upon, addressing the taller of the two men, "Your name?"

After a moment of silence the reply came:

"Robert Ritter, sir."

"Where have you lived before you came on board?"

"In San Francisco, sir."

"Why did you leave San Francisco?"

"I was in trouble, sir; in very great trouble and wanted to try my fortune in Honolulu or Manila."

"Couldn't you take passage on a passenger steamer bound to those cities?"

"I had no money, sir."

"Could you not earn money by working or by trying to get a job on board a ship?"

"No, captain, I could not find employment."

"Is this man your friend?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get aboard this ship?"

"A friend of mine, who was working as

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stevedore here, helped us."

"But how did your friend help you, and how did you pass the guard?"

"We took our place in the line of stevedores, carrying our loads of goods. We went to the hold with the rest and hid among the cases."

"Did nobody see you slipping out?"

"No; we were the last of the line, so we could stay and hide easily."

"How long did you hide among the cases?"

"About ten or fifteen minutes."

"How did you get on the upper deck and in the life boat?"

"Watching our chance when the guard was not in front of the hatch, we slipped up the stairs and climbed the pole to the upper deck and hid in the boat."

"It seems that the gods have favored your escape and made our guards blind."

Addressing the quartermaster, the captain asked:

"Who was on guard at that time, Samson?"

"It was Peterson's watch, captain."

"Have him called in, will you?"

While waiting, the captain turned to the other man, asking in an encouraging tone:

"And your name, friend? What have you

to tell?"

He sullenly replied:

"This here my pal has fallen for your soft stuff, so no use keeping my name under cover any longer. I am Bullen Bullock."

We looked at one another and back at the man, then my eyes met those of Maxwell, the chief engineer, and I was sure Maxwell knew more of this man, Bullock, than he showed.

"Then, what your friend has told is the truth?"

"Yes," said Bullock shortly.

At this juncture, Peterson came in.

"Peterson," the captain said, "you were on watch at the time these men say they came on board. Do you recognize either of them as having been among the stevedores?"

"No, captain, I do not recognize them," was Peterson's reply.

"Did you know any of the stevedores?" inquired the captain.

"No, sir, I did not."

"But you could recognize them if you were to see them again?"

"I guess I could."

"Here are two men who said they were among the stevedores. Didn't you notice that there were extra men in the gang?"

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"No, captain."

"But, did you not observe, or can you not remember something unusual?"

Reflecting a moment, Peterson replied:

"I do remember now, one trip, two of the men were bending over as though their loads were very heavy and I could not see their faces."

"But did you not recognize them on their return trip?"

Peterson looked confused and as if trying to recollect. At last he said, sadly:

"I am sorry, captain, at the time of their return trip I was called to look at a broken box; the last man was just disappearing down the gangplank as I returned to my post."

"Who called you?"

"One of the stevedores."

Turning to the stowaways, Burton observed, with a twinkle in his eyes:

"Probably your friend, helping you by diverting the guard's attention?"

A trace of a smile was on Ritter's face, but he did not reply.

"You can go, Peterson," the captain said. Then, addressing Phil Henderson: "Who was the receiving officer at that time?"

"Watson, captain, but the goods which



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those stevedores must have carried at that time had to be carried in and put near the hold for future sorting. These goods were sent at a late moment when all the cranes were busy and the loading had to be hurried up. Watson was nearest that hold, but could not overlook the whole deck. Ellis and Edwards were stationed at the other holds and Samson below.

We consulted together for a short time, when Van Hoover said to the two men:

"I have proposed to Captain Burton that you be granted the same privilege as the rest of the crew. You will be given a place to sleep. All we ask of you is, to conform to the rules of the ship. We place you on your honor to show the same spirit towards us as we do towards you.

The captain said to the quartermaster:

"Provide these men with suitable clothes; see that they have a bath and a shave, and at two o'clock they are to be taken to the doctor's office for examination. Tomorrow they have to be here again at the same hour, ten o'clock."

The meeting adjourned.

### XIV.

No one could tell me where my soul might be;  
I sought for God, but God eluded me;  
I sought my brother out, and found all three.

—Ernest Crosby.

AFTER luncheon I went to my office to await the coming of the two men. Presently they came in, accompanied by the quartermaster. Their appearance had been much improved by a hair cut, a shave, and a change of clothing.

"You look much better," I said pleasantly. "No doubt, you feel better."

Ritter bowed and smiled, but the other remained sullen.

"As physician of this yacht, it is my duty to keep every one in good health. Furthermore, it is for your own well being and protection that I have to examine you." Motioning Ritter, I said: "We will begin with our duties."

After a thorough examination of Ritter I found him in fairly good condition. The examination of Bullock was not promising. The whole make-up of the man was gross and showed a gluttonous tendency.

The mental conditions tallied with the physical findings. Ritter seemed bright and intelligent, and capable of improvement, while Bullock's mental attitude was in keeping with

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his physical make-up, capable of little development.

I was convinced that in time I could win the confidence of Ritter, but in Bullock the prospect did not seem so hopeful.

"Well, Ritter," I said cheerfully, "I am glad anyhow, to see you so much refreshed. It will not be long before you will be a very healthy and good looking man."

Ritter seemed much pleased. He chanced to look at the mirror, which was above the washstand. Of course he could not deny some change in his appearance. A clean, white shirt and an open blue coat gave his clean shaven face, with the blond moustache, a renewed appearance.

"Better food and fresh air will soon give you fuller cheeks; then your paleness will be gone for ever."

It seemed much easier to win this man's confidence; and by his example of willingness, to gain Bullock's.

"Well, friends," I said, when the examination was ended, "take care of yourselves, conform to the rules of the ship, and you will find plenty to learn."

They withdrew, and I went to my private office, where I made some notes. Thereupon,

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pondering over what we had heard this morning, I became deeply concerned. It occurred to me that these men must have had other reasons for leaving America than they were willing to tell. My intuition, moreover, seemed to suggest the casting of a horary figure for that very moment.

Consequently, I began to calculate the positions of the planets in the signs of the zodiac, and as soon as the map of the heaven was drawn, I was surprised to read the explanation. Yet, I tried to keep a calm mind. To confirm the indications concluded from that chart, I wanted to talk to Maxwell, as I believed, he knew more of Bullock. I had no chance, however, during that day.



### XV

If you inwardly and truly aspire to know truth at whatever cost, it is certain the truth will cost you something. This is inevitable.

—Book of Items.

The Principle of Life is universal, thine own life, and the lives of all creatures are fragments of the One Life, undying, eternal; "which is not seen nor felt, but is perceived by him who desires perception."—From "The Three Truths."

**D**URING dinner and afterwards in the salon --- where two officers and the second engineer joined us --- we had much of interest to discuss.

In the course of conversation, the officers mentioned something that partially confirmed what I read in the horary figure.

"No wonder," I remarked, "that Maxwell's eyes were so intently fixed on Bullock during our examination."

"Surely enough," the captain replied, emphatically, "Maxwell recognized this man Bullock, as one of whom he had read as being connected with sabotage, and, of course, he knew he might attempt the same thing on board: for instance, destroy part of the engines. As a matter of fact, Maxwell is anxious to protect his department."

"Oh!" Mrs. Van Hoover uttered, anxiously. "Do you think this man Bullock is such a dangerous fellow?"

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"He would be dangerous," the captain replied, quietly, "if he had to do with other kind of people than those here on the 'Andromeda'."

"Why do you think so?" inquired Miss Shetland, with an anxious look.

"Because," the captain replied, "the principle by which we are ruled on the 'Andromeda' is brotherhood, love towards our brother men, whereas the majority of the world is ruled by selfishness. Even among the so-called Christians, many do not live up to the teachings of the Man they profess to follow. By giving these men their freedom and thereby recognizing the good in them, they will be ashamed to do us harm. If instead of using force against wrongdoers, we institute love and mercifulness, we put into practice the example of the great Master Jesus."

"Whose teachings are based on knowledge," Miss Viola chimed in, "but rejected by the Western people, because these teachings contradict their selfish motives."

"The Western people," Van Hoover remarked, "have through 'churchianity' created a feeling of separateness. They cannot accept the idea that their neighbors, much less the wrongdoers, or criminals, are their brothers,

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all belonging to that great family of mankind."

"But, I believe," Miss Judith hinted, "that the majority of the wealthy class would take offense if you should tell them that a beggar is a brother, as I have experienced in the circles where I have moved."

"Nevertheless," Van Hoover continued, "as long as society is ruled by the principle of separateness, so long will there be a world subject to selfishness, hatred, crime and war."

"And, therefore," Mrs. Van Hoover explained, "in the ordinary society, ruled by the principle of separateness, there is always danger of stealing, brutality, murder, and all other offenses against society."

"Is this clear to you, Miss Shetland?" Van Hoover asked.

"Yes, I begin to understand," Miss Shetland replied, thoughtfully.

Watson, the second officer, who was following attentively, remarked:

"How strange it is that the great majority seem not to see the one-ness or the unity of mankind; to understand that what injures one, injures the whole."

"And what helps one, helps all," Burton interrupted.

"Yes," Van Hoover said  
"it seems difficult for the  
great majority to recog-  
nize the interdependence  
of all men."

"That's it! They do not  
know," Watson said, med-  
itatively." Or is it that they  
do not want to know?"

"Many want to know,"  
Captain Burton replied,  
"but are lazy in trying to  
gain knowledge; and  
many who do know, sup-  
press their conscience for  
selfish purposes, and this  
explains why they do not want to know."

"And," Van Hoover observed, "having lack  
of knowledge, such people continue to sin, in  
the hope of gaining something by it. The  
Western people have little understanding of  
the truth that wrongdoers rarely comprehend  
what they are doing. Their violation of the  
law is in the hope of self betterment. They  
cannot realize that crime, so-called, only  
brings unhappiness in the long run."

"If every one were anxious enough after  
knowledge," Miss Viola observed, "and could

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understand the truth, we should have a perfect, happy humanity, as 'the truth shall make man free'."

"What do you mean," asked Miss Shetland, eagerly, " 'The truth shall make man free?' "

"Well," Miss Viola replied, apparently pondering upon an explanation, "what is truth? Shall I try to delineate it by simple contrast, that it is the opposite of falsehood? Two times two make five, is a falsehood, we know, yet, are there not many people who hold such falsehoods for truths? Is it not clear to you, Judith, that all the sins in the world, that all the wrong thoughts of men, are to be considered as falsehoods? As long as wrong thinking and wrong acting continue in the world, it is far from knowing the truth, far from being free. There is no country, no state, no town free from falsehood; consequently, no country is free from selfishness, deceit, crime, and other sins. Hence it is not perfect and cannot be happy. Can you follow me?"

"Yes, go on!"

Notwithstanding the simplicity of Miss Viola's explanations, the manner of presentation and her sweet, magnetic voice, made the simple truths more clear to us.

"So with individuals," the beautiful girl

continued. "As long as a man holds on to falsehood, he does not know the truth, and the truth cannot make him free. If every member of a community should think and speak the truth, and act in accordance with it, obviously enough, there would be no sin. Such a community would be a perfect and happy one. Hence we can say that every member of this community is made free by the truth."

"I see that," Miss Judith remarked, "but what to say of the community here on board, increased by two strangers--- not to speak of myself --- who have not the knowledge, that you and your community have?"

"I can only say," Miss Viola answered, "that if we all here on board think and speak, and act in accordance with the highest within us --- the Truth --- this man Bullock will be favorably influenced by our thoughts and acts, and it would not be a 'miracle' if he, too, became a man who thinks and acts the truth."

Van Hoover, looking at his sister remarked:

"While we recognize the possibility, I am afraid we shall not see this so-called 'miracle'."

Miss Shetland looked confused, staring

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from one to another. As no one replied, she asked:

"May I have an explanation, Mr. Van Hoover? I must confess, your statement is a mystery to me. Miss Viola holds as possible that what she calls a miracle can take place, while your statement seems to give the impression that it can not be done."

"It is not such a mystery as you think," Van Hoover replied. "I can understand your confusion, but my statement does not contradict sister's. We do not know the whole truth. If we did, we should be omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. Having a partly insufficient knowledge, we cannot perform such a miracle --- as my sister calls it."

Reflecting a moment, he continued:

"Can you agree with the idea that the majority of those living on this ship are better, more intelligent, healthier, and happier than the majority in any town you know of?"

"I think I can," Miss Judith said, after reflecting a moment.

"Very well then," Van Hoover continued, "What is the reason? It is because the people here know something more than those in that town. Knowing more, means to be nearer the absolute Truth. To illustrate: If I know that

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two times two are four, I know a truth. If I know that fire burns, I know a manifested truth. Truths are based on laws. Every known law of nature, that can be manifested to you as two times two are four, is a truth for you. It is a truth based on the law of cause and effect, that love acts favorably and hate causes misery. There are other laws and other truths. As the people on the "Andromeda" know more of the truth of cause and effect, and know how to live in accordance with this law, they are better, healthier, stronger and happier than the majority of any other group of your knowledge. It is very simple, is it not?"

"Indeed," Miss Shetland answered, "but what about your statement concerning Bullock and the miracle?"

"I will come to that shortly," Van Hoover replied. "Although we on this ship know something more of truths than the majority of people in any other community, we do not know the whole truth, that is: all the truths, as I have said before. Consequently, we have not the power to perform so-called 'miracles'." \*)

\*)In a world or universe of law, 'miracles' are unknown. What seems a miracle to one, who does not understand the law, under which a 'miracle' is performed, to another who does understand, it is a natural result of the application of a law of nature.

"Nevertheless," Miss Viola interrupted, with a meaning glance at Van Hoover and me, "we can attain some so-called 'miraculous' results by applying the knowledge of truths we already possess, for instance: regarding the occult laws. But go on, brother!"

"That is so," Van Hoover continued. "Half a century ago the Christian world was skeptical of so many things which are now accepted by science and the churches. Remember only how hypnotism and telepathy were denounced, and yet, Buddhists and Hindoos have known them as a science of the mental functions for thousands of years. The great majority of people --- Christians included --- are not yet able to comprehend the laws governing thought and the use of the mind in the right way."

"In support of your statement," Captain Burton interjected, "we can see especially among the so-called Christian nations that suicides, murders, robberies, bribes, and other crimes are everyday occurrences. Because, if the people knew the laws of the mental functions, there would be better, happier people, and better government."

"And what you say, captain," Mrs. Van Hoover commented, "shows also that Chris-

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tianity, --- at least that of the churches --- is a failure."

"But let Reynold continue," Miss Viola remarked, observing, as I did, that he was contemplating something.

"It is already known, "Van Hoover said, "that you can look inside the body by the means of an X-ray. The counterpart of the X-ray is a person called a clairvoyant. If we all here, from the captain to the sailor boy were clairvoyant, we could see the thought forms of Ritter and Bullock, and a miracle could be performed for the simple reason that they could not conceal their thoughts; and we, having superior knowledge, could use it for their benefit and advancement. By incomplete knowledge, people can only partly be made free from sin, bad habits, and bad thoughts. But if we have a greater, superior knowledge, we can accomplish greater results and make men free in many more ways. Do you see, Miss Shetland, that we need more truth to be more powerful?"

"I think, I now understand what you mean," Miss Shetland replied. "Jesus, then, knew the truth, and so could do what we call miracles?"

"Yes, He knew the absolute Truth, that is:

the whole truth or all the truths."

"And knowing the truth," Mrs. Van Hoover chimed in, "He could rightly say: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' That is, if we follow the way, His example, we shall get the truth and the 'Truth shall set us free'; and being free, we then have life, peaceful, happy, and serene, not as the world regards life in its lower manifestations."

"But with the knowledge we possess," Captain Burton observed, "we can do more than the average person to change these men, Ritter and Bullock. And you, doctor, can be of great help through your knowledge of astrology."

"Indeed," I said, "I am quite sure of the aid astrology can offer."

"Astrology is an interesting science," Watso remarked, looking at me reflectively, "by it you can come to know the 'man beneath the mask', as it were."

"Very true," was my reply.

"I am able to understand now," Miss Shetland said, "that to know the truth is important, but it looks a hopeless task in the space of one life-time."

"It is true," Mrs. Van Hoover replied, "that if we had only one life to live, we could not

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learn all the truth. But, according to my understanding, this life we are living is not the only life. We shall have to reincarnate many times, so it is to our advantage to learn as much as we can each time."

"You will find in the library some good books on reincarnation, Miss Shetland," Van Hoover said. "Study them and you will gain more knowledge of what life really means."

Miss Viola now engaged me in conversation. We discussed many topics in regard to occult sciences. She seemed able to sense at once what I was going to say. Moreover, it seemed to me as if she could grasp any subject in its entirety at once. It gave me a queer sensation, as I had never met any one who had such powers. No doubt a highly evolved spirit was incarnated in the body of this beautiful girl, only waiting for a favorable time to put forth its powers.

Again the time passed, again it was time to part, but I wished I could hold her, and with her the passing time.

No closed eyes could prevent me from seeing that inspirational face with its soulful, expressive eyes. With the image of the girl in mind, I fell asleep and dreamed of her whom my soul seemed to have known for centuries,



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to whom in dreamland my spirit went; and thus joined, hand in hand, we flew to a beautiful planet far away in the universe.

### XVI.

There are a thousand hacking at the branches  
of evil to one who is striking at the root.

—Thoreau.

EARLY next morning I found the chief engineer at leisure on deck. I learned from him that he had read of Bullock in the newspapers. The statements he made confirmed many of the indications of the horary figure.

When we had our second council, the quartermaster was asked to tell of the behavior of the stowaways.

"Ritter seems willing enough to conform to the rules," Samson related, "but Bullock is obstinate and grumbles most of the time. He seems not to be able to see that there must be order and rules, talks about liberty and tries to make the men accept his theories. I overheard him, saying to Ritter:

"You're a d— fool to trust them d— blood-suckers. These brass collars are just all birds of one feather. You can't trust them guys."

Ritter replied:

"They treat these fellows pretty fine on this boat, and they sure feed good."

"Hm --- 'tis just bait!" Bullock continued,

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scornfully. "Them fellows may be able to pull the wool over your eyes, but they ain't going to do it over mine! Can't you see the object in that? Don't you know that the big gun is aboard himself and that he has some of his longhaired friends with him? That guy knows if one of the swampers should go down to the engine room, he could gim it in fifteen minutes so it could never move again. Them felloms are afraid of their necks, that's why they are trying to keep on the good side of them. If this was a freighter instead of a pleasure boat, they would be getting hard tack and black Java. I bet ye a dollar to a doughnut that neither of them silk dolls knows that the word 'work' is in the dictionary, and then spilling this brotherhood stuff around here! It don't go with me! I saw their game the first day I was on!"

"Well," Ritter replied, "I don't know about that!"

"Say Ritter," interrupted Bullock angrily, "if we wasn't on this boat, I would hand you one square between the eyes! But listen! If you want to go dippy and fall for them, alright, but remember, if you snitch on me, look out! These millionaires are all alike! I have not yet seen any of them guys willing to go

fifty-fifty with us workers! You will find out that it is all for his own gain! He has an object in view! You will see this sure enough! We better keep still now --- I see a guy sliding behind that cabin back there! A stool pigeon, I guess, trying to get an earful.—”

“The man whom Bullock saw was the chief steward,” the quartermaster finished.

“Thank you, Samson,,” the captain said, admiringly. “You certainly have a good memory to present all their jargon in such a way as you have done.”

“I have handled such people before,” Samson replied simply.

“That Bullen Bullock is some type, to be sure,” Henderson observed.

“Yes, indeed!” Maxwell remarked, “and that accounts for their hiding here to get away from America, especially as Bullock, according to the newspapers, is wanted by the police as an agitator, troublemaker, and suspected of sabotage.”

A discussion followed, resulting in an agreement as to how to handle these stow-aways, whereupon they were called in.

Ritter looked brighter and calmer than the day before. Bullock seemed the same, but it was obvious that it was a great nuisance to

him to appear again.

"Well, friends," the captain began, "what have you to say?"

"What you want to know, captain?" Ritter asked, politely.

"Well, to begin with," the captain went on, "I want to ask you first, Ritter, to tell me whether you are willing to answer our questions and tell us the truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"I will, captain," was Ritter's calm reply.

"We have reasons to believe," Burton said in a friendly manner, "that you have left America not so much because you were financially embarrassed, but because both of you got in trouble with the law. Tell us frankly what you did not tell us yesterday."

Seeing Ritter's embarrassment, Van Hoover encouragingly remarked:

"Since you have been treated here on board in a different manner from any you have ever experienced before, you ought to feel assured that we have only the best intentions toward you."

Looking from one to the other, as if to make sure that he could confide in us, Ritter replied at last:

"You see, captain, to begin with, I am a socialist and belong to the Labor Union. I

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identified myself with propaganda work and finally became a speaker. Some of my friends were inclined to use force and rebel against conditions, arguing that as the capitalist class was using force, we must do the same. We agreed that the soldiers and the police were but tools for protecting the capitalists."

He hesitated a moment, looking at us, as if to make sure that he could speak unreservedly, but seeing the kind, calm face of Burton, he continued:

"One of my friends, who has a family of six, was discharged as not being strong enough for his job. For a long time he was unable to find employment. His former boss, however, was living in luxury, having everything money could buy. Can you not understand, gentlemen, seeing my friend's misfortune and the indifference of his former employer, --- poverty on the one side and wealth on the other --- that I grew bitter and rebelled more and more against such conditions? And believe me, gentlemen, this is not the only case.

"I come from the East, and although the conditions are in some respect better in the West, yet, I cannot forget what I have seen in the big cities in the East. The capitalists and the high officials are indifferent to the suffer-

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ings of the lower classes in the slums; indifferent to the hell in which many are still living in the so-called wealthy country, the United States.

"I have sung in my boyhood of a land of liberty, a land of glory. But tell me, gentlemen, is that glory when you find in your country conditions of hell, conditions which allow many a profiteer to take advantage of the other's dependence? All the time the profiteers are putting up the price of all necessities, and conditions are getting worse!"

Ritter's speech became more and more impassioned as he continued:

"Is America not a 'Sweet Land of Liberty' for the profiteer? Is it not a 'Land of the Brave' criminals and robbers, and of 'the Free,' to keep others in slavery, by paying them as little as possible for hard work?

"America is a land of wealth for those who are rich to become richer. \*) But you hardly hear about the poor, who become poorer!"

Ritter's reproachful utterances were reinforced by the animation visible on his face.

\*) Little wonder that the rich are rapidly growing richer when, though but 1-20th of the nation's families, they are drawing to themselves 1-3 of the nation's annual production, and 2-3 of its annual increase of wealth"—Waldron.

(This quotation found in "Gillette's Industrial Solution," published—mind you!—in 1908.)

I could not deny his sincerity. We were all listening patiently.

"Tell us," the captain said sympathetically, "the reasons you had for leaving America."

"I will, but you see, captain," Ritter said apologizingly, "I had to tell you my experiences and my ideas. As I talked on these subjects, I became acquainted with men of the International Workers of the World. I could not agree with all their ideas, however. There was a case of sabotage in the plant of Hardmaster and Company. The injustice and bad treatment imposed on the laborers by the management of this concern were the cause of it."

Ritter paused --- looking thoughtfully with a side glance at Bullock --- then continued:

"Among their employes were --- besides Union men --- I. W. W.'s. I went to warn my comrades against such actions. But too late! Maybe I was seen in the company of the ring-leaders, and probably also at the very time I was trying to prevent this sabotage, I was suspected of being one of them. As I heard from Bullock of the possibility of arrest, and of how others had been put in jail; moreover being disgusted with the awful conditions of the lower classes in America, I joined Bullock in leaving the States. These are the reasons we are here."

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When Ritter was speaking of the sabotage, Bullock looked at him disapprovingly and angrily, and seemed on the point of interrupting his comrade. Not hearing any blame put on him, his anger soon blew over.

"Thank you, Ritter," the captain said. "Be candid and fearless toward us, always; then we can help you best. Now, you may both go."

"I did not want to interrogate Bullock," the captain remarked, addressing us, "as he would not be as honest in telling his story."

"You are right!" Van Hoover replied. "Besides, we know enough for the present --- enough to deal with them."





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### XVII.

An hour with thee! — When earliest day  
Dapples with gold the eastern gray,  
Oh, what can frame my mind to bear  
The toil and turmoil, cark and care,  
New griefs, which coming hours unfold,  
And sad remembrance of the Old?  
One hour with thee.

**M**OST of my leisure time I passed in the company of Miss Viola. It was a great delight to chat with her. The more I saw of her, the more knowledge and inspiration I seemed to gain. I became sensitive to higher impressions and felt that she was awakening in me some of the powerful spirit with which I felt she was endowed, and that I, too, might do wonderful things in the future.

How wonderful were the experiences of that day! They are still vivid in my memory!

The magnetic beams of a tropical sun, falling like a mantle upon us; the clear, blue sky; and the calm ocean, gently rippling in a cool breeze were reflected in my soul, awakening in me a sense of peace and calm, and a vibration of joy.

One who has not enjoyed such a day on the Pacific Ocean, probably cannot understand the effect it has on one's soul and mind, receptive to such influences.

Is it any wonder that I lost myself in the

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companionship of this bright, high-minded girl, whose fascinating personality wove a spell of enchantment around me?

I had gone to bed that Tuesday night without any thought of coming trouble. I dreamed again of her as queen of queens, and of the impossibility that any harm could come to her. But what was that vague remembrance of that other dream that seemed to follow the happy one, and why could I not recollect it when I awoke? Was it a premonition of coming troubles and trials, a warning for me to be careful, or was it a presentiment that my hopes and wishes, my imaginings and waking dreams regarding Viola were in vain?

Although I kept from worrying, I could not avoid thinking of Viola and the possible future. While I had been especially anxious to obtain her birth date, something always seemed to prevent it. Hence I had not been able to cast her horoscope and ascertain the possible dangers to her.

When I went on deck Wednesday morning Viola did not appear. I could not resist asking her mother who came toward me, if she were not well.

She replied simply:

“Viola wanted to be alone this morning.”

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I was quite relieved to find that she came to breakfast. The question burned on my lips to ask why she was not as early as usual, but again that something in her attitude prevented me from asking. After breakfast she walked with me on deck until it was time for my round of inspection.

As we parted, she said quietly:

“Dont worry about me, doctor!”

It came so unexpectedly that I could not utter a word, so confused was I.

She sensed my feelings, as a moment later she continued:

“Remember, character is destiny!”

My lips were unable to express my thoughts and feelings. At last she reminded me of the Wednesday evening meeting:

“Remember, to-night there is another lecture in the crew’s recreation room!”

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### XVIII

It is necessary for all men to face facts. Universal Brotherhood as now mis-understood is an impossibility today. This is a self-evident fact. Universal strife is the rule, and competition the basis of existence.

—From "The Three Truths."

AS we entered the crew's salon that evening I saw Ritter and Bullock in conversation with the quartermaster, the cook, and one of the engineers. I then remembered that Samson was to deliver the lecture that evening.

At the close of the brief lecture, Mr. Van Hoover rose, saying:

"We will not have our usual reading in Esperanto this evening, as we have two strangers with us, but instead will have questions and answers. Who will ask the first question?"

The cook rose and said:

"Allow me to ask for our friends here an explanation of the difference between the socialism which Mr. Van Hoover is promoting and that of the socialist party, or socialists in general, and the International Workers of the World."

Mr. Van Hoover, addressing the men, said:

"You need not be afraid to ask questions for yourselves. I certainly will answer your questions with pleasure.

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"I am glad you asked that question first; it will enable me to put the difference at issue between the three ideas squarely before you. Then we can discuss their relative value.

"As you can find a definition of socialism and its purposes in the encyclopaedia and in other books in our library, I will only state that its ultimate aims are the abolition of private property and the equitable distribution of the products. But at present it teaches in general that there should be equal opportunity for all in the material things of life, and property rights as now interpreted should not be recognized to the extent of being a detriment to the majority. Socialists believe that this change into a socialistic commonwealth can be brought about by peaceful means, by educating the people and by settling it by the ballot.

"I. W. W.'s and all the so-called radical group believe practically the same thing, but differ as to the means employed to gain the end, advocating union of effort in changing these conditions by force --- by revolution and overthrow of existing governments --- then by arbitrary reconstruction along lines of community of interests, with equal opportunity to all.

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"Put concisely: the chief difference between these two ways of reforming the world is, the first would make the change by peaceful means; the latter by force."

Turning to Ritter, he asked:

"Is not that a fairly correct statement of Socialism and the I. W. W. principles?"

"Yes, sir, that's about right."

"Very well! Now in order to bring out the contrast, I want to say that the majority of socialists --- and the I. W. W.'s --- are accustomed to view themselves in particular and life in general from a materialistic standpoint. We, however, know that there is something more than the physical side of life, and knowing this we see clearly the inadequacy of socialism, and its faults.

"We believe in the brotherhood of man. --- Now, do not misunderstand me as saying that men are equal; for that is exactly what we do not believe."

"Ah hell! That is just what I told you!" blurted Bullock. "These guys just want to hand you the soft stuff!"

Van Hoover smiled good naturedly, saying: "Wait friend, till I get through! Neither would it make men brothers if everything in the world were equally divided among them,

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because the feeling of brotherhood is not a material thing. It is an act of man's spirit and cannot be governed by man made laws, for it is a law of nature and must be lived to be known; therefore, let me give you a definition of brotherhood.

"Brotherhood is to think lovingly, speak lovingly, and to act lovingly towards others; it is to perceive, to understand, the association and oneness with those around us. If we have this sense, this feeling, then we can understand the true meaning of brotherhood. \*) Can you agree with this definition?"

"I think it is not difficult to understand that," replied Ritter.

"Our next point of difference is this: We believe that nature has produced no desire in the human heart that cannot be gratified. That is to say, nature has provided a way to obtain any desire, and all we have to do is find the means or law.

"If brotherly love is a thing of the spirit, gratification of bodily wants alone will not produce it. We say we love a person, because our thoughts do not clash: hence we are in harmony with each other. But to say we love him because we have as much property

\* See Illustration 10.

or money as he would be absurd.

“Astrology teaches that the starry heavens are really myriads of magnets, each sending out currents that are constantly changing as they move, and scientists have found that every magnet influences every other magnet, the stronger pulling the weaker.

“Man’s mind is not a ‘dense’ material thing, and is influenced by magnetism. Hence the positions of the immense magnets, into the influence of which he is born, affect his trend of mind; therefore, men born at different times are differently influenced, and from this fact or law, all kinds of different dispositions arise. Consequently, if we understood this, we should not be led into the error of trying to make all people act in the same way. By knowing astrology --- and all other occult sciences --- we know how to group people, so that one class or type of thinker will not clash with another. We do not ‘rub the fur the wrong way’, so to speak,” Van Hoover said, smilingly, “and thus harmony is brought about.”

Van Hoover paused and looked kindly at the two men, as it were inviting them to speak.

Reflecting a moment, Ritter remarked:

“As I do not know astrology --- in fact have



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never believed in it, nor in the occult sciences --- I cannot now judge the correctness of your statements. Let me ask you, however, whether you regard the means by which socialists are trying to reform society as unnecessary?"

"No, because they all fit in the great scheme of evolution. Even the means which we would regard as unwise and unnecessary are helping to show the socialists in the long run what is right and what is wrong; what is truth and what is falsehood; thus giving a splendid opportunity to learn, chiefly by failures and disappointments. We, however, do not apply material means only in our efforts to reform. We hold that man is a spiritual being, manifesting in a material body. Hence, we must also apply spiritual means.

"Do you mean," Ritter asked, "because some church leaders are trying to combine the doctrines of their churches with that of socialism, that we have to accept the beliefs in their dogmas as knowledge of the spiritual side of socialism?"

"No, not at all," Van Hoover replied, "I will try to explain what I mean. Have you ever asked yourself why we live in an imperfect world? Why is there so much injustice? Why are some born poor, some criminals, and

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some geniuses? Let me hear how you answer these questions?"

"It is because society is wrongly constructed," Ritter replied. "The first cause is, that some scheming men have taken hold of the land and of other productive resources; and successively by the power of arms forced others to submission. To this is added in modern times the power of money, so that to-day a class of wealthy men has dominion over a great majority of dependent people."

"Considering it as a general rule," Van Hoover said, "I may agree with you. But why have these men taken hold of the land and why are the wealthy people in power?"

Ritter could not answer immediately; the question seemed to confuse him.

"Why," he replied at last, "I should say because they made themselves masters, and having money they could buy, or bribe others to establish their power."

"I could ask you ever and anon, 'Why this?' 'Why that?' and your answer would probably be that you blamed society as being wrongfully constructed, or the capitalists as holding the power. I want you to understand that there is a cause for every effect. Can you not see that man is the cause of society and of the

present conditions in the world?"

"No doubt! This is simple enough!"

"Notwithstanding its simplicity, socialists generally do not go deep enough in studying this cause. Pope has said: 'The proper study of mankind is man'. How many have applied this 'proper' study before they tried to reform, or to make laws? If you will ponder long enough, --- as we have done --- you will come to the same conclusion, that we cannot produce a better society without better men. Hence the proper thing to do is to begin with improving man's character and disposition, and --- as he is a spiritual being --- awaken in him a higher consciousness. Then he will understand that selfishness causes grief and pain, and that love only can give real happiness."

"Say, mister," Bullock scoffingly remarked, "you may be able to put some of the people to sleep with that love song, but believe me, an old head like myself knows that it will take something stronger than love to bring those high bugs to the level. There is no love possible on either side, and the quicker the two come together and clash, the better for humanity!"

"That's just the trouble," Van Hoover calmly replied, "as long as from both sides

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love is not considered, no better condition can exist." Then, speaking with emphasis: "Again, and again, we come to the cause: man, selfish man, undeveloped man. Again and again I must say, we cannot expect better society without better men! Is that not clear and simple to grasp?"

"It may be," Ritter replied,, "but --- even supposing that your idea of beginning with the reform of man is the proper way --- you cannot deny that if the circumstances and surroundings in which the lower classes are living were changed, so that every one had a good house to live in, good food to eat, and sufficient money, and time for recreation, we should have better men, and thus--- better society."

"I do not deny the good influences of better surroundings," Van Hoover replied, "but they have not always produced better men."

During these arguments I had occasionally observed the great interest of the audience. Particularly Miss Shetland's eager expression showed that this event must have been new to her. Looking from Bullock to Ritter, she remarked:

"I can verify Mr. Van Hoover's statement by mentioning facts, observed in the circles where I have moved."

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She then related some of her experiences and observations which Mrs. Van Hoover had already told me.

"Will you allow me," the chief engineer asked, "to add another example to those of Miss Shetland? Friends of mine, a clergyman and his wife, had given their son a most careful education. As may be expected of such an education, the son should have become a good, useful member of society, and strong to fight against the temptations of the world. The son had all he wanted: a good home, good surroundings, loving parents, good schools, etc. Hence a good road to happiness and success was created for him. Instead, however, he became a failure."

"But is this not rather the result of a religious education?" Ritter asked. "The churches are teaching doctrines against logic and scientific facts. No wonder, as soon as the son was old enough to think for himself, he became a disbeliever --- and going contrary to the purpose of education, became a failure."

"Yes,," Maxwell replied, "but you say, that good circumstances, etc., would result in producing better men. Was this not a case of good circumstances and surroundings? Had this son not been taught to do what is right,

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even if from the standpoint of an orthodox religion? However foolish or illogical, or unscientific, the teachings of the churches may be, the son had nevertheless splendid examples of a moral life in his parents, yet he became an immoral man, a drunkard, a gambler, and fell low in the scale of humanity."

"Mr. Van Hoover has said in the beginning," Ritter observed, "that he does not accept the equality of man. Will you - - - - -"

"What's the use of wasting our breath?" interrupted Bullock, abruptly. "As long as these fellows won't recognize the equality of man, we might as well keep mum!"

Ritter was not pleased, and glanced disapprovingly at Bullock. Then, looking at his fingers, seemed to reflect on what to say or to do.

Van Hoover, ignoring this interruption, kindly remarked:

"Of course, for a man who has an 'idée fixe', it may be very disappointing and discouraging---not to say disagreeable --- to see his fixed ideas or theories broken down. In the face of what you have seen and experienced, can you not see that the theory of equality is not true? If you study this question earnestly from an unbiassed and scientific standpoint, you will

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come to the same conviction."

"I know equality does not exist now," Ritter replied, unconsciously looking from Bullock to Van Hoover, "but we can bring about equal conditions, or an equal opportunity for education, advancement, living, housing, recreation, etc."

"Yes, we can," Van Hoover replied, "but it would not be possible on a large scale, and the result would not be what you expect. Nature herself does not provide for such equal conditions or opportunities. The earth has so many irregularities in climatic, topographical, mineral, and geographical conditions, that it would not be possible to accomplish equality in the material conditions of men.

"Equality cannot be maintained on account of the different ages of people, considering especially the age of the soul. Even from a material point of view, you would not deny that an older man, having the wisdom of experience and, therefore, greater knowledge, has a deeper insight than the younger man who has not yet had the necessary experiences.

"If you should stay with us long enough until we arrive in Australia, you will have an opportunity of seeing the great difference be-

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tween the qualities of the average white man and those of the Australian aborigines. Moreover, the children of the white race are far more advanced than the adults among these aborigines."

"That reminds me of a case," the first officer said, breaking in upon the discourse, "that will illustrate the inequality of man. Traveling in South Africa, I made the acquaintance of a missionary who believed that God, being the Father of all men, did not make any difference between races; that Christ was a savior also of the colored people; that Christianity has to be lived, and not alone preached. Hence, he regarded the natives around him as his equals. He adopted a negro child and reared it with his own children, believing that when it was of age it would grasp the teachings as readily as his own children, and be of great help in teaching the savages. While his own children, who were younger than the negro boy, were progressing rapidly, the negro was backward, and inferior in every way. The savage nature, the cruel tendencies, could not be changed. Prayers did not help. All his and his wife's care and love were in vain. To his great disappointment when the boy came of age he ran away, and became



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worse than the savages around him, thus proving that education and surroundings are not sufficient to change the character."

"It might be of interest to know, if you allow me," Phil said, looking round apologetically, "to mention in addition, the complaints of the missionary concerning the native converts, that they became only half civilized, retaining their barbarous inclinations, and notwithstanding wearing more clothes, became more hypocritical at the same time."

"You will find that among the white people just the same," Ritter remarked sarcastically.

"By these experiences," Henderson continued, ignoring the remark, "the missionary became wise, understanding now that men are not born equal, that education and surroundings are not sufficient to bring equality about."

"And the sky pilot is still on the payroll, I guess?" Bullock interrupted, sarcastically.

"No, he happened to be an honest man, and resigned."

"Well," Bullock replied, stubbornly, "those guys are as scarce as hens' teeth. All that most of them think of, is keeping their stomach and pocket book filled. It is easy enough to spread a little salve along with it!"

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No comments were offered to the remarks of Bullock, and a somewhat oppressive silence followed.

### XIX.

Men must reap the things they sow;  
Force from force must ever flow.

—Shelley

Having a good soul, I received a good body—Buddha.

THE unpleasant moment was fortunately soon broken by the sweet, melodious voice of Miss Viola:

“Is there not a statement of old,” she said, her eyes and features expressive of the intellect and consciousness of the soul, “as well as in the ‘Wisdom of Solomon’, that the coming into an undefiled body was the reward of ‘being good’? If this is true, it must be self-evident that the reward of ‘being bad’ is a ‘defective’ body. You can observe in the world all kinds of bodies, the manifestation of the spirits, good or bad, incarnated in these bodies. The quality of the spirit is in some cases very plainly seen on the features and by the form of the head, in other cases it is not so easily detected. But all the differences noticeable in men show as a certainty that men are not equal. Study astrology, phrenology, physiognomy, as Dr. Hartford has done, and you may come to understand char-

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acter. Study for instance, the faces of criminals: Does not every feature speak of a low, dark soul, backward in evolution? And compare those faces with the



features of the beautiful types among the nations of the civilized world. (Does not every feature speak of a different soul, a different character?" \*)

The men were impressed by the sweet voice.

"In your profession, doctor," Miss Viola continued, casting her lovely eyes at me, "have you not come across some cases to illustrate and prove <sup>my</sup> statements?"



"O yes, I have," I said. "A few of the cases I can remember very well, as they impressed me so that for years after I have occupied myself with solving the problems of human existence and the causes and effects of all things.

"A child was born. It had a

\*) Note the contrast between the form of head and features of a developed, civilized, man, in illustration 12, and the form of head and features of an undeveloped ape, or cave-man, represented in illustration 11.

beautiful, pure, angelic face; a delight to look at. It was a pleasure for me to visit my little friend often, though it was healthy and well.

“Another child was born. It had ugly, animal-like features, a head like that of a monkey \*) and a misformed body. Physicians may become accustomed to all they see, but this miserable, pitiful child, with its awful face, did fill my heart with compassion, and I confess that I could not understand at that time why it is that such children must be born; why it is that they must be kept alive.”

I paused a moment. Mrs. Van Hooover, using this opportunity, requested:

“Please, doctor, will you tell us what you think of their unequal birth and of their future?”

“I will. It can be said in a few words: The first child was born to have a beautiful life, to carry out some more pleasant and favorable karma in its present incarnation. The second child, to pay a debt of a former life by which it had earned this ugly body for its present habitation.”

“Have you,” the captain inquired, addressing Ritter, “heard or read about reincarnation?”

\*) See note on page 160

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"I have heard something about it," Ritter replied, "but never did it interest me so much as it does now."

"You see," the captain continued, "upon our understanding of this law depends our ability to understand present social conditions and the way to reform society. This law explains that man --- the spirit --- takes up a physical abode on this earth to learn --- each man in a different class --- and to gain knowledge by experience, thus fitting himself for the next and higher step in the next incarnation on earth. Do you understand?"

"I confess," Ritter replied, after some reflection, "it looks neither illogical nor impossible!"

"Now then," Burton continued, "what would you think of an ordinary school where the students declared that they could do without their teachers, and that they could come to school in the same class, making no difference between older and younger students?"

"That would be foolish and unlikely!"

"Now then, the same thing is true of a community of workers."

"But what would be your idea of a good organized society?" Ritter inquired.

"We may compare it to the human body,

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with its different limbs and organs, all doing their part of the work to preserve the body. The members of society are as different limbs and organs, doing different work to preserve the body of society. As the human body cannot do without the head and brains, so society cannot do without its head and the intelligence of government. As the arms and legs of a human body are carrying out the orders of the head, so there are members of a community who are carrying out the orders of the government. The intelligent and wise people of a country are to be at the head of the state."

"This is simple enough," Ritter confessed.

"And yet," Burton said, "only a few can see that it is the logical organization, especially necessary as long as mankind is ruled by the law of karma and reincarnation. You want another illustration?"

"Let us have it!"

"Compare society to a family," Burton continued, "the head of the state to the father; the government to the parents. The members of the society are as a brotherhood in a family. But as with elder brothers and sisters, who are wiser --- knowing more by learning and experience --- so in a society of brother-

hood there are naturally those who have had more experience and are, therefore, more advanced. We have the younger brothers, sisters, and babies in a family, so in society, the inexperienced and unwise need the care and help of the elder and wiser. The socialists should consider the importance of this question.'

"And yet," the first officer observed, "a German socialist has said that 'in a socialistic business no foreman is needed, and all are equals'."

"Karl Marx, and Bebel, and other German socialists have preached their gospel according to the knowledge they had, which was materialistic and not broad enough to see and understand all laws in nature."

"I understand your explanations now much better," Ritter confessed, "but reasoning from your statements, there is no question of liberty."

"No, indeed," Van Hoover replied. "We are not entirely free; at least, not in the sense that the socialists and many other 'ists' consider it. We are bound by the laws of nature in the first place; then we are at present bound by existing man-made laws; and as long as humanity is in process of evolution, we shall

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have laws or rules by which we are bound."

"Astrology and other occult sciences," Miss Viola observed, "would explain it thoroughly."

"Yes," I said, "and from these sciences we would also be able to judge who are free and who are not."

"Just so," Van Hoover remarked, "only a few highly advanced people have the freedom to act according to their will, because, being advanced souls, they act in harmony with the good and perfect law, and they are free to act against every man-made law."

"But it is claimed," Ritter observed, "that man is born free, or born in a free country, and that there is, or ought to be, liberty. I confess, as long as the present society exists, liberty is only a phrase."

"A while ago, Captain Burton gave an illustration," Van Hoover continued, "of the students in a school. You have seen that it is impossible for students to be free. The children of a family are also not free. Can there be liberty as long as man is imperfect, inexperienced, and knows so little?"

"I see," Ritter said, "but it is somewhat confusing to me, these new theories."

"Yes," Van Hoover observed, inexpe-



rienced and unaccustomed as you are to think along these lines. But study and contemplation will give you more light."

"Anarchists would not agree with you," Ritter remarked.

"May I give an illustration?" Maxwell asked. "Once I had a discussion with an anarchist, whose house was near a railroad. As if Heaven were providing a splendid illustration to show this anarchist the foolishness of his theories, the whistle of a locomotive was suddenly heard. The wife screamed frantically, uttering a name. The man ran out. I followed, seeing him running to the railroad, and with the swiftness of thought, he seized the arm of a little child, his daughter, who was playing on the railroad track, unconscious of the danger. When the excitement was over, I said to the parents: 'As you saw your child playing on the railroad track, and not having time to warn it, knowing the coming danger, you used your power to save it. Defenselessness on one side, might and main on the other! Now apply this illustration to society.'"

"Speaking of a railroad," Phil remarked, "Maxwell reminds me of a railroad organization. I cannot imagine it without a leader or manager. How could anarchy exist there?"

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"Impossible," Van Hoover replied, "just as we cannot do without Captain Burton on this boat, although he is partly dependent on his officers, sailors, and others. A sailor has the right and the same opportunity to become a captain, but a captain there must be, in any case! Isn't that clear and simple enough?"

"Oh, it is simple enough," Ritter replied, "but not everywhere do we find the best and the ablest in command."

"No," Van Hoover said, "but the people can only expect an imperfect government in so far as they themselves are imperfect. But we can try to bring about a better world. True it is what Plato has said that 'the happiness of each and of all is not possible, before the wise and perfect in virtue are at the head of states'."

"But it is not expected," Viola observed, "that in one life, in one incarnation, perfection will be attained. Traditional opinions of men change slowly. The evolution of man works slowly. And only little by little men are able to apply new ideas, new rules, and new conditions."

"Try to comprehend all that is said, Ritter," (Burton advised, "and study! Before we can understand astrology, for instance, we have to

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study it, as Doctor Hartford has done, then observe and make experiments."

"Allow me," Maxwell said, "to give an illustration that might help Ritter and Bullock. If I should tell an African savage that the earth is round and moves around its axis; that the sun is not a disc but a globe, bigger than the earth --- this savage, who never went to school and who has always regarded the earth as flat and the sun a diec, or as a light coming up in the morning and going down in the evening --- there is a likelihood that I should be regarded as a liar, or worse: they would point to their heads meaningly implying that I was crazy. Or if they had the power, they would do as in the middle ages: burn me at the stake. Therefore, people who have learned the laws of karma and reincarnation, astrology, etc., can understand our views on socialism, and others cannot. They should not say, however, that we are wrong before they have investigated for themselves and assimilated the same knowledge and science!"

"Is this attitude," Phil observed, "of unwillingness to study the other man's point of view not a cause of intolerance, and the reason that we see, and hear, and read, so much of unbrotherly actions in churches, societies, un-

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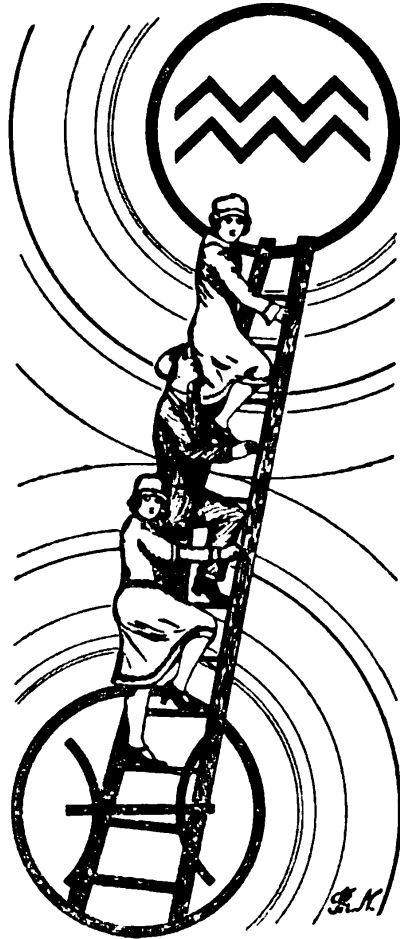
ions, etc., that claim fraternity? There is even hatred, envy, discord!"

"Yes, why so much disagreement?" asked Miss Shetland, who had been listening intently during these discussions.

"It is as Henderson explained," Burton replied, "and because brotherhood does not exist among them; there is no feeling and sense of oneness with those around them. The very fact of having an 'ism' causes them to separate themselves from their fellows."

"How do you propose to bring about this brotherhood?" Ritter asked, addressing Van Hoover.

"Our idea is to educate enough people in the great basic laws of magnetism as understood in the science of astrology, and send them forth in the world as Aquarian pioneers to induce societies, communities, states, and nations to adopt a regular system of education along the lines of as-



"As brave Aquarian Pioneers"

trology. Let me illustrate what I mean. Take, for instance, one of our common schools. If these great truths, of which I speak, could be brought to the minds of the educators, and their prejudices overcome sufficiently to try for a month or so, the application of astrology in their schools, they would be astonished at the results.

“As the solar system is entering the sign *Aquarius*, we shall see in due time these, our ideals, realized. But we have to work for it as true and brave *Aquarian Pioneers*.”

Looking at the clock, Van Hoover remarked:

“It is getting late. Miss Viola will treat us to some music.”

### XX.

“Then give to the world the best you have,  
And the best will come back to you.  
Give love, and love to YOUR heart will flow,  
A strength in your utmost need;  
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show  
Their faith, in YOUR word and deed.”

—Ralph Waldo Trine.

On seeing one thing we are reminded of  
others connected with it.—Sanskrit Proverb.

**T**HURSDAY morning when I awoke, I could feel that we were nearing the equator. I had my usual stroll on deck with Mrs. Van Hoover and Miss Viola. We discussed the meeting of the previous evening

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and the subject was continued at breakfast.

After breakfast, as I went on my usual round of inspection, I was surprised to see Ritter and Bullock in a hot discussion. When they saw me, they stopped talking; Bullock went to the railing and Ritter saluted.

At luncheon of the following day --- Friday --- Captain Burton said that Ritter had reported to the quartermaster for work, saying that he did not want food and shelter without doing something for it in return.

"How about Bullock?" Mrs. Van Hoover asked.

"It is hard to tell," replied the captain, "I asked Ritter if I should also find a place for Bullock. He said 'No'; Bullock probably thinks the world owes him a living and he isn't going to work for any capitalist. The quartermaster told his men not to pay any attention to Bullock, but to leave it to the example of others to make him ashamed of himself."

"Yes," I said. He is a Taurus character, and you cannot drive him."

"You give him a nice chance," remarked Miss Shetland disdainfully, "to take advantage of your goodness. No one else would do what you are doing for him."

"Yes, Judith," Mrs. Van Hoover replied,

“but here is an opportunity to prove our theory that thoughts have power, and to show our development. Let us have good and kind thoughts of brotherly love, so that he may do the right thing.”

“It is true,” Burton observed, “that many others would force Bullock to work, but if they were in the same circumstances, they would take advantage of the conditions just the same. In a community of better men, however, as we consider our men on board, they would not be able to stand that very long; they would feel unhappy and, through self-accusation, would at last be forced to work.”

A tropical sun and no wind since the morning made it too warm to stay long in the dining room, although electric fans were revolving.

We were on deck; all gathered around the rattan table in easy chairs.

I had an ardent student in Miss Viola. Since the few times that we had talked on astrology and phrenology, she wanted to learn the details more thoroughly. Astrology especially seemed to appeal to her more and more: she could grasp it so easily; it was a delight for me to teach someone who was so interested.

The others were reading or talking to one

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another. But I soon forgot them and the heat, too.

As I looked at Viola's beautiful, expressive face, and felt her great love and the purity of her mind, my soul bowed in adoration, as one worshipping before the altar of his God.

Should I ever be able to reach the height she had attained?

My meditation, however, had come abruptly to an end, as our attention was attracted by the words of Burton, when he came from the bridge toward us, pointing to the horizon, exclaiming:

"Have you noticed that steamer following us?"

We all crowded round him at the railing.

Mr. Van Hoover, taking the field-glass from his hand, scanned the horizon.

"It is not an ordinary steamer!" the captain remarked. "It seems to be following us, but as we have an unusual course, I wonder why it follows the same direction."

"If it is not a freighter or passenger," Mrs. Van Hoover inquired, "What then? A warship?"

"Really," Burton replied, "I do not know; we shall have to wait and see whether it is going to change its course."



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"It is queer," observed Van Hoover. "It seems not to be on its way to South America, or Central America, not taking into account that it could follow this course to Australia or Tahiti."

"Could it be a French mariner, captain?" Mrs. Van Hoover inquired. "If I am right, the French possess the Marquesas and Tuamotu Islands. Would it be going towards those islands?"

"I hardly think so, Mrs. Van Hoover. Why should a French warship be in this latitude and longitude? Its course is evidently not from the Hawaiian Islands, nor from the United States, and surely not from Panama. If it came from Canada it certainly would not make the journey from Vancouver just for the Tuamotu Archipelago. If it is a French steamer, why is it so far from the French possessions?"

I had been observing it through my glasses, but was not able to judge what steamer it was, nor its course.

"It is, of course, out of the question," Van Hoover remarked, "that it has the same object as we have."

"Can't you ask for information?" inquired Miss Shetland.

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"I wished to see Mr. Van Hoover before sending a wireless," Burton replied, turning to Van Hoover.

"Perhaps, captain," the latter replied, "it would be as well to first satisfy ourselves that it is following us. Give orders to lessen the speed of the yacht and see if the stranger does the same."

The captain left us, going to the bridge.

Soon the "Andromeda" was sailing very slowly.

We watched the movements of the other ship through our field glasses. There was little doubt now but that it was following our movements.

We went to the bridge to talk to the captain. The chief engineer had come up too and was just remarking that the mysterious steamer had lessened its speed. He suggested that we speed up, then, if the steamer did likewise, there could be no doubt it was following us.

"That's a good idea," Van Hoover said. "Give the order, captain."

As the "Andromeda" quickened speed, it seemed as though the stranger would be lost in the distance; but only for a short time; in the course of an hour it was advancing again rapidly.

"Hardly any doubt," remarked the chief engineer, "it is a warship, as its speed suggests powerful engines."

"Indeed," the captain agreed, "no doubt whatsoever!"

Orders had been given to raise our flag.

"I cannot see its flag. Can you?" Van Hoover asked.

"No," Phil replied, "I cannot!"

"Wire for information, captain," said Van Hoover. "Perhaps it is not superfluous to tell its captain that we sail under the American flag and that we should like to know his flag."

We waited, but no answer came from the ship.

"Could the wireless be out of order?" Miss Shetland inquired.

"It is possible, but not probable," the first officer replied.

"Then," Mrs. Van Hoover observed, "it cannot have friendly intentions."

"At least," said the marconist, "if the boat has wireless installation its captain is lacking in manners, not to answer our inquiry."

"To what nation could it belong?" Miss Shetland asked.

"I do not know, but I have suspicions," the first officer replied.

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"Well," Van Hoover remarked, "we had better wait before we give words to bad suggestions. We know it is not wise to concentrate our minds on unpleasant thoughts."

During dinner we did not discuss the steamer, but calmly talked on other topics.

After dinner we had music in the salon, but we went on deck often to look for the mysterious steamer. Nothing was seen, however, and we thought (all except Burton) that she had changed her course; he inclined to the belief that she was sailing without lights.

I must confess that I passed a very restless night. My thoughts went back to the dream I had before we left San Francisco.



### XXI.

Fear has many eyes—Cervantes.

Great men are they who see that spritual is stronger  
than material force, that thoughts rule the world.

—Emerson.

AS soon as it was daylight I was up and went to the bridge, where I found a group of officers and the second engineer.

The topic of conversation was, of course, the strange ship, which could now be seen behind us.

"The odd thing about her," one officer remarked, "is that she carried no light during the night."

"Of course," the engineer observed, "she followed the yacht, guided by our lights."

"You did not get an answer?" I asked the marconist.

"No, doctor, they did not reply."

"There is but one nation on earth that would have such polite manners," said the engineer ironically.

"How strange," I thought, "why did she not answer our wireless? Why sailing in such a mysterious way? Why did she follow us? At least why the same course?"

All these questions came to my mind, but,

as yet, the mystery remained unsolved.

The ladies came on the bridge, followed by Van Hoover. They were calm, with the exception of Miss Shetland, who appeared nervous.

After breakfast, when we were on deck, there was a certain uneasiness about us which we tried to conceal from one another. Miss Viola and I were a little apart from the others. She hinted at something that seemed to justify the uneasiness and my own presentiments.

I could not tell her, however, my own feelings and thoughts, as Burton suddenly called out:

“Look! She is changing her course to a South-Easterly direction.”

Van Hoover looked through his field-glasses while the captain handed his to Mrs. Van Hoover.

“Indeed, that is so,” Van Hoover said. “If we only could detect her flag.”

“The distance is too great,” responded Burton.

By lurch time the stranger was sailing at larboard, and now we could see it distinctly enough to leave no doubt that it was a battleship.

“For heaven’s sake!” the captain ejaculated

impatiently, "what do they want?"

It was the first time that I had seen Burton irritated, yet it was little wonder, considering the great responsibility that rested upon him.

As we had passed the equator during the night, and had suffered a great deal from the effects of the tropical sun during the last days, the knowledge of the presence of the mysterious ship did not add to our comfort.

Mrs. Van Hoover made the remark that the best way to cool off was to swim, and our nearest approach was to lie in the bathtub.

"Not a bad idea," Van Hoover remarked, jokingly.

"Then," added Miss Viola, "let us all do it!"

"If the water becomes hot," Van Hoover remarked, "you can order some ice to cool it off again!"

"That is a capital idea," I observed; then catching Miss Viola's eye, I said, jokingly: "Let the heat not cause you to fall asleep in your tub, Miss Viola."

"Will you wake me at five o'clock, if I do, doctor?" she replied, laughingly.

In this way, joking and laughing, we all went to our cabins, trying to forget the battle-ship near by.

After putting on my pajamas I stretched

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out on my berth. The tropical heat was giving me a feeling of drowsiness and I dropped into a doze.

After the nap I took a refreshing bath which restored my calmness. As the clock struck five I seated myself in an easy chair and sent my thoughts to Miss Viola, concentrating on peace, calmness and faith that all would be well.

When I went toward the aft deck no one was there. Looking up at the bridge and seeing Van Hoover and the captain at the railing with their field-glasses, I joined them. I learned that the battleship was no longer in sight. I did not pay much attention to the remarks of Van Hoover and Burton seeing Miss Viola coming on deck. I went down and joined her.

"Did you have a nice sleep in your bath tub, Miss Viola?" I asked, smilingly.

"Yes, thank you," she returned with twinkling eyes. "What about yourself? You look so happy and refreshed! I suppose you had a nap in your bath tub, too!"

She had never made such a remark before or commented on my looks. She was not in the habit of giving compliments.

"I thank you very much for your prompt



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call at five o'clock, doctor. You awoke me from musings of a delightful journey, and brought me back to the material plane."

"I hope," I replied, "that I did not cause you regret; but tell me, did you receive my telepathic message as consciously as your words seem to indicate?"

"Yes, I did," she replied, looking at me with her soulful eyes in which I seemed to read something more than her words could tell.

"Miss Viola," I said, earnestly, "perhaps, --- no, surely --- I need helpful thoughts from you, too! You are so calm and poised, so at ease, as if nothing could harm you or turn you aside, waiting with tranquil faith for the trials that you know will come. I have not always the calm faith that I wish I had."

She smiled, but soon her eyes and brows began to show that she was contemplating an answer. At last she replied, quietly:

"Doctor, I have not always had the calmness I now possess, but during the past few years I have had many experiences from which I learned my lessons. So I am improving rapidly. My inner self seems to be expanding in consciousness, it seems to understand, to grasp, and sense more deeply. I have always believed that we can become

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masters in this art of self control, and I have reached even that stage in which I am able to receive your kind telepathic messages."

I was about to reply when I saw Mrs. Van Hoover and her son coming toward us.

We enjoyed our evening meal, untroubled by the sight of the battleship, which we seemed to have lost in the distance.



### XXII.

Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife  
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy.

—"Paradise Lost."

Man, ignorant of the law of force,  
Doth send the storm upon its course  
His hatred and his vicious will  
Combine as power to strike and kill.

—Mary E. Beers.

**W**E had gone to the salon after finishing dinner. Presently Miss Viola said to her mother:

"Mother dear, I am going on deck for a while. It is very warm in here."

"All right, dear!"

Turning to me, Miss Viola said:

"Will you accompany me, doctor?"

"Of course I will," I answered, glad to be with her.

"Let us go to the bow," Viola suggested, "there is more chance for a breeze there. It

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is very warm in the salon, notwithstanding all the electric fans."

"I am glad you asked me to accompany you," I said eagerly, hoping to have a chance this time to continue our conversation of the afternoon.

"I knew you were suffering from the heat, but you would not dare to leave us." And jokingly she added: "Still a slave of conventionality!"

"I will not defend myself," I replied, "but I am sure you know better, as you can read my thoughts."

On our way we passed some of the sailors, seated on the front deck; some were talking together, some reading, near and under a big electric lamp; another playing a guitar, surrounded by a few listeners.

As we came near the bow where the lights were not so strong, we heard talking, as if someone were delivering a speech. We stopped and were much surprised at recognizing Bullock's voice. We sat down onto a coil of rope to listen.

"It is all very well to talk about brotherhood and love," Bullock was saying, "but did you see that man-killer? Every inch of steel and all the other material used is produced by the

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poor working stiff, and all he gets out of it is a mere living. And the capitalistic class will try to tell you that these ships are built to protect our great country; but I want to tell you fellows that the government is just made out of people whom the capitalists could bribe into government jobs, and by these means they keep battleships, armies, and a police force to keep down any kind of talk for the betterment of society. Don't you fellows ever think for yourselves? Why, a blind man can see that there is only one way out of it: Do away with these damnable capitalists and their pups who are governing the country, because they won't do anything but what helps the capitalist class. It's as plain as day and the quicker we start the ball a rolling the better it will be for us."

"But, Bullock," one of the men remarked, "you consider it wrong that the capitalists keep fleets, armies, etc., for destruction, but you recommend destructive methods yourself when you say that the working class has to get rid of its oppressors."

"Of course," Bullock replied, obstinately, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Who is the cause of the misery of the working class? Who robbed the poor people of their

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chances for making a living? Who get away with the biggest profits out of the sweat of the workers? The workers, or the capitalists? Tell me! How did these millionaires get their money if not by means of paying as little wages as possible in order to make big profits? No sir! I tell you fellows there is no other way to heal the sickness of society except by getting rid of the roots: pulling out the roots with all the force you can get together."

The cook interrupted by saying:

"It is an old Jewish rule: 'eye for an eye,' but the great Master said that love is the only remedy for sickness and suffering which others have brought upon us. 'Love one another' is the rule."

"Say, cook!" broke in Bullock, "what kind of a guy are you? Don't you know Jesus was a Jew? No sir! that is no good remedy and say, if it were, the churches don't believe it, not from the middle ages up till today! Before Brugolia started this war didn't her ministers yell that war ought to be? Don't they believe in bloodshed? Why, cook! They don't believe in anything else! As soon as the slaves get too thick they start a little pow-wow and let them kill one another, so it will be

easier to keep the upper hand. That they believe in it is also because it agrees with the capitalists' laws which you here on this ship call man-made laws. And according to this religious dope you have been handing out for two thousand years, it has not worked. The poor are getting poorer, the rich richer. The only way to get rid of them bloodsuckers is by force!"

"But Mr. Van Hoover and our officers are not using force," the steward remarked, "they do all they can for us and for humanity. And see how the ladies are treating us. They live their theories of brotherhood and love toward men."

"Yes," the cook chimed in, "and do you think many other young society girls would deign to mingle with common workers such as we are?"

"I agree with you this little lady here is mighty nice, but these here soft methods have always been preached by those who are supposed to be the teachers of the people, who are supported by the capitalist class; and them bloodsuckers gladly pay donations to the churches to keep up the ignorance of the common people and make them tame, so they can use them, so they can make millions of dollars

out of their sweat.”

“Well, Bullock,” one of the listeners said, “you seem not to be able to see the difference between the true and the false doctrines of Christianity.”

“Say!” blurted Bullock, impatiently, “did you ever stop to think that the rotten products we can see in the capitalistic systems are the fruits from a rotten tree of Christianity? If Christianity is based on love, they would do away with the noose, but they believe in it and have no more respect for a man’s life than for that of a dog. Why don’t they practice that love stuff on these so-called criminals? Why, boys, half of them are strung up almost without a trial, and if they do get one the jury is fixed before it gets in the box. They don’t even give them a chance to become better men by killing them.”

“But that is not what the Masters of Wisdom have taught,” the steward interrupted. “And it shows that the Christian world is materialistic and that it doesn’t care a bit for the souls of the victims of capital punishment.”

Bullock shrugged his shoulders and went on:

“This here cook said that Jesus said to the Pharisees, ‘Whom of you is without sin, throw

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the first stone upon her', then to the poor sinner, 'Go and sin no more!' But the Christian judge says: 'You'll be hanged by the neck till dead, dead --- dead!'

"We cannot deny," the cook replied, "that the Christian world is far from following the teaching of the great Masters. But it does not take away the fact that their teachings are Love and Truth, and that the reconstruction of society can only be accomplished by Love and Truth."

"Look here, fellows," Bullock continued, "what do you think is happening in Europe right now? They have got one of these capitalists' love preachers to go out in front of every regiment and bless them, before they start out to murder the fellows on the other side, praying: 'Oh Lord, do thou give victory upon our banner to-day!' Put in plain United States I. W. W. language: 'Oh, Lord, please help us cut the other fellow's throat!' Them money bags don't depend on love and truth! Bah! They slap us, socialists and I. W. W.'s into jail on some phony charge. The laws on seditions they got passed show the love in their hearts and explain their conception of brotherhood."

"There will come a punishment," the stew-



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ard remarked, "for every injury and violation of another's right, if not in this, then in another life."

"It is all very well to talk about your laws of reincarnation and the rights you will get in another life; mighty poor satisfaction for a hungry stomach. I want my chance in this life."

There was a pause; then the cook said:

"To get rid of battleships, the majority of people all over the world must understand that war is a crime, and the cause of the greatest misery. Then they will be careful in the election of rulers, so that they cannot get into government positions."

"And to get the majority to see this you have to educate them," the steward remarked.

"Well fellows, I have listened and watched the performance since the few days I am on, but I want to tell you there is simply nothing to it. All this stuff they talk here is bunk. I'll give you a little illustration: Say, the quartermaster, or one of those guys gets sick or kicks off, you would see the rest of the bunch, including the kingsnipe himself, fall all over themselves trying to help him by doing his work. I should not be a bit surprised but one of the skirts would offer to do his duty. Well,

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now let one of the coalbunkers get sick and see how many of them will take his place --- there wouldn't be one! But they would come down here and soft-soap you fellows, take out one of your watches and put him down there. Are you fellows so thick-headed that you can't see that? And that religious stuff! You have been around large cities enough to see what that is made of. You know what happens to the men who are broke. They land in one of these hallelujah missions --- sick, broke, and all shot to pieces. They get around them and in ten minutes from the time that they enter, they have a pair of wings on the roughnecks. Now, that's right and you know it! When it is time to close they get a cup of Java and a couple of sinkers and they allow them to flop on the floor for the night. They hang around for two or three days, then the cop gives them orders to get out of town or get pinched. And then they are on their way, looking for a new slave master. That is one kind of religion. I don't know how soft you fellows are, maybe your stomachs will have to touch the backbone before you take a tumble to yourself, but I tell you, here is one that is solid to the core and I got these experiences through hard knocks from such grafters as you have

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on your ship here. They are all alike!"

Miss Viola rose, touching my hand, and whispered:

"Let us go!"

We slipped silently away, and on reaching the aft deck, I placed a double wicker chair where we could sit and look off over the ocean.

The vehement speech of Bullock, carrying much of truth, spoken in such blunt language, opened up a vista of the real position of the masses that could not be gainsaid, and although I know these things, I realized more than ever before that no system of social reform had yet really probed to the bottom of this need. It silenced me and set me off on a train of speculations as to whether this strange voyage and Van Hoover's untried plan would be the solution of this great world problem.

The girl beside me undoubtedly felt the same, for her gaze was far off over the waste of water. Was her mind disturbed or was her soul so poised that even though she felt compassion for the helpless, her own poise was undisturbed and her life held to its calm, even flow, nevertheless, knowing that in the vast bosom of time all would be right?

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### XXIII.

Life, with all it yields of joy and woe  
And hope and fear, believe the aged friend,  
Is just our chance of the prize of learning love,  
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.  
—Browning.

**I**T was Sunday again!

Ten days on board! How those days had passed! I had no reasons for weariness or being bored by anyone or anything! There was a variety of discussions with a variety of people under a variety of circumstances! Many happy hours were spent in the great beautiful salon or in the library, and even in the crew's recreation room, where we compared our mutual advancement, studied the higher topics of life, and laid plans for the development of the *Aquarian Brotherhood*.

During the hours that Van Hoover and I were engaged alone, the ladies were occupied among the officers and men, helping them with their studies and trying to help them solve their problems, taking Miss Shetland with them, as she was gradually grasping the truths of Van Hoover's great plan.

Captain Burton seemed to fit in everywhere. He would attend our talks, or going among the sailors and men, he would help one here, or cheer another with some kind word, thus

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shedding enthusiasm and brotherly love all round.

On that memorable tenth day of our voyage, everyone on board appeared to feel relieved. It seemed as if with the equator behind us, we had left behind that oppressive feeling, caused by the presence of the battleship and by the heavy tropical atmosphere. Though it was still unpleasantly warm in the cabins and salons, it was becoming better on deck, especially towards the evening, as a cool breeze had set in.

A delightful evening it surely was!

A sparkling sky with silver moonlight had replaced a beautiful golden sunset when we came on deck, Viola and I, leaving Mrs. Van Hoover with Miss Shetland in the salon, while Van Hoover and Burton had gone to the library.

We were seated near each other in that cosy corner between the palms, the soft breezes whispering gently through the leaves, rousing in me recollections of the sweetest songs of love and longings, induced by the celestial music of this wonderful girl during the day just passing, and which heart-thrilling sounds were still filling my soul with an unspeakable feeling of love, peace, and harmony, yet long-

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ing for expression.

“Then why repress the sacred truth,  
And in my heart of hearts conceal,  
The flame that fires my soul for sooth,  
So pure, so precious to reveal!” \*)

Whence this silent voice that came from the  
depths of my soul? What message had it for  
me?

I looked at the stars above the blue, mus-  
ingly. Where was that wondrous evening  
star, the star of love and dreams? From the  
star-lighted heavens my glance turned toward  
the fascinating girl.

Her dreaming eyes were gazing over the  
rippling waves and into the vasty deep of that  
mystic realm beyond the horizon, her face re-  
flecting the ecstasy of her soul.

Neither of us spoke.

“Thought is deeper than all speech;  
Feeling deeper than all thought;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.’ \*\*)

The calmness of the night, the flickering  
stars above, the stillness around us, all were  
mighty powers to bring my soul, my whole be-  
ing, into rapture, and to forget the unpleasant  
trials, which we knew were sure to come. But

\*) By Rev. Irl Hicks.

\*\*) By C. P. Cranch.

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in her presence all was forgotten. I gazed at her, but the words that were burning on my lips I dared not utter.

She felt my gaze and turned her head toward me. As I looked into those soulful eyes, I read, --- my God, can it be true --- is it possible?

There was a moment I wanted to take her in my arms and tell her that I loved her --- that I could not conceal it any longer --- then, another moment of doubt, of thinking that she was far above me in spiritual growth, that she was the one woman I had ever met whose perfection showed what was lacking in me, and who always understood me.

Viola moved her fan to and fro; then bringing it against her face as if to conceal her own emotions, glanced over it at me. I could only see her smiling, lovely eyes, but that was enough to stir my feelings into burning intensity. Her name was quivering on my lips. She answered with her wonderful eyes, that she, too, loved me --- that she wanted me, wanted me dearly as I wanted her. --- She stretched her arms toward me. I gathered her close to my heart; words were not necessary! We knew that we were one; a perfect whole, in perfect harmony; that we belonged to each

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other; that it was not only in one life in which we were united, but in many incarnations before!

When I looked into her sweet face and gazed into her eyes, moist with tears, I understood that they were tears of happiness, as my own eyes were moist, realizing the great blessing that had come into my life. I never thought that I could love, or could be loved with such deep intensity.

Our lips met in one long kiss, then dropping her head on my shoulder, she said:

“My dear, do you not feel that our love will give us greater wisdom and higher spirituality?”

“Yes, Viola,” I replied, fervently, “you have opened my eyes. Your love is stronger than mine, as you needed no words to convince me that you loved me.”

“Yes, dear,” she said, looking at me with her laughing, and loving eyes, “words are not necessary, nor adequate to express the innermost feelings of the soul!”

Once again I held her in a close embrace and sealed our love with a kiss.

“Viola, dearest, love,” I said, happily smiling at her, “shall I ever be able to tell you how dear you are to me?”



She smiled, and said:

"Dearest, I think we had better go inside. Mother will wonder what has become of us!"

We were gazed upon with wondering eyes when we entered the salon. They must have seen our happiness, for the light of heaven was still on our faces.

Mrs. Van Hoover seemed to sense the great love that had come to us. She rose, embracing her daughter, while Viola whispered in her ear. Extending her hands to me with a happy smile on her face, she said:

"Doctor, how happy I am to hear that you each have found the one in all the world for you. I have no doubt whatever of my daughter's good judgment. I have always had a presentiment of this, but never said a word to anyone, and behold! it came true! How proud and how delighted I am. Let me welcome you as my future son."

I kissed her hand, saying from a full heart:

"Thank you, mother! I can hardly believe it is true, that this great love has come to me. I am the happiest man alive!"

Miss Shetland who had been standing a short distance from us came forward and congratulated us. The officers followed her example.

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In the meantime Mrs. Van Hoover had gone to call her son and now returned with him, arm in arm, followed by the captain.

After kissing his sister affectionately, Van Hoover shook hands with me, saying:

"I am delighted to hear of this, indeed; as it will strengthen our ties. God bless you both!"

"Well, well," said the captain, smiling. "allow me to join in offering my congratulations! Your radiant face reveals your happiness. God bless you!" Then to me: "Well, by George, doctor, you are a lucky man! Receive my best wishes!"

And that night, falling asleep, I took over my thoughts into dreamland, and there Viola and I continued (in our spirit bodies) our communion in perfect bliss.

"With thy sweet Soul, this Soul of mine—  
Hath mixed as Water doth with wine.  
Who can the Wine and Water part,  
Or me and Thee when we combine?"

### XXIV.

As half in shade and half in sun  
This world along its path advances  
May that side the sun 's upon  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!--Thomas Moore  
Laugh at all things, great and small things,  
Sick or well, at sea or shore;  
While we're quaffing, let 's have laughing.  
Who the devil cares for more?--Lord Byron.

I was on deck early in the morning, impatient to be with her again. I did not notice the rising sun, the swinging of the yacht or the restless sea. My thoughts were for her alone. Ever and anon I looked out toward the direction from whence she usually appeared on deck.

Oh, that strange feeling of longing, of loneliness, of incompleteness, after having experienced a bliss which is still lingering in one's memory!

I sensed love-thoughts from Viola. I became calmer!

Presently music sounded in my ears; visions came before my eyes; verses of love were formed in my mind. An inner sense seemed to unfold in me, awakening my consciousness to divine inspiration and connecting Viola's finer vibrations with mine.

I was no longer impatient.

As I kept my mind in a receptive condition,  
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two distinct words, as if uttered by a voice from a distance, came to me in the musical voice of my beloved: "Love Eternal".

The words brought to mind a verse I had read some years before. Now, I knew it was coming from the lips of Viola:

'Love, if I love thee, t' is because I need  
Not eyes to gaze into; not lips to kiss;  
Not a soft breath for solace; not the bliss  
Of being loved while loving;---this, indeed,  
I thank thee that thou giv'st; but I should bleed  
Down in my heart for loving so amiss  
If I had only loved thee, Love for this---  
Sure to shake off some day like idle weed  
Entangled round my foot upon the shore.  
No, if I love thee, Love, it is because  
Beauty that is eternal, I adore,  
And must pursue it, wheresoe'er it draws.  
And lo! I travel on; I may not pause;  
With thee I travel on for evermore.'

How true these words; how necessary for me to forget self. It was not necessary to have her close to me in order to converse or to be happy. I became calm and content.

I love the sun and its invigorating rays, but the tropical sun was not always agreeable for any length of time; soon I was obliged to move to the other side of the yacht.

I was hardly seated when to my surprise I saw the battleship, and while I could not see

her very distinctly I was satisfied she was the same ship.

"By George!" I thought, "what does she want?"

I went to the bridge, where I found Burton, field-glasses to his eyes, scanning the horizon. Besides the captain, Phil Henderson, and Maxwell, two of the younger officers, a young engineer, and the Marconist were there, all in lively conversation, speculating on the presence of the warship. From the bridge I could see many of the crew looking in the same direction.

After morning greetings I remarked:

"It seems we must be prepared for a surprise. That ship is not following us from idle curiosity."

"What are your reasons, doctor?" Burton asked.

"Apart from the conclusions we have," I replied, "a friend cast a horary chart before we left California and we found in it the indications for trouble. Of course, I cannot say that this battleship will be the cause. Then, I had a dream which seemed to indicate these coming events. However, we must look for the best."

"Strange is life," remarked the first officer,

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thoughtfully. "Why should Mr. Van Hoover have trials and obstacles in carrying out his splendid work? I confess I have a presentiment that that battleship is going to give us some trouble."

"Life is not easy, that is true," the captain replied, seriously. "We meet problems and we are apt to doubt the final good or the purpose of them. However, we must always keep in mind that obstacles are necessary to make us stronger and to push us onward to a higher consciousness. We have joined with Mr. Van Hoover in his work; we have one destiny; his cause is our cause. If he does not need trials for himself, for his soul's development, perhaps we do, who have joined our lives with his. If we have a common cause we must expect to have a common karma."

In the meantime Van Hoover came on the bridge. Turning his head toward the warship, he calmly observed:

"The captain of that battleship seems to like our company very much!"

I stood near the young officers and overheard their conversation.

"She is still without flag," one of them observed.

"It might be an Abyssinian warship," an-

other replied, drily.

"No, I rather think she has a civilized white race on board!" the young ~~ex~~ engineer remarked sarcastically.

"Then, it must be a Swiss battleship!" the marconist said.

"If she is not an Abyssinian or a Swiss, it must belong to some country which has not yet a flag," Ellis joined in.

"Oh, then she must be a Palestinian!"

"Or the captain of that ship belongs to no country at all, and, therefore, needs no flag!"

"I tell you, he is the Wandering Jew!"

"Nonsense! Her captain lost his compass and maps, and took us as guide, hoping to land somewhere!"

In this way the young men made light of a probably serious matter.

"Well," said the captain, earnestly, "what nation on earth would resort to such tactics! There is no reason for not flying a flag; America is on good terms with all nations!" Then looking again through his field-glasses: "It looks as if she were coming nearer."

We looked through our glasses. I could scarcely see any difference, but the officers confirmed the captain's remark.

"Let us wait then!" Van Hoover counseled.

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"I am going to my study to work this morning but let me know immediately if anything special happens."

As he turned to leave I joined him. When we reached the main corridor we parted and I went to the aft deck.

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### XXV

..... We two  
Again shall find each other, and begin  
The infinite life of love, a life akin  
To angels',---only angels never knew  
The ecstasy of blessedness that drew  
Us each to each, even in this world of sin.

Yea, find each other! The remotest star  
Of all the galaxies would hold in vain  
Our souls apart, that have been heretofore  
As closely interchangeable as are  
One mind and spirit. Oh, joy that aches to pain,  
To be together---we two---forevermore!

---Margaret J. Preston.

I had hoped to find Viola on the aft deck but I was disappointed. Seating myself on one of the chairs, I took a booklet from my pocket and began to read. I had read but a few pages when I sensed Viola approaching---then, a soft hand caressed my head and an electric current penetrated and thrilled me.

When we were seated near each other, Viola said:

"Oh, I had such a delightful dream! How happy your love makes me!"



“But, my dear!” I interrupted. “Do you know that your love has made me a new being?”

She looked at me with her bright eyes, as if to read truth in my face.

“Oh, my boy!” taking my head between her hands, fervently kissing me, “truly, love is the great creator: you look enchanted!”

“You have wrought the miracle, my sweet!” I said, returning her kisses. “I understand now that it is not necessary to be together in our physical bodies to enjoy each other’s company. But tell me what verse did you recite in your dreams last night?”

After reflecting a moment, she said:

“It is a verse that you too must have read. I read it several times until I could repeat it by heart and in my dream I recited to you. It was one of Jelaleddin’s. You know, it is my practice to read something before I go to sleep as our last thoughts are usually with us when we enter the astral plane. I am glad to know that you received my thoughts.”

“I inquired” I remarked, “because I wanted to make sure that we were together in dream-land. Many people do not understand that the soul, being free from the body, can go out on the higher planes and remember through the physical brains if these are only sensitive

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enough. I also received your beautiful message this morning and it calmed me, and assured me of the truth that we were together in spirit, if not in body."

"Yes," Viola replied, understandingly, "I sensed your feelings and thought vibrations. I know it was your love, but at the same time you were impatient at not finding me here so soon. Hence, I sent thoughts of love, calmness and patience, reading H. S. Sutton's verse a few times for your benefit."

"Oh, Viola," I said, in a moment of intense feeling, "it is very true, but I can not deny that having you near me, looking at your sweet, tender eyes, and rosy lips, and hearing your voice, I seem to become more conscious of a greater delight and of a change in my whole being. It is as if my consciousness expands!"

"Of course," Viola responded, leaning with her beautiful head on my shoulders, "I, too, like to be with you and feel your arms about me, but your soul is the living thing which I have known for many an incarnation before this; it is only your present body that is new to me. Deserving healthy and strong bodies, by which we can make harmonious vibrations possible, and coming in touch with each other, latent forces are awakening in us."

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"Only a few people on this earth have our experience," I replied. "You are a wise and pretty girl!"

"And you a wise and handsome boy!"

"I am glad I met such a wise girl," I retorted, smiling. "How is that for conceit?"

"I am glad to meet an old acquaintance, dear boy! By the way, how old are you?"

"I have no idea," I replied, looking serious. "It might be thirty millions or a hundred million of years! The earth is very old!"

"Do you know," Viola remarked, "sometimes I have the vague recollection of a former life, and since we have met it seems to me I have been with you in a country very different from America and much more beautiful; also a vague recollection of having known you as a sculptor and posing for you."

"Strange," I replied. "When I first met you I had the same idea, a feeling of having met you not a year or two ago but many, many ages ago!"

"Well," she replied, "memory is a relative term, of course, for some have highly developed faculties of memory, while others have almost no memory at all; but in the great truths of reincarnation, we, of course, know that there must come a time, as the ages go by,

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when development will be sufficient, so that the whole life will be reflected as in a mirror in the mind of that perfected soul, and then he will have become a true *Mahatma*."

"The great majority do not live the life," I observed, "that would make them sensitive to the higher vibrations; they do not realize that practising what you believe is the royal road ---that knowing without doing is not sufficient!"

There was a moment of silence, each contemplating on this reunion of former lives.

Though I accepted the theory that man is not always reborn in the same sex in which he was incarnated in former lives, and that on the spiritual plane the spirit, the ego, is sexless, I had only that vague consciousness of former ties with Viola; moreover, that this consciousness was excited by coming in touch with her.

After a while, I said, thoughtfully:

"Now, when I come to think of it, I am sure I have also met you at the Exposition; I did not know you then. No wonder that statue of Inspiration interested me so much! No wonder to find it on my desk in my cabin! Since I might have been a sculptor in a former life I know how to appreciate art, as I came under such powerful influence by looking again and again at that splendid work of art!"

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“Yes,” said Viola enthusiastically, “how marvelous and true the expression of inspiration on that face of marble!”

“Oh, sweet,” I replied, with keen appreciation, looking at her admiringly, “and what a marvellous similarity there is in the expression of your beautiful face! Indeed, indeed! you will be a living inspiration to me!”

And with the ardor of my intensified love, I held her to my breast, kissing her on the face again and again, and she, feeling the reaction, said:

“And you---you are giving me an extraordinary sensation! How refined your aura is! How strong your magnetism! A proof that abstinence from liquor, tobacco and animal food is the best mode of living!”

Mrs. Van Hoover came toward us smilingly, calling:

“Are you not coming to breakfast? Or is it your intention to stay in heaven all the time?”

Viola, embracing and kissing her mother, replied:

“We like to be in heaven, but we ought to remember that we have a dear, good mother on earth, waiting for her happy children!”

Then, taking her mother's arm and mine, and tripping between us like a happy child,

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she continued:

“Oh, mother, I must present you to my old friend. Oh, how stupid!---I have forgotten the name, but anyhow, this is my dear old friend, Hart!”

The mother, looking at us, laughingly said:

“Then you are an old acquaintance of Doctor Hartford?”

“Oh, mother, leave that ‘doctor’ out; he has had so many professions in former incarnations that you would perhaps mix them up and think that dear Hart, is not the same Sculptor Hartensius or the Prince of Hartospania!”

So she chatted, laughed, and tripped along. How changed Viola was! It was hard to realize that she was the same Viola of a few days ago.

I called her mother’s attention to it, who, smiling happily, replied:

“Did not the Great Master say, ‘Exccpt ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven’?”

“There is a time for everything,” Viola added. “You ought to know that, Mr. Astrologer! Did not the wise King Solomon say: ‘To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to weep and a time to laugh: a time to mourn and a time

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to dance.'? Doctors seem to think it necessary always to have a serious face. I want my dear Henry to forget for a while that he is a doctor and be my Prince of Hartospania. How do you like the title, dear brother?" addressing Van Hoover, who now joined us.

Her brother smiled; he, too, seemed to be under the joyous influence of Viola. Even the captain looked brighter, and the officers at the other table glanced at us with smiling faces.

Miss Shetland, however, seemed the only one who could not conceal her unhappiness, thinking, no doubt, of her lost love. I wished I might give her some of our happiness.

Breakfast over, Viola said to me as I was leaving for my daily round of inspection:

"Now, you must be serious, doctor, for an hour or so, but after your duties are over I am to meet, not Doctor Hartford, but my Sweet-h(e)art!"

"All right, my beautiful flower," I replied, smiling. "I will then meet my Sweet Violet."



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### XXVI

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,  
And ebb into a former life, or seem  
To lapse far back in some confused dream  
To states of mystical similitude;  
If one but speaks or hems or stirs his chair,  
Ever the wonder waxeth more and more,  
So that we say, "All this has been before,  
All this hath been, I know not when or where."  
---Tennyson.

MEANWHILE, clouds appeared; the wind became stronger. The roaring waves, pursuing each other in greater haste, increased the swinging of the yacht.

While Mrs. Van Hoover attended to Miss Shetland, who shortly after lunch became seasick, Viola and I were in the crew's saloon, talking to some of the men.

Samson and Ritter, having finished their morning work, joined in the conversation. By and by, we came to the topic of rebirth, and Ritter had occasion to remark:

"It is so difficult to believe in reincarnation."

"Perhaps it would be helpful," Viola suggested, "if you try to think you are not your body. See yourself as the *I Am*, using your body as an instrument."

"That is simple enough," Ritter replied.

"Yes, but we often forget," Samson remark-



ed.

“Let me give you an illustration,” I said, looking at Ritter’s neat appearance. “A week ago you received new and clean clothes and your old, wornout ones are gone. But these clothes are not you. So we can say that your inner self, the Permanent Ego, has taken up its present abode in this, your present body, and the Ego will throw away this body as an old garment when you have to leave this physical world.”

“ ‘As a man throweth away old garments,’ ” Viola quoted, “ ‘putteth on new, even so the dweller in the body, having quitted its old mortal frame, entereth into others which are new.’ ”

“It is not your body which incarnates,” I continued, “but your Ego, the I Am. The lower Self or the Personal Man has not lived before, but the higher or Impersonal Self, or, rather, the Permanent Ego, has lived in many incarnations and will continue to live in many more hereafter, until Perfection is reached.” \*

Phil. Henderson, who had joined us in the meantime, said:

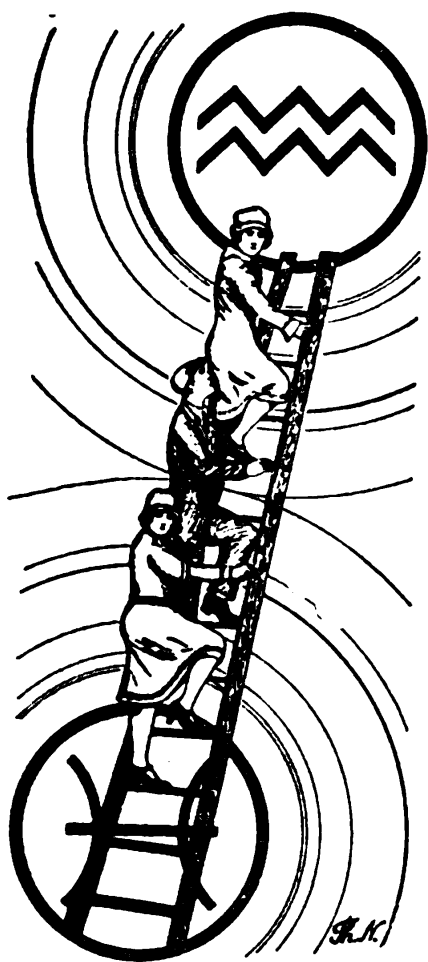
“May I give an illustration? Our engineers know how to use the complicated machinery of

\* Many Egoes who were incarnated at the beginning of the Pisces Age, are now or will be reincarnated at the present Period, the beginning of the New, or Aquarian Age.

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this boat. They can run it according to their will, based on knowledge. But they have to



be guided by the captain and his officers in order that our ship may sail safely and reach her goal. Now, let us compare the body and its wonderful, complicated, system of organs, limbs, etc., to a boat and its complicated machinery. The engineers, let us say, are your Mind, and psychic faculties, or, in total, your Personality, your lower self. The captain and his officers, we compare to your

Individuality or your Higher Self, your higher Consciousness. Try to remember this."

Ritter nodded his head.

"Now," Phil. continued, "your Personality has some, but has not yet gained complete understanding of life. You lack knowledge and experience. For this reason your person-

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ality is not fully conscious of the connection between your lower Self and your Individuality or the I Am within. But your I Am is guiding you just the same. The more you are advancing in knowledge and understanding, the more you are conscious of this connection. Can you follow me?"

"Yes, I can."

"Now, then, this boat and her machinery is sometimes at rest when she is at anchor. But the officers are still there. So the human body is sometimes at rest, but life is still there. The officers of your body, so to speak, are conscious just the same outside of your physical form during sleep. When the boat and her engines are not used temporarily, the officers can leave the boat and go on shore during the time that their ship is in harbor, So your spirit, your inner Being, can leave your body during sleep and go sightseeing on the higher planes of life. There will come a time when this yacht becomes too old and wornout and useless as a vehicle for Mr. Van Hoover's plans. Then the captain and his crew have to get another ship. So your body, some day, has to be abandoned as old and wornout, and you have to find another abode or instrument to work for perfection, to continue your voyage of evolution."

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Ritter. apparently much impressed, was pondering a moment. Then, looking at us by turns, inquired:

"Do you not consider mind and spirit as one and the same; that mind is really the man?"

"No," Viola replied, "if you were your mind, you could not change it. But you have lately done so, as your expressions indicate, and you have changed your mind often before during your life, have you not?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Therefore, the real man within you is behind and beyond your mind. You are that I Am, the Thinker, as he is the one who has cleared out from your mind former ideas and has acquired new conceptions. Do you understand now that the Inner Self is the Thinker, the Seer, the Knower, the one who makes experiences, using your body as a tool?"

"Yes, I do."

"Each of us is at a stage of evolution, different from that of others," Henderson said. "Our captain became captain because his knowledge and experiences are more than those of the young fourth officer, and still more than those of our youngest sailor boy."

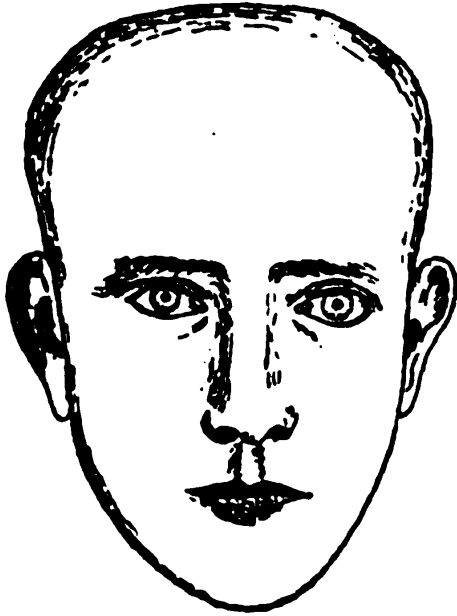
"And Mr. Van Hoover has a higher development than Bullock," Samson observed, "the

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difference is clearly marked in their personal appearance, their skulls and features, as Doctor Hartford can explain."

"A handsome soul deserves a handsome face, a perfect spirit deserves a perfect body," \* Phil. remarked with a side glance at Viola and me.



"Do you think," Samson asked, looking kindly at Ritter, "that such perfection can be gained in one life only? We have explained to you before, that it is impossible for the Australian aborigines to become as perfect physically, mentally and spiritually as Mr. Van Hoover, in *one* life."

"It would be an injustice," Phil. remarked, "to create one man with animal tendencies and another with highly developed qualities such as Mr. Van Hoover's without giving the former a chance to become

\* No great soul or near-perfected Ego (spirit) is reborn in a body as that of a criminal or savage though we find sometimes a good soul with a great intellect born in an imperfect body. By reasoning we will know the WHY.

as advanced as the latter."

"We all have that chance," Samson observed.

"At each incarnation into human form, the ego of the soul advances," Phil continued; "the child of a savage is low in the order of spirit development, and, therefore, a young soul. Hence, he can only gain a limited amount of knowledge in a single life and cannot become equal to an older soul during a given lifetime."

"But why do I not remember my former lives?" Ritter asked, eagerly. "If I could, I should be the readier to believe."

"Can you remember all the incidents of your infancy?" Viola asked. "How many incidents of your life before your seventh year can you remember? Tell me!"

Reflecting awhile, Ritter answered:

"Only two."

"How old were you then?"

"The first must have occurred between my fourth and sixth year, the other when I was six or seven years old. I cannot remember them very distinctly, though."

"Well that is a frank confession! Do you remember *all* your experiences after your seventh year?"

"No, I do not."

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“Now, then, why should you make it a condition of accepting reincarnation by saying that, if you could remember, you would be able to believe? It is a known fact that the savages of Australia cannot remember for a longer time than a few days back and cannot count to more than to a certain low number. Well, as they cannot remember as you do, so we may just as well accept the supposition or assertion that some do not remember their former lives while others do. Can you remember how you learned to read?”

“No, I cannot.”

“You are not the only one,” Viola smiled. “Yet the fact that you can read proves the learning. Incidents of your school years have faded from your memory, yet they have left traces on your character. What you are now is the result of those earlier years. The same is true of your friend Bullock. From this again we may conclude that but the few can recollect their former incarnations, others have a vague memory of it, while the great majority have no recollection at all.”

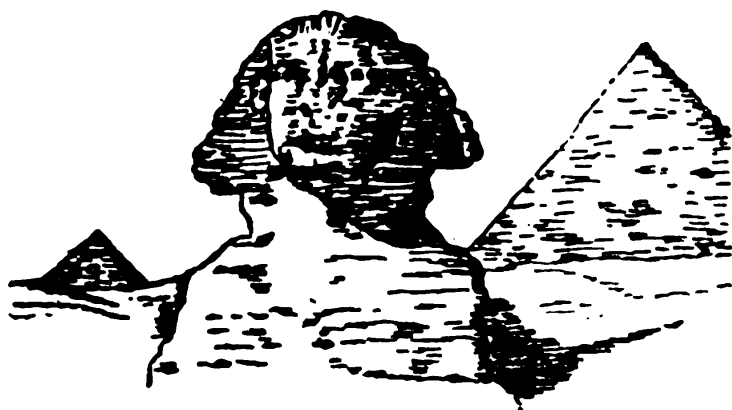
“I can mention a few facts,” I said, “that will show the peculiarity of the mind and the memory. I had a case of a fever patient who in his delirium could describe incidents of his

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infancy and youth, while forgetting them in normal condition. Another case is my observation of the experiment by a colleague, who put a girl under a hypnotic or trance state, the girl describing in this state many events of her life which were forgotten in her normal condition. Similar facts are recorded by the Psychical Research Society. Therefore, Ritter,



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it is not to be expected that your present brain can remember previous incarnations, because the brain has not had any; and your I Am, which has, is not fully conscious on this plane."

"But is it possible to remember past lives?" Ritter asked.

"It is," I said, with emphasis. "You can improve your memory so that you can even recall many of the experiences of youth, as well as those of yesterday. If you want to



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recall your former lives you have to train your mentality, perfect your physical body and live the right life, so that, when your mental, astral and physical bodies are sufficiently purified, they can receive impressions from the subtler planes."



"From what Doctor Hartford has said," Viola remarked, "you can now understand why some have developed powers to know subconsciously, and to receive ideas stored in the eternal memory of the Inner Man."

"There is no mystery that may not be unsealed by him that hath the unbiassed mind and the opened eye of the Seer," Henderson quoted.

"Your explanation of what life is, is so different from any I have ever heard. The churches, for instance, do not accept the law of reincarnation," Ritter remarked, becoming more interested.

"No," Viola replied, "not all the orthodox denominations, but there are a few ministers

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and priests who do."

"The churches believe in special creation," Ritter observed. "Is that the right term? Anyhow, I remember that even the well-known Democrat Party propagandist, Wilhelm Jen-  
nius Brywon, talking of the 'making of man by separate act in God's image'."

"The first Christians believed in rebirth, but it was later rejected by the churches, because they did not and do not understand it, and have given dogmas in its place which are ridiculous and illogical. All thoughtful people, that is, people able to think for themselves, and not because a theologian says it, will reject special creation."

"Special creation, or as Brywon says, 'by separate act in God's image,' is foolish and hardly worth discussion," Phil remarked.

"Yet," Ritter replied eagerly, "you might as well explain to me the difference between these conceptions and yours. It may give me some more light and deeper understanding---if it is not too much trouble,"---looking inquiringly at Viola.

"Well, then," Viola began, "the Western World or rather the Christian creed believes that God has created and is creating men in his image, be it good or bad men, poor or rich, intelligent or stupid, sane or insane, pure or

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sinful, and by these special creations babies are born, blind, dumb, crippled, or insane, geniuses or savages, all in his image. On this hypothesis their characters also are specially created for them by God and imposed on them without any choice of their own. Then, God's predestination wills it that some are doomed for misery, to be lost for ever; others to be blessed for an everlasting life. This is the teaching of some churches."

Ritter appeared to be musing, then said deliberately:

"Is man created in God's image, or is God created in man's image?"

We smiled at his remark and Viola went on:

"Suppose we here on board were sinking and had signalled that battleship over there for assistance, and her captain thought it good enough to send a boat insufficient for rescuing but a few; moreover, that that captain made the condition that only our good Captain Burton, his first officer, and the chief engineer should be rescued? What would you think of that captain and of his idea of rescue?"

"Why, I should say the man is crazy or is a brute!" Ritter ejaculated fiercely.

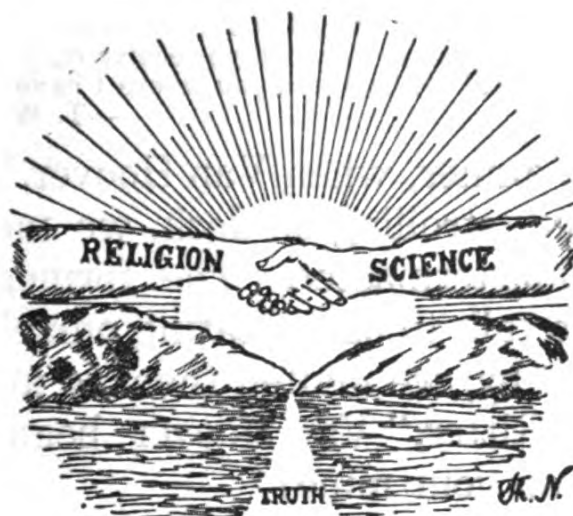
"Well, then," Viola continued, "suppose humanity is in need of salvation what would

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you say of a God who uses a way of salvation by which only a few are saved, the chosen ones, and the rest condemned forever?"

"Such a God would be as crazy as that cap-



tain would be: Inhuman, or less than a man!"

"You may be interested to know that the theory of some theologians is that only 144,000 out of all the myriads of souls created will be saved."

After recommending Ritter to read some books on the topic of reincarnation and kindred subjects, we went to the library to get posted on some topics that came up in our minds during our discussion.

### XXVII

Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it!  
Oh could I only say what I have seen!  
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,  
How, 'till He bringeth you where I have been?  
---T. W. H. Meyers.

**A**FTER dinner, when Van Hoover, Viola and I were strolling on deck, we met Ritter and the Quartermaster. The former seemed anxious to talk to us. Seating ourselves on a bench near by, we invited them to join us.

"Well, Ritter," Van Hoover began, "what have you on your mind?"

"I wish, sir, that you would give me some light on the so-called invisible worlds. Samson says there exist all kinds of living beings which we do not see."

"Yes," Van Hoover replied, "and living things, as in our physical world. In fact, there is a duplicate in subtler matter of every visible form that exists on earth."

"How do we know? It is hard to believe what we do not see!"

"Yes, but it is possible to come to believing, or, rather, to knowledge, and have a conviction, by study and investigation, by reasoning and meditation, by observation and experi-

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ments, in short, by experiences."

"Have ybu ever seen such invisible beings or the invisible world?" Ritter inquired.

"Have you ever been in Australia or in England?" Van Hoover asked.



Ritter smiled, understandingly.

"Now, then," Van Hoover went on, "you do not deny that there is a country called England. Why should you question the existence of an invisible world because you or I haven't seen it?"

Have you ever tasted a mangosteen?"

"No, never. What is it?"

"It is a fruit grown in East India. Because you never tasted that fruit is not a reason to say that it does not grow. To know conclusively, you should go to India, and, if you want to know the taste, you should eat it. So, if you want to be convinced of the existence of an invisible world, or of the invisible beings you have to do something, that is, you have to cultivate your good qualities, and by living the

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right life, to awaken your inner perceptions. Then, in due time, you will be able to see and know for yourself."

"Do these invisible beings come in touch with this earth?"

"Yes, they do, whether directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously; but not everyone in the material body is conscious of it, or is able to understand the connection or communication."

"But why should we believe, then?" Ritter asked.

"A blind man could ask you why he should believe your statement that there are stars in the heavens or that the trees have green leaves in spring and summer and yellow or brown ones in the autumn and winter, or that snow is white. Before a blind man can be convinced or be sure of the truth of your statements, his eyesight must be effectuated. So everyone who wants to see the spiritual world must have his spiritual eyesight developed. He must become a Seer."

"Can we talk to these invisible beings, or they to us?"

"Yes, we can, if we have and use the right instruments. Let me ask you: Can we talk to someone in New York when we are in San Francisco?"

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"Yes, we can, by telephone."

"So, I answer you, that we can talk to invisible beings and they to us when our inner telephone, so to say, or our higher senses are used. But these higher senses have to be awakened, to be developed, by doing the right things and by living the right life, as I said before."

"May I add another illustration?" Viola asked. "My friend, can you see the radio vibrations?"

"No, I cannot."

"But you accept as a fact that we can receive communication by wireless from a far distance?"

"Yes, I do."

"You remember our talk on telepathy---that it is already generally accepted as a reality? Likewise, some day, the world will know as an actuality the communication between this and the invisible world."

"What information do we receive from the invisible beings?"

"Direct information can only be communicated to advanced people," Van Hoover said, "who live a pure and unselfish life, and who are adepts or masters. The information then is truthful and dependable, but all that comes



through so-called mediums, clairvoyants, or psychics, who sell their information or so-called messages, is doubtful. The great majority of mediums of this type are not living a pure, unselfish life, while their bodies and emanations are not perfect and attuned to the pure spirit vibrations."

"There are exceptions to this rule," Viola observed, "some people do get communications though they may not have attained adeptship."

"Yes," Van Hoover replied, "as there are exceptions to many other general rules or laws."

"Have you ever met such an invisible being or master, Mr. Van Hoover?"

"Have you ever met the Sultan of Turkey?" Van Hoover returned, smiling.

"No, I have not, but some have."

Van Hoover replied:

"So, I have not yet met invisible beings, through my physical or sense-organs, but I trust some have."

Ritter smiled, and asked:

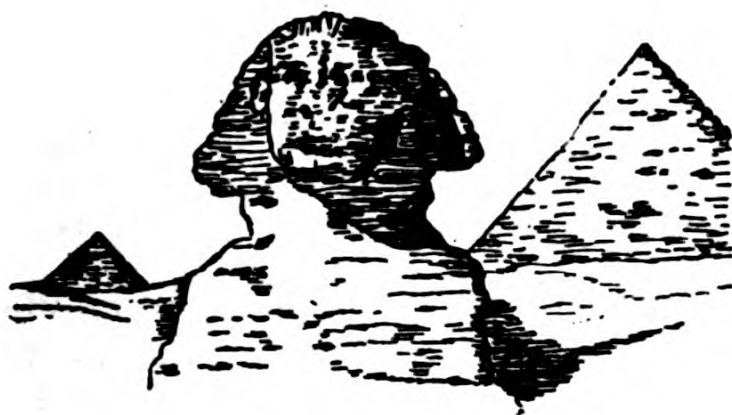
"Have you ever experienced that you were in this invisible world?"

"Yes, I have, but it would be difficult to explain to you, as you are not advanced enough yet to understand, but we may have a chance to discuss it later, when you have read and have

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pondered more about it. I'll get you a book which I can recommend for study,"



While Van Hoover went to the library, we continued our conversation until we had to part.



### XXVIII

It is by loving and not by being loved that one can come nearest the soul of another; yea, where two love it is the loving of each other, and not the being loved by each other, that originates and perfects and ensures their blessedness.---George MacDonald.

THE boat seemed deserted when I came on deck, Tuesday morning. For an unaccountable reason I was earlier than the mornings before. As there was no sunshine to enjoy, and the blowing of the wind as well as the rocking of the yacht were unpleasant outside, I went to the library and seated myself in a comfortable chair, intending to read something. My thoughts wandered, however, centering around Viola; how we would live and what we would do together in the future.

As our minds were attuned to each other, I assumed that she must be able to sense my thought-vibrations. Then, as I wanted to see what I could receive from her, I relaxed, putting my mind in a passive condition. Presently the words came to me:

“The night must come before the dawn; the grayness of the sky before the sunrise.”

Then I understood that Viola was reading

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with the will that I should receive the message. I waited for another, but none came; then a light step at my side and my beloved was with me. Putting my arm around her waist, I said:

“Well, Viola dear, you must have a prophetic gift to send me this message. Do you sense something as a dark night coming in our lives?”

“Well, Henry dear,” she replied, calmly, “you know, life is not as a continuous period of sunshine. We had beautiful weather till Sunday night, and see how rough the sea is now!”

“I do not notice it, having you with me!”

She smiled, and said:

“We together need not fear the coming trials; we shall forget the dark clouds in our lives. I am sure, from now on, we shall grow more rapidly,---mentally and spiritually, and in this way be of more use to mankind.”

“You will be my inspiration, my comfort, and my strength! ‘In unity is strength!’ ‘Two can do more than one!’”

“My dear, before we found each other we were but two halves---imperfect halves. Now we are one. In time I hope we can say ‘a perfect whole!’”

“You are right, my dear,” I replied. “All in nature is dual, masculine and feminine, posi-

tive and negative. This duality is needed to make a perfect whole!"

"That is right; and two triangles to make one perfect, interlaced triangle, signifying equilibrium and harmony."



In Unity is Strength

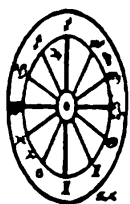
"Viola," I asked, after a while, "is it not wonderful how astrology has given us such a clear understanding regarding ourselves?"

"Why, yes," she said, smiling. "In my horoscope the indications were given that I should meet a gentleman of such and such a type and character!"

"Have you met him already?" I asked, thinking of myself.

"Yes, I have."

"Are you going to marry him?" It occurred to <sup>me</sup> that I had not yet asked her to become my wife.



"No," she said, looking serious.

I thought she was joking, and asked:

"Why not?"

"Because he is not my mate!"

"Not your mate!" I exclaimed.

"No," she replied, "he was seriously in love with me, but he belonged to the worldly class of men, a millionaire, a product of modern society, whose mind was given to the material things. He thought he could marry me and leave me free to believe as I liked. But you know that is not a true marriage; it was not my ideal."

Then I understood that she referred to another man. In reply to my questioning look, she continued:

"It has relation to astrology. Listen! The astrologer who cast my horoscope, told me that nothing would come of that relation. Later a man would come into my life, a higher type, and much superior to the first man; then I should see the difference between the two types of men. The man who was to come

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into my life later was of an unusual type and character and poor."

"Did you meet this man?" I asked, trying not to smile.

"Yes, I did, and I am going to marry him!"

"Notwithstanding he is poor and peculiar?"

"Yes, because I love him. I love the man I see behind the physical body. I love him because I know he is mine and the other part of me. For all time in this life we are one!"

"And who is the lucky man?"

"Henry Hartford is his name!"

I could not find words to express my feelings. I pressed her to my heart, murmuring:

"My sweetheart, my love, my wife!"

After awhile I asked:

"But why, Viola, dear, why have you not spoken of your horoscope before?"

"But, Henry, dear, have you ever spoken of yours?"

"You are right! I have not! But, will you tell me now?"

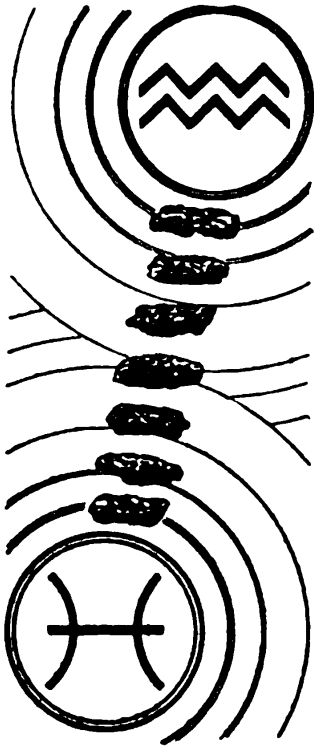
"I will do better and will get my horoscope. And you go and get yours! Then we will compare and see---see when we shall quarrel," she said, smiling.

When we were back again I compared her horoscope chart with mine, and even at a

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glance I saw that there were indeed the indications for perfect harmony.

How strong and dignified the position of the planet Venus was in her chart. And how truly the astrologer had delineated this influence in his judgment.



Furthermore, I noted that the planet Mars in her horoscope was in harmonious aspect with the planet Venus in mine, and the Sun in hers with the Moon in mine; there could be left no doubt as to the perfect relationship to each other.

I called her attention to this fact, but she smiled at my enthusiasm and said simply:

“Apart from the fact that astrology is a true science to explain human life and character, it is also true that high-minded and advanced people have no need of depending on astrology to make sure that they are in harmony or belong to each other. Their higher conscious-

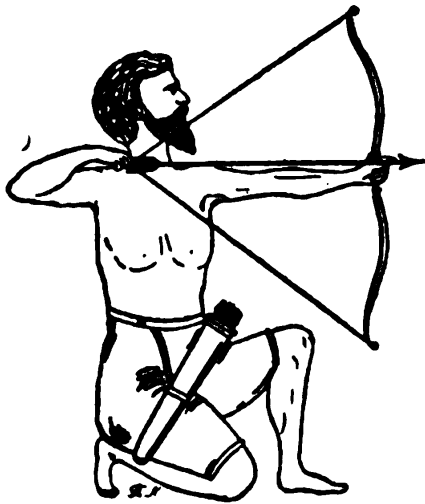


ness will tell them.” \*

“Yes, that is true,” I confirmed, “but it is useful for those who are not quite advanced enough, by knowing their own horoscope could improve their condition. And by comparing their own with the horoscope of a prospective marriage or business partner it would avoid mistakes in marriage or in partnership.”

Then, looking over the charts again, I remarked:

“It is comforting for us to know that we are in harmony. A marriage should not be regarded as a friendship alone or as a business transaction. In marriage three things are to be considered: an intellectual, a spiritual and a physical harmony. If one of the three qualities is lacking, it indicates discordance and is therefore an imperfect marriage. If only spiritual or intellectual harmony is desired marriage is not quite necessary. Now, let us



\* They know intuitively that they have to progress as on stepping stones to higher things.

see whether we have all three in our case.”

Then, studying the planet's positions, I exclaimed, enthusiastically:

“Aha! Look here! Venus of my horoscope is on the ascendant of yours and Jupiter \* of yours on the ascendant of mine. This is very remarkable, Viola! And look at the positions of the other planets, for instance those in the ninth house of our horoscopes influencing the higher mind. And the ruler of your horoscope is in harmonious aspect with the ruler of mine! Indeed, no better indications can be found to give us assurance of happiness and success!”

“No wonder that we are so happy and delighted in each others' company!” Viola observed, pressing herself closer to me. “No wonder that your vibrations and your magnetism seem to invigorate me, to make me feel as if I am one with you, a real part of you.”

“Yes, my dear, but do not forget that I too feel your magnetism strongly. It is impossible to describe it adequately, but it gives me such a high aspiration and wonderful inspiration!”

There was a moment of quietness. At last she observed, so tenderly and truly:

“Oh, my dear Henry, how beautiful life is

\* Jupiter, the benevolent planet, is ruler of the Zodiacal sign of Sigittarius, the bowman,

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when love fills the hearts of men! And if between the sexes the real, pure love exists, how truly it is felt, not only mentally, but physically as well! I comprehend, more and better, that only true love can give such a delight and such an exalted feeling!"

A bell sounded, but we were too much absorbed in each other, and only when it rang for the second time did we think of having our breakfast.



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### XXIX \*

The time will come when all will know  
Just why the storms and breezes blow;  
The lightning and the wind severe  
Are thoughts of erring mortals here.  
---Mary E. Beers.

WHEN we came on deck we noticed that a stiff breeze was now blowing full against the yacht, causing us to hurry toward the dining room. The crests of the waves were white with foam and from the dark distance came the glimmer of lightning and the low rumbling of the thunder.

Miss Judith was not able to join us at breakfast, but was lying on a long rattan chair on deck, in a corner protected from the wind. Mrs. Van Hoover did not enjoy her meal as usual, and the others were trying to forget the depressing atmosphere by laughing and joking, seeing the plates and silverware moving to and fro on the table.

We finished our meal and went on deck, seating ourselves near Miss Shetland.

\*In this and following chapters new characters appear, and new incidents are brought forth, which may offend some "Brugolians" who may not be able to appreciate the principles underlying my story. "A good principle, says Milton, "not rightly understood, may prove as hurtful as a bad."

We glanced at our undesirable neighbor, the mysterious and now gloomy looking battleship.

"She is still bent on our company," Henderson remarked.

"Strange, isn't it?" Mrs. Van Hoover rejoined.

"Where would it arrive," Miss Shetland inquired, "if we changed our course and she continued in the present direction?"

"At the South Pole, Miss Shetland," the Captain responded, smiling.

"At the South Pole! Is there no land, or islands between? I thought the South Seas were full of islands!"

"Not in this longitude," Burton replied, "but plenty west of it."

"You see, Miss Shetland," the first officer remarked, "that brings in the mystery of that ship, which we cannot yet solve."

"Why so?"

"Because," the officer replied, there is nothing to be gained by navigating the Pacific Ocean in this neighborhood, except, of course, for Mr. Van Hoover, for reasons we have often discussed before."

"Unless," Maxwell remarked, overhearing the conversation and taking a seat near Miss Shetland, "unless the Captain of that battleship does know Mr. Van Hoover's plans

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and the coming of the 'Esperanto.'"

"But how can they know?"

"By receiving the wireless communication between the 'Andromeda' and the 'Esperanto', although it is hardly probable, as the communication is in Esperanto."

"Let us not worry," said Van Hoover, noticing Miss Judith's anxious look.

. . . . .

Our conversation drifted to other topics and soon we were so absorbed in it that we did not pay any attention to the warship.

Suddenly the booming of a cannon came over the ocean.

We jumped up! Instinctively Viola drew close to me; I put my arm around her. Miss Judith, pale and trembling, clung to Mrs. Van Hoover, while the latter grasped her son's arm. The officers ran to the railing, looking in the direction of the battleship.

Maxwell came back and tried to calm the ladies, explaining that there was no reason to be frightened, the gun shot was nothing but a demand that we pay attention to its signal.

Van Hoover, putting his arm around his mother, said:

"There is nothing to fear yet, mother dear, we must be calm and wait in the most perfect

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confidence that all will turn out right."

We followed the Captain to the bridge, and here the officer on watch reported that the battleship was first sailing in an angle of about twenty degrees from the yacht and began to slacken her speed after the shot.

She was closer now and parallel to the yacht. They signalled for us to stop. To avoid trouble, Captain Burton gave the order.

Presently a boat was lowered from the battleship.

The Captain asked the ladies to go to the library. He thought it inadvisable to let the men of the battleship know there were ladies on board.

"If necessary I will send Doctor Hartford or one of the officers for you. The doctor will accompany you to the library.

As soon as the ladies were in the library, I looked at Viola. She was calm and showed no signs of uneasiness. Walking with me to the door, she pressed my hand and whispered: "Come back soon, if you can, for Judith's sake; she is so frightened!"

"I will just as soon as possible!" I replied, kissing her.

I was just in time to see two officers coming on deck, followed by two sailors, guns in hand.

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The officers saluted the captain and the others. The two sailors took their position at the gangway ladder, waiting for orders.

The captain invited the officers---who evidently were Brugolians--- into his office.

The elder of the two had the harsh, cruel, cold, merciless, beady eyes of a shark. His broad, fleshy, bloated face and coarse sensual lips, over which drooped a straggly yellow moustache, were outward symbols of a base animal nature. A thick bull neck joined his bullet-like head to a typical Brugolian body. A broad livid scar reached from the lobe of his bat-shaped ear down across his purple cheek, adding further to the repulsiveness of his bestial countenance.

He was clearly the superior in rank of the four men and showed the brute and bully in every order he issued to his men, and in the aggressive air assumed toward Captain Burton and Van Hoover.

The other Brugolian officer was almost the opposite type in physical build. His long, thin nose, from the root of which his forehead sloped backward in a direct line, indicated little mentality, and the rest of his face was in keeping with this suggestion! A large gash below his nose, indicated the mouth of a fish,



beneath which sloped backward a long narrow chin. A fighting man in name only---a name given him, because of his uniform---a typical scion of a degenerate nobility.

Arriving in the captain's office, and taking our seats, Burton asked:

"What is your commission, gentlemen?"

"Our commander," began the elder officer in English with a foreign accent, "sent us with the commission to propose to you to share your coal and foodstuff. His Majesty, our *Kosar*, will pay you for it!"

Captain Burton looked at Van Hoover, inquiringly. Then Van Hoover asked:

"How much coal and food do you want?"

"About two hundred tons of coal, ten tons of flour, and about the same amount of meat; ---wine, beer, and some whiskey."

"I am sorry," Van Hoover said, "but we cannot sell you so much, as we have not that quantity,"

"How much have you?" was the rough request.

"Gentlemen," replied Van Hoover, calmly, "may I call your attention to the fact that you are on an American ship, sailing under and protected by the American flag?"

"We know that, sir!" was the scoffing reply.

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"Well then," Van Hoover replied, looking the Brugolian straight in the eyes, "understand beforehand that we do not have to give you an account of what we have. You will have to moderate your demands!"

"You seem to forget," said the Brugolian haughtily, "that the *Kosar* will pay for your coal and food."

"We can hardly afford to transfer a part of our storage, but if your demands are moderate, we may sell you some for cash."

"We cannot do with less," was the rough reply.

"I am sorry," said Van Hoover, indifferently, "we cannot come to an understanding."

"You seem to forget," said the Brugolian scoffingly and defiantly, "that if you are not willing to listen to reason we can force you!"

"And you," Burton retorted, indignantly, "seem to refuse to recognize that we are under the protection of the American flag; and America will ask for an account if you violate the international laws."

"Necessity knows no law!" was the impudent reply.

The other officer said in a piping voice:

"Don't offend Brugolia!"

No attention was paid to this remark. But

to the other officer, Van Hoover said:

“Report to your commandant the result of your interview. Tell him we know very well that physically you are the stronger, but we appeal to his sense of honor to be just to those who are weaker.”

“I will tell our commandant,” said the officer rising. “Lieutenant Dar Wymoho will wait for my return.”

As we left the room, Burton said to me in Esperanto:

“Go quickly, doctor, and ask the ladies to lock themselves in Mrs. Van Hoover’s apartments. We do not know what these brutes intend to do.”

“Is the doctor a Spaniard?” I heard the piping voice inquire.

Finding the ladies still in the library, I told them what had occurred and requested them to follow the captain’s advice.

“I cannot stay with you,” I said. “But we know that all is for the best.”



### XXX.

One self conquered is better than all other people;  
not even a god could change into defeat the vic-  
tory of a man who has vanquished himself and  
always lives under restraint.

---Dharmapada.

AS I returned on deck, I saw Dar Wymoho walking between Van Hoover and the captain, going aft.

On their return, I joined them.

"It is warm here under the tropical sun," the Brugolian observed, wiping his brow. "I am thirsty!"

"What do you want to drink?" asked Van Hoover evenly.

"Let me have some Rhine wine, or Muscatel!" he suggested, moving his tongue between his lips in expectation.

"We do not have that kind of wine," was the reply.

"What! A millionaire's yacht and not a choice of some of the best wines? Bah!" he said, with a sneer. "Let me have some light wine then!"

Mr. Van Hoover called a sailor and gave an order in Esperanto.

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"We will wait here," said Van Hoover, going to a corner where a table and some chairs were placed, used chiefly by the officers and engineers.

The Brugolian was seemingly in a good humor, in expectation of the wine. Addressing Van Hoover familiarly, he said:

"Say, Mr. Van Hoover, you have a Dutch name. It sounds much like ~~that~~ of the Brugolian General Dar Snoover. Are you a Hollander or of Dutch origin, as the multimillionaires Vanderhip and Vanderlips? If so, you ought to be on our side.---Brugolia is a great country! We will show our enemies what we can do! Let them wait till after the war! We are going to win the war! Our *kosar* will lead his army to victory! *Joho!* My father is Count Dar Wymoho, colonel in the glorious army of General Dar Clook! *Joho.*"

When he saw the steward coming with a decanter containing a yellowish liquid and a few glasses on a tray, he was in the highest spirits.

"We will drink to the *Kosar!* *Hi ho!* *Da Kosar!*"

Too impatient to wait longer, he grasped the first glass the steward filled, and raising it to his lips, bawled out:

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*"Hi ho, da Kosar! Brugolia oba tuto!"*

With one gulp he half-emptied the glass, became aware of the taste, and smacking his lips, he took another draught, smacking again, then he said indignantly:

"Is that wine you gave me to drink?"

"Yes," said Van Hoover, coolly, drinking from his glass.

"It tastes like---like---like anything but wine!"

"Perhaps you don't like our wine any more than our manners!" Burton said, sarcastically, hinting at the Brugolian's rude manners.

"Bah. You Americans seem to delight in women's drinks!"

"Is this wine not strong enough for you?" the captain asked.

"Why, man," he yelled, "this is a woman's drink. Are you all women here?"

"Do you regard women as inferior to men?" asked Van Hoover, sharply.

"It would seem so," the captain observed, ironically. "His countrymen have given the world that knowledge by their treatment of women and girls in Kajoma!"

"You Americans only talk," was the awkward retort, "with your water and lemonade!" Then, sarcastically:

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“No wonder you are too proud to fight! Indeed, you spend your time in trying to make others as weak as yourselves by prohibition.”

“Well, my dear Count Dar Wymoho,” the captain said reproachfully, “If you survive this war I should advise you to stay away from America and the Americans! Our country will be as dry as the Sahara, and you might become less than a woman yourself. However, you seemed to have a great regard for American goods from the way you have been following us!”

I was afraid the captain would make the fellow angry. However, he either did not care or did not comprehend Burtin’s meaning. Then, in mispronouncing his name! Wimaho, instead of Wymoho: translated into English, the former means: wormwood, the latter, weakwood.

We were glad to see the boat returning from the battleship, and as Dar Wymoho went to the railing to await its coming, Captain Burton asked me in Esperanto to deliver a message to the first officer.

When I returned the boat had arrived. Two officers and a few more men, all armed, were coming on board.

“Captain,” said the Brugolian officer, walking toward the bridge, “I am sent by our commandant with the commission to ask you to follow the instructions which I have from him. If you make no trouble, we will do you no harm and you may go unmolested. We regret to be forced to take these measures. But necessity knows no law! This is wartime and we cannot be tenderhearted!”

His words were uttered in a moderate tone and with studied politeness.

As we arrived at the stairs that led to the bridge, Van Hoover and Captain Burton looked at each other, giving the Brugolian officers the opportunity to go first. Van Hoover said in Esperanto:

“Make the least possible objections and let us await developments. We could not have these trials if there were not some purpose in them which we do not yet understand.”

As soon as we were seated in the captain's office, the ~~young~~ Brugolian officer, who was addressed as Captain Stonaha by the younger Brugolians, continued:

“I have orders to stay here on board with my officers and men to see that the orders of my commandant are carried out. You know, of course, that resistance is useless.”



"In other words," replied Burton indignantly, "we are in your power: you violate our neutrality and---"

"We will give you a chance to get compensation for the the trouble we cause you," the Brugolian interrupted doggedly.

"But are the international laws and treaties but scraps of paper to you?" Burton remonstrated. "It is hard to believe that you will not respect our flag. Don't you mind the consequences if you are caught?"

"We are not going to get caught!" was the raucous reply. "We are going far away from such possibilities!"

"Ah!" Burton said, "you have followed us three days, waiting to get us far enough from assistance to make plundering easy!"

"Captain," said the Brugolian, impatiently, "there is no need for quarreling. From our point of view, we are right, forced by necessity and doing as all patriots would do for their Fatherland. It is necessary to keep our battleship in fighting condition. We must take the opportunity to get what we want although we give others trouble. You may think otherwise. That is your right, but we cannot argue!"

"Tell us what you want!" Burton said.

"Give order, to sail in a southwest course

until about three and a half degrees to the west, and about the same to the south. I will show you the map."

"But that is a dangerous course!" Burton remarked, amazed.

"We know," was the impudent reply. "You will have to sail carefully then, that's all."

"What else?" Burton asked, annoyed.

"You will have to arrange berths and food for my officers and men. One of our officers will assist your officer on watch until we arrive; a sergeant with two men will be on watch on deck until we are through with you."

"Is that all?" Burton asked, contemptuously, looking at the Brugolian officer with piercing eyes.

"That is all for the present!" Stonaha said, roughly, looking the sneaking bully he was.

"If we prefer not to obey?"

"Sir!" said the Brugolian sternly and angrily, moving impatiently on his chair, "let me not be obliged to tell you what we would do! *Porakooti*," he ejaculated, becoming excited.

"I told you not to compel us to use force!"

"Captain Burton," Van Hoover said calmly, and looking more at ease than might be expected, "there is no need for argument; resistance would be folly; we are in their pow-

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er. The situation is clear!"

The Brugolian officers looked at one another, shrugged their shoulders and moved uneasily in their chairs.

Trying to appear at ease, one took his cigarette case from his pocket, offering cigarettes to his comrades, then turning to me, said:

"Have a smoke?"

"Thank you, I do not smoke."

Stonaha rose, putting an end to the unpleasant situation.

"It is understood then. Let us go," he said.

The Brugolians left the office, followed by Captain Burton, Van Hoover and myself.

At the bridge, Stonaha commanded:

"Get ready for the departure."

Stonaha gave an order to Dar Wymoho in Brugolian. The lieutenant went to the companion ladder and called to the men in the boat, which at once returned to the battleship. When the boat was raised the command was given to start the engines.

The battleship led the way, the yacht following.

The two cabins that were used as guest rooms were put at the disposal of the three officers, and cabin No. 12 was transformed

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into sleeping apartments for the rest of the men.



### XXXI

Another hard trial to master,  
Another great danger to dare;  
Another temptation to lift me,  
Another sweet sorrow to bear.  
---James M. Warnack.

THE wind was whistling and howling through the masts and gathering more dark and gloomy clouds in the sky, aggravating the incessant flashes of lightning and the roar of thunder, making the surroundings gloomy and depressing and the battleship to appear more ghostlike and haunted through the fog and the black smoke vomited by her funnels.

The Brugolians had brought over from their ship an atmosphere of depression almost nearing despondency.

The cheerless appearance of some of our crew was an indication that not all had reach-

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ed the mental and spiritual development of Van Hoover, who seemed to be unaffected by this event.

Personally, my thoughts were centered on the ladies' condition.

At the first opportunity I motioned Van Hoover aside.

"What about the ladies?" I asked.

"Difficult to answer," he replied, seriously.

"If it were possible," I suggested, "to keep them out of sight---at least Miss Viola and Judith---as long as possible, I think it would be advisable to do so."

"I think you are right," he replied, thoughtfully. "There is no doubt but that the impudence of the Brugolian officers will lead them to investigate every part of the yacht. While we are quite secure in our faith, that is no reason for going out of our way seeking for trouble. We know too well the character of these Brugolians. So far as Captain Stonaha is concerned, I am sorry to say, his physiognomy does not indicate the outward reflection of an honorable and human soul. What is your diagnosis?"

"I agree with you," I replied.

"Mother would be more safe than the girls," Van Hoover continued. "I think the best way to arrange matters would be for mother to be

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in her room in case the Brugolians insist on inspection."

After meditating a moment, he went on.

"Have the girls remove all their clothing from their rooms, and put them in mother's, so that all evidence that their rooms are occupied will be removed. When we are through inspecting mother's apartment, leave it to the girls' cleverness to keep out of sight. They will know better than we do about that."

"I will find a chance to see the ladies," I replied, "and tell them of our arrangements."

I had not long to wait for this opportunity to inform the ladies of our decision.

"It will be very easy," said Viola. "Our rooms are so arranged that we can easily keep out of sight. I am quite confident that no harm can come to us, protected as we are by the good influences around us and by our calm faith, but I agree with you that it is not necessary to court trouble."

"We will follow your directions, doctor," said Mrs. Van Hoover. "I, being an elderly woman, they will give me little thought."

"If we do have trials, or even death comes to us, we know that all is for the best," said Viola.

"What about you, Miss Shetland?" I asked.

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"I don't know, doctor," she replied, nervously playing with her handkerchief. "I have, perhaps, not the same confidence as Mrs. Van Hoover and Viola, but as long as I am with them I feel more at ease. Nevertheless, the remembrance is too vivid in my mind of the brutes I have met and what they can do, and if the Brugolians can violate laws, murder women and children, sink passenger ships, and---well, we all know what they have done---naturally, I feel nervous."

"My dear," said Mrs. Van Hoover, "don't think of that! If you keep your mind on that possibility alone, it will attract the lower forces. I have explained to you that thoughts are things, thoughts have power. Good, helpful thoughts attract good, helpful forces."

"But why is it then," Miss Judith inquired, "that you here on board, having such faith in the power of thought and the protection of it, and of higher powers---why have you attracted that battleship, and why are those brutes now on board?"

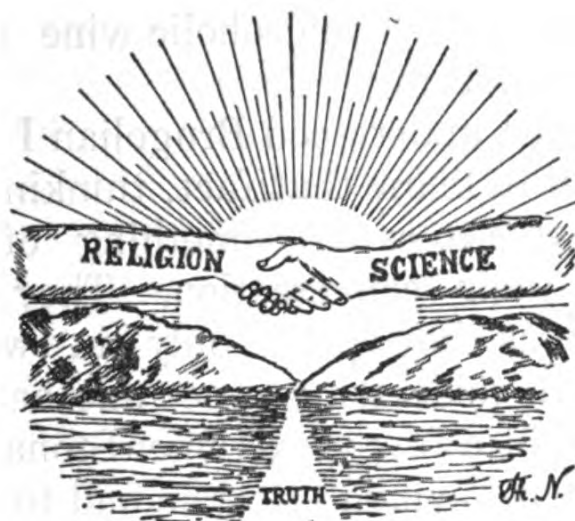
"My dear girl, we cannot understand all that happens in life. However, everything that comes in our way has a purpose for good in the end. Perhaps we need trials to make us stronger; perhaps we have more lessons to

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learn. Again, the Brugolians may be brought in contact with us for a purpose."

"Remember, Judith," interrupted Viola, "what we discussed the other night. If we knew the whole truth, all the truths, we should



be clairvoyant and should know the purpose of this event. I am sure I shall gain something from these trials and that other truths will be revealed to me." \*

"A strange way of learning truths," Miss Judith observed.

"There is no other way but by experience and sometimes by bad and unpleasant means."

\* Any further truths may be revealed to us at any time, at any place. Truth is universal, if we follow the path, the truth or truths we already know through religion or science or other means.



"I must leave you now," I said. "The steward will bring your meals. I will see you again after dinner and keep you posted on the movements of the Brugolians."

At lunch the Brugolians criticised the food and grumbled at the lack of strong drink; at last accepting our nonalcoholic wine as being better than nothing.

Although I understood Brugolian I did not want them to know that fact, thinking that I might be able to catch something of importance in their conversation. They seemed suspicious, as they spoke only in whispered tones when addressing one another. Once only I caught a few words when Stonaha whispered to Dar Wymoho that he had to wait by the order of the commandant until he arrived.

Was it in regard to taking action against us? It seemed it could be nothing else.

Their attitude was arrogant and even boorish. Their treatment of the steward caused Van Hoover to remark:

"It seems that in Brugolia you are accustomed to treat your servants as slaves. That is not the rule on board this yacht. You are servants of your Kosar. As you don't want to be regarded as slaves, you have no right to regard my men as such!"

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They endeavored to temper their remarks, but habit was too strong for them.

It was a great relief when lunch was over and we were free from their company, for at least a short time.

I called on the ladies and told them all that had occurred, but assured them I was certain nothing would happen until we arrived at our destination.

After lunch, the Brugolians not on duty occupied their time walking the deck, smoking or playing cards. I saw a sergeant in conversation with Ritter; they seemed on a friendly footing.

So the afternoon passed until dinner time.

As the Brugolian officers had to take watch by turns on the bridge during the time they were on the yacht, it happened that only two of them were at dinner, going afterwards to their cabin to get sufficient sleep for their coming watch. The other Brugolian officer was on duty on the bridge.

The night had passed with intervals of wind and calms, of roaring noises and subdued sounds, as if nature were undecided about making further disturbance; but when morning came the weather was worse than on the day before.

The Brugolians seemed satisfied to know

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that we were following the course indicated, and made no trouble.

We were sailing much more slowly, the number of islands now rapidly increasing. The captain told me that sailing was very dif-



ficult and dangerous on account of the many reefs of coral formation, islets and lagoons.

By eleven o'clock the number of islands had increased and another signal from the battleship was given to go still more slowly.

At the bow our third officer watched the movements and signs of the battleship. A boatswain was sounding the depths, although it was hardly necessary in this sea, on account of the coral formation, which made this bottom very uneven.

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It was an unusual sensation for me when we neared an island which seemed the largest of all near by.

What was the purpose in bringing us here? They seemed to know these islands, although they were not Brugolian possessions. Many were small and barren and seemed uninhabited, and they certainly were not inviting to navigation.

Or was that the reason that we were brought to this out-of-the-way place? They thought it safe from any pursuit? It seemed the only explanation.



### XXXII

Man, ignorant of the law of force,  
Doth send the storm upon its course;  
His hatred and his vicious will  
Combine as power to strike and kill.  
---Mary E. Beers.

**I**T WAS with great difficulty and late in the afternoon when we dropped anchor in a kind of open bay.

The violent wind and the restless sea still continued to rock the yacht, notwithstanding the engines had ceased.

A sign was given from the battleship that her commandant would visit our yacht.

I went to call Van Hoover, who was with his mother, and to acquaint him with the communication. I stopped a few moments after his departure, and was on deck too late to meet the commandant as he came on deck. With him had come another officer, six mariners and two sergeants.

I wished to be the first in the captain's office, so went by another stairway. I found the first officer waiting in front of the room.

The commandant, who was leading the approaching officers, was anything but the

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picture of a conquering hero.

His undersized corpulent body looked much like a caricature of a beer guzzler---a beer barrel with legs and arms.

A great roll of livid fat, with a deep wrinkle between it and his head, served for a neck. The head was bare as a billiard ball, above a scanty fringe of grey hair, from out of which on either side protruded huge hog-like ears, the pendant lobes of which doubled upward where they rested on his meaty cheeks.

Two pig eyes closely hugged the bridge of his long narrow snout, the point of which was veined and lumped like a stem of cauliflower.

Thick lips, which sagged apart towards the corners of his mouth, protruded over a broad, heavy chin.

His forehead was high and narrow, above which almost straight shaggy eyebrows shadowed his heavy-lidded eyes. As if to give a fantastic touch to this immense swine in human form, a fierce Kaiser Wilhelm moustache, looking like the coarse hairs of a horse-tail, was as it were, glued on beneath his nose, with a wide space between.

When they were all seated in the captain's office, the commandant looked at Van Hoover. The calm dignity of the handsome, intelligent,

young man whom he faced seemed to confuse him. The contrast between them was too great and apparently made the commandant feel out of place.

“Mr. Van Hoover and Captain Burton,” he began, trying to put dignity into his voice, “I am sorry to be compelled to take the measures that necessity forces upon me. Captain Stonaha has already explained my proposition. You will be compensated for the unpleasant and undesirable situation. We have been compelled to follow this course because it is better for you to be close to land, although an uninhabited island, than to be left in mid-ocean. Also you are safer from violent storms. Perhaps you can make yourselves comfortable until you can get help from America.”

He paused as if expecting some protest, but as neither Van Hoover nor Captain Burton spoke, he continued:

“You will be compensated by Brugolia after the war, which cannot last much longer. We expect to finish one of our enemies this year, then the others will be compelled to ask for peace, as our submarines will force them to it. If you will sign this paper, stating that you have sold us your coal at a price we will agree

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upon, I will see that you are paid, also for the inconveniences we cause you."

"But sir," Van Hoover at last remarked "you speak as if it were an ordinary business transaction; as if there were no moral responsibility upon you; as if you were not bound by the laws of all nations, the international laws, to respect a neutral ship and a neutral flag. You have besides violated the unwritten laws of mankind."

"Captain Stonaha has already told you, it is war that rules us, and its laws we are following. It is the law of the fittest and strongest who shall survive. The laws of war are hard, and know no weakness, nor tender-heartedness; we cannot consider men or women. We have more use for the coal you possess than you have. You are not at war, we are: we have a duty to our country, to our fatherland, to our *Kosar*; we must obey."

"You have strange views of life," Van Hoover remarked seriously. "People who cannot reason and think for themselves are bound to be misled by your theories; hence injustice, hatred, murder, and war are justified and glorified."

"That is human nature," the commandant replied, shrugging his shoulders and looking



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at his nails. "If we are attacked we must defend ourselves. Our theories, as you call them, are brought into operation by men with all the desire for fighting."

"They are not our theories," Van Hoover said with dignity. "We desire to make no enemies; we wish to treat every one as we wish to be treated."

"What have your theories brought you?" the commandant queried sarcastically. "You are foolish enough to think you could do without arms."

"Our theories," Van Hoover returned with fervor, "are theories you cannot understand, and therefore, it is useless to talk about them. But as your *Kosar* likes to use phrases from the Bible, let me quote you a couple, based on the law of cause and effect: 'Whosoever takes up the sword shall perish by the sword,' and 'Whatsoever you sow, that shall you also reap'!"

The Brugolians shrugged their shoulders.

Captan Stonaha, with a malicious look at Van Hoover, said:

"Commandant, allow me to suggest to the gentleman that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive'; by giving us coal and food he may win eternal bliss."

This caused an outburst of laughter from

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the Brugolians.

"*Mone Horran*," the commandant asked his officers, jeeringly, "do you agree that we ask Mr. Van Hoover to give us food and coal!"

"We agree!" the Brugolians shouted.

"You heard the demand, Mr. Van Hoover. What is your answer?"

"There is no need of an answer, as I told you before. We are apparently in your power so if you take all we have, we are helpless."

"Be not alarmed; we only borrow it from you. Allow me to invite you to our ship for dinner this evening. We still have some champagne, although it is about the last drop we possess. So, come over and have some change and amusement. We will not bother transferring the coal and food just now."

Dar Wymoho whispered in his superior's ear.

The commandant leaped to his feet, evidently astounded, and shouted:

"*Himma-porakooty-no-kema! San tie bero, orer son dia bero? Kono vina on kono wiski!*"

The officers looked at their commandant, then at Van Hoover, as though they could not believe their ears. Indeed, they all looked at us as though they thought us *bero*, insane.

They were much excited by this statement

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of Dar Wymoho.

"Unomogi" said one, "*on millioneir!*"

"Unagoli," another, "*anni solu jago!*"

"*Os sist on loga! On berdopta loga! Be-jamo irriwi bestawi.*"

Such exclamations were uttered, meaning that it was impossible for a millionaire not to have wine! Unbelievable! It was a d---n lie! Perhaps the wine was hidden!

After the excitement had subsided, the commandant said to Captain Burton:

"Captain, have the kindness to show me this beautiful yacht. I have seen many in Europe, but this one is different; my curiosity is aroused."

Burton looked at Van Hoover, the latter saying in his quiet way:

"I will show you the yacht and Doctor Hartford will accompany us."

"Very well," said the commandant, rising, "We have the time, let us do it now."

We began our round of inspection at the bridge. When we reached the marconist's room, where a Brugolian guard was stationed, Van Hoover said:

"Commandant, you told us that we could wire for fuel and food from America. But how can we do so if you prevent us from us-

ing our wireless?"

"Have patience, sir, we will allow you to do so when we are through with you."

Van Hoover made no further remark, but led the way to the crew's quarters, where Samson joined us. One of the Brugolian officers remarked that we were over-generous in the accommodations for the crew.

"Why, this looks like the cabins of a second class passenger steamer. You must have money to throw away to spoil your men in this manner," growled Stonaha.

Van Hoover shrugged his shoulders, remarking:

"I have heard no complaints from any of my men. Have you, Samson?"

"No, sir!" was the reply. "In token of our appreciation any of us would give our lives to help or defend you in any way."

"But I thought that you Americans were 'too proud to fight' !" Stonaha sneered.

"No, sir!" was the quick retort, "not to fight for Mr. Van Hoover!"

"Why don't you do it, then?"

The Brugolians laughed at what they considered Samson's foolish talk.

"You would not allow us!" Samson retorted with contempt.

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"Why not!" Stonaha returned, haughtily and defiantly.

"Will you allow us to fight man against man for the liberty of Mr. Van Hoover? Will you have an honorable fight? Throw away your sabres and guns and use your hands!"

Stonaha was red with rage.

Van Hoover, who had not interrupted thus far, now said to the quartermaster:

"My friend, you must not believe that these officers would fight in that way! Besides, I will not allow you to fight for me, nor for our cause. Calmness and confidence are better than fighting."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Samson. "I was too hasty, but the insulting remarks as if we were cowards instead of defenseless people made me forget."

"No, friend, we are not defenseless; we are protected by a higher power. Remember that!"

The Brugolians were still laughing. If it had not been for Van Hoover's calmness and dignity, probably Stonaha would have struck the quartermaster, as his clenched fist seemed to indicate.

As we went to the crew's recreation room, Dar Wymoho pointed to the proverbs and

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paintings, making remarks in Brugolian which caused great hilarity among them.

One officer was a handsome young man. While joining in their laughter, he had a



serious, thoughtful look, as tho' his conscience were speaking to him. He glanced from the words: "Be in tune with the Infinite, which is in you, in your brothers and all around you," to the painting with

the words: "Brother, what can I do for you?"

He moved his feet uneasily, his hands tightly clenched, as if trying to conceal his feelings.

I wondered what was going on in his mind. Was it the remembrance of his mother, whose early teachings were brought before him? God knows what this young man had been going through. The temptations and discipline had not entirely killed out all the refinement and teachings.

They did not stay long in this place with its accusing atmosphere, but visited every other

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part of the ship, in search of liquor, opening boxes, cases, cupboards, even opening bottles and tasting the contents, sounding every panel, hoping to find a hidden closet. Many a heavy piece in the holds had to be brought down and opened.

It was awfully hot in these holds. The officers continually had to wipe their faces, in consequence of which a sergeant and a few mariners were commanded to continue the search here.

I overheard the officers saying in Brugolian that they considered the cargo to be of great value.

Indeed, the Andromeda had a cargo, not only for a prolonged voyage, but also for Van Hoover's colonization purpose.

Returning on deck, the Brugolians had to cool off before continuing their investigation.

Van Hoover had avoided our private apartments, hoping the officers would be tired and overlook them. Deeming it would be in vain, and while the Brugolians were waiting on deck, he called me aside and told me to go and inform the ladies to prepare for the coming inspection.

I found Mrs. Van Hoover and Viola calm and determined to make the best of the situa-

tion. Miss Judith was very nervous, although she tried hard to conceal it.



### XXXIII

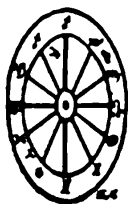
They judge of things according to their own private appetites and selfish passions.---Cudworth.

Fox in stealth, wolf in greediness.---Shakespeare.

**P**RESENTLY I rejoined Van Hoover and the Brugolians. We did not talk much, but waited calmly, knowing that the hour had come that was to be a test of our faith and patience. I must confess, however, that I did not have the same composure as Van Hoover, his mother and sister. I could not help thinking of Viola and what might happen if she were discovered.

Truly, love makes us anxious about the loved one.

But again the horary figure that my Hindoo friend had cast, and my dream before leaving San Francisco, came back to me. Moreover, so much had happened in few days since declaring my love to Viola and finding



hers returned, that during this time I could



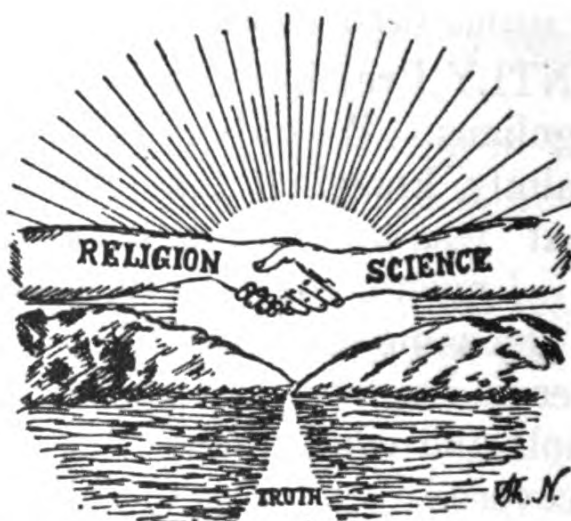
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not find occasion to investigate or study the stars.

But what could we do, anyhow?

We had not yet advanced to the perfection of an adept or master. We did not know "the whole truth, all the truths," as Viola said. We may know the theories concerning occult laws and be convinced that these powers can be ap-



plied, but we could not practise them yet at our present stage of evolution.

Therefore, we were not quite prepared to protect ourselves by using the subtler forces, for lack of knowledge and experience, and had to take precautions chiefly on the physical plane.

My inner forces were, at that time, and be-

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fore the events which I will relate later, not quite awakened. I only knew that my horoscope indicated possibilities, especially in the latter part of life.

However useful astrology is in the description of human character and in solving many cases of mystery, it often fails in the exact predictions of coming events, and it can give only a general outline, so to speak, but it is impossible to know every detail, and always know the exact time when a predicted event will occur. The details depend so much on other influences and calculations that one would need to spend several hours every day for such work, if ever that could be done.

Notwithstanding, it seemed to me that I had neglected my duties to Van Hoover and I said something to that effect to him.

He smiled, and said:

“We will talk about that later. I knew we should have trials, and perhaps danger to meet---”

He did not finish his sentence, as the Brugian commandant came up and said:

“Mr. Van Hoover, you and the doctor have not honored us by inviting us to your cabins.”

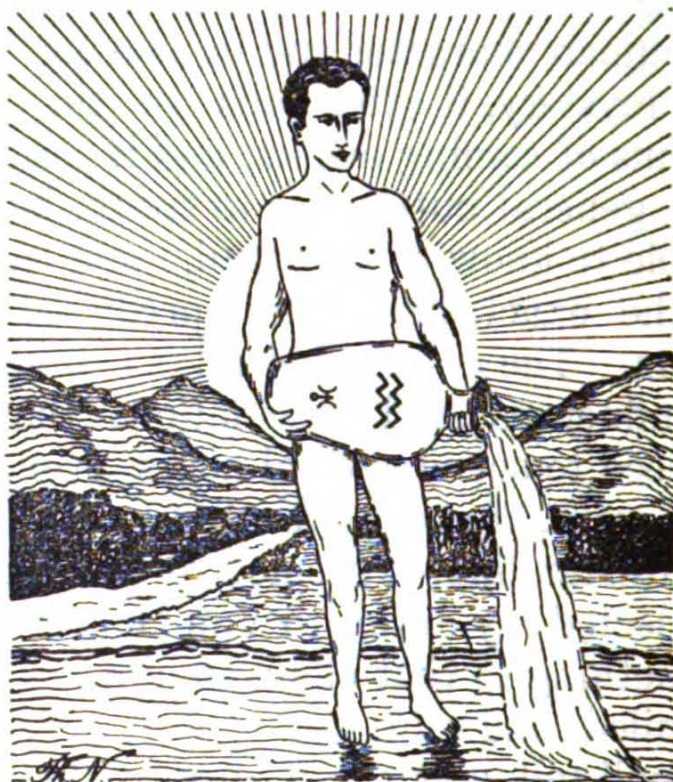
“We have been awaiting your pleasure.”

“Let us go, then, and finish before dinner.”

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We went to the laboratory, thence to my study and cabin; they looked 'round, but did not touch anything. I opened closets, draw-



ers, and every door that could possibly hide that for which they were searching.

The young officer spent the time looking at the statues of "Aspiration" and "Inspiration", and at the painting of "The Dawn of a New Age". I noticed a thoughtful and sad expression on his face.

From my apartments we went to those of  
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Van Hoover, who followed my example by opening every drawer, closet and door. On his desk was a statue, "Mother Love." This represented a mother with a boy leaning on her lap and looking up in her face with the happy, trustful look of a child. On her face shone the mother love.

The young officer stopped, spellbound, looking at the statue. He turned his head to conceal the tears that I knew came to his eyes.

The atmosphere of this room seemed to accuse them; an unseen power pushed them away.

In the corridor they stopped a moment, as if to collect themselves. I hoped that they had seen enough and would not care to make further investigation. I even imagined that the commandant made a movement as if he were going back on deck, when Dar Wymoho noticed the doors of the other rooms. He called to Captain Stonaha:

*"Kara tie nuro hia!"*

Comprehending Dar Wymoho's design, Stonaha approached his superior, saying:

"Wouldn't you like to see the other cabins, commandant?"

"Certainly, while we are here we want to see all and have done with it!"

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"Those are my mother's apartments, commandant," said Van Hoover. "I ask you, gentlemen, not to disturb her. You certainly must know that we would not store liquor in there."

Suspicious looks passed from the commandant to his officers.

"Why should your mother be disturbed by our visit? We do not want to harm her!" replied the commandant, apprehensively.

Captain Stonaha went to the door, as if to open it. But I stepped in front of him, saying:

"One moment, sir! I want to ask you to respect Mr. Van Hoover's request! If you do not wish to do so, you can at least be as gentlemanly as possible!"

The commandant brushed Stonaha aside, saying.

"I will go in with Doctor Hartford; you all wait outside!"

I knocked, waited a moment, then, opening the door, we entered. Mrs. Van Hoover was just opening the door at the opposite side of the room, and came forward to meet us. I introduced her to the commandant, saying:

"Mrs. Van Hoover, the commandant has asked permission to visit the yacht. We have

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finished our rounds with the exception of your apartments. Will you allow us to search them?"

"Certainly, doctor; I have no objections."

She opened drawers, closets, doors, and any place that liquor could be concealed. I had told her before of the suspicions of the Brugolians that we had liquor secreted, so she was prepared. She led the way through the rooms, talking pleasantly to the commandant. Her calmness seemed to shame him and he made but little effort to search for hidden liquor.

As we left, the commandant bowed to Mrs. Van Hoover, thanking her for her courtesy.

From Mrs. Van Hoover's apartments we went to those of the girls, but their rooms appeared to be vacant, and after a quick search we rejoined the waiting officers. Going on deck, where they seated themselves, the commandant, addressing Van Hoover, said:

"Mr. Van Hoover, it seems incredible that you, a millionaire, should have no liquor on board, but as our search has been futile, we must conclude that you have told the truth."

The Brugolians were very chagrined and their surly faces showed their keen disappointment. The commandant rose, followed by

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Dar Wymoho and Stonaha, and they made their way to the side of the yacht, preparing to depart for the battleship. The commandant said:

“Tomorrow we will attend to the transferring of the goods we require.”

So much had occurred during the afternoon that we were tired and hoped that the Brugolians would be the same, and leave us for the rest of the evening undisturbed.

That evening dinner was very late. The Brugolian officers who remained on board were quiet and gentlemanly.



### XXXIV.

For the way is often dreary,  
And the feet are often weary,  
And the heart is very sad.  
---Trine.

I know that there are no errors  
In the great Eternal Plrn,  
And that all things work together  
For the final good of man.  
---Anonymous.

THE sea had become calmer, but there was still a gloomy atmosphere. The lights from the battleship could be seen, but the craft made a fantastic appearance with her somber, intimidating hull and death-foreboding guns, overcast by dark, gloomy clouds during this brooding, ominous night.

After dinner, Captain Burton and I were strolling on deck. Everywhere were guards.

As I was anxious to inquire about the ladies we went to Van Hoover's rooms. Hardly were we seated when suddenly a shot rang out, immediately followed by another.

We hurried out and saw the chief engineer and a few of our sailors speeding toward the boat deck. Following in the same direction we arrived to find a crowd had already gathered.



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On the deck lay a Brugolian, unconscious, while Phil and a sailor were trying to assist him.

Our second officer, the young Brugolian officer, and Viola, were supporting Ritter, whose blood was oozing from his left breast through his coat and shirt.

With a quick glance at the surroundings, I noticed Mrs. Van Hoover and Miss Judith standing near by, the latter supported by the third officer. She was pale and trembling, and on the verge of hysterics. Mrs. Van Hoover herself seemed not quite calm, altho' she was soothing the girl.

The other Brugolian officer was talking to a sergeant and a mariner, who seemed to be explaining the situation.

As I was about to stoop and examine Ritter's wound, the young officer whispered in my ear:

"The ladies must be removed to safety before my superior officers return."

"What can I do?" I said, while examining the wound.

"Will you trust me?" he asked.

"Certainly I will. I know I can trust you, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your sympathy."

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"I will see what I can do," said the young man, depressed.

"We know very well," I said, attending to Ritter's wound, "that it is not possible to hide them much longer."

"Anyway, try to postpone the meeting with my superiors as long as you can."

Ritter's wound was not very serious. I had stopped the flow of blood.

"Well, Ritter," I said, "keep up your courage, my friend. You are lucky. The bullet passed between your arm and breast. Just keep quiet."

"Thank you, doctor," he replied, feebly.

Viola, taking his hand, said softly:

"I have to thank you, my friend. You tried to help us, with this result. You are a brave and good friend. I cannot express my gratitude; words are inadequate."

He smiled, painfully, and said in a low voice, while his eyes filled with tears:

"It is little enough for the kindness you people have shown me. I would gladly do more!"

I ordered Ritter to be taken to his berth. As he was carried away I glanced at the young Brugolian officer, who was evidently moved by this incident, and said:

"It will be best for you not to show your

sympathy for us."

"I will go now," he replied gloomily, looking at Viola with evident admiration and curiosity.

The Brugolian, who was unconscious, had recovered. I had ordered a compress put on his head where he had received the blow.

Gradually the onlookers had returned to their posts or quarters, with the exception of the guard, a few officers, the ladies, Van Hoover, and myself.

"What about the ladies?" inquired Burton. "There is no use of trying to hide them any longer, as the report will be made and the other Brugolian officers will soon be here."

I told them what the young officer had said.

"Very well," said Van Hoover, "let us trust him!"

As we walked away, one of the Brugolians, indicating us, made some remark, but the young officer whispered something in his ear, whereupon the other nodded approvingly and laughed. The young officer then came after us.

When we had left the boat deck, he explained:

"I had to jest, and told him I would lock the ladies in the cabins to make sure of them."

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You will trust me for that. I cannot guarantee the ultimate success of this ruse, so you must be prepared sooner or later for the coming trial."

He led the way to the apartments. I took the opportunity to press Viola's hand to my heart. She knew the words that burned on my lips. I was anxious to know the cause of the incident and particularly how she and the other ladies came to be on the boat deck, but I had no chance at that moment to inquire.

The mariners who were on guard in front of the corridor entrance, stood aside as their officer approached. He commanded the sergeant to follow him.

Arriving at the ladies' apartments, the Brugolian officer commanded the sergeant to open the first door, and to take out the key which was on the inside. With pretended harshness he inquired:

"Whose cabin is this?"

Captain Burton pushed Miss Judith inside, saying to her in a low voice:

"Be calm and have confidence that all will come out right."

"Lock the door!" commanded the officer in Brugolian.

Next came Mrs. Van Hoover, and she, too,

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was locked in.

At Viola's door he could not refrain from looking at the girl's wonderful, calm and inspirational face; then, raising his cap, and bowing low, he commanded the door to be locked.

Receiving the keys from the sergeant, he addressed Burton, still pretending sternness:

"When the ladies' meals are ready, please, let me know."

Then turning to the sergeant: "I will see that the steward also brings you something to eat and drink."

The sergeant saluted and said:

*"Zem befoh, horr Lutnant!"*

We went to the dining room where Burton ordered the steward to prepare dinner for the ladies and also for the guards, and in a low tone told him to follow the orders of the young officer.

"Be careful of yourself," Van Hoover said to the lieutenant. "Do not get into difficulty for our sake!"

"I am not afraid, and it does not matter much, anyhow!"

We shook hands with him before he left us.

After the Brugolian had gone, I asked Van Hoover and Burton whether they could tell me

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the cause of the shooting and the presence of the ladies on the boat deck.

“You remember, of course, the stairs leading from the small cabin in mother’s apartment up to the boat deck?”

“Yes,” I replied, knowing that there was a kind of closet or small cabin, which I had seen on my first inspection of the yacht, but this time it had escaped the attention of the commandant and of myself that afternoon. “You told me that in case of shipwreck, fire or other danger, one could get away by these stairs.”

“You understand, of course, that when the commandant found no one but mother in her room, the girls had gone through this closet up the stairs to the boat deck, hiding themselves in the small cabin in which these stairs ended.”

“You know also,” Burton interrupted, “that this cabin ( it is rather the landing of the staircase ) adjoins the officers’ quarters.”

“Yes, I know, but what occurred at the time of the shooting?”

“Ellis, who was in his cabin, told me that he heard a cry coming from the staircase landing, then a door flung open. Thereupon another cry. He hurried out and saw Ritter strike a Brugolian who held Miss Shetland by

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the arm. Another Brugolian, who was at a short distance from the scene, shot at Ritter."

"The ladies thought," Van Hoover added, "that they could get a little fresh air without being seen."



### XXXV

The heart of the fool is in his tongue; the tongue of the wise is in his heart.---Turkish Proverb.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair.  
They have a vital part, and share  
In shaping words and moulding fate;  
God's system is so intricate.

---Trine.

WHEN we came back on deck, the commandant, Stonaha, and Dar Wymoho, accompanied by a blond officer, had returned and were talking with the other Brugolian officers, who were evidently explaining the occurrence.

We walked to and fro, keeping our eyes on the Brugolian officers.

After awhile, Stonaha called a sailor, and, pointing to a couple of baskets, ordered them taken to the aft deck. I noticed that they were filled with different kinds of bottles.

The officers walked aft and seated them-

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selves around the table. They had apparently chosen this place, as it was cooler here than in the salon, the sea moreover had calmed somewhat since dinner.

Soon we heard the uncorking of bottles and the clinking of glasses. They were celebrating their capture of the yacht.

Presently, the steward appeared, saying the ladies' meals were ready.

"Tell the young officer," said Van Hoover, pointing aft, "he is there."

The steward delivered his message.

"I have the honor," I heard the young officer speaking in Brugolian to his superiors, "of having been appointed turnkey to the ladies, and their food examiner. So, gentlemen, allow me to attend to my high and honorable duties."

All laughed at his mocking tone. One called after him:

"Here, Konart, drink first a glass of wine! You have been without any! Drink, poor fellow!"

"My stomach is over-burdened with the sweetness of the waters of the 'Andromeda,' Horra Komedant; I do not wish to spoil this drink now by mixing it with the waters of my stomach. Keep it till I return."



A burst of laughter greeted his sally.

"Take a nice bottle of wine or brandy with you for your prisoners. Perhaps they would appreciate it after being treated by Van Hoover with Andro liquor!"

"That is a good idea of yours! May I try, Horra Komedant?"

"Go ahead!" was the laughing reply.

In the meantime glasses were emptied and refilled; the merriment was growing. We went to the dining room, awaiting the young officer.

He handed me a bottle, saying:

"Have half of the contents of this bottle poured into another bottle. I will hide it somewhere till I need it. The half empty bottle must come from the ladies' room. We must delay as long as possible any meeting of the half-drunken officers with the ladies. I think it would be wise for you to retire to your rooms. My superiors are more excited when they see you. I think I can protect the ladies better than you can."

"I think you are right," Van Hoover said.

"If you need us you know where to find us."

"Yes, I know. Can I ring from the apartments for the steward?"

"Yes," Burton replied, "in every cabin you

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will find an electric bell button."

Turning to the steward, Konart asked:

"Can you stay here with a few other men?"

"Yes, sir, I can."

"Now listen," the Brugolian said in a low tone. "If you get a call three times, from the ladies apartments or salons, come alone; if four times, send for Mr. Van Hoover and the doctor. Come immediately to the room from which comes the ring. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"It would be as well to call the captain if I ring four times. I am taking these precautions in case I am powerless to act alone."

"Success be with you," said Van Hoover, "I trust no such expedient will be necessary; and if so, that you will be able to ring the bell."

"I will not fail! In case of extreme necessity I will defend you and the ladies from any personal attack."

We grasped his hands and thanked him for his bravery.

"That's all right!" he said, moved and turning aside his melancholy eyes. Then forcing himself to an indifferent attitude, he remarked: "We must go now! Steward, are you ready?"

He left, followed by the steward, who car-

ried the food.

"We can trust him, can we?" Burton asked.  
"You feel sure of him?"

"I have confidence in him," said Van Hoover emphatically.

"I too," I confirmed.

"Then," Burton remarked, "I must tell Henderson and the others."

"Now," Van Hoover said, "let us follow the young man's advice, and retire to our cabins. Let us keep our minds on the one thing for the present: the safety of the ladies by sending thoughts of protection. If we feel like sleeping, will that we protect the ladies with our astral bodies and with higher forces. You know what can be done on the higher planes!"

"I think it best that we do not undress," Burton suggested,

With a "Good night" we parted.



### XXXVI

The heart of the wise is soft as a lotus flower in prosperity, but in adversity it is as firm as a mountain rock.---Sanskrit Proverb.

Comfort one another  
With the handclasp close and tender,  
With the sweetness love can render,  
And the looks of friendly eyes.  
---Trine.

I DID not go to my cabin immediately, but went on deck, leaning over the railing and glancing over the somber ocean and at the dark clouds. The moon tried in vain to break through, effecting only, now and then, gloomy, greyish shades, bringing forth shadow-like apparitions. From the distance there seemed to appear obscure figures, moving about as if chasing each other, but coming nearer and nearer, then disappearing in the opposite direction. The whole surface of water and sky above had a melancholic appearance and a melancholic atmosphere, causing melancholic thoughts.

It was a dark, dismal night!

I became dismayed and went to my rooms.

I made a few notes and tried to read, but my mind wandered. I then seated myself in

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an easy chair and went over the events of the day. Why did these trials come to us? If not from causes in this life, then it must be



from causes in former incarnations! What would be the outcome of it all? Why should Van Hoover be robbed of his necessary coal and food, causing delay until we could get a new supply? And perhaps be compelled to live on this uninhabited island? And then---

“Plenty of coconuts!” I received, clairaudiently.

“I know!”

“They make the body strong and healthy!”

“That is true.”

“And plenty of fresh air!”

“Yes.”

“It is a nice vacation for awhile!”

I became calm and more at ease.

“Don’t worry! I love you, dear Henry!”

Then I knew it was Viola---a feeling as if she were standing by my side; as if I felt her arms around me. My heart reached out to her, and I whispered:

“Are you here again, my Love,

“Are you here, as coming from above?

“To bring me a message---

“A message of Love, of Hope, and of Courage,

“To fill my heart, oh Fairy,

“With joy, and peace, and light:

“Making me feel so happy,

“Making me feel so bright?

“Did you come to inspire

“My soul, my spirit, my all

“With that heavenly fire:

“To make me feel, as if I could

“Overcome obstacles, and---

“Indeed I should

“Conquer the world,

“And lay it at your feet, My Sweet!

“Why do I feel your presence,

“Why do I feel your soul?

“What does recall me

“Your first appearance?

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“When we met so strangely  
“At some sudden goal?”

This verse came to my mind: a verse I had written on a former occasion ( neglecting the customary rules of versification ), but not quite finished.

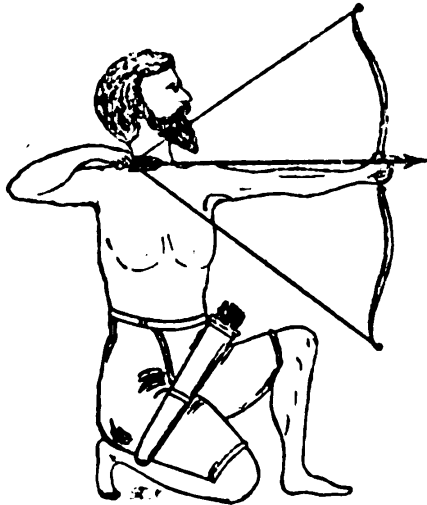
Could Love have been my inspiration?  
Love, represented in the one being: Viola?

“Love is powerful, dear Henry!” was the answer from Viola. “Love can conquer the world! Love is the key to life!”

“Oh, my dear Love!” I whispered. “My dear Viola, how I love you!”

Then another voice sounded in my ear:

“Prepare thyself for the coming battle!”



### XXXVII

And I feel a power uprising,  
Like the power of an embryo god;  
With a glorious wall it surrounds me,  
And lifts me up from the sod,  
---Trine.

A man by his own acts goes down and down, or moves upwards, as the digger of a well, or the builder of a wall.---Sanskrit Proverb.

**M**Y tired body gave away; I relaxed: and I realized the psychic lethargy that was stealing over me. I slept; at least it seemed to me I slept. However, I was conscious that my physical body was on the chair---and I walked out to the aft deck.

Though the scene I saw was repulsive, yet I must describe it as briefly as possible, or little can be understood of the events that followed during the same night.

Here was the group of drunken men, shouting to one another in thick tongues, laughing at the stupid remarks of Dar Wymoho, who looked strangely tall. His pale face and dull eyes did not improve his appearance. He was swinging a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other.

Stonaha was still master of himself, al-



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though one could see he had been drinking heavily, and his sentences were becoming somewhat muddled.

The commandant was sitting in his chair, his arms hanging heavily from his sides; with the vacant far-away look on his face of maudlin intoxication.

Another officer was on the point of falling under the table.

Konart was looking on gloomily. He only sipped his liquor, taking every opportunity to throw away the contents of his glass, which was promptly filled by his drunken companions.

"I tell you, I saw three women!" said the officer, whom they addressed as Mulano.

"What---you---say---?" Dar Wymoho interrupted, with a thick tongue, arising and going to the side of the man.

"Sit where you are!" said the officer. "Mr. Van Hoover--has--hic---three women--lock and key---"

"What nonsense you are talking!" said Stonaha roughly; "You cannot see straight!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the commandant, "two---three---women---t's---a---joke!"

"See here, Konart!" addressing our friend, "What do you know about it?"

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"He is crazy." replied Konare.

"All right! I tell you, there is a handsome young girl here," insisted Mulano.

The commandant and Stonaha became thoughtful. I felt trouble brewing.

"Let us---hic---" began Dar Wymoho, "drink to--- the beautiful--- ladies--- invite them--- to drink with us!"

"Now you said something!" Stonaha smiled.

"Ha! Ha!" shouted the commandant. "To the ladies!" holding his glass up.

"Hic---hurrah!" Dar Wymoho joined. "*Lesso wo---hic---fralo si---hic---mo vina---hic---wima ---hic---on gosa!*"

"Again something sensible, Dar Wymoho." said Stonaha, repeating Dar Wymoho's words. "Yes,---hic---let us be--- merry--- with wine, women and song. Here goes."

Stonaha was about to follow suit, when he caught sight of Konart, who was looking gloomily and thoughtfully.

"A--a-r-e---you not with us, Konart, or are you jealous? Do you want the prisoners all to yourself?"

This caused an outburst of laughter.

With pretended mirth, Konart took up his empty glass, which he covered with his hand. Raising it, he said:

"Here goes, to the health of my prisoners."

He pretended to drink.

Stonaha whispered in the commandant's ear. The latter nodded and Stonaha said:

"You are promoted to be the representative to the beautiful princess and announce the co--commandant of His Majesty---the *Kosar's* battleship w--ould regard it---a gr--great honor to visit---her at her palace."

"*Zam Befo! Horra Kapitan!*" Konart said, giving the military salute.

I followed him to Mrs. Van Hoover's apartment. He hesitated a moment, knocked, then, unlocking the door he entered; and locked the door after him.

Mrs. Van Hoover was sitting near the table, a book in her hand. The young man approached a few steps, saying:

"Excuse me for disturbing you. I have come to warn you." With a sad voice he informed her of what had occurred and of the officers' request. "It cannot be avoided; the commandant and the captain would force me to open the door. Shall I call Mr. Van Hoover, Captain Burton and the doctor?"

Reflecting a moment, Mrs. Van Hoover answered:

"No---do not call Mr. Van Hoover and the

others yet. It is useless to refuse: I see that. Tell your commandant we shall be ready to receive them in the salon in fifteen mintes."

Konart hesitated; he wanted to say something.

Mrs. Van Hoover touched his arm and said sympathetically:

"We thank you so much for the kindness you have shown. Have no fear. We accept what comes to us with faith and trust, hoping for the best."

He left with downcast eyes. I followed.

Approaching the aft deck, he saluted the commandant, saying:

"*Horra commedant*, you are invited to the salon of the *Andromeda* in fifteen minutes. The ladies will receive you!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they all shouted.

I went back to Mrs. Van Hoover's apartment. Viola and her mother had their arms around Miss Judith, encouraging the nervous and excited girl.

Then, I had the feeling as if my eyes were touched by unseen hands. Now, I could see the vibrations of fear from Miss Judith's aura; dark greyish colors, from which angular and sharp-pointed forms were moving.

In contrast to this, the auras from Mrs. Van

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Hoover and Viola were soft, tranquil colors of yellow, blue, green and violet.

I heard the unlocking of the door. The young officer entered. Saluting, he said:

"I delivered your message to the commandant."

"Very well, we are ready."

He stood aside for the ladies to pass, then locking the door, said to the guard:

"Follow us to the salon and keep guard there."

As he walked along I saw his aura; the yellow around his head, though not so brilliant as Viola's, indicated intelligence; the green, sympathy, and adaptability; and touches of deep rose: the beginning of love. I saw his emotions by the movements of the forms and clouds of colors. I saw a change beginning to work. The low, selfish desires were changing into a higher selfishness and higher desires.

As he looked at Mrs. Van Hoover's face, I saw in his mind the image of a beautiful middle-aged woman. The thoughts of her brought tears to his eyes. He turned aside, but could not avoid the glance which Viola cast at him. And in that one glance of sympathy from those beautiful, soft eyes, his

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whole being seemed to be transformed. A string of his heart was touched and a responding note vibrated to hers.

A moment of fascination and sympathy, intermingled with admiration and love, caused him to forget his surroundings, spellbound as he was by that electro-magnetic current, which causes sympathetic people to be drawn together.

His meditation was checked by their arrival at the salon.

The ladies seated themselves opposite the main door.

As the Brugolian officers entered the room, the young man said, jestingly:

"I have the honor of announcing the commandant of His Majesty's battleship, one of his All-Highest!"

The commandant advanced, trying to balance himself, bowing low, saying:

"It gives me great pleasure to meet the ladies!"

Without asking permission, or waiting for an invitation, he seated himself in a chair, which he moved closer to the ladies.

Then followed the introduction of the other officers.

Thereupon the room seemed filled with horrible forms of elementals and dreadful appar-

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itions of miserable human beings, on whose faces were pictured every sensual emotion. The elementals that swarmed around these men clung to them as vampires, using them as the means of satisfying their base desires. Indeed, they were the masters, urging their victims on to more drink, more gluttony, and more sensuality.

Then I saw the aura surrounding them. Around one the red of sensuality and greed predominated, in another deceit and cunning.

The scarlet on the left of Stonaha's head indicated his habits and inclinations to anger, while the dark colors of angular, sharp, and serpentine-like forms told of malice, ill-will, and the desire to injure others.

The yellow around Mulano's head showed that the man had some intelligence, but too much brown indicated great selfishness.

How different were those of Konart and Miss Shetland; and still more different were those around Mrs. Van Hoover and Viola.

How dreadful and disgusting was this astral vision. And to think that the pure souls and bodies of Mrs. Van Hoover and Viola, and even of Miss Shetland, had to come in contact with these beasts.

A feeling of despair came over me. I even  
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doubted the wisdom of such a sacrifice. Then I wished I had the power to drive away the demons.

As if in answer to my thoughts a Presence entered the room. Looking around I saw Van Hoover entering, followed by Burton, both in their astral body. They came to my side and gave me their hands.

"Fear not," said Van Hoover. "We have the power to protect our loved ones."

The Brugolians were becoming more familiar, even attempting to take the ladies' hands.

The commandant and Stonaha were seated opposite Viola, Dar Wymoho opposite Mrs. Van Hoover, Mulano and the blond officer opposite Miss Judith. Dar Wymoho was talking alternately to the ladies, interrupting the conversation of the other men. At last Stonaha said in a rough tone:

"Behave yourself and talk to your own party!"

Mulano leered at Miss Judith and made a movement as if to put his arm around her.

She jumped to her feet, crying:

"You uncouth villain, can't you respect the wishes of a lady?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the commandant.

Thereupon, looking at Viola with his evil,



se<sup>n</sup>suous eyes, he reached toward her.

She rose, and calmly met his advance, looking into his eyes with a glance that seemed to pierce his very heart; he stopped as though struck by a current of electricity. He settled back in his chair.

Stonaha, however, was not so easily rebuffed. He waited until the commandant had seated himself. Then, addressing Viola, he said:

“Do--o--n’t be alarmed! S--s--it do--o--wn!”

She did not notice him; her attention was attracted to Miss Shetland, who was struggling with Dar Wymoho, Mulano, and the blond officer. Mulano had her in his arms and was about to kiss her, when Mrs. Van Hoover, Viola and Konart went to her rescue.

The officers looked at Konart, wondering. They had forgotten him, as he had been watching at the door.

He stepped back, crossing his arms, but said nothing.

The commandant looked like a whipped child, cowering in his chair.

Stonaha was enraged. Although half-drunk, the chivalry of the young officer accused him and his brutality, and also prevented him from carrying out his intentions, at least

for the moment. His face purple with rage, he shouted:

“Lieutenant Konart, go,---go---to your cabin!”

But the young man did not move.

Viola, in whose bearing her strong, courageous, calm character was manifest, approached Stonaha, and looking him sharply in the eyes, asked:

“Captain Stonaha, in whose service is Lieutenant Konart for the present? I understood that the commandant appointed him as our guard or chamberlain-in-waiting.”

Stonaha could not speak, so astonished was he at the spirit and courage of this girl.

Looking at the commandant, she asked:

“Commandant, do you give your consent as an honor for your visit? I appeal to your honor!”

He was under the influence of her eyes. Flattered and thinking he could cover his own foolishness, he said politely:

“Yes, I have given this permission---hic. Konart can stay here. But he must not interfere another time---hic---with our innocent pleasures. We will not do you any harm---we just wanted to make you happy---and---have some diversion and merriment. Ha,---

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ha!---come, my girl, be good friends with us---let us---"

Looking 'round and seeing the half-emptied bottle on the table he continued:

"Ah! Here is still some wine we---hic!---have sent you! Let us drink and be merry!"

He poured the wine in glasses, nodded to Stonaha and presented one to Viola, As she declined, he said:

"Why, it is good stuff! Come, let us drink to your health!"

She did not respond.

"Oh, well, the more for---us---" motio<sup>n</sup>g the other officers. "Help yourselves---and let us drink---to the---health of the beauti---ful ladies. But, Dar Wymoho, you ought not to---hic---drink more!"

The time passed with foolish talk; notwithstanding the trying situation, Mrs. Van Hoover and Viola were calm, but Miss Judith was nervously playing with her handkerchief, while Mrs. Van Hoover endeavored to calm her.

The commandant, seeing that nothing could be gained with Viola, went to Miss Judith, and Mulano moved near Mrs. Van Hoover.

Stonaha thought he now had the opportunity he wished for. He thought Konart would

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not dare to interfere with him. He spoke to Mulano in Brugolian, who communicated it to the other officers.

Dar Wymoho and the blond officer walked to where Konart was standing. I knew their intention. I felt a great power come to me. I looked in the direction of Konart and saw behind him an astral form.



### XXXVIII

The Seer, if (s)he but dared, could tell  
What raised the storm like breath of hell,  
That left behind within its train  
A host of wounded and of slain.---Mary E. Beers.

The blackness cannot be removed from charcoal by a hundred washings.---Sanskrit Proverb.

**K**ONART was gazing with wide open eyes, first at me, then at Van Hoover. I understood his astral sight had been opened. Thereupon the astral figure, who now became more distinct to my astral view, moved toward Viola, her mother, and Miss Judith, putting his hands protectingly on their heads.

Van Hoover went to his mother's side, Captain Burton to Miss Judith, while I went to Viola. Then, white astral light surrounded us.

Before us, the Brugolian officers, with their coarse, sensual faces, now inflamed by their base passions and the liquor they had drunk, were not a pleasant picture.

Following an order given by Stonaha, the blond officer turned down the lights. They were on the point of grasping the ladies, when to their amazement they could not move.

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Frightened by their inability to move, and by the darkness, they tried to cry out, but their tongues refused to utter the words that were on their lips.

Miss Judith became calmer as she sensed the power of the magnetic circle formed around us.

The astral light slowly illuminated the scene. The Brugolian officers stared at us, paralyzed with fright. Slowly they could walk backwards, but their trembling limbs refused to support them and they sank to the floor. Their brains were affected by the dilirium tremens of drunkards.

Konart was standing against the wall,



watching in surprise and bewilderment the scene before him.

And now, shapes the most horrible that

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could be imagined became visible. Half human, half beast, vile, cruel, bestial. Around Stonaha, the counterpart of himself gibed and mocked him, with animal-like head and body, poking and tantalizing him till the perspiration dropped from his face---he was in hell---a hell of his own making.

Around each officer were forms of their own making, dancing, gibing and leering.

The officers cowed, trying to cover their faces with their hands, as if to shut out the dreadful sight. And to make this scene more dreadful and horrible, other phantoms appeared.

But presently, with the most bloodcurdling yell, a figure, neither human nor beast, dropt as though from the ceiling---a horrible, skeleton-like figure, with animal face, cruel eyes, flat, broad nose, coarse, thick lips, projecting, long teeth, a hairy body, and long, monkey-like arms.

It wore a dress, representing the present century fashion in this way: half of the open coat was a military uniform, the other half that of a diplomat. One half of the pants was black, with blood spots, and the other half was red with dirty spots; both were decorated with medals, indicating the reward for

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bloodshed and dirty intrigues.

Around its ankles were chains of gold, hung with money, the fingers and toes being covered with diamonds. On a chain of gold which hung around the neck was a safe; money and symbols of money were hung all over it.

Around its stout belly was a belt on which were battleships, dreadnoughts, and submarines, tanks and airplanes, and between these guns, bombshells, sabres, bayonets, knives and daggers, on which were pieces of human flesh with the blood still dripping. On its head it wore a helmet, the front of which was the emblem of death, the skull and crossbones.

Now, as I looked at it, the background became black, then, gradually it encompassed the other figure and slowly filled the room; the black cloud then assumed the shape of an immense beast or gorilla. This immense figure represented all the base emotions of the human mind.

In one hand he held a sabre, dripping with blood. This I took to represent war and bloodshed.

Every article that this monster wore was stamped with the sign of the cross.

When it came up it made a deafening noise with the metallic ornaments, articles and



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chains.

Speaking in a harsh, guttural tone, it addressed the Brugolians.

"Kneel before me and worship me! Sell me your soul, your life, your love and your conscience! Come to me, all who are greedy for money and bloodthirsty, who can lie, steal and kill! Who has rage, envy, and wickedness? Come---come---to me! This is life---blood, b-l-o-o-d! Money---money---get it! Sell me your soul! I pay good prices. If you have love in your hearts for your enemies, I can deliver you from it! If you have truth, exchange it for lies. Sell me the truth. I will pay gold ---gold! If you want your neighbor's country or possessions, come to me. I will help you to get it. But, sell---your soul---to me! My articles are genuine. Look at the cross, ha! ha! Look at the cross! But sell, sell me your s-o-u-l!"

Myriads of phantoms danced around him in an orgy of glee.

How horrible the sight, when the officers also saw their own victims appearing, surrounding each of them with a revengeful, hateful, despairing agony, trying to harm the causers of their misery.

The perspiration on <sup>the</sup> officers' faces, the agony

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they suffered by looking at these visions of hell, caused compassion in my heart. And I wished for their sake it would end.

As if in answer to my wish, the vision faded and all was dark.



### XXXIX

I know that each sinful action  
As sure as the night brings shade,  
Is somewhere, some time punished,  
Though the hour be long delayed.---Anonymous.

ON awakening I was surprised to find myself in my study, the astral vision still vivid in my mind. My first impulse was to go to the salon. As I opened the door, I met Van Hoover. We hurried to the salon, not interfered with by the guard, and switched on the light, whereupon a terrible scene met our eyes.

My first thought was for Viola. She was sitting in her chair with a pale face and closed eyes. A quick glance showed the other ladies in the same condition.

I put my right hand on Viola's head, my left on her neck; the magnetism from my hands, aided by love, brought her back to consciousness. She soon gained her self-control. We went to Miss Judith, while Van Hoover ministered to his mother.

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Miss Judith regained consciousness, but was in a nervous, excited state. We left her in the care of Mrs. Van Hoover, and went to where the officers were lying unconscious on the floor.

Our first thought was for Konart. While I examined him, Van Hoover called the steward. Finding Konart in no serious condition, I left him to Viola and Van Hoover, while I went to the other Brugolians, assisted by Burton, and Henderson who had come in in the meantime.

The commandant was dead; the others unconscious; their hearts beating weakly.

I thought it advisable to let the Brugolians sleep, so mattresses were brought and the salon was transformed into a hospital.

"I will keep watch," said Konart, who in the meantime had regained consciousness.

"No---no," I said, "it is necessary that you have a few hours' more sleep. But we need you for a few minutes as witness, as your sergeant and mariners on guard will be curious about the bringing in of the mattresses."

As if to confirm my words our first officer returned from an investigation, and, looking from Van Hoover to Captain Burton, said:

"The sergeant and mariners are in council.

They are suspicious at not seeing their officers for such a long time and seeing the mattresses carried to the salon. While they suppose their officers are drunk, still you cannot tell what they may think."

"Lieutenant Konart," asked Van Hoover, "would you be able to tell your men that the officers must not be disturbed until you give permission?"

"A moment," Burton interrupted, "have you no one among your men whom you could trust and whom you could put as guard before the salon?"

After reflecting a moment, the young officer replied:

"Perhaps I can trust one of the sergeants and a mariner. I am not sure of them, however. But they are the best of all. If your steward will prepare them some cake and coffee, it will smooth the way. I will attend to the matter at once."

He returned in a few moments and said:

"I think it is all arranged satisfactorily."

"One thing more, if you please," said Van Hoover, "will you lead the ladies to their apartments? Let the guard follow you. Lock the door of their apartments! And let the doctor have the key."

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After bidding the ladies good night, and we were left alone we discussed the occurrence; not long, however, as we decided it was better to go to bed. It was nearly morning and we needed our rest.

Konart returned, handing me the key to the apartments, saying:

“The ladies are safe and I stationed the guard as before.”

“Very well,” I returned, “I will mix you a drink of herbs and wine. It will soothe you and enable you to have a refreshing sleep. I am sure you need it after your trying experience.”

I woke next morning with a strange feeling which I will not try to describe, as only one who has been through such an occult experience can understand.

Going to the salon to see my patients, I met Burton and Van Hoover. This time the guards halted us at the door. With some difficulty I made them understand that the illness of their officers was of a serious nature. They could follow us if they wished to convince themselves.

Going to Stonaha's side and feeling his pulse I found him sound asleep, although his

dreams seemed troubled. Dar Wymoho and the blond officer had a light fever, suffering from the effects of over-drinking. Mulano and Konart had a high fever; Mulano was threatened with brain fever. Konart was awake. As he saw the guard inside, he asked:

“Why are you here?”

I interrupted and explained the situation.

“Allow these gentlemen to come and go as they wish,” ordered Konart. “I will take the responsibility.”

Addressing me, he continued:

“I feel awfully bad, doctor, although waking about an hour ago, I felt all right. I had a good sleep.”

“Don’t worry, my friend,” I replied. “You may have to go through a great crisis, but keep calm and have confidence, and you will be all right. As soon as your captain is awake and gives his orders, I will have you and Mulano removed to your berths. You both have a high fever and must remain in bed for a while. Have your sergeant relieved, so he can watch and help, if necessary. If you need anything ring for the steward, who will know where to find me.”

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### XL

The serpent is cruel; a wicked man is more cruel:  
a serpent yields to spells and medicine, but by  
what can a wicked man be checked?---Sanskrit Proverb.

For evil poisons: malice shafts  
Like boomerangs return,  
Inflicting wounds that will not heal  
While rage and anger burn.---Trine.

**I**T WAS late in the afternoon before Stonaha appeared with Dar Wymoho and the blond officer. Their faces were pale and they were much embarrassed. Stonaha with a show of bravado said:

“Doctor, we must have had an awful nightmare or your yacht is haunted, or, perhaps, you are sorcerers and witches. I cannot understand our condition. I have an awful headache; I am sick. My companions here also complain of having passed an awful night and are as weak as your wine. Two others are lying in the salon with a high fever. We cannot wake our commandant; he is dead asleep.”

Pausing a moment for breath, he continued:

“The sergeant on guard told us you have given your services to us. I want you to go



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with us now and examine the commandant's condition."

I made no objections and said nothing, although I was sure of my first examination.

As we entered the salon I noticed Konart; his expression told of the suffering he was undergoing. I said to Stonaha:

"I am afraid the young man is very ill. It is best that he and Mulano be removed to their berths. I will take care of them till they recover."

I then went to the commandant's side and examined him carefully. My first examination was right. Rising, I said seriously to Stonaha:

"He is dead. He had heart trouble and some shock caused his death."

"Then you and Mr. Van Hoover are responsible for it!" Stonaha shouted in an excited voice. "It must be witchcraft; you people are sorcerers! Why, we have all been ill and the commandant is dead!"

I should have been justified in asking: "Are you mad?" Instead, I looked him straight in the eyes, saying:

"Captain Stonaha, cannot you understand, after going through the experiences of last night, that the fault is with yourself? And

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instead of accusing others for the things that came to you, blame yourself?! You should be thankful that you have been spared and given a chance for betterment!"

"Don't preach!" he sneered, "it is not your business what we have or have not done! It is all nonsense! It was only a hallucination! We have had an awful dream, that is true; but---*porakooty!*---it was only a dream!"

"You have all had the same dream," I observed calmly.

"Bah! that is nothing! If it was not a dream, you people must be hypnotists and have played a trick on us!"

"If that is so," I replied, ironically, "I advise you to leave us alone; otherwise you may be hypnotized again! It is not safe to play with fire, my dear sir!"

His face paled and while fearful of what might happen, like all cowards, he returned boastingly:

"We will see what you can do, when we are back on the battleship and you receive a hundred pounder of stomach pills in the hold of your haunted ship!"

At this moment Van Hoover, Burton, Henderson, and Maxwell came toward us. The appearance of them, calm and self-controlled,

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irritated Stonaha's overwrought delirious condition, resulting in worse stupidities.

"*Porakooty!*" he began, his voice more raucous and grating than ever, "playing a trick on us, eh! You got the best of us, last night, but---d---d you!"---shaking his fist at Van Hoover---"I promised you a dose of hundred pounder pills to cure you of witchery, and show you that we do not fear the devil himself! Your craft will make a good target! We'll show you what it means to play with us!"

Van Hoover said nothing, but calmly and pitifully looked at the Brugolian. Burton, however, was not satisfied without making a remark and retorted, indignantly:

"You ought to be ashamed! You give yourself much unnecessary trouble, and us too! We did not invite you to come here and act as if you were the owner of the yacht, and then foolishly blame us for the effects of your craving for liquor. We have treated you with patience and forbearance, but believe me, if it were not for the Higher Laws that we obey, many of us would have taken advantage of the opportunity we had to get rid of you while you were unconscious. Besides, it would have been easy work to get rid of your

guards---a physician would know how to administer a soporific."

Stonaha's face became deadly pale, red, and purple by turns. I could read his thoughts: the fright, the agony, the malice, the fury, the rancor, the boasting, and the thought of the blunder he had made: all whirling as a cyclone through the madman's head, stupefying his brain. His lips wanted to say something, but the words stuck in his throat.

"Let me finish," Burton continued. "We have endeavored to criticise you but little. But my patience is at ~~the~~ end! We know that your heart is hardened, that no consideration of right or wrong is in your mind. We know very well that you are determined to violate our neutrality, to rob us. You think you can do it without being punished! But as sure as the sun goes down, likewise your glory and that of your *Kosar* and your country will go down! No injustice can last for ever!"

At these words Stonaha and Dar Wymohored with rage, made a movement as if to attack Burton.

Captain Burton, however, stood there as a king, with a figure erect and majestic bearing, no trace of fear or uneasiness. He even

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seemed transformed into a being of power! His eyes, usually open and frank, had now the keen and penetrating look of the man who has absolute faith in his Inner Self, who, being master of himself, knows that he is master of his circumstances. I knew by intuition that the powerful Inner Man with the perfect qualities had enveloped his physical embodiment with a protective aura and magnetism. I knew that no one could harm him!

Something like lightning or a current from Burton's eyes must have struck those of the Brugolians. I saw on their features their shame, fear, bewilderment, and the struggle with their rage and revengefulness.

The young officer, sad and with downcast eyes, stood back of Stonaha, trying to hide himself behind the protective shoulders of his superior.

Van Hoover, Henderson, and Maxwell, though they had not uttered a word, likewise made as powerful an impression as Burton, and a great contrast to the Brugolians. All that is fair, and pure, and good, and noble was on the side of the former---all that is base, and wrong, and sinful, on the side of Stonaha and Dar Wymoho.

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This struggle without arms or killing, between the good and evil men, did not last long, however!

Forcing himself to assume an attitude of indifference, Stonaha said haughtily:

“You will see whose glory is soon going to fade away: yours or ours!”

With these words he left, followed by Dar Wymoho and the other officer. While passing the guard he said in Brugolian boastingly to his officers, but loud enough to be overheard by the guard and me:

“We will show these d---d fools---a hundred pounder will heal that nonsense and their witchcraft! They can’t play with Brugolia!”

The men on guard looked at one another wonderingly.

“We need have no fear,” remarked Captain Burton, when I translated the Brugolian’s threatening; “they will not carry out their intentions as long as their men are on board.”

“I have no fear,” I replied, “yet, Stonaha is a very revengeful fellow. The effects of the liquor, alcohol and the experiences of last night seem to have brought him to the verge of madness.”

“Of course,” Van Hoover remarked, “his conscience is awakened, and he is trying to

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extinguish the last spark he has. When the demon King Alcohol gets hold of men, his grip is not easy to shake off, especially for such men as these Brugolians!"



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### XLI

Every day is a fresh beginning  
Every morn is the world made new;  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,  
There is a beautiful hope for you,  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,  
The tasks are done, and the tears are shed.  
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;  
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,  
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.  
---Trine.

ABOUT half past three the blond Brugolian officer returned, bringing reinforcement and a litter. They went to the salon. I was anxious for Konart and Mulano, so I followed the men with the litter.

While the men were busy lifting the commandant's body to the litter, the officer said to me in a low tone:

"Doctor, I am sorry for what has happened. I hope you, Mr. Van Hoover, and the ladies will forgive me. Captain Stonaha is half crazy. He has been swearing and cursing ever since leaving the yacht. He is issuing all sorts of foolish commands. I don't know what is going to happen. When I asked him about Mulano and Konart he said, gruffly:



‘To hell with them!’ ”

“Have no fear,” I said, “I will take care of them. I will have two men watch over them. You can inform your men of our arrangements.”

“Thank you, doctor, I cannot express my appreciation. It is more than we could expect after-----.”

“There is nothing more to be said; let us forget it!” I replied.

I called the steward, giving orders for the care of the men and to call me if necessary.

“I am sorry,” the officer continued, “to cause you and your friends inconvenience, as I have to follow Captain Stonaha’s orders. As he and Dar Wymoho are in an abnormal condition I had to take command of the guards here till tomorrow. But I will take care of your personal liberty as long as I am in command here. You can trust me for that! I will order the guard to discontinue the watch at the ladies’ apartments.”

Though Stonaha wanted the commandant’s body to be left in the salon until the following day, Lieutenant Wabor---such was the blond officer’s name---made more satisfactory arrangements.

It turned out that Wabor was not a bad

fellow, though the weakness of his character rendered him liable to seduction.

The ladies had recovered from their trying experiences, with the exception of Miss Shetland, who was still in a nervous condition, but nothing serious. Owing to Wabor's orders they were now on the aft deck waiting for tea. Van Hoover and I joined them.

We had not been seated long when the blond officer approached, addressing the ladies:

"Will you excuse me ladies; I have come from Lieutenant Mulano and Lieutenant Konart. They regret, not being able to come in person; they beg your forgiveness for what has occurred, and---"

"Sir," Mrs. Van Hoover interrupted, "we bear no malice. Assure your friends there is nothing to worry about."

As he was leaving Viola stopped him.

"I am sure your friends would have no objections to our calling on them and extending our goodwill in person."

Following Viola's example, we followed the officer to where the two Erugolian officers were lying in the salon.

The ladies shook hands with Mulano and Konart, assuring them of their friendship.

"Ladies," said Mulano, "I cannot thank you enough for your attitude toward us, remembering what has passed. I only hope that some day I may have the opportunity to show my gratitude!"

"We will forget it, friend," said Mrs. Van Hoover, "I have confidence in you. There is always hope for the man who has the desire for a better life."

"With such friends, having faith in us," said Konart, "all things are possible!"

They asked some questions relating to the phenomena they had seen. We explained as best we could.

As I found the condition of my patients such that a removal to their cabin would not interfere with their convalescence, I went out to make the necessary arrangements. Coming back I saw that the Brugolians evidently had been listening with great attention. The magnetism of Viola's voice seemed to have an influence for good on them.

"How I do wish, Miss Van Hoover," said Mulano earnestly, "that I could accept life as calmly as you seem to do. As I think of the coming trials, knowing the world as I do, it is not easy to go straight and be true to my conscience. It is easy while among you, but

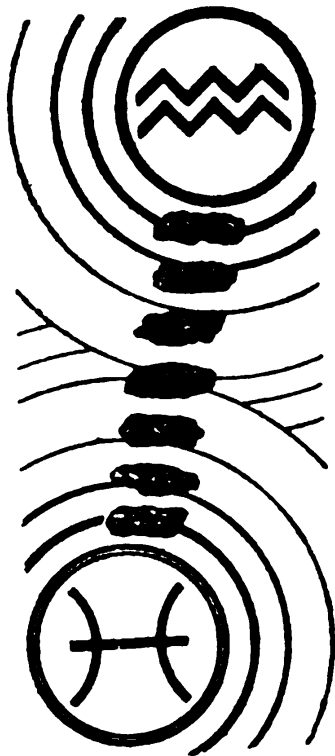
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among the people one meets in the world, it is another question."

"I know it is not easy for you," replied Viola sympathetically; "however, it is the only means of gaining strength and making you master of yourself. You have been trained fighting your enemies by gun and sword. Train yourself now, fighting the enemy within by the better weapons of love and truth."



"Yes," added Mrs. Van Hoover, "and if you remember the scene of last night, that

should be another incentive to go the right way."

Deeming it advisable to put an end to the conversation, I said:

"If the ladies will excuse us now, Lieutenant Wabor and I will take the patients to their cabin."



### XLII

To the thoughtful student of human evolution a most impressive fact is that there is an unending succession of civilizations,

That civilization which is growing in harmony with the laws of our being shall live long and accomplish much, while that which drifts, however unconsciously, into opposition to those laws, must perish.---L. W. Rogers.

It is clear that nations must in the future be governed by the same high code of honor that we demand of individuals.---President Wilson.

WHEN Wabor and I returned to the aft deck, we found a few of our officers with the ladies and Van Hoover.

Wabor was invited to join us at tea.

He was not quite at ease at first, finding himself among a better class of people than he was accustomed to. We all tried to make him feel that we were his friends and that we could understand the situation in which he happened to be. To divert his attention we

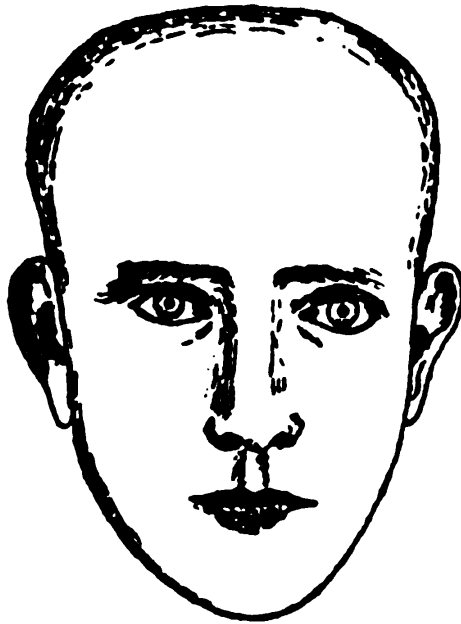
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endeavored to interest him in different topics, in which we succeeded.

In the course of our conversation he commented:

"Yes, I know what surroundings and education mean. I see the great difference between your people and the men on our ship." Then, looking from one to the other, specially observing Burton and Van Hoover, he remarked: "Mentally and physically your men are superior to any people I have ever



met. I have noticed the fine spirit among your officers and crew. It is indeed a won-

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derful demonstration of fellowship. I have wondered how you got all these people together!"

"Well," answered Van Hoover, "I applied the science of character judgment as learned through astrology and phrenology."

"But, pardon me; if I am not too personal, may I ask, in what way? Do they apply for a job, or how do you find them?"

"In answer to my advertisements sent to different countries, I received many letters. These letters were subjected to the expert examination of a graphologist, who was also a competent astrologer. From these letters were selected those who seemed to show promise of those qualities needed to secure efficiency, goodwill, co-operation, and success. To them we sent letters requesting full data of their birth, their education, family connections, and business. From their replies the ones that seemed the best were chosen."

"Allow me to ask what you had in view by asking for information regarding the business of the prospective members for your crew?"

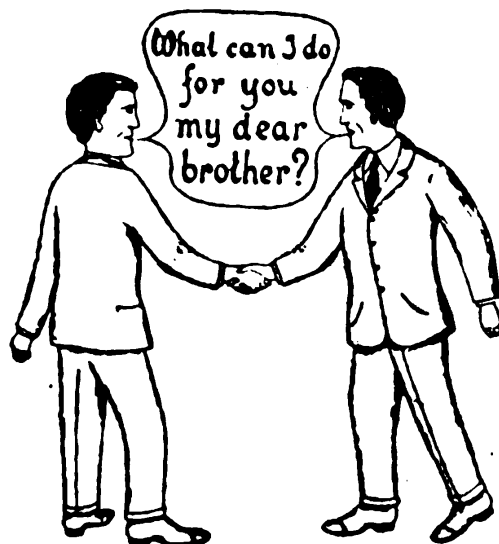
"We have another purpose than merely getting a crew for the ship. Among the men now working here on board are many who will be transferred to a colony, which is in the

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process of being organized.”\*

“Is your system of character judgment always reliable?”

“No, it is not,” Van Hoover replied. “Of course, we are disappointed in some cases,



but astrology offers the largest chance of a successful understanding of the general character of a person.”

“Have you other rules or do you follow only these examinations?” inquired Wabor.

“Yes, we have; and these rules will be gladly accepted by any one who believes in brotherhood and co-operation.”

“Brotherhood! Co-operation!” Wabor exclaimed.

\*See last Chapter: L, AFTERWORD.



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There was a pause. Wabor was apparently too reluctant to say more, though a question seemed to be burning on his lips. Probably reading his thoughts, Viola said:

"Don't be afraid to ask questions. Our colony plan is not a secret, though we do not advertise it."

Looking at Viola admiringly, Wabor remarked:



"I am astonished to hear of millionaires bothering themselves with socialistic schemes and a beautiful, well educated society girl, like yourself, taking the same interest. To be frank, I did not expect such extremity

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though I may have been prepared to find even millionaires depriving themselves of life's most agreeable things. Of course, you awaken in me a growing---a greater---interest in your plans!" Turning to Van Hoover, he said: "Allow me, therefore, to ask whether you intend to comply with the socialistic idea of having property and money equally divided among men? If the socialists had power, they would compel the millionaires to divide with them."

"Your statement is not quite exact. At least, in America the right kind of Socialists would not ask for equal distribution in a society such as it is now. Though they believe that capital is a universal possession, to be owned by the state, and not by individuals, their endeavor at present is to get the majority of votes for bringing about their commonwealth. This state established, then, of course, millionaires would have to give up their millions."

"Naturally the millionaires do not want a socialistic state," Wabor remarked, "but do *you* want it?"

"Certainly, if the majority decides for socialism!"

"But the majority is imperfect," Wabor

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remarked, "how can you be satisfied to be subjected to their theories, rules, and laws?"

"I must obey the laws of the country," Van Hoover replied, "otherwise I could not be a citizen. My karma, or fate, is involved in that of the American nation; therefore, I am bound by the limitations existing in that nation."

As Wabor did not reply, Ellis, our third officer, inquired:

"Do you think this war will bring about the socialistic state?"

"No, not immediately," Van Hoover replied. "This war is for supremacy, for keeping up the powers of commercialism, autocracy and militarism. Militarism may be defeated when the sword is in the sheath, but not commercialism and autocracy. They will continue after the war is over. But they must be defeated before a new social order can be established. Revolution will come! Thrones will fall! Struggle between capital and labor we must expect!"

After a moment of silence, Wabor asked:

"Do you think the majority of people will accept your philosophy?"

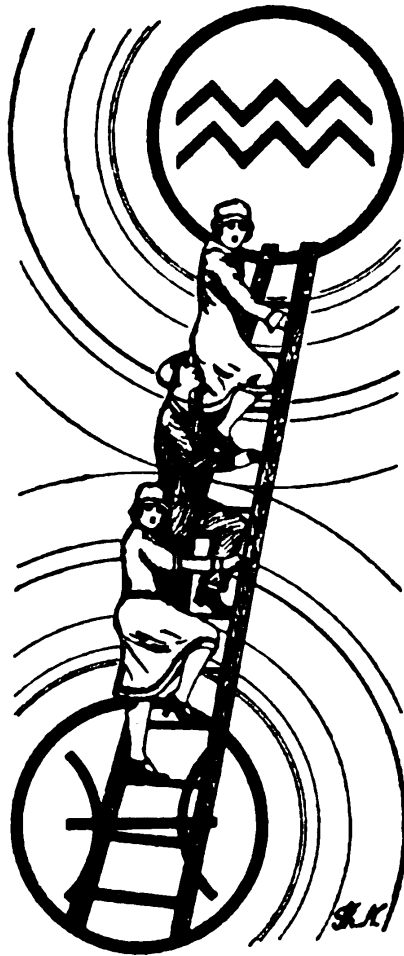
"No, the world is under the influence of prevailing customs and conventions."

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“And therefore,” Wabor observed, “people claim that when the majority says a thing is good that it must be good.”

“They may claim, but it is not true! Scan the pages of history and you will soon see.



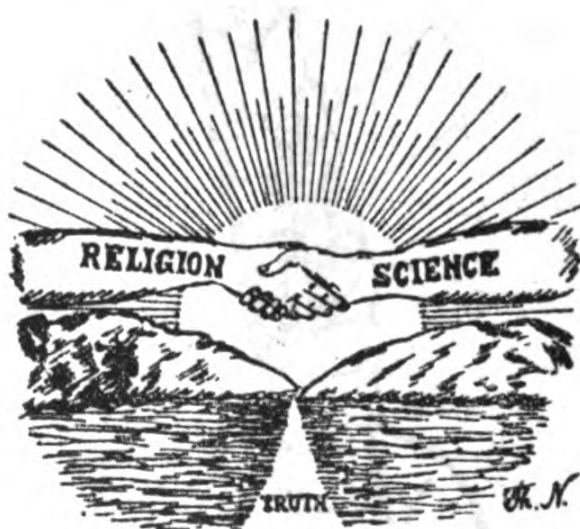
Never have the majority been the leaders; always the minority have been the pioneers--- have set the stakes for progress!”

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"The real progressive minds of all ages," Burton rejoined, "have been crucified by the orthodox rulers of the people!"

"And alas!" said Mrs. Van Hoover, "we must not forget that it has not been many hundred years ago that the orthodox churches so opposed everything outside of orthodoxy that they burned people at the stake!"

"It has been the minority," Burton remarked, "that has made possible the study of all the occult sciences!"



"It is very seldom," Viola observed, "that you find really unselfish helpers among the professors of any school or profession."

"Well," I said, "I must say, the best physicians are not found among the majority. The

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majority cannot get away from the conventionalities!"

"To be sure," Wabor observed, "the majority of people believe in the majority of physicians!"

"Yes," I replied, "but it does not follow that they are the best. In fact, it is quite the contrary. Some of the best physicians are very little known."

"The blind are led by the blind," quoted Ellis.

"The doctors would hate you for such sentiments," Wabor remarked.

"That would show their limitations," observed Burton. "But we are not criticising one class. We cannot overlook the prevailing institutions and the system that makes it possible for such imperfect conditions to exist!"

"But what can be done to get perfect conditions?"

"You may add," Burton suggested, "what can the majority do to become more perfect?"

"First of all," Van Hoover replied, "they must cultivate their own will, so that they are not influenced by the will of others. Make this resolution: 'I will think and speak the truth; I will study and investigate for myself.'"

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I do not mean school knowledge. I mean to reason for yourself, not to let your priest or minister reason for you."

"But that's just it," Ellis remarked; "many are under the power of their church and are without will to investigate for themselves."



"Many are frightened by their priests and ministers," Henderson added; "they are afraid God will punish them if they do not follow the Bible or the teaching of the church."

"But people are learning," Van Hoover said, "and church power will decline. There will come a time when the quakes of revolutions will not only affect kingdoms and em-

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pires, but the very foundations of the churches will crash like an earthquake causes the crash of the buildings of a city. And as a new city was built out of the crushed old city of San Francisco, so a new state will be built out of the ruins of the old! Soon Russia will be the first to fulfill part of this prophecy."

"It is a law of evolution," Burton remarked, "that changes have come by big crises, like the present war, for instance."

"The same law exists in the individual human life," Viola added.





### XLIII

The world is my country and to do good  
is my religion.---Thomas Paine.

One lump of clay is moulded into vessels of many  
forms, one lump of gold is made into ornaments of  
many shapes; all cow-milk is one though yielded by  
many cows; so the one Supreme soul resides in  
many bodies.---Sanskrit Proverb.

**C**ONTINUING our discourse at dinner, Wabor began,

"I noticed that your men speak Esperanto,  
Do you prefer this new language?"

"Yes," replied Van Hoover, "we find it of  
great utility as our colonists are selected from  
all over the world, and we find it the quickest  
way to a common understanding. If we want  
a universal brotherhood, we must get rid of  
limitations! The quickest route to that is the  
speaking of one language! We want to make  
our country the whole world!"

"It is a beautiful and simple language,"  
Viola remarked, "and easy to learn!"

"I agree with you," Wabor said, "that it  
would save time and trouble. In my school  
days, for instance, we had to learn French  
and English besides Brugolian."

"In Holland and Denmark," Burton ob-

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served, "and I believe in many other countries, French, English, and German are taught in schools besides the native tongue. Instead of going to the trouble and expense of time and money in learning three extra languages, one universal language would be sufficient, if in every country the study of a universal language were adopted."

"And is not one of the reasons for war," Mrs. Van Hoover observed, "that the different races do not understand one another because they do not understand one another's language?"

"It certainly is!" Burton confirmed, "as I often have noticed when visiting the different countries of the world."

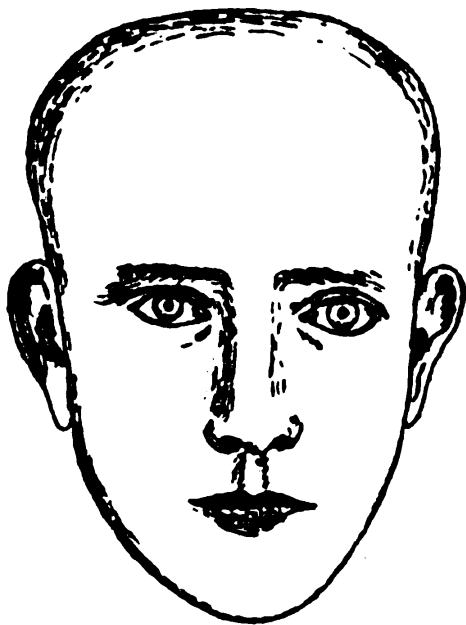
"Your plans are so new to me, Mr. Van Hoover," Wabor said, "allow me to ask, whether the members of your colony have any say in their government?"

"They have, to a certain extent," Van Hoover replied. "As the majority of people are not perfect, we must not expect such in a colony; there is always a minority of more highly advanced men who have a better understanding of things; consequently, we follow the rule that the ablest and wisest should be at the head of things. But the

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colonists may have their general assembly for consultation and deliberation; and their propositions and requests are presented to a committee of investigation, which then deliberates and examines the possibilities and



desirableness of the matter. This committee is composed of scientists, well versed in statesmanship, political economics, and educational matters, who are also occultists and astrologers. When this committee has come to a decision for accepting the proposition, or granting the request, its resolution is presented to the executive committee for elaboration."

"Excuse me," Wabor remarked, "but it seems to me the colonists have very little say in the government of their colony!"

"As children do not choose their parents and their teachers," Van Hoover replied, "so experts must not be selected by non-experts. The majority of the colonists are not experts in the art of governing, nor can it be expected that they have the same insight into things as their more experienced, wiser, and older brothers."

"But who appoints the committee?" Wabor inquired.

"I do. I have found those who are qualified; and my task is to see to it that the business of the colony is carried out according to these principles."

"You have, of course, other functionaries, besides the members of the committee?"

"Yes, we have!"

"Are they also appointed by you?"

"The commissioner, the chief secretary, and the general manager are appointed by me; the other officers by the commissioner. Every candidate for office or for membership in the colony is subjected to an examination by the committee of investigation, and if the abilities and qualities are satisfactory, the

candidate is nominated by this committee."

"If your colony is on a large scale, I suppose you will have different departments."

"Yes, we have; for instance: the department of agriculture, the department of industries, that of education, and so forth, each in charge of a manager."

"I suppose it is your intention to raise all that is needed for the colony? And do you also intend to have factories for the making of other supplies?"

"We intend to transact all the business common to modern civilization. Any over-production can be easily disposed of."

"Do you intend to pay the workers of this colony with American money?"

"No," Van Hoover replied, "with our own paper currency, which represents one hour's work for each dollar, all of which is legal tender in any of our colony stores."

"Then," Wabor asked, "do I understand that the same wages are paid for all kinds of work?"

"For the present, yes," was the reply. "If it becomes necessary to work out another system, we will meet the conditions as they arise."

"Do you intend to give the colonists the

same houses and food?"

"No, they are given a choice in the matter; for those who prefer, there will be the community kitchen and community houses. Our idea is that eventually the community kitchen and house will be preferred to separate homes."

"Need the colonists pay rent for their houses, rooms, or apartments?"

"Yes, everything has to be paid for, as long as wages are paid."

"But suppose they save their money and some day wish to build a palace, would that not bring back the old conditions of the outside world?"

"They have a right to live in a palace if they pay for it, but the houses and land cannot be owned by individuals."

"Is it possible," Wabor inquired, "that the socialists' idea of working two or four hours a day can be carried out?"

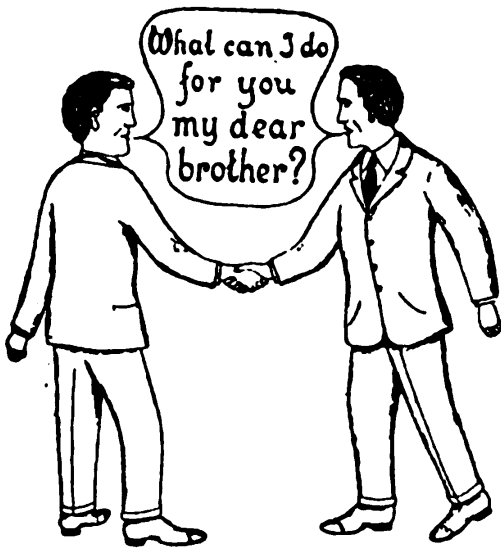
"Yes, it can be done, although being in its infancy the colony needs six hours work from every member, and in case of emergency longer hours, until everything is in a more settled condition."

"If I understand the situation rightly after your explanations, you, as head of the colony

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are not bound by the rules you have mentioned?"

"You must see the difference between my situation and that of the colonists. The island is my property. I have lent it to the colonists, the New Republic, until 1932. Then it will become the property of the colonists. I cannot yet stay and live on



the island permanently, as I have other plans to carry out, mostly of a pioneering nature. However, as long as I am working and living on the island, I am subject to the rules of the New Republic; moreover, bound by the law of brotherhood to do my duty in connection with my fellow men. If I want to visit and live in your country,

I have to comply with the laws of that country."

As Lieutenant Wabor had to attend to his duties shortly after dinner, Van Hoover, Viola and I went on deck for a stroll. Looking at the island near us my thoughts began to wander to another island which was to be our destination. Somehow it did not occur

to me before, to ask Van Hoover how he found that island Labora, and why he was carrying out his plans in such an out-of-the-way place."

"You see," he explained, "we wanted a colony where we could establish a republic, free from interference and where our ideals could be lived. Knowing that in the South Sea were many unpopulated islands, we, at last, found Labora, far away from the other groups, and I bought it. I also wanted to be far enough away from the outside world to prevent any one from coming and criticising. There are too many people who are all too anxious to discourage any enterprise intended for the betterment of the people. You know as people free themselves from the bondage of the old order of things, material and religious, obstacles are thrown in their way by those who will lose by such an undertaking. For the present I do not wish the world at large to learn of our enterprise. I want to work quietly and wait until 1932, in which year, as you know, the world's disturbances --- the Armageddon ---- will end. We know that then the world will be far enough advanced to gradually understand and appreciate our attempt."



"You must have spent quite an enormous amount of money for such a purpose," I remarked.

"Yes, it is true. In order to do this work on such a gigantic scale, unlimited money as well as knowledge and wisdom are necessary!"

Meanwhile Burton had joined us after Mrs. Van Hoover and Miss Shetland had gone to their rooms. Our conversation drifted to the presence of the battleship.

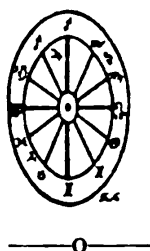
"They may have been in wireless communication with Brugolian agents in the States and Mexico," Burton remarked; "by their system of espionage the Brugolians can have data on all outgoing steamers from all ports."

"Of course," Van Hoover replied, "but it is also a fact that in time of war wireless communication is avoided as much as possible in order not to attract attention. Even with S. O. S. it is necessary to be as careful as possible."

"If the Brugolians use such tactics everywhere as those of this battleship," remarked Burton, "it is almost impossible for the U. S. to keep out of war."

"Wright thinks that the States will join," replied Van Hoover; then turning to me, "What do you think?"

"I believe he is right. However, many astrologers may claim that they know positively, I myself cannot say that we have enough data regarding the United States for astrological calculations to predict from, while the horoscope of the German Emperor, for instance, so clearly reveals his fate and that of his country."



### XLIV

Give me where to stand, and I will move the world.

—Achimedes.

Within yourself lies the cause of whatever enters into your life. To come into the full realization of your own awakened interior powers, is to be able to condition your life in exact accord with what you would have it.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

**T**HE Brugolian officer told us that he had command over the guard until midnight; then, another officer would come from the battleship to take his place until morning. Wabor had, indeed, taken care that his mariners should not give us any inconvenience. They were chiefly guarding outside on the decks. Hence we could be together in the salon, un-

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disturbed, Mrs. Van Hoover, and Viola joining us after eight o'clock. Captain Burton, Henderson, Maxwell, Van Hoover, and I were to be present.

Viola, who had called us for this meeting, explained:

"When I was in meditation this afternoon and relaxing, presently a voice as if coming from a distance said:

'If you and your friends will gather in the salon this evening you may expect an answer.' "

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We were only together about five minutes when the wind seemed to cease blowing, and soon the yacht lay as still as when anchored in San Francisco Bay.

We were much surprised, as we did not expect a change in the weather so soon.

We waited another five minutes, when Viola said:

"The voice asks us to extinguish the lights and only keep the dim light of button No. 7."

Van Hoover acted accordingly.

We had now only a faint light from the dome, as on a starless night.

I had a strange, unusual feeling. I sensed an unseen something near me. Presently it seemed as if my eyes were touched and then I saw at one end of the salon a small light appearing, slowly growing until the entire room was filled with what I recognized as the astral light.

Looking at the others I saw in them an unusual transformation. They looked more than human: I cannot find a better description. At the same time I knew what they were thinking and that they knew my thoughts; in fact, that we could not conceal anything from one another. Moreover, we knew that we were one harmonious group.

Instinctively we clasped hands with one another. Thereupon, magnetic currents flowed from one to the other and back, strengthening our group.



Presently our eyes were attracted by a being, such as I have never seen before. The form of its head and its features showed the highest intellect, and expressed the greatest love and wisdom. The big, beautiful eyes held me. I was fascinated.

I sensed another presence, and looking towards the door, I saw Mr. MacDonald and Wright entering the room. They were different than I had known them. Remembering, however, that we were on the astral plane I knew that it was not their physical, but rather their more beautiful astral bodies. Wright came to my side and gave me his hand. MacDonald went to Van Hoover and gave him his hand.

Now a light settled so as to form a screen. From the center of this a table came into view. On this was a large crystal flower pot filled with earth.

Our spirit friend now stepped to the pot, and holding up a seed, placed it in the earth. Then we saw the working of the seed. The sun appeared on one side of the screen. Its magnetic rays going to the seed awoke within it the life principle. Clouds formed, moisture irrigated the soil. At last a tiny sprout

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reached forth; leaves grew; then a beautiful flower sprang into life.

Thereupon a worm crept along a branch of the plant, making a cocoon between the leaves, and then it buried itself in the cocoon. Then we saw the transformation of the worm into another form. Finally, the cocoon opened and a beautiful butterfly freed itself and flew forth, settling on the beautiful flower.

Presently, in low measured tones like a father addressing his children, our friend of wisdom spoke:

“Inasmuch as you have seen the life principle in the small seed, in the worm, and in the butterfly, so man has one life principle from the source of all life, and has more than one life to live.

“The worm buries itself by its instinct in order to be transformed into a beautiful being. How much more ought man be willing to die --- to leave his physical body --- continuing his life on the higher planes --- as the worm continues its life in the cocoon --- till man is reincarnated again in a better condition --- even as the worm by its transformation into a butterfly.

“You may prefer the butterfly to the worm; you may be indifferent to the seed, yet look-

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ing with delight at the beautiful flower; but all is one, all life is one.

“Another comparison we can make: the seed represents your introduction into life; the plant your growth, the worm your physical life, wrapped about by material desires, passing into the darkness of the cocoon, which is the death of the physical, to emerge as the butterfly. Some of you will emerge from this life with the awakening of spiritual consciousness.

“When a being has reached the stage of spiritual consciousness which becomes possible through faith, he then enters the realm of perfect love, and perfect love casteth out fear.

“Many are not conscious of the spiritual qualities and powers, and these may lie dormant in men for many incarnations, but in time they will be transformed and progress.

“You are qualified now to shake off the scales from your eyes and see beyond the material world. You have been preparing for this ordeal --- as the worm in the cocoon leaving it as a butterfly.

“And as the butterfly is not bound to the earth as is the worm, but can fly far up in the air, so you can leave your bodies and travel in the worlds beyond this earth, or can see

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with your spiritual eyes while you are conscious in your physical bodies."

The vision began to fade and only the voice continued to say:

"Wisdom is the light which lights the way of every man who comes into the world!"

"I have given unto you a great power. If you believe: **Love** and **Wisdom** are your weapons!"

Silently we looked at one another and as though by mutual agreement no word was spoken. We went to our cabins to meditate on the great lesson put before us.





XLV

I hold it as a changeless law,  
From which no soul can sway or swerve,  
We have that in us which will draw  
Whate'er we need or most deserve.—Trine.

In the degree that we open ourselves to the inflowing tide of this immanent and transcendent life, do we make ourselves channels through which the Infinite Intelligence and Power can work.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

NOT long was I in the library the morning following our occult experience where I had come to consult some books on the subject of "astral visions", when Viola entered. Her features were remarkably expressive of that mystic light and inspiration which I had perceived before. I could not but notice the wonderful similarity in the expression of her face and that of the statue on my desk.

"Viola, my dear, as I look at your beautiful face, it brings to my memory that I have seen you before. I cannot recall where, but surely we have met."

"Well, Henry dear," Viola replied with her loveliest smile, her wonderful eyes looking at me, "can't you remember that you saw me at the Exposition, in the Italian sculpture section? But I think you were too absorbed in looking at a beautiful face!"

"A beautiful face? Then it must have been yours!" I retorted.

"No, you are not a good guesser. You were looking at the beautiful statue of 'Inspiration'. You were lost in admiration as again and again you returned to that beautiful work of art. You must have felt my thoughts as you turned your head in my direction. As I noted the look on your face and your admiration of 'Inspiration', I was drawn to you. I do not suppose you would remember me, as you only saw my face for a second as I quickly turned away."

"Oh dear Inspiration of mine!" I replied, fervently, "I now have the living counterpart of that statue! One that can understand and love! How beautiful is life!" --- I could not refrain from taking her in my arms and kissing her. --- "Why did you not tell me sooner, my love?"

"Oh, well, you must not get all the surprises

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at one time! I must reserve some for bye-and-bye!"

"Did you recognize me when I came on board?" I asked.

"Yes, I did; and it was hard for me to keep quiet and not tell you when you asked me if we had not met before. More I may confess now: I have loved you consciously from the first moment you stepped aboard. Perhaps I loved you unconsciously from the moment I saw you before the statue. In my heart I wished I could be your inspiration. I longed to be that living inspiration that I felt you needed. I bought that statue and as if I knew subconsciously that Doctor Hartford was the same as the, then unknown, admirer of art, I put the statue with the other one Mother bought --- 'Aspiration' --- on your desk. They are yours, and I am yours! I am happy that my wish is fulfilled!"

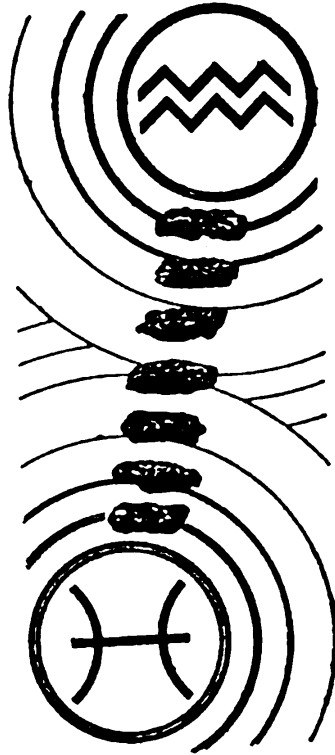
Pausing a moment and caressing my hand, she continued:

"My love has grown stronger by closer acquaintance with you and learning your character. Our love grew until the evening when our hearts reached out to each other, and we knew our love was realized and we were one."

"And then it was inspiration that drew us

together, my love," I laughed, "a mutual desire, a longing for the one that could make our lives complete."

"Furthermore," Viola interrupted, "I may say, that a man who has that expression on his face when he looks at such statues of 'Inspiration' and 'Aspiration' for such a long time and comes back to them again and again, that he is aspiring to Higher Things and must be a good man!"



XLVI

When man awakens, he'll never dare  
To send a thought out in the air;  
A fellow creature here to kill,  
To satisfy a vicious will.

—Mary E. Beers.

The brute-man of the planet, he will pass,  
Blown out like forms of vapor on a glass;  
And from this quaking pulp of life will rise  
The Superman, child of the higher skies—

—Edwin Markham.

WHEN I came on deck after breakfast to go to my patients I noticed that the wind was very boisterous and rocking the yacht as it had done the preceding days.

Mulano and Konart were still in a feverish condition. The tropical climate, the bad weather, the mode of living aboard the battleship, had caused a critical state in their condition. They complained about weakness in their backs; from this and other symptoms I concluded that malaria had set in.

Promising them that the ladies would read for them, I went to Ritter's cabin.

One of the Brugolian sergeants was with him, evidently on good terms. Ritter was much better.

The quartermaster told me afterwards:

"The little attentions which the sergeant shows to Ritter seem to indicate that he wishes to make amends for his comrade who shot Ritter."

Hardly was I back in my office to make some notes, when I was called by Ellis to meet the Brugolian officers who had returned from the battleship.

The mariners were already carrying the commandant's body to the boat, when I joined Van Hoover and Burton.

Stonaha was on deck, shouting and swearing like a madman. He wanted our crew to come on deck to parade for him and his officers. To avoid trouble, Captain Burton gave the orders for review. Stonaha also had his men assembled. He walked along the line of our men a few times, then stopping about the center of the line, shouted in a harsh voice:

"We are going to unload the coal and food. If you make objections, or are lazy, my men are ready with guns! Understand?"

Turning to the quartermaster with an evil look in his eyes, remembering the occurrence of two days before, he continued:

"And you take care the orders are followed, otherwise you will be the first to get one of my stomach pills!"

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Samson looked from Captain Burton to Van Hoover inquiringly.

"Follow orders," said the captain calmly.

The battleship made preparations to receive the cargo; the holds were opened.

Stonaha, still under the influence of liquor, was swearing and flying into fits of temper, threatening to use his gun at every opportunity.

In the midst of his "**himma-pora-kooty-no-kema**" a young officer, who had come over from the battleship in a launch, rushed to Stonaha's side. Trembling and pale, he thrust a paper into his superior's hand.

Reading the paper, Stonaha looked inquiringly at the young man, who pointed in the direction of the North-East, then in the air.

All eyes followed the direction in which he was pointing. High above us soared an airplane. In the North-East a submarine was visible.

The sight of the airplane and the submarine completely unnerved Stonaha. With trembling limbs he ran to the companion ladder, calling on his men to follow him. They needed no second bidding.

In their hurry, the boat and the launch

were started before the last two men were on board. One was just going to put his foot on the edge of the boat, when she moved away; and instead of stepping on board, he landed in the sea. However, his hands could grasp the edge of the boat, enabling him to climb in. The other man was not so lucky. He wanted to jump in, but, by the sudden movement of the boat, fell into the sea and had to swim a stroke or two before he was on board.

It was a strange sight: the dead commandant in the bottom of the boat, the new commandant with his gloomy face, Dar Wymoho, pale and terror-stricken. Suddenly I remembered Konart and Mulano; in the excitement they had been forgotten!

Then, thinking of Viola and the ladies, I ran to their apartments and called them to come on deck to enjoy our freedom. I hurried to Konart and Mulano and finding them asleep, I left my directions and went on deck, anxious to be again with Viola and the others.

I found the ladies, Captain Burton, Van Hoover and the officers not on duty, on the bridge, watching the movements of the airplane and the submarine.

As soon as the Brugolians reached the bat-



tleship, the engines were started and she was now moving. There was evidently great excitement on board: the officers keenly observing the movements of the airplane and the submarine. Some scanned the ocean as if expecting a fleet. The yacht was quite forgotten.

The battleship was soon out of the bay, evidently with no thought of the sick officers left on the "Andromeda".

Captain Burton ordered the marconist to take up his duties again.

Viola, her brother, and I followed. On trying the door they found it locked. Receiving no reply to their repeated knocks, they opened a small window and looked in. Van Hoover called:

"Why don't you open the door? Why are you still here? Your officers and ship are gone!"

The door opened and a sergeant came out, with gun in his hand. He looked in the direction where the battleship had been lying. His gaze swept the bay; then a look of relief came over his face. Without a word he handed his gun to Van Hoover.

"You can keep your gun; we don't want it!" said Van Hoover.

As he looked at the calm and kindly face of Van Hoover he hesitated, then walking to the railing, threw his gun overboard.

Turning to Van Hoover, he said in broken English:

"I must beg your pardon for being here, but if you don't want me, leave me on the island."

Van Hoover looked at the captain, then turning to the first officer, said:

"Take care of him, Phil!"

Our marconist went to his office, hoping to be able to send a wireless.

We looked over the ocean. The battleship was far away and nothing was seen of the submarine.

The order had been given to raise anchor; we were ready to leave.

A "Hurrah!" went up from all on board as the yacht slowly moved out. After leaving the bay we sailed in a South-South-West course. The sun, now bursting through the clouds, gave a brighter appearance to the islands and the whole surroundings.

XLVII

I know, as my life grows older  
And mine eyes have clearer sight,  
That under each rank wrong somewhere  
There lies the root of right;  
That each sorrow has its purpose,  
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;  
That, as sure as the sun brings morning,  
Whatever is, is best.—Anonymous.

THE following day was one of the most beautiful we had enjoyed thus far. The sea was calm; the air invigorating. The islands we passed, with the cocoanut palms and other trees, made a pleasing picture.

Intending to take my morning stroll, and going to the bow, I saw the first officer and the quartermaster in conversation with the Brugolian sergeant and two Burgolian mariners.

I wondered what they were doing there. As I came nearer, the sergeant was saying:

"It was indeed a miserable life on the battleship. I cannot blame these men for doing as I have done."

"We will not judge you," said Henderson; "it is for the captain and Mr. Van Hoover to say what shall be done."

Leaving the men in care of Samson, the of-

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ficer, turning to me, said:

"Well, doctor, we now have five Brugolians. I wonder whether any more will appear. They think they can become members of our crew. They will find out that it is not so easy."

"Well, Phil," I said, "we can't blame them for wanting to stay with us. They could at least judge the difference in the men of the 'Andromeda' and those of the battleship, and, perhaps, seeing the accommodation provided for our men ---. I think these Brugolians are not so bad, after all."

"Perhaps you are right," he returned; "I think we may learn something of interest from the sergeant."

When we were on the bridge we met the marconist. With a happy smile, he said:

"The Esperanto will arrive Monday morning at Labora!"

"Then we shall be able to see it very soon," Henderson remarked.

The day passed peacefully.

We were together in the salon after dinner, relating some of our experiences with the Brugolians.

Henderson thoughtfully remarked:

"How strange life is; strange that there must always be something of an opposing na-

ture to make life eventful and interesting."

"Indeed," said the chief engineer, "it does not seem possible to avoid trouble and inharmonious conditions. They seem to come without our seeking them: Bullock and Ritter, for instance!"

"Nor the Brugolian brutes!" Miss Shetland interrupted.

"And yet, we had them here," said Van Hoover. "We could not see what advantage there was to be gained, and yet, I am sure we can agree that the vision we had, and the reward of our faith, have more than repaid us for all the unpleasantness we endured! And who can see the ultimate result?"

"Ritter, for instance," Burton observed, "is worth while; even Bullock is changing; and as for the Brugolians, well --- who can tell!"

"If their experiences do not net them anything," Mrs. Van Hoover observed, "then another life will be benefited."

"As we accept the light of the day, so must we accept the darkness," Viola added. "Let us also accept dark and troublesome times as necessary stimulants for spiritual growth."

On the following day, the third Sunday of our voyage, the Brugolian officers and Ritter were much better, sitting in easy steamer

chairs on deck, enjoying the delightful weather.

I was with them.

When Viola's marvelous music sounded through the air and over the ocean, I noticed their surprise. They were deeply moved and hardly able to express their feelings.

And later, during and after the lecture in the crew's recreation room, they were very much astonished by what they had heard and seen.

When evening came and we were together again in the salon, all agreed that the Brugolians were earnestly searching for the truth.

"Indeed," Phil observed, "good surroundings, good company, and good thoughts are the means of making new men of them!"

"It is certainly true," Van Hoover remarked, "that 'as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he'. Konart is a good example.

"To be sure," Viola observed, "I do not think we have any reason to complain. Our trials have not only increased our faith, but turned the thoughts of the men who have come among us into different channels. Who can say what the result will be?"

After a pause, during which we were occupied with our own thoughts, Burton remarked:

“As I look back on our experience with the Brugolians, I wonder if it would not have been better to have had the ladies meet them when they made their tour of inspection. To have depended on the Higher Powers for protection, I mean.”

“It may look foolish,” said Van Hoover, “as we look back and wonder why we did it. Then again, perhaps, if we could see the hidden, or unknown causes in life, we could also see the hidden and unknown effects. How many times have we had strange and foolish ideas that in later years we could not understand how it was possible to have ever had such foolish ideas come in our minds? How do we know what the circumstance that brought Ritter to us may mean? Then again, perhaps, the peculiar circumstances were necessary to bring about the astral experience! Or, the circumstances causing the delays may have served to bring the event at a time and place when the planetary influences would be most favorable for the phenomenon. I think, we may be sure that no experience is without some purpose, and according to how you meet it determines its value to you.

## THE AQUARIAN PIONEERS

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As if to corroborate these statements, I heard the voice of our astral friend saying:

“Your perfect faith made it possible for you to come through the ordeal! You have emerged safely and a bond has been formed that shall bind you in a perfect fellowship, making you fit for the great work before you as teachers of men.”



### XLVIII

It is doing things that count. One may have all the good intentions in the world, but if they are not made manifest in deeds what do they amount to?—Selected.

I ask nothing from the world but peace and the privilege of producing work which shall some day belong to it. —Wagner.

**I**T was Monday morning and at dawn Labora came in view.

Every one, not on duty, was on deck, crowding to the railing, gazing with eager face at the lovely island.

Van Hoover, taking me by the arm, said:

“Behold our promised land! This is where we are carrying out our plan; this is Labora!”

What a sensation it caused me! I think it must have affected the others in the same way.



A new fatherland was going to be founded here on this **'El Dorado'**! A New Republic filled with happier homes, with people living under better conditions!

The nearer we came the more boldly stood out this beautiful island, lying there like an emerald, bordered by pearls of foam of a sapphire sea.

Along the shores of the island many coconut palms gave variety to the picture. In the distance could be seen mountains rearing their heads in solemn majesty. Indeed, God's nature is beautiful and inspiring!

Nearer and nearer we came! Larger and larger the island looked! We could see a few buildings and a wireless station at the top of one of the hills.

Looking aft, I saw a big steamer following. She was the "Esperanto" which we saw the day before, far distant from us at first, but gradually approaching. Now we could see distinctly men, women, and children, eagerly looking toward the island.

A great "hurrah" arose from the "Andromeda" and "Esperanto". A band added to the welcome. From a flagstaff on shore a flag was waving.

As we dropped anchor in the beautiful bay,

Viola's soul-touching, inspiring music resounded over the bay and shore, thrilling us with great enthusiasm.

In another quarter of an hour the "Esperanto" dropped anchor alongside the yacht.

Repeated greetings and "hurrahs!" were shouted from ship to ship.

A short distance from us lay a submarine and a hydroplane.

A launch put out from the shore. Two men, dressed in white suits and large hats, were standing at the bow. As the launch drew nearer I was surprised to see Mr. MacDonald and my old friend Bill Wright. I could hardly believe my eyes.

Viola, who was standing by my side, her hand on my arm, laughed at my look of surprise.

"Why, Viola, how in the world did they come here?"

She smiled: "You will know soon enough --- soon enough, Mr. Curiosity!"

As they stepped on board, I grasped their hands, and slapping Bill on the back, said:

"You thought to play a prank on me and steal a march! How did you do it! Fly?"

They all laughed at my astonishment. Mrs. Van Hoover reminded us that breakfast had

been announced. Turning to our friends, she invited:

"Join us and give an account of your actions: the doctor is consumed with curiosity."

During breakfast Bill told me he had come from New York by airplane, and MacDonald had joined him in San Francisco. Thence they had taken the hydroplane to Labora.

I was delighted to hear that Bill was working with Van Hoover.

Our friends had many thrilling experiences to tell and found us interesting listeners.

"How long were you coming, Mac?" Burton asked.

"Two days, four hours, and thirty minutes from San Francisco."

"Some going," the chief engineer remarked, "but the time will come before long, when they will travel from America to Europe in less time!"

We had just finished breakfast when the signal was given that officers from the "Esperanto" were coming on board.

We met them on deck. As soon as we were seated in the salon, Van Hoover, turning to the captain of the "Esperanto", said:

"Captain Flinck, we are very curious to hear your story."

"Well, Mr. Van Hoover, we followed your orders and sailed to the point where we were to meet the 'Andromeda'. We waited some hours, then sent a wireless for information. You did not reply, and all efforts to reach you failed. Thereupon I communicated with Labora, whence the submarine and hydroplane were sent to us. I ordered Fairbanks to go with his submarine and investigate the neighborhood. It was late when he returned. Fairbanks can tell you better than I what he found."

"I had gone about ten miles," Captain Fairbanks explained, "when I heard a voice ordering: 'Go straight West!' I looked around, but finding no one standing near, concluded it was 'the voice' I heard you people talk about. I hesitated --- again the voice said: 'Go West; you will find the 'Andromeda'.' I followed instructions, passing many islands, lagoons, and coral reefs. We were compelled to go slowly to avoid the many obstacles, but at last, rounding a small island, I saw the 'Andromeda' and a battleship. I concluded it was a Brugolian ship. Being satisfied that she had no good intentions, and not being able to render any assistance, I returned to the 'Esperanto'."

Van Hoover interrupted, turning to me and explained:

"You understand, of course, that our submarine is not built for war purposes, besides --- well, you know our principles."

"And therefore," Burton said smilingly, "Captain Fairbanks could not destroy the battleship, and drown our enemies by sending a torpedo through the hull of the craft. — But go on, Fairbanks!"

"On my return," Fairbanks continued, "we held a consultation, trying to decide the best move to make. We were of the opinion that the Brugolian battleship was not with the 'Andromeda' for any good. And not being able to receive a wireless from you confirmed our suspicions. We then decided that the submarine and the hydroplane should go to the assistance of the 'Andromeda', the 'Esperanto' following, but keeping out of sight of the Brugolians. I went as near the island and the battleship as possible, concealing the submarine first by a cape of the island. A good swimmer volunteered to swim to the island, and then walk to the nearest point from where he could swim to the warship, carrying a note in a closed bottle."

Van Hoover and Burton smiled compre-

hendingly. We all became more interested.

With a twinkle in his eyes, Fairbanks continued:

"The note ran: 'If any harm comes to the 'Andromeda', you will be held responsible. You are advised to leave immediately to avoid trouble. A hydroplane is also watching you and can in the shortest time take the necessary measures.'" Of course, the Brugolians did not know we were not armed, but the 'bluff' worked. The rest you can imagine!"

We had followed his story with great attention. Van Hoover said, smiling:

"You are to be congratulated as great fighters. Not every ship can put to flight a battleship without firing a shot!"

"The appearance of the submarine and airplane was so sudden," Captain Burton remarked, "that Stonaha was undoubtedly panic-stricken; his already over-wrought condition made him unfit to cope with the situation!"

"And they were not sure, of course, whether or not more submarines and battleships were following the airplane!" Henderson added.

"Probably Stonaha thought he was haunted," Burton remarked, "and that the horrors

of the night before were being repeated!"

"What was that?" Captain Flinck inquired.

Van Hoover and Burton related what had occurred as briefly as possible.

"Why did you not wire us," Flinck inquired, "seeing the Brugolians following you?"

"Why," said Van Hoover, "It was carelessness I think." Then smilingly, "Or, maybe, we thought you could not render us any assistance and that it would be unwise to bring all aboard the 'Esperanto' unnecessarily in danger. And then, we were satisfied no harm would come to us."

"Moreover," Burton added, "in time of war it is advisable to refrain as much as possible from '**wirelessing**'."

"When the Brugolians were on the yacht," Flinck inquired, "you could not communicate with us because they had a guard in your wireless station?"

"Yes, that was it!"

### XLIX

Never will I seek nor receive private, individual salvation; never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever, and everywhere, will I live and strive for the redemption of every creature throughout the world.

—Kwan-Yin.

We should aim at creating free men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and above all things UNSELFISH.—H. P. Blavatsky.

**T**HE days, after our arrival in Labora seemed to pass quickly, apparently caused by the newness of, and the pleasant activity in, our circumstances.

Even the submarine and hydroplane were not idle. They were used for bringing over at the greatest speed, and under the least adverse atmospheric influence, rare plants and seeds from the neighboring countries to be transplanted in Labora.

On a former voyage the “Esperanto” had brought over trucks and automobiles, machinery and other implements.

The first colonists had done splendid pioneers’ work; and the newcomers could now begin a new life under more favorable conditions.



Ritter and Konart, who were speedily recuperating, wanted to join in these new activities.

Bullock, though different in many respects, seemed unable to see the unselfish motives of Van Hoover, or understand the occult laws upon which the colony was founded. It was decided to take him back to America.

Mulano wished to go to the States. The other Brugolians were to accompany him, except the sergeant who wanted to stay in Labora. He and Ritter had become warm friends.

Miss Shetland was gradually improving in many ways, and was useful for Mrs. Van Hoover's work.

Van Hoover was very much occupied. He hardly had time for recreation.

Captain Burton and Captain Flinck, and their crew, when not on duty aboard their ships, were helping Van Hoover in different ways on the island.

Viola and I were doing our part, but mostly working together.

Once, when we were in our temporary office and hardly through our work, Bill interrupted my concentration.

"Come on," he said, "you ought to have

some information from above — ”

At this juncture he was called by Van Hoover, who stood at the door, ready to leave.

“From above! Was I to have another psychic experience?” I thought.

Viola, reading my thoughts, said laughingly:

“No, Henry dear, one occult experience a week is about all one party can stand!”

“Oh, you tease! I am an open book to you! What did he mean, ‘from above’?”

“I am not going to tell you!”

Rising from her desk and waving her handkerchief mockingly, she joined the others.

I followed shortly after them.

Walking in the direction of the hydroplane, Bill said:

“Come on, doc., if you are not afraid, we will take a flight over our empire!”

“I have never had the pleasure of being a bird,” I replied, “yet, I have always thought I should like to! I guess I am game!”

Soon we were mounting into the clear blue ether. Never was there a more faultless day, and never was an individual more completely astounded at his first novel experience of flying, and by the most magnificently beautiful vision that now met our gaze. Nature had

poured lavishly from her hand when she created this emerald island gem!

When Wright was pointing to the works of the pioneers and I could see the present activity through my field-glasses, it seemed as if my whole being was carried upward from its material envelope --- Then I shouted: "Hush! my dream has come true!"

I don't know what Wright thought. All I was conscious of was that I was living over the dream I had had before I started on this eventful voyage.

I had but to supply from my subjective mind the peopling and buildings to realize, here and now, the beautiful paradise in the far away star of my dream.

The first flash of realization over, I became calmer. The sensation of dropping from a higher to a lower altitude brought me to myself again. I glanced to Wright on whose face played a genial smile, and as I caught his eye I said:

"Excuse my temporary insanity, but this sight brought so vividly to my mind a dream I had before we left San Francisco, that I was lost in ecstasy."

"I don't blame you," he replied, "isn't it wonderful?"

## THE AQUARIAN PIONEERS

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Mere words fail to describe the enchanting scenes below and the sensation I felt, even when stepping from the airplane and meeting our party.

I was musing: How strange my dream had been! If not literally, it had been fulfilled in many ways: the yacht, the tropical sun, the battleship, the storm, the submarine, the plane, MacDonald, Wright, these happy people, the New Civilization!

Strange that our astral foreshadowings are not quite similar to the fulfillments on the material plane!

I was lost in my musings and dreams, the wonderful experiences of the voyage, this wonderful colony of Labora, the Aquarian Brotherhood, and my dream of the future ---  
--- a hand was grasping my arm -----

Viola who had come to my side, said:

“Why, Henry, have you forgotten there is to be a very important announcement this afternoon, one you are interested in?”

Looking at her I became cognizant of my surroundings, and replied:

“No, my dear, I had not forgotten, but I was lost in my dream!”

We walked to an open square, destined to

become a public park, where the colonists had gathered.

Van Hoover delivered a lecture in which he explained his future plans, the organization of the New Republic, the Aquarian Brotherhood, and reminded us of the most important things in order to make a success.

After finishing his lecture Van Hoover announced:

"My friends, it gives me pleasure to announce the marriage of my sis-

ter to Doctor Hartford, according to the rules of the New Republic."

In the midst of beautiful flowers and kind and loving friends, Viola and I plighted our troth.

We did not have a marriage ceremony in accordance with the orthodoxy of modern society, but instead we stepped in a beautiful bower of flowers, Viola taking my hand saying:



"I, Viola Van Hoover, take thee, Henry Hartford to be my husband as long as harmony exists!"

I repeated the same formula.

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When we were alone that evening, Viola reading from Sir Edwin Arnold's poem, I remarked:

"Now we are blended into one beautiful and perfect whole --- are we not?"

"Yes, my dear, the long night of trial is ended and our way lies open and onward to a perfect day."

"Read again, will you?"

Her inspirational, magnetic voice repeated:

"Somewhere there waited in this world of ours  
For one lone soul another lonely soul ,  
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,  
And meeting strangely at some sudden goal.  
Then blend they like green leaves with golden  
flowers,  
Into one beautiful and perfect whole,  
And the long night is ended, and the way  
Lies open onward unto perfect day."

THE END.

L

A F T E R W O R D

Every noble work is at first impossible—Carlyle  
**T**HE Publishers originally planned to give in this chapter the contents of my booklet, "THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING", published in July, 1926. Instead, this space will be used for another purpose, as I intend to write a second edition of the booklet, **adding to it** such material as may interest the reader.

As long as the supply allows, the publishers will be glad to send to any address the first edition of the "PROOF OF THE PUDDING", for 3 cents to cover the expenses.

What we do upon some great occasion will probably depend on what we already are; and what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline.

—H. P. Liddon.

"THE AQUARIAN PIONEERS" --- as you have already discerned --- deals with a subject of how to bring about a New Humanity. Much was unsaid, however. Reasons why another book seems advisable --- a sequel, which could be read independently --- a story by itself, with similar title, say:

**"THE AQUARIAN REPUBLIC"**  
**Adventure and Romance on Land and Sea**

Anyone interested in this subject may communicate with the author, care of

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## THE AQUARIAN PIONEERS

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The man who wins, is the man who works,  
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks;  
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;  
The man who wins, is the man who tries.

—Selected

The author wants to acknowledge his indebtedness to many friends—Aquarians and those who have developed Aquarian Qualities during the present transitory period --- in helping to make the publication of this book possible.

Moreover, the author wishes to express his appreciation of the spirit and endeavors of those now forming groups of **“Aquarian Pioneers”** for bringing into practice principles proposed in this book.

Anyone interested in the work or future plans of these groups should write for their literature, enclosing stamps to cover the expenses, to any or all of the following addresses:

**“The Builders of the New Humanity”,**

**Manzanar, Calif.**

**“Unity”, 2501 So. Euclid Ave., Ontario, Calif.**

**“The Aquarian Brotherhood”,**

**3022 Inez St., Los Angeles, Cal.**

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**We are all in the commonwealth. Kill that maggot in the man's brain that gives him the idea he can exist for himself alone.**

**—British Journal of Astrology.**



## E R R A T A :

- Page 32, under quotation: Budda, should be Buddha.  
Page 33, 1st line: conjecturng, should be, conjecturing.  
Page 34, footnote on page 36, should be on page 34.  
Page 35, fourth line of footnote; aquarian, should be Aquarian.  
Page 36, footnote, should be on page 34.  
Page 37, last line: See footnote on page 36, should be: See footnote on page 35.  
Page 64, under illustration 4: Tritriation, should be Initiation.  
Page 83, under illustration 6: See footnote, should be, See footnote on page 82.  
Page 92, Footnote: See illustration and footnote on page 93, should be \*) See illustration No. 7 on page 94 and footnote on page 93.  
Page 94, 24th line: achevement, should be achievement.  
Page 98, 7th line: wiwth, should be with.  
Page 99, 6th line: prohpecy, should be prophecy.  
Page 99, 10th line: nto, should be into.  
Page 99, 13th line: read the, should be read of the.  
Page 100, 18th line: \*\*, should be \*\*).  
Footnote omitted by printer, should read: \*\*)In St. Luke XIX:40: "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."  
Page 102, 1st and 2d line: BEFORE\*) COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS should be: COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE\*)  
Page 102, last line: on page....., should be, on page 103.  
Page 103, 11 th line: be fixed, should be, be in fixed.  
Page 104, 8th line: soon\*) Footnote omitted by printer, should read: Some astrologers and seers think that 1928 will bring another war, the Armageddon.  
Page 113, 10th and 11th lines: sel-fishness, should be self-ishness.  
Page 113, 28th line: man fixed, should be man of fixed.  
Page 127, 1st and 2d lines: should be omitted on this page and placed on top of page 129.  
Page 129, two lines omitted by printer on top of this page, found on top of page 127.  
Page 132, 19th line, so, should be, son.  
Page 135, 10th line: felloms, should be, fellows.  
Page 160, 18th line: ttrae and prove statements?, should be, trate and prove my statements?"  
Page 168, 10th line: diec should be, disc.  
Page 169, 8th line: bebcause, should be, because.  
~~Page 182, 14th line: probab, should be proved~~  
Page 201, 3d line in verse: breath, should be, breast.  
Page 204, 3d line: younger, should be, young.  
Page 205, last line of verse: fcrevermore?, should be, for-evermore!

## THE AQUARIAN PIONEERS

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- Page 208, 16th line: beauriful, should be beautiful.  
Page 209, 16th line, vagne, should be, vague.  
Page 224, 10th line, thaching, should be teaching.  
Page 227, 2d line: ybu, should be, you.  
Page 227, 7th and 8th lines: un-standingly, should be, under-standingly.  
Page 229, 7th line: things, should be thing.  
Page 235, 3d line: to that, should be, to me that.  
Page 235, 16th line: liken, should be liked.  
Page 237, 3d line: positionof, should be, position of.  
Page 237, 20th line: bnt, should be, but.  
Page 241, 20th and 21st lines: moving to fro on, should be, moving to and fro on.  
Page 252, 5th line: reproacnfully, should be, reproachfully.  
Page 253, 22d line: the young Brugolian, should be, the Brugolian.  
Page 254, 5th line, for the the, should be, for the.  
Page 257, 4th line in verse: sororw, should be, sorrow.  
Page 262, 18th line: Was it it in, should be, Was it in.  
Page 270, 23d line: Captan, should be Captain.  
Page 273, 21st line: to flight, should be to fight.  
Page 277, 22d line: in few days, should be, in a few days.  
Page 283, 15th line: conrtsy, should be courtesy.  
Page 285, 2d line of 2d verse: Eternal Llrn, should be, Eternal Plan.  
Page 287, 11th line: mp friend, should be my friend.  
Page 297, 20th line: and sky. should be, and the sky.  
Page 297, 21st line: had melancholic, should be, had a melancholic.  
Page 301, 10th line: gave way, shoul be, gave away.  
Page 303, 1st line: Konar, should be, Konart.  
Page 305, 3d line: mintes, should be, minutes.  
Page 310, 1st line: senuous, should be, sensuous.  
Page 312, 13th line: noticing, should be, motioning.  
Page 314, 23d line: gleen, should be, given.  
Page 317, 5th and 6th lines: money and and symbols, should be, Money and symbols.  
Page 318, 8th line: Wickedness?, should be, Wickedness!  
Page 318, last line: on officers, should be, on the officers.  
Page 320, 7th line: my study the astral, should be, my study, the astral.  
Page 326, 13th line: examina, should be examination.  
Page 326, 23d line: justifid, should be, justified.  
Page 329, 1st line: now, should be, how.  
Page 329, 11th line: continued. We, should be, continued "We.  
Page 329, 13th line: at the end, should be, at an end.  
Page 330, 8th line: qnalities, should be, qualities.  
Page 338, 5th line: Llieuten, should be Lieutenant.

In some copies of this edition some of the errors are corrected.

**"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR  
SHADOWS BEFORE"**

**T**HE Twelfth Chapter of this book ("The Aquarian Pioneers") was published in advance in March, 1926, as it contains prophecies; some of them have been fulfilled, others are in course of fulfillment. If you would like to send some copies to your friends, you can order from the

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