

THE
Opal Matrix

BY
W. Jerome Chambers



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Worcester, Massachusetts

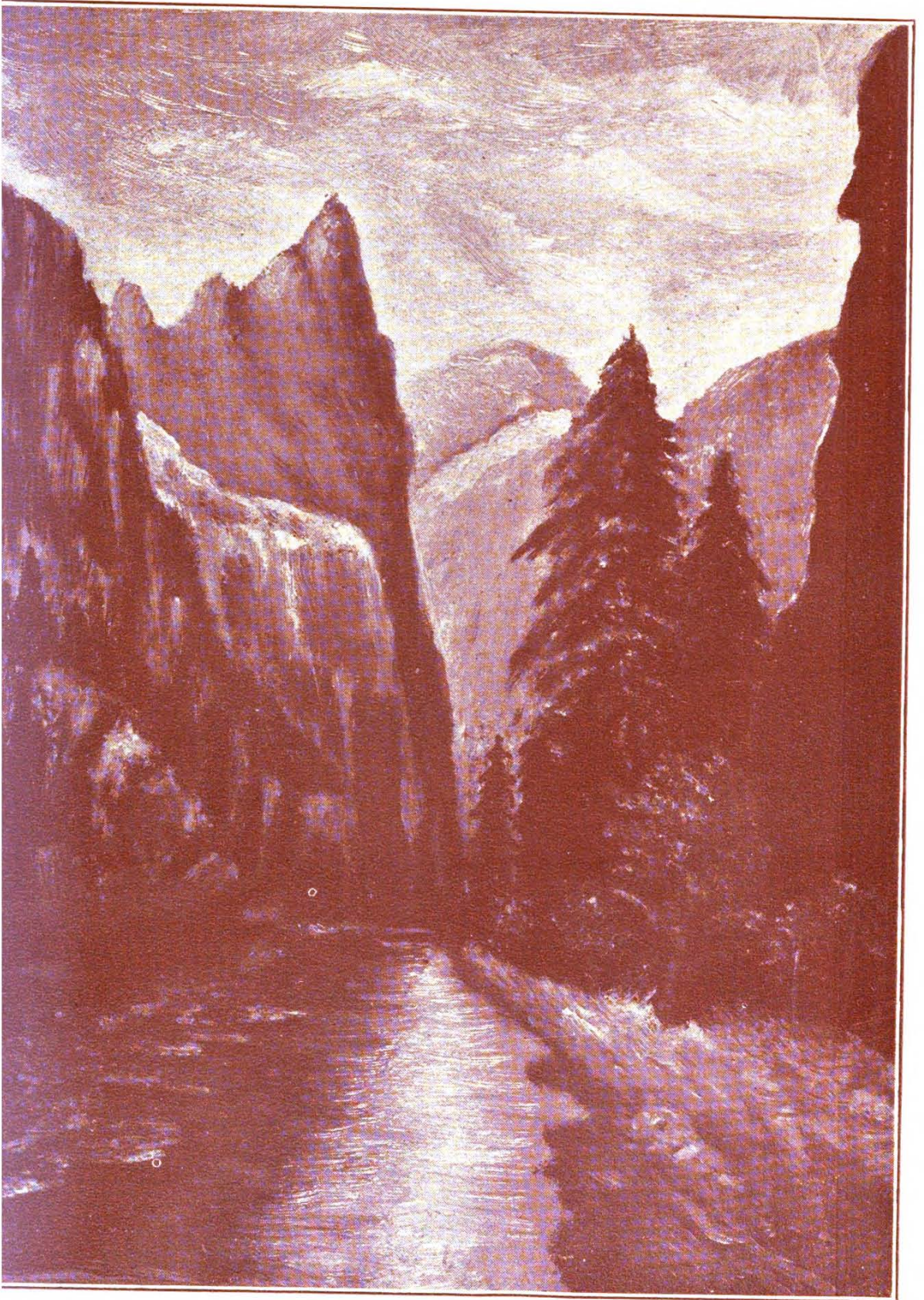
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From A Painting by W. Jerome Chambers

A Glimpse of the Hidden Valley

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10

July 1939

Mr. Henry Ford

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"The greatest ecstasy that man-
increased in a body - can get.
is a realization of the process
of Evolution, its exuberance, its in-
evitableness."

"And the reincarnating Ego
comes back, with the consciousness
of the duality of intellect and
spirit, and with the vibratory
attraction to its former line
of development."

Truly

W. Jerome Chambers.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

To

KARL D. CHAMBERS

*Engineer and student, whose genial personality
and brilliant mind was ever a source of sat-
isfaction and of education to his friends
and his associates. As sunshine dis-
penses light—so his intellect radi-
ated intelligence, and his pres-
ence engendered reciprocal
good will, and intelligent
companionship.*

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I

REALITY OF THE INVISIBLE

ON A busy corner of a city in northern India, two old college chums came face to face. Their surprise at the unexpected and sudden meeting was unmistakable. An abrupt halt as each tried to realize the astonishing fact.

"Why, George Cooper!" exclaimed the splendid looking bronzed American, extending his hand, "I would as soon have expected to meet the President of Old Yale as you in this quarter of the globe."

"Well, Grayle," replied the other, as he grasped the extended hand, "I have a valid excuse for being here which can all be told in a dozen words. You know when we graduated I connected up with Bailey's engineering outfit and went at once into intensive training. But that can wait. Come where we can have a quiet talk."

He guided his friend through oriental confusion and, after a short walk and many turns, entered an ornate bazaar, passed rugs, jars and statues to some low seats. Cooper clapped his hands and a servant promptly supplied a taboret, glasses, and a pitcher of refreshing drink. George poured glasses of iced beverage and resumed.

"Bailey's reputation and ability never lacks contracts, so when he turned down some English orders for India,

they put the job up to me and I accepted. Well, that required nearly two years. Then an Indian Prince gave me another job up toward Darjeeling. We completed that order several months ago.”

He paused abruptly in his explanation and held a glass of amber liquid toward the light.

Grayle turned a slow glance of inquiry toward his friend.

“Well, why your delay of separation from Broadway and Eighty-eighth Street?”

“Grayle—that is the question I have asked myself dozens of times during the past month. The mystery of this country gets into your blood. You simply can’t put it into words. There are many subjects for intellectual research which our curriculum simply does not know exist. Grayle, what would you say should I tell you that I made a day’s journey to meet you here in this city? She did not know your name, but she described you so minutely there was no mistaking the personality meant. I wanted to verify her assurance that you were here, in this city, and that we would meet. All this aside from a desire to see you, old man, if you really were in this quarter of the globe. But I acknowledge that it took some nerve to make a trip like that on the mere assertion of a woman that ‘you will meet an old friend, a school friend.’ Yes, it took some nerve and considerable faith. After what she told me of my past history and future destiny, I could not doubt. And this was an opportunity to verify her prediction, as I did not know you were on this continent.”

Grayle studied his friend quietly before replying.

"Yes, they are rather uncanny and puzzling. I have had some experience myself. But tell me, was she a professional mystery retailer?"

"Oh, no, she was more like an interested friend. You couldn't give her money. The Prince who gave me the contract up here, which I mentioned, is an Oxford man, educated in western ideals. He was interested in my work and was no end of help in getting us needed workmen and material. A fine man, about our age. I saw considerable of him and one day we had made a long trip to secure a certain quality of timber for piling, etc., and to confirm some statement he had made; he said he would take me to an interesting woman who would illustrate the point of his conversation. That is how I met her. But, Grayle—the strange fact is that she seemed more interested in you than in my rather uneventful life. She said, 'Your friend whom you will meet is coming to the end of his present trend of life; he is coming into new interests.' Grayle, I want you to meet this personality, so different from anyone I ever met, dreamed of, or read about."

"Well, George," replied Grayle, with a restful yawn, "I am so glad to see you, someone from home with a Yale vocabulary, that I will get a real pleasure in falling in with anything you propose. I, as the pet political phrase goes, place myself absolutely in the hands of my friends. I will investigate anything which you are interested in, even to seeing a fortune teller."

"Done," agreed Cooper. "The curriculum of Yale fails to embrace some important subjects and you are going to get some new grooves in your gray matter."

A few days later, after the friends had accumulated their various articles of baggage in their comfortable lodgings, Cooper wrote a note, which he handed to Grayle. It read:

When may I have the pleasure of renewing the subject of our conversation we had some days ago?

GEORGE COOPER,
Engineer.

Grayle raised his eyebrows inquiringly. "And she reads English?" he inquired.

"You noticed, Grayle, that I asked for an engagement for myself. I did not mention you, so I am curious to know just what her answer will be."

"Oh, I see," returned Franz. "You want to know if her knowledge embraces the fact of your accompanying visitor."

"Exactly," confirmed Cooper, and he dispatched the note.

An hour later the boy returned with an answer. As he turned away with a generous tip, George looked with approval at the neatly addressed envelope, handed it to Franz for inspection with the remark, "Of course you are going with me, whatever the answer. Let's have it."

He extracted a long, slender paper knife from the region of his vest pocket, opened the letter, and the heads of the two friends were near together as they read:

DEAR MR. ENGINEER: (which designation you seem to prefer). You may call about eight this evening,

accompanied by your interesting, roving friend, whom you had the faith to meet, which exhibition of faith will result in far more satisfactory happiness than you, at present, can comprehend.

DEAMATI KORALI.

“Well!” ejaculated Franz, as the two friends surveyed each other in surprise, “Educated, intelligent and mysterious—the three elements of charm. Why, it assumes the nature of an interesting adventure.”

The note had been delivered in early afternoon and George noticed with satisfaction that his friend was animated and alert. He talked over college days and pranks, related episodes of his travels and his years of rather aimless wandering, and as the shadows lengthened into twilight, he bathed, dressed, and carefully selected a harmoniously colored tie.

At the appointed hour they were admitted by an old woman, with a keen, shrewd face, who by her courteous manner, evidently expected callers. They followed her through a half-lighted hall. A door opened and disclosed a large, well-lighted room, oriental in furnishings, floors carpeted in rich-colored rugs, walls paneled in dark wood, furniture in carved wood. These were the first noticeable objects to attract the eye, which quickly traveled to the further side of the room, then centered on a woman standing facing her guests.

“A most unusual character,” was Grayle’s mental comment, as he saw her gipsy-like face and black eyes. Her outstretched hand and slightly raised chin proclaimed a welcome. She bowed to Cooper and gave an

appraising glance at Grayle from head to foot, as she said, with the air of a Queen dispensing favors, "This is a pleasure," motioning them to seats, low-draped couch affairs, grouped for social ease of conversation.

She turned to Cooper. "So you met your friend, and he is looking, as the English say, quite fit."

"He improves each year he lives," acknowledged Cooper, "but you must know this friend of mine, Franz Grayle."

She beamed merriment as she replied, "Long may he live as a model for emulation! Could the women catch the habit of looking better each year—" and her open hands expressed what words failed to convey.

"First," she said, clapping her hands, "we shall have some English tea, then we shall talk. Mr. Franz," she said, as she poured the tea which the old woman had brought in, "I did not give your friend time to introduce me. I am Deamati Korali, at your service."

"A pleasure," returned Franz, with a bow. "I trust our friendship may grow through association."

She replied with a quizzical look, "I was assured of that before I met you."

"What—you say before you met me?"

She nodded her head. "Oh, yes, I know you quite well. I know of your travels and experience. Mr. Cooper, how many lumps of sugar will you have in your English tea?"

Franz passed a hand over his puzzled brow and cast an inquiring look at Cooper, who was formulating in his mind the drift he desired in the conversation. Deamati sipped tea and waited for the adjustment of ideas.

Finally Cooper asked, "Deamati, would you mind answering a very frank question? I did not admit at the time how perfectly you described events and incidents in my past life. I was rather stunned by such accuracy. I want to ask, by what process—what source of information could acquaint you with the knowledge that I should meet Franz fifty miles from here, in a strange city?"

She gave Franz an inquiring, meaning look before answering.

"All the mysteries of the universe might become clear and simple through explanation. It requires a long time to evolve the placidity of perception necessary to solve those mysteries. It requires a clarity of vision and a trained will."

She looked at Franz. "Do you, too, ask the source of my knowledge of your wanderings and where you two should meet, and how your present trend of life will change?"

Franz bowed his head. "Very much should I like to know," he answered, leaning forward in an expectant attitude.

"Long years ago," she began, "in your country, you loved a girl with golden hair, brown eyes, and a fair face. A tragedy, and she slipped out of your life into the ether world and you became a wanderer. You felt yourself responsible for that tragedy and you ran away from life, environment, and all the responsibilities of that environment. Did it ever occur to you that the cloud which you allowed to settle over your life cast a shadow over the life of that fair girl?"

Franz seemed stunned. He gazed at Deamati, trying to grasp her amazing statement. At last he said, "And you could dig up that buried past, pry into the hidden secrets of a man's heart, and I thought only my friend here, in all the world, knew the details of that sad story."

She answered, "My friend, a surgeon may save a life by digging out an infection, and a man may be harmonized to life and constructive activity by digging up his buried memories and submitting them to the purifying rays of reason."

She paused, studying Franz, and continued, "And you think I pried into your buried secrets, before I knew that you existed? Oh, no! That was all revealed to me by the fair girl herself. Sidra Sing brought your friend to me, like many another man with honest brains, ripe to break through the crust of dead traditions and learn something of the existing laws of life. And because he was a friend of this girl, whom you regard as dead, she, too, came. She recognized the opportunity of utilizing my power of transmission to lift the benumbing cloud from your life. Oh, no!" she affirmed. "There is nothing hidden from the residents of the ether sphere. They know the transmission stations, and your proximity was her opportunity to convey her message."

She turned to Cooper, "Is the mystery explained of my being able to direct you to meet your friend?"

"Partially," agreed Cooper. "Did she prompt you regarding the history of my life?"

"Oh, no," she replied, with an indulgent smile, "that was entirely different. Each person carries his own per-

sonal history, but his personal presence is necessary for the reading. Then there is another force—but you cannot be told of that. You could not understand. Primary knowledge first.”

Franz’ concentrated look at Deamati hardened. “Do you expect me to believe that ‘this fair girl’ as you term her, is not dead, that she could possibly know of the bitterness in my life caused by her tragic end—could know of the censure I place against myself for inexcusable action which caused the tragedy?”

Deamati looked searchingly at Franz, and as she looked she understood the wound which wanderlust had failed to cure. Her face softened, and in a tone of sympathy, “My friend, it was a wise Providence that sent you to me, to learn something of the laws of life. Do you understand? I said ‘laws of life’—there is no death. When one steps out of the physical sheath into the ether realm, he finds a region of life, freedom, activity. A glorious freedom, colored and conditioned by his earth’s life, desires, aspirations, and affinities. There they work out all the kaleidoscopic reactions of their earth’s contacts. It can’t well be put into words to fit your non-educated understanding, but you must know that all the objective contacts of life are the material for the kaleidoscopic reactions in the ethereal. It is difficult to explain. A pauperized life here, devoid of educational contacts, means an impoverished heaven. Life, purposeful life, is for educational contacts. From contacts one derives experience, and continued experience forms character and builds the foundation for the etheric environment. Can’t you see that the life in the ethereal

realms must be the superstructure of the same quality as the foundations built here?"

"Yes," said Franz, with a concentrated look, trying to comprehend the problem, "I would like to believe such a beautiful theory built on faith and imagination."

"No," she cut in, with some impatience at his stupidity, "my knowledge is not built on faith nor imagination, nor ancient mythology twisted into a religious system, nor belief in a book revamped from parables into a code of government. My knowledge is based on actual perception, personal experience, and proved knowledge of laws regulating life."

She clapped her hands and the old woman appeared, received some orders and vanished. She shortly returned with a younger companion who conversed in low tones with Deamati, then crossed the room to a shaded corner and took a low chair. Deamati followed. She placed one hand on the woman's head, the other over her eyes. Perhaps two minutes passed; Deamati returned to her seat while the woman appeared to be in a deep sleep.

Deamati turned to the expectant men. "You are about to see a resident of the ether realm clothe itself in the borrowed emanation of the sleeping woman. This is to demonstrate to you through actual perception, so that you may understand something of the laws of life divorced from its earthly body, and that you may more readily comprehend you must remember that there are sounds which the human ear cannot hear, there are colors which cannot register on the limited keyboard of all human eyes, and the etheric forms of celestial resi-

dents are invisible to ordinary human sight, until clothed in the lower vibratory matter of this plane."

She turned her attention to the sleeping woman, half hidden by a misty, moving vapor, which seemed to assume shape. And presently out of the vapor came a tall, turbaned Hindu.

He advanced toward Deamati and bowed low. She asked some questions which he answered and retired back into the moving vapor. Some minutes passed and again out of the mist came the figure of a beautiful young girl, with golden hair, a fair face, large brown eyes.

Franz gave a start, raised to his feet, exclaiming in a low voice, "Vera! Vera!"

She came nearer, her eyes centered on Franz, hand half extended. She paused, lips open as if to speak, then in a low voice, "Franz, the time has been long. I have tried to reach you, tried to change the folly of your loyalty to a dead girl, but"—a smile on her face—"I never died. I just escaped from the prison house of flesh and I could not make you know, and your wandering from home and friends has held me to the effort of your education. This is a realm of freedom to those not held in bondage by the sorrow of their friends. The education held in store for life and action is not lightly exchanged for sorrow, without great loss of opportunity, and the wise consigns old friends to the future favor of a distant meeting. But trade not the priceless present for the distant future, and retain old friends in memory dear and pleasant."

Suddenly she waved adieu, smiled, and melted into the invisible.

Deamati hastened to the sleeping woman, who was moving restlessly. She stroked her head and presently they both returned to the men who were talking over the wonder.

"As beautiful as ever," declared Cooper, "and details of features were perfect."

"We must see her again," Franz said to Deamati.

Deamati spoke to her companion, who nodded her head, whereat Cooper pressed some bills into the woman's hands, as she passed out.

Deamati regarded Franz. "Are you satisfied there is no such thing as death—only a change of environment, a change of location, and that an ingrowing remorse and unrest is a grievous error, a retardation to the development of a departed friend?"

Franz commenced, "I never dreamed, I never thought—" She cut in, "Dreams are for sleep, but life is meant for living and accomplishment, for contacts, for experience, for the accumulation and the association of ideas to round out the growth of life."

Then there followed a short conversation and the friends departed, grateful for a future engagement.

Until late into the night Franz and his friend talked over the adventure of the evening. A readjustment of relation to that lost girl seemed to lift a weight from his life. The loss of her opportunities were compensated for by a life of freedom and activity, and his new orientation of the result of that tragedy—the physical termination of that beautiful, brilliant, charming personality,

changed from the gloom of a silent grave to the free regions of a vast realm. Vera had said, the same Vera whom both friends had known, "A realm of freedom to those not held in bondage by the sorrow of their friends." As the realization dispelled the cloud of self-censure and remorse which had embittered his boyish, frank nature, George, the next day, rejoiced that he had regained his optimistic friend of college days.

II

THE PATTERN OF HUMAN DESTINY

TOWARD evening of a gorgeous day, the two friends were returning from a long walk. Their path wound along the edge of a cliff, overlooking a deep valley. The haze of the distant mountains, the sunshine and shadow of the tall peaks added a picturesque beauty to the scene, while turns in the path constantly changed the view. Suddenly an abrupt turn brought them face to face with Deamati and a companion.

She greeted them pleasantly and after formal remarks said, "And you gentlemen have turned your back on a gorgeous scene which is worth a long journey to enjoy. Noli and I come here often to feed our senses on color and grandeur and steep our souls in the peace of the universe which settles over this region at sunset. Come," she said, as the men evidenced a desire to realize her vision, "Mr. Franz is eager to ask questions, and Mr. Engineer, you may plan a bridge to the Sun when it rests on the mountain, for there is no telling when that bridge is complete what you will find at the end of it."

Franz glanced at the gorge, then his eyes traveled to the distant mountain and he laughed aloud at the absurdity of the idea. Deamati cast a triumphant look at Cooper as she replied, "Oh, that is not the mountain I

mean. That's no place to build a bridge. Just wait until the act is ready and the curtain goes up."

She turned into a bypath and after a short walk they emerged into a miniature anteroom, a clear space surrounded by dense foliage. Numerous rocks afforded seats, as though the place was arranged for meetings.

"This," she remarked, as they occupied seats, "is the theater anteroom. The box we occupy is near by and the curtain goes up in one hour. What are the questions you wanted to ask?" turning to Franz.

Franz looked into her eyes, surprised at his feeling of relationship and nearness to a woman he had known for a day. He had never met a person for whom he felt such a close relationship. Her return look of interest invited frankness.

"You know," he said, obeying an impulse, "that last vision of Vera's white face ready for the grave, has been with me since that tragic day, until last night when she appeared as in real life and talked to me. Now that I have seen her, that old life seems like an act of a play. She is not dead; she just played that part and my grief was caused by thinking the play real. It is difficult to understand that a resident of the other realm, to use your words, can be near us and yet be invisible."

She answered, "Not when you understand that your vision is confined to a very limited keyboard of registration. It is extremely limited, and you have not had the necessary education, nor the training to qualify your limitation.

"It is difficult to explain the tints of a rainbow to a blind man, his only basis of realizing the existence of

the rainbow is through faith and his imagination. Did you ever witness a number of people examining spectrum bands? And each one pointing its limit of range according to his perception? And you noticed that some perceived bars invisible to others? Well, clairvoyant vision sees octaves of vision registration which are dormant, non-active in other people. I can see and hold normal conversation with your lost friend, without the assistance of that cumbersome robe of borrowed emanations, which robe was necessary to register on your vision keyboard.

“It is all a question of growth and development and training. The phenomena are trivial, but the significance of that experience to your mind is of great importance. You can never return to that complete oblivion of ideas regarding that other realm of life since that girl looked out at you through that veil of nothingness and assured you that her personality was not confined to the body she occupied, that it was simply her objectized means of expressing herself on the physical plane.

“Now another knowledge, another help for the readjustment of wrongly conceived ideas. And this important knowledge is the fact that many accidents, as you call them, are contrived necessities for required results. Do you get that—are contrived necessities for required results? Now that statement requires some explanation. This physical earth life is the plane of beginnings. It is the foundation-building department of life. Here you make your contacts; here you acquire the fundamental basis for your future activities. It is the factory for the manufacture of character. It is the workshop

for the creation of individuality. And the character of the life lived on this plane determines the quality of the reactions in the other realm.

“It is the old story of the reaper and the sower. Sow grain, reap a harvest. Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. But”—she raised an indicating finger—“reaping the resulting reactions of activities builds the fiber of character founded on experienced knowledge. Did you get that—builds the fiber of character founded on personally experienced knowledge.

“Like the building of a palace, each part requires its specialized material. So the human character requires its specialized experiences at the appointed time. Each life has a purpose to accomplish. It has, so to speak, to make a grade, and when the grade is made, nature is not at a loss for means to contrive the desired transition to an advanced grade of activity.

“Earth is not our home, but it furnishes the necessary schooling, the equipment for our activities there. We build the foundation here during physical life for the superstructure in the ethereal realm. We have fifty or a hundred years in the physical school life to prepare our equipment for a thousand or more years of existence in the realms beyond. And here is the crucial fact of it all—the objective contacts we make with knowledge here, our built-in capacities, our familiarity with fundamental constructive knowledge, coupled with integrity of action and conduct—all these mean adequate equipment for a satisfactory future. When a man closes his earthly account, the important question is—has he built in the necessary qualifications, the knowledge, and the charac-

ter required to make the higher grade? In other words, has he passed—did he qualify, or will he be required to return to his old grade to relearn those lessons in which he failed?

“Life is a kaleidoscopic cryptogram until the faculties of sense perception can perceive and cognize the interrelations between physical life and astral existence. Then there dawns on the mind a conception of the wonderful pattern of human destiny which is being woven on the loom of life.”

Suddenly she consulted a tiny watch. “Come,” she said, rising. “The lecture is over and the curtain rises. We must not be late.”

Franz rose reluctantly. “I would rather hear the lecture than see a dozen sunsets.”

She smiled back at his enthusiasm. “Perhaps you may have both. The teacher enjoys an interested pupil.”

Deamati parted the bushes and disclosed a well-marked path; perhaps fifty yards brought them to another opening which certainly reminded one of a theater box. A fallen tree prevented their approaching too near the sheer wall of a precipitous gorge. The trees on each side of the box framed a glorious view of valley, lake and distance. Just above the distant mountain range hung the Sun, streaked across with long, fleecy clouds of gold and red.

“Oh,” exclaimed George, with a satisfied enthusiasm, “this certainly is worth a long trip to behold. Why, it is like a gorgeous painting in an exquisite frame!”

From a depression in the range below, the rim of the Sun, just as it touched the mountain, as though a peak

had been sliced off, leaving a mirror-like surface, there grew out a wide band of light, like a silver road.

As the light glowed out, like a hidden fire from some inner place, Deamati turned to Cooper. "There, do you see where to build that bridge? No one has ever been over the top of that range to find out what is there, to learn where that light comes from. That light is a mystery."

The Sun went down into the range in a glory of prismatic colors, and a curtain of gloom spread over the world.

They all turned involuntarily toward home, as an audience rises at the lowering of the last curtain.

Franz remarked, as the last glow vanished, "I think I will find out what is beyond that range."

Deamati gave Cooper a significant look.

Several days later the two friends, drawn by the mysterious fascination of Deamati and her unusual apartments, again called. The atmosphere of the room, with its odor of sandalwood, impressed one as the residence of an important personality. Deamati met them as though they were old friends, meeting by definite appointment and the conversation drifted with ease and without restraint to personal interests of the two friends. Deamati's ease of attitude and remark directed the drift of their talk. Her attitude was the interest of a friend, but it measured the caliber of her guests.

Finally she said, "Yes—this meeting is the culmination of many events and the initiation of many future trends of development. You—both of you—have come up out of the enfolding bonds of mass opinion and class

adhesions, into a mental freedom. A mental freedom which now awaits, poisedly and expectantly, for some vital interest to give zest to energy and direction to attainment.

“It is an enviable position of equilibrium between the static past and the envisioned future. The world approaches the transition into a new standard of development. Life and chaotic conditions are now in the restless period preceding the transition of advanced humanity into knowledge.

“For long ages superstition and mythology were the instruments which lulled the restless life of humanity into quiet, constructive growth. Later, when mythology—posing as religion—became a burden to life growth, commercialism unfolded a banner of promise and opened a road to mental liberty of procedure. Gradually commercialism superseded the old standards in importance and dominance, and the world is now marshaled under the banner of commercialism, which indirectly has promoted the development of intellect, science, invention, personal initiative and independent research. And now intellect approaches the border land of spiritual perception, opposed by all the old static forces whose interest and continued existence demands that they maintain the old order, the old traditions, and the old mythology. Kindergarten attractions to occupy the minds of adolescent humanity up to intellectual adulthood.

“All of man’s ability of further comprehension of law has come through concreting progressive ideals. Each

knowledge built into consciousness is the foundation for a succeeding knowledge, a larger vision."

She paused and smiled approval at each of the men and continued:

"You have this day reached a peak of the divide in your paths of life. Behind you the past with its mistakes, its errors and its very important education. Before you lies the envisioned future—love, romance, strife, and the emotional realities of living. You have also had a vision of life behind the veil. It is very thin—that veil, but a wise Providence has placed a film on the eyes of earth's young students, that they be not disturbed in their important work of living life, by disturbing visions of a future condition.

"Life is of vast importance. Your life's activities build the foundation of your future, and each stone in that foundation must be perfect and well-built into the structure, or at some future period of time, you will have to laboriously tear down and reconstruct.

"Another very important knowledge is the law of attraction. Parents attract to themselves entities as their children, according to their strata and their standards. A wise man lives a dominated, directed life and he prepares an environment which will attract a great soul as his child. Such a man guards the unfolding life of that child, and later he enjoys the privileged association and the resulting education with a higher evolved entity which he and his wife attracted to them, through affinity.

"After a man's physical life's activities have ended,

when he slips out of his gross garb into the realm of reaction, he enjoys a gratifying happiness when he reflects on the fact that his influence promoted constructive action, fundamental knowledge, high ideals, a rational conception of operative law.

“Yes, the world has great need for advanced entities—their influence permeates and radiates. Their abilities are admired and admiration leads to emulation. Before each of you lies the path of life, with its attractive experiences, its priceless friendships and that accruing bi-product, fiber of character and growth into knowledge of governing law.

“The wise attitude toward the future is a quiet eagerness of expectancy and a glow of appreciation. This attitude vitalizes receptivity and gives a wholesome zest to growth.”

After a long silence, as if she were waiting for something, she said, “I perceive that your past has built in the required experiences necessary to a foundation for constructive growth. Did it ever occur to you that all the apparently”—and she placed a stressed emphasis on the word “apparently”—“adverse conditions of life, are afinitized conditions? Poverty, failure, injustice, persecution, suffering, disgrace—they are all building blocks in the forming foundation of character.

“Did it ever occur to you that pride and arrogance must experience poverty and menial positions? That the entity in a crippled, diseased body, formerly found pleasure in inflicting cruelty and suffering? Nature is never at a loss for correctionary methods of promoting rounded character growth. The resulting reaction of

each individual's activities is the self-constituted regulator of his progress. He, and he alone, regulates the swing of the pendulum, by dominating the impulses of the past by his acquired vision of the future.

"There is no human agency that can forgive the consequences of a crime, or cancel an incurred debt, and a crime committed under promise of forgiveness will hold the agency equally responsible for the commission. The vibratory law is the one thing that is inexorable in its reactions. All conform to and obey this law. If people only had a knowledge of the possibilities to be attained by the worthy student, possessing a clean body, a clean mind, and whose actions were dominated by his intelligence, a knowledge of such possibilities would be sufficiently alluring to change the standard of world desire, and direct impulse of instinctive action into dominant self-control.

"But—the world is not ready for knowledge of such possibilities. People are too busy paying past contracted obligations, and *until the obligation is paid, the vision is obscured.*

"However, people are very weary of promises of happiness under the old standards, which they instinctively feel to be defective. People are restless under instinctively realized deprivation of authoritative knowledge.

"To a limited mind conditions are apparently chaotic. They see advancing intellect and ability swinging like a pendulum between the two poles of desire of gain through clever crookedness, and the pull of the law toward rectitude of action. It is a strenuous period of development, but eventually payment through reactions

of activities will result in realized knowledge that 'each act performed is a promissory note to meet its consequences.' Then comes voluntary choice of conformity and adherence to the higher law of progression, and that decision of action brings the vision of advantages to be attained through the new alignment. No student, his karmic obligations paid, who joins the invisible, constructive ranks, is without vision of the accruing benefits.

"Through a dominated regulation of life, a man without serious unpaid karmic obligations may expectantly await the functioning of dormant sense perceptions which will develop into an ability to cognize interrelation of plane activities. He will become an attuned instrument of conception of advanced ideas regarding the line of research to which he has attuned himself. That is—his interest along a line of research calls for completion, and there begins to unfold in his mind the latent possibilities of his projected idea. He is becoming attuned to the perception of spiritual extensions. That is a very important point—becoming attuned to the perception of spiritual extensions.

"Now," she said, with a smile of finality, and an open gesture of her hands which unmistakably indicated the end of the lesson, "now, I see your lives of purposeful living winding down the future of interesting experience."

She caught a glimpse of Franz' eager, expectant face.

"Oh, no," she cried, with a merry laugh, "you will meet the future with a new vision, a vision which will influence you to take the right path of procedure and

I would not dim the luster of one future experience by foretelling its occurrence.

"I am going on a journey, an important journey; so we part."

She handed Franz a card. "The address of a friend," she explained, "who will teach you some useful knowledge of physical life."

Mechanically, Franz filed the card in a notebook and looked at Deamati with a wistful expression, as he said, "Deamati, meeting you has been a great event in my life. And it is impossible for me to express my appreciation of the knowledge which you have given us."

She smiled. "You were ready for the knowledge. That explains your appreciation."

Franz continued, "I cannot repay. I can only feel thankful, but I want you to have this."

He produced from an inner pocket a jeweled ring. "This belonged to that fair girl, as you call her. We designed it. I have carried it ever since she passed over. I am sure she also would want you to have her ring."

Deamati took the ring, looked approvingly at its perfections, slipped it on her finger and held the hand out for the effect. She exclaimed, as she still admired the ring, "A beautiful thing to exchange for a vision. I love such jewels as these. I shall keep it in remembrance of my friends that I initiated—you, Franz—and your friend—into a new department of knowledge which you were ready for."

III

COOPER TAKES A NEW CONTRACT

FOR A few days after Deamati's departure, the friends lingered in the vicinity of their initiation into new knowledge, talking over its details and application.

"George, I feel as if my future had been charted out. I feel as if I had been given a road map of life. What direction of purpose and action is made clear by definite knowledge."

"Yes," agreed George. "Deamati said, 'You can never go back to the old attitude of mind which possessed you before that lost girl looked out at you through that veil of nothingness and assured you that there is no death, and advised you to consign old friends to a future meeting.' Oh, yes, definite knowledge gives a stability to thought, gives a basis for decision, and a confidence in procedure."

A few days later Cooper received an offer of contract for construction from the Turkish Government, which he decided was too tempting to turn down. There followed conferences, telegrams, details of specifications, and at last, accompanied by the official delegates, George departed for new fields of interest.

IV

THE HIDDEN VALLEY

FRANZ felt strangely alone after the departure of his friend. The friend who had introduced him to Deamati and all the important knowledge which had resulted from that introduction. He spent a portion of the day thinking over that unusual experience, and the influence the instruction would have in his life. Toward evening he decided to again visit the site of that gorgeous sunset. He took the well-remembered trail which he and his friend had followed the evening they had met Deamati. He judged the location of that path which led to that natural theater box. He tried to locate the entrance to the path by the view of the mountains and the distance to the outskirts of the town. But the path had vanished. He retraced his steps and tried again to locate the entrance to that path. It was impossible to penetrate the dense jungle without the path. He was baffled! Nowhere within hundreds of feet of where the path should be was there the slightest evidence of a path.

He was about to follow the trail which he and his friend had followed, when suddenly before him stood a Hindoo with a smiling face and evidently amused at his bewilderment. Franz was annoyed that anyone

could approach him so close unnoticed, but he returned the smile and a gesture of his hands expressed that the search was useless.

The man spoke in good English, "You are a friend of Deamati and you seek the path."

It sounded cryptic, seemed to have a double meaning, but the man had turned a few steps and halted before an innocent-looking clump of bamboo. He parted the thick foliage and disclosed a well-marked path which led through the jungle denseness.

"Ah!" exclaimed Franz, with a puzzled expression, "what a clever trick; it is the last place one would look for a hidden path."

The man replied with a meaning look, "Those things which are most desirable in life are hidden from the non-observant."

Still cryptic; Franz felt annoyed, yet fascinated. Suddenly he resolved to encourage the mystery. "Will you come with me? It is a gorgeous sight, and as Deamati—you seem to be a friend of hers—said, 'worth a long journey to behold!'"

He nodded in acquiescence and followed Franz. On entering that natural Opera Box, he again beheld the splendor. The Sun hung over the mountain, slowly descended until it touched the peak. Then once again the silver road blazed out from some hidden source. The Sun sank into the mountains and gloom settled over the earth.

Franz turned to his silent companion. "I must thank you for this vision. But for your help I had missed the path."

The man smiled as he explained, "The path which leads to beauty develops an appreciation of the harmonious relations of nature. But the path which leads to a contemplation of the nature of the elements of beauty, builds into the follower of that path the ability to manipulate elemental nature. Beauty is a key to pleasurable contemplation of harmony. Knowledge is the key to mastership, but growth in knowledge includes a keen appreciation of beauty unperceived by the mere contemplation of form and color."

They were walking slowly toward the town and Franz was trying to get some light on the double meaning of every sentence which the man had uttered, an evident mystery.

Suddenly the man cut short his line of thought by asking, "Deamati gave you an address?"

"Why, certainly," answered Franz, somewhat stunned that anyone could possibly know of that card, which he hastily looked for among his papers. A small card, and the only words,

TO ROTANLA FROM DEAMATI.

That was all. No address. No directions.

Franz was perplexed. He extended the card to his companion with the thought—if he knows of the card he must know why it was given.

The man declined the card with, "I am informed." Then, "Do you expect to find the path to Rotanla without a guide?"

Franz turned this over in his mind and decided that anything which Deamati suggested was for beneficial

results. "Can you direct me?" he asked, with a straight look of inquiry.

This was answered by a reassuring smile. "I am to offer myself as your guide."

Franz replied with equal frankness, "I accept that offer. When do we start?"

"At daylight I will call for you, and I suggest that you store all your effects and prepare for a time of absence."

At daybreak Franz was ready for his adventure, and as he stepped out of the door he was surprised to find his guide of the evening waiting.

He bowed a good-morning, gave a look of approval at Franz' stout walking shoes and a light bag slung over one shoulder.

He turned into a trail which led into the valley and Franz followed.

The journey was interesting and the scenery picturesque. The guide talked pleasantly regarding any subject but their destination and the personality called Rotanla.

Game was abundant. A black leopard crossed the trail, paused an instant at sight of the two men, then vanished into the shadows. After some hours of travel the guide suddenly left the trail at a sharp angle and took an upgrade over solid rock. Soon the grade seemed to end at the base of an over-hanging mountain. Skirting the cliff, they entered under a projecting ledge, which became more acute as they advanced and took on the nature of a fault in the solid mountain.

The guide produced a light; they seemed to be near

the end. He threw the light over the surface of the ledge, mounted a few steps of projecting rock, inserted a long key in a depression in the stone, turned the key and a door swung open. A heavy wood door, which Franz saw was faced on one side with solid stone, and he laughed in appreciation at the clever deception. After carefully locking the door they proceeded along the fault which was plainly apparent as they proceeded. A hundred yards, perhaps, and the guide unlocked another door. They passed through and there burst on the vision the miracle of a small, green, fertile valley, entirely surrounded by tall, barren mountains.

Franz stopped to admire the unexpected sight, while the guide in sympathy with Franz' evident pleasure, seated himself near by. Trees, several buildings against the base of the mountain, a spring branch which rippled over white stones, and the narrow green valley which miles distant seemed to end at a sheer wall which, perpendicular, ascended into the blue sky.

Franz admired the beauty of it all in detail, asked his companion, "Is this the only entrance to this hidden valley?"

The man considered, as he looked at Franz. Finally he answered, "I prefer not to make any statement regarding the valley. Knowledge you should have of that will be given you by the superior." Then, as an explanation of his statement, he volunteered, "I am comparatively a recent student myself."

"Thank you for your kindness," returned Franz. "I will not forget it." And they continued their way with a better understanding.

At the door of one of the buildings the guide left Franz with a man who conducted him to a room—a man who did not speak English. Shortly after the man left Franz, a meal was brought in by the same man, who indicated by pointing to the face of a watch that in an hour he would be conducted somewhere.

As the time approached, Franz was keen and ready for the experience. Speculation was useless, so he patiently waited. As the appointed hour arrived, the man appeared and beckoned. Franz was conducted the distance of some blocks to a massive stone building, which looked ages old. He passed through an arched entrance of emblematic design, up a short flight of broad and very wide steps into a large room, well-filled with interesting looking objects. A turn past some cases containing books, and he was facing an old man, sitting at a table. A man with gray hair but young, clear eyes of youth.

The old man motioned Franz to a near seat, as the guide bowed and left the room.

Franz handed the gray-haired man the card which Deamati had given him—"To Rotanla from Deamati"—which he took, read, and smiled as he returned it, saying, "Access to the valley, as simple as that."

He studied Franz as he considered the matter. After a time he said, "Yes, I am Rotanla, and you are Deamati's friend. She consigned you to my care for some instructions."

The statement was so simple, so direct, that Franz felt a relief from the tension which had possessed him.

"My son, you have come in contact with forces which

you did not know existed, and which you do not comprehend, and much explanation is necessary.

“Deamati is above laws, rules and regulations, because of her knowledge and her development. She drops a person in here all unprepared regarding their preceding requirements, and their advancement, necessary to their regular admission here. They lack preceding knowledge upon which to build that which they receive.

“It is somewhat analogous to placing a student in an advanced class of algebra who has not built in the fundamentals of arithmetic. They have no basis for relation.

“My son, you have to grow into knowledge. Knowledge cannot be given in chunks and assimilated. You simply cannot teach calculus to a student deficient in mathematics nor explain comprehendingly the colors of the spectrum to a blind man. However, Deamati can gauge the strata of character development, and the stratal status of the individual. She makes no mistakes and those she has sent to us have been successful exceptions to our rules.”

He considered Franz for a long time, then he continued:

“Deamati is not an initiate into knowledge. She is a perceiver of laws through a natural unfoldment. She knows the interrelation of plane activities through personal experience. She meets us on levels of attainment by a different path, and as our purpose blends in giving knowledge of universal law to worthy individuals, we have much in common. We co-operate in giving knowledge to those individuals who are ready for the knowl-

edge. That is," he qualified, "individuals not bound by mortgaged obligations which must be paid before knowledge can contribute to their development.

"Did it ever occur to you that knowledge to some people would be a stumbling block to their progress—a bar to their development? That knowledge to some individuals would interfere with the working of the karmic law? And mar the plan of progressional growth requiring sequential knowledge?

"Yes, progressional growth requires sequential knowledge."

He looked fixedly at Franz. "Do I state the idea clearly—do you comprehend what I say?"

"Yes," answered Franz, with eyes bright and flushed face, eager with new interest. "I believe I understand. I want to understand."

"Now," said Rotanla, with a nod of approval at Franz' interest, "now I will explain the divergence in the two methods of acquiring knowledge. One is a conception of law through theory and explanation, while the other method is a knowledge founded on the reality of facts, attained by personal experience, by practice, concentration and meditation.

"You cannot become an athlete by witnessing exhibitions of strength. You develop strength by repeated exercise, fiber of muscle by contention, agility through repetition of activity.

"Yes," he continued, as he looked critically at Franz, "knowledge must be grown into, but"—he paused with a raised finger for attention—"there are exceptions to the method of slowly acquiring related knowledge. A

person who has reached the nadir point in his development, who has passed through the period of instinctive reaction to circumstances, who momentarily considers the wisdom of his procedure in action and speech, who lives a poised life, dominated by his intelligence—such a person, contacting the higher knowledge will realize the great advantages to accrue from its possession. It is an instrument of great power and is intrusted only to students of known character, whom we recognize as safe custodians of the knowledge intrusted to them, to be used wisely.”

A smile illumined his face. “So, my son, you shall have the theoretical knowledge, which by the regular methods would require years, you shall have condensed to weeks and months. You shall be taught the methods of practice and given the reasons why practice contributes to attainment.

“Knowledge, my son, is not the property of any individual or organization. We simply have our methods of imparting knowledge which insures progressional growth. Sudden and partial realizations often result in fanaticism. However, evolutionary periods reach the climax of coming change. The time draws near which calls for the acceleration of all constructive forces, and a co-ordination and unity of purpose for the establishment of new standards of acquisition and leadership.

“Your life has been investigated, your status approved, and we welcome you into our fraternity, a fraternity so old that you could not think of that ancient time. The fraternity has no name. This valley has no designation. Even your name on our records—in a strange language

known only to our initiates—is changed into a number. All personalities are dropped at the entrance to the valley. Titles, honors, the magic of a name, the fame of a reputation, all are laid aside when you enter here. Here, Franz Grayle, New York, becomes M-134. You have the freedom of the valley. You will meet many members of the fraternity, and you are to consider this your home.

“The only obligation required of you is that when you resume your name and go back into the world, you will never allude to your experience here or the existence of this place to any person. The knowledge you are taught you may make notes of and talk over with members and try to get it into your consciousness. The knowledge is yours to use as you judge may benefit the inquirer. But always discriminately.

“This little valley is a spot outside the world. It belongs to no country. It has no laws or government. No parties or politics. No telegraph or mail service. And the man who drops in here drops out of the world into undisturbed and uncensored solitude.”

Suddenly he paused and seemed to listen. He pulled a hanging cord, saying, “I am called.”

An intelligent looking, fine featured man entered, approached the desk. Rotanla said, “X-22, this is a new member, M-134. Instruct him regarding entrance regulations.” And to Franz, “Return here to me at nine tomorrow.”

As they left the building, Franz waited for X-22 to open the conversation. Outside, he grasped Franz’ hand, saying, “M-134, I congratulate you on your fortunate

admission to this wonderful place. I take it that you are an irregular like myself. Regarding the rules, they are very simple. Everyone here is known by his number, personalities and all designations are dropped at the entrance. You have your room. You get your meals at a place I will show you. You attend instructions, as will be arranged for you as you proceed.

“All this sounds very simple, but the wonder of the place and the system grows on you day by day. Here are no conflicting ideas, no warring elements to deflect the building into consciousness of a complete comprehensive system of life, lived scientifically, in co-operation with its source.”

He ended with, “Well, that is about all.”

Franz smiled as he replied, “All? It seems to me that you have outlined a whole system. What more can there be?”

X-22 repeated Franz’ words, “What more? Why the work of building in ability and perception by practice—by concentration. Attainment is not won by idle curiosity. Admiration of a beautiful painting does not confer on you the ability to produce it. Attainment means practice—practice—and the Head, Rotanla, knows each individual’s requirements along that line.

“A wonderful man, this Head, a graduate of several colleges, a master of languages, and”—he ended with—“a master of the minds of men.

“Don’t for one moment think that you dropped in here by chance. Your lineage and descent is far better known than a tracer of ancestry could discover in a dozen years. They trace your physical ancestry. But

Rotanla knows your invisible descent. And I can accept you as a real brother, with far more assurance of real relationship than an actual brother whom I was associated with for years."

He explained, "A real brother might have to pass through incarnations of varied experience before he would be ready to be dropped in here, while you have reached that point in your development where your experience here will greatly promote your progress. If you had not been ready for this experience, you would never, never have even dreamed of the existence of this place."

Franz turned to him in wonder. "Would you mind telling me how you gained admittance here?"

"Well, I hardly know. Possibly I can, but I will tell you this. A tale of the Arabian Knights and the Geni is not more strange than the circumstances which landed me here. You see," he explained, "I had lost family, fortune, position. I was at land's end. My dwindled income barely paid my simple living expenses, when the unexpected miracle occurred which landed me here."

He paused as though to re-live the experience, then proceeded, "Money, wealth, possessions, are worthless trash. Except as a medium of accomplishment, possessions are a barrier to progress."

They had turned into the entrance of a modern building such as might be seen in any city, when X-22 called Franz' attention to it. "Hardly in keeping with the traditions of the valley, but I must tell you the story of this building. Not many years ago some of the grateful and zealous initiates—before they went back into the world,

realized the great necessity for such a building. They got their heads together. One was a great architect, another a contractor and engineer. They worked out their plans and then called in the Head. They tell me that a wise smile lit up his face as he listened to those plans in silence. Well, it all ended by calling in an Indian Prince, who has vast domains beyond these mountains. He also was an initiate. When their plans were worked out they smuggled in from the North into his domains, cement, materials, workmen, plumbers, and they constructed this building. Then the workmen departed and probably never knew they were in such a country as India. So, we have this miracle in the hidden valley, a monument to the gratitude of wealthy initiates."

They were seated at a table eating their evening meal when X-22 continued, "You see, when climax of intelligence reaches the cessation point of interest, when commercialism loses its attraction, and society its flavor, when research becomes comparatively a dead letter of repetition, and the disillusioned individual contemplates his once glittering baubles gone flat, as it were—something—that is if he has a comparatively clean karmic slate—something is likely to happen to him which will give him a zest in life, a vision for attainment, a stability of character, a radiating personality which he never had before.

"You see," he explained, "the interest in our work is always glowing, because it includes post life activities. M-134, when you go back into the world you will meet many an initiate of the hidden valley; a small identity mark, and a warm hand-clasp proclaim the spiritual

relationship of a brother, kindred in ideals, aspirations and purposes.

"These initiates in their various environments, are moulding opinion, character and shaping the lives of those with whom they come in contact, and all this unity of purpose and influence is quietly moulding the laws which contribute to evolutionary progress. Come," he said, when the meal was finished, "this is the relaxing period of the day, mentally and physically, when people meet, converse, roam about the valley as inclination prompts, and I have the privilege of introducing you to your first contact with universal energy through intoned vibration."

Franz was very quiet. He liked this new friend, and he wished to remember minutely all the instructions he received. During their walk that evening, Franz and his companion passed numerous people; some nodded a welcome, most of them seemed interested in their subjects of conversation. Franz recognized several languages—French, German, English, and others that were strange to him.

As the Sun sank behind the mountains, the shadows crept up the opposite slope, and as the Sun gilded the highest peaks, there seemed a sudden expectancy. Everyone turned to the East, toward the last gleams of sunshine. Then a united tone swelled out in a prolonged note which filled the valley and the echo of the mountains prolonged the sound:

"O-O-O-Ang-ng-ng-E-E-E"

Three times those prolonged notes swelled and gradu-

ally died away among the lofty peaks, and Franz felt himself vibrate in unison with that tone.

A strange peace seemed to settle over the valley, and Franz, who for years had keyed himself to a constant, alert attitude, felt himself relax as a spirit of quietude seemed to surround and vibrate through him.

His friend parted from him at the door of his room with a glance and a significant smile.

He retired with a sense of wonder and unreality. When he awoke it was daylight. He heard the song of a bird and he realized that he had passed his first day in the hidden valley.

* * * * *

The time approached to meet Rotanla. Franz was admitted by an attendant, but he paused in amazement when he heard Rotanla speaking to a man in German. The man was about to depart and as he withdrew Rotanla turned to Franz with a quiet smile of welcome and motioned him to a seat facing him.

He appeared to consider how to begin the conversation. Finally he said, "You are an American, consequently I must explain Law to you from the basis of your conception of life. Your first lesson is to build into your consciousness a rational conception of creative energy, which you term—God.

"God is a concreted name meaning 'All Law.' You have another designation for creative energy—The Great Architect of the universe, an expression designating one attribute of supreme force. The East has vari-

ous names for different attributes of the Supreme, to describe differing manifestations. All of these interrelated activities of creative energy, which is the force back of everything in existence—life, form, energy, differentiating in activity as magnetism, electricity, affinity of cohesion, pranic force, instinct, intelligence, the duality of mind reaction, and innumerable interrelated forces you will gradually approach by related knowledge. And the western world designates all this multitudinous complexity under one head, which it terms God.

“That classification at one time in the past was sufficient, when comprehending intelligence guided instinctive life—not long evolved from lower conditions—along the lower stratas of evolutionary growth. But the advancing growth of intelligence discerned on every hand, and in every nook of nature, new forces, new expressions of developments, and they required rational explanations. Early instinctive life could not think on complex subjects; hence their guidance through mythology, through their beliefs in personal Gods who rewarded conformity with favors, and punished infringements of laws with dire calamities. But a mythology, adequate for instinctive guidance and fulfilling the requirements of its creation could not continue to be an instrument for intellectual and spiritual development.

“That is your lesson for this day—to try and realize what is embraced by the designation Universal Spirit, Creative Energy. Grow into a realization of this supreme force. Think of its myriad expressions; try to realize

something of its nature, for it is the one reality in existence. It is the indwelling soul inhabiting the body of every man. Every life is a part of this universal essence. Try and realize this, and talk it over with students. Build in this knowledge as a foundation for your future activities, for co-operation with this universal law. This essence activity is the key to ability, to strength, to attainment.

“As you co-operate with this force, so is your ability.”

He was silent for a while, then he continued:

“Your life, your continued vitality, your consciousness is sustained by your constant, invisible contact with this universal energy. Your medium of contact is the air you breathe. You can control your breath, and the subtle energy, the vital, sustaining life essence follows breath. Consequently you can learn to direct energy through control of breath.

“This science you will be taught. Think of this creative energy as the all-pervading universal spirit, evidencing itself as life in all its myriad forms—mineral, vegetable, animal, and human. And all life progressing in knowledge through experience. For the Supreme sustains all by constant contact.

“Yes,” he said in conclusion, “man exists today to change instinct into intellect, ignorance into knowledge and knowledge into wisdom. ‘The unfoldment of the soul comes through the comprehension of the intellect.’ ”

Franz enjoyed the advantage of a good memory, and he devoted the morning committing to writing the lesson he had received from Rotanla. He tried to remember

the exact words of that all-important first lesson, and also the conversation with X-22 following the lesson. He thought over the importance of the instruction. It was definite, related knowledge to replace vague, illogical conceptions and conjectures.

He recognized the new knowledge as a standard for directing a life's activities, knowledge which gave its possessor a new strength, added ability for accomplishment.

He had finished reading his notes when X-22 called, and on hearing the notes read, he gave his opinion of their great importance. " 'Intellectual conception is the direct road to spiritual realization.' When you begin to practice and get ability to direct energy, then you will begin to realize through direct perception. First intellectual perception, then through practice comes spiritual discernment.

"You have heard of spiritual extensions of ideas?" Franz nodded, as he thought of Deamati's lecture. "Well, that is the idea. You see, all about us are animals—camels, cows, sheep, horses, dogs. They possess in common with men the sense of seeing, hearing, smelling, feeling, and they are associated with men, but that association does not enable them to observe, to penetrate or to comprehend the world of thought reaction in which men dwell. They have no conception of time, space, logic, mathematics, systematic association for co-operative results, tabulated experience for the guidance of descendants. Could a horse in a bog delegate a fox as a messenger to deliver a written note to his owner telling him of his predicament? No! They are confined

to the world of instinctive reaction to stimuli. Their senses convey to them no idea of the realm of thought reaction in which men dwell. Just so the average class of mankind, although possessing the reactionary function of mind—analytic thinking, cannot contact the realm of spiritual perception any more than the animal consciousness can contact the intellectual realm of man.

“Evolution is a slow process, and a man does not contact knowledge until he is ready for it. Philosophy is open to all, but only a few are attracted through affinity development. However, all men are traveling the vibratory up-grade of progress and as they become vibratorily attuned are they attracted.

“There are two methods of acquiring knowledge—attraction and compulsion. Coaxed into knowledge through attraction, through affinity. The other, roughly speaking, is a matter of growing into knowledge from experiencing the resulting reaction of transgressed law. As a child attracted by glowing coals reaches a hand to touch the pretty thing—and the result is a knowledge of the nature of fire. Thus the world progresses in knowledge through experience. But—here in the valley, we are given knowledge which we do not learn by experience, but which we do verify by practice.

“The philosophy of eternal law, which you are taught here, in its unmixed purity, is yours to disseminate according to the interest of inquiry. But the secrets of the initiate belong strictly to the valley.

“Do you realize that knowledge such as this * * * could be intrusted only to the proved worthy? Do you realize the power which this knowledge places in your

hands? Well, you will realize in a short time, for in a few days you will commence to learn the secrets of the initiates. You will be taught how to control energy and after a time you will be taught how to control matter."

They had been silent for some time, when X-22 said, "The twilight hour of relaxation again approaches, and I must teach you now to join in the vibratory call, for your co-operation with the tone sent out is your unity with its reacting vibration."

Then for the second time when Franz saw faces turned to the East as the last rays of the setting Sun lit up the tall mountain peak, he joined in that prolonged note which swelled out to be carried across the valley and the echoes to die away among the tall peaks. And his second memorable day in the valley drew to a close.

The day before Franz commenced his studies, he was summoned by Rotanla, who—after a pleasant conversation—asked him how and where he had met Deamati. As Franz related his experience with that mysterious, gipsy-like personality, a humorous smile lit up the rather severe face of his listener, who nodded his head in understanding as the adventure proceeded.

As Franz finished telling of the strange events, Rotanla said, "Tomorrow you commence your studies and the following facts, of interrelated knowledge, assist to elucidate problems connected with your studies.

"Deity is manifest by things brought into objectized existence. Coming into being is presentation through sense perception. Consequently—God—as you name creative energy—presents himself through all things. Thus you get a rational conception of creative force—spirit

force, which is the power behind manifestation—the spirit of material existence.

“God is the Law of existing order throughout the universe, and all life is an infinitesimal part of that parent essence, consequently—there exists a link of relationship to all things.”

Rotanla looked fixedly at Franz. After a time he said, “You are to understand that I am now giving you Key Knowledge, to power, to abilities. Therein lies the secret of powers attained by trained initiates.

“Now another secret key to power lies in the knowledge that—ALL TRANSFORMING FORCE IS IMMATERIAL.

“I am outlining to you this knowledge which relates to your training that you are about to commence here in the valley. The importance of the relationship you will realize, as your training, as your practice proceeds.”

On the fourth day Franz was turned over to a new teacher, and his education commenced in the mysteries of manipulating force. This fascinating study continued for many weeks and Franz had never been so absorbed and interested in any subject. He occasionally met X-22 and during one of their talks he declared, “My new studies are like physics carried into invisible realm, combined with the power of numbers.”

Franz had spent many interesting weeks in the valley, when one evening during the relaxing period of the day X-22 informed him: “Rotanla will see you tomorrow morning.”

The following morning when Franz stood before

Rotanla's desk, he was welcomed with a smile, and as before, motioned to a near-by seat. After a while Rotanla commenced, "M-134, you are about to again receive your name and your personality, which you laid aside when you entered the valley. Here you have been taught those things which will contribute to your ability in life's activities which lie before you. Your aptitude in acquiring is pleasing to us and I know gratifying to yourself. Not all of our students have the advantage of your education as a base which permits a clearer comprehension of our studies.

"It is not desirable that a student of the valley should side-step a normal educational development afforded by an average incarnation, by following a fascinating line of study divorced from the experience of an associated life. The contentions and problems of life build in fiber of character and furnish the opportunity for associated development of entities, affinitizedly attracted to your care.

"You have been given the vision, you have been instructed in the beginnings of knowledge, which you may continue without interfering with the development of a normal life. Although you cannot communicate with the valley, the valley never loses its surveillance over the life and progress of an initiate. And in the years to come you may receive another call from the valley."

"When the call comes," replied Franz, "I will be ready."

Rotanla smiled, "The call is never given until the pupil is ready."

"Mr. Grayle," said Rotanla, placing Franz back into the world of names, titles and honors, "no man can tell the radiations of his influence, and the man with a vision coupled with knowledge of the plan has a destiny to accomplish."

Outside the door, Franz came face to face with his old guide. The man evidently was pleased to meet Franz. His face expressed happiness as he asked, "What is your name?"

"M-134," replied Franz. "And your name?"

"Here," he replied, "I am L-30, but I change my name so often that I hardly know myself. I am to again offer to be your guide."

"With pleasure do I accept—just as soon as I can see X-22."

"He will come to your room," answered L-30, with a definite assurance.

On reaching the room, Franz had gathered and packed his few articles of personal property when X-22 appeared. He looked at L-30 asking, "You called me?"

"Yes, I called you for M-134," he answered.

"Oh, was that it? Well, I was waiting to walk with you to the entrance, to have one more talk before you are engulfed in the world again, for we here in the valley can regard ourselves as being outside the world."

Franz had looked for some paper and was writing. Twice he wrote and then again:

TO ROTANLA:

In departing from this valley of beauty, peace and grandeur, I want to leave a token of my gratitude

for the knowledge imparted to me, for the kindness shown, for the courtesy extended, and the friendship given me. I enclose the only expression of gratitude which I can think of at this moment. Enclosure in blank to be filled in as desired.

Gratefully,
FRANZ GRAYLE.

But he looked at the letter and check doubtfully as he sealed them and asked X-22 to deliver it to Rotanla.

X-22 accompanied them to the door, and as Franz clasped his hand at the final parting, he asked, "May I know your other name?"

"Certainly you may. I am Veryan Rayland, but we are destined to meet again. This is not the end of our friendship."

When Franz and his guide had emerged from the passage through the mountain, the last door had been locked, and they had reached the trail which led to the height.

L-30 explained, "You see the details of admission and leaving are worked out by subordinates. The road back to your civilization is at present open. It is not always an open road. We take advantage of favorable conditions."

Franz nodded in understanding, but he was wondering how his guide had called X-22 into his room, when his confessed intention had been to meet them on their way out.

L-30 explained, "Here you have come into knowledge which will be of advantage to you in the life before

you and which I understand will be a life of importance in its results and in its influence. Why should you at present be told of possible development of capacities which require long practice, a trained mind to be operative? Then," he added, "to every admitted student belongs the knowledge sequentially. His apparent delays only add necessary links in the chain of destiny. Every admitted initiate is an instrument of constructive progress. Never in his future existence will he feel like an isolated atom of divinity, for the radiating influence of the fraternity will be evident to him in many an unexpected place. Its rational teachings are logical to all, except those who are antagonistic to progressive ideas. And they are many, and militant, and dominated by organized systems.

"Learn to recognize the strata of the man you contact. And a man's status may be known by his inquiry. You must remember that people have come up through the law of instinctive, emotional action, and not through spiritual control. They are more attracted to retarding influences than to progressive. With the non-arrived but the intelligent, founded in misconceived ideas resulting from inheritance and environment, learn to use that double-edged weapon—ridicule—for ridicule, with intelligent people, is the most potent weapon to arouse a consciousness to reform."

When they arrived at the lodging from which Franz had started on his adventure in the hidden valley, it was dark. L-30 left him with the injunction, "Remember, you belong to us, and your life is devoted to constructive procedure. May the peace of the valley go with you."

V

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING

THE PROPRIETORS of the house, evidently a man and his family, gave no evidence of curiosity at his long absence. He found his old room and baggage as he had left them. He was about to order some supper in this land where people seemed to require a meal only occasionally, when a letter was delivered him with the pantomimic information that the messenger waited.

The envelope was addressed "Franz Grayle." The letter read:

Will you accompany the bearer and dine with me this evening? I await you.

DEAMATI.

When his guide left him, he felt lonesome, as if stranded in a desert, and this note, like a message out of the clear sky, from his own civilization, changed things. He hastily prepared and joined the waiting man.

When they arrived he was not taken to the room where he had formerly met Deamati, but to a smaller, cheerfully furnished room, in light colors, like an English home, in striking contrast to the dark colors of oriental art.

Franz was admitted by the old servant and he was looking over the room with some surprise, when Deamati arrived and noticed his inventory of her room. She asked, "Does it remind you of home?"

"Yes," he replied, "this room, with its couch, writing desk, fireplace, rugs and papered walls of harmonious tints, might be found in many an American home. When I return to India and call on you, I will see a little bit of the familiar life."

"Yes," she replied, "then you will feel less lonesome."

"No, lonesome is not the idea." He looked at the Buddha on the desk before continuing. Deamati waited. Then he said: "A bit of America would be a point from which I could estimate my change in judgment of values, a rearrangement of beliefs—my new standard for valuation. The importance of things to me has all been arranged in a different order."

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed. And her face lit up with comprehension. "I see your dilemma. You are sifting out and arranging value adjustments according to your new standards. Growth, my friend, is elimination, as well as assimilation and the retention of the really vital."

"You are going back into the world of commercialism, or rather into the environment of that world, and I advise that you lock away your new visions in a little world of your own. Because of your new knowledge, you can assist the groper you meet, who is seeking better values, but generally speaking, a man's environment is the adjuster of his development."

She considered some time before giving the next advice.

"You, my friend, have been given visions. You are sent back into the world to round out your present incarnation. The dreams of youth must be realized in experience. Love and life and ties are very sweet and very precious and very necessary to a rounded character. Retain your visions, but drink of life."

Suddenly she paused and looked at him intently, "But why do I tell you all this, when I see that your destiny holds engagement rings and romance and beautiful friendships?"

"Because, Deamati," he replied, as he caught another vision—"you make me realize that love humanizes knowledge and blends attainment with interests of humanity."

"Splendid!" she responded. "It could not possibly have been better expressed—the gist of the idea we have been feeling around for, 'Love humanizes knowledge, and blends attainment with the interests of humanity.'"

The mellow tones of a gong sounded from somewhere near. Deamati arose, "Come," she said, "that means dinner, good cheer, and light talk."

She took his arm, led him through some draperies and disclosed a dining room. "You shall tell me of some of your wanderings in interesting places."

* * * * *

Some weeks after that last talk with Deamati, Franz reached Paris, where he felt relaxed and among people he had known before his days of wandering. He enjoyed

meeting former friends and renewing old ties, though he soon realized that his new values of life demanded standards quite alien to the satisfying requirements of youthful pleasures.

VI

JIMSIE'S ENGAGEMENT RING

HE HAD been several days in Paris and was thinking of booking passage to New York when another adventure claimed his attention. He had been reading a New York paper and wondering how it would seem to be home again. Could he again feel the zest of the old life, the anticipations, the expectations? Suddenly he felt himself addressed, and glancing up, he looked into a pair of brown eyes which were asking him direct questions.

He arose to his feet, holding his paper, and admired the handsome girl a moment before asking, "What can I do for you?"

"You are an American?" she inquired.

"Formerly an American—of late years a nomad."

"How interesting!" she exclaimed, coming nearer, and evidently relieved of embarrassment at finding him an American. "They understand you so perfectly. You don't have a bit of trouble. I noticed you conversing at the table next to mine last evening and I envied you your ability."

"Oh, that's your trouble?" he replied, with an understanding smile. "Yes, I have lived in France long enough to have transformed my school French into the require-

ments of the native vocabulary. It is really not so difficult," he assured her.

But she shook her head dubiously. "They persist in not understanding what I talk about."

"How discourteous of them," he sympathized. "Perhaps they were foreigners."

"I thought," she said, ignoring his last remark, "that you might help a fellow countryman with a little particular shopping."

"Why, of course—I will enjoy it—a new kind of an education for me, but," he added, as his mind imagined displays of hats and frocks, "I doubt if I will be of much assistance."

"Oh, yes, you will be of great assistance," she declared, "your vocabulary will give me confidence. Your company will insure us courteous and prompt attention."

"And when," he added, admiring her quite perfect profile, the trim athletic figure, and her assured personality, "when do we start on that interesting shopping excursion?"

"Right now, while you are in the mood to help me, before that pressing engagement claims your attention."

Her emphasis on "pressing engagement" told a whole story of interruptions. Franz laughingly said, "They must have been very important engagements to have been remembered."

As they emerged from the hotel she insisted on walking, saying, "It is not far."

They were going toward the opera house when Franz asked, "What kind of shopping shall we attend to first?"

"Oh, there is only one kind of shopping of sufficient

importance to call for help. I am going to select an engagement ring."

"An engagement ring?" echoed Franz, in amazement—"Why I thought every man"—but he suddenly cut the sentence short as he caught her smile at his consternation.

"Yes," she continued, "Jimsie gave me a diamond and told me to convert it into an engagement ring and to wear that ring until he voluntarily and without coercion consigned me to a mate of his approval."

"And you consented to an engagement of that character?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, noticing his expression, "I readily agreed. I have been in love with Jimsie for a long time. You see," she explained, as she looked at his perplexed face, "Jimsie is my daddy."

"Oh," he exclaimed in evident relief. "Yes, I believe I can be of some assistance in that selection."

He conducted her around a corner to a jeweler he had known in years gone by, and presently they were looking over a collection of jeweled rings and platinum mountings. She handed Franz a long platinum pin, mounting one large diamond, which was measured, and after a long search and many comparisons, the selection was made and the diamond was transferred to its new setting.

As Franz slipped the ring on her finger she exclaimed: "Could anyone imagine that my old diamond could be so beautiful? Jimsie will be proud of his engagement ring."

"Yes," agreed Franz, "a jewel in its proper setting is a

beautiful thing, but what will you do for a pin? Such an artistic setting and no jewel."

He beckoned the jeweler, handed him an oblong, dark stone, and gave directions for mounting it into the pin. The jeweler took the stone, gave one glance into its dark face and turned wide, surprised eyes to Franz, who had a finger on his lip. "Will it take long?" he asked the man.

"Oh, no—in two hours it will be finished."

He took her to lunch at a little restaurant which he had known in other days, and when he recognized several gentlemen and others spoke to him familiarly, she felt like a stranger in a strange land.

Suddenly two well-dressed ladies passed. One laid a hand on her shoulder and exclaimed as she passed on, "Why, Barbara—when did you come over? Come and see us, will you? Here is our address," giving her a card.

"Do you realize," asked Franz, "what a small world this is? We both meet friends in Paris, and occasionally one meets a friend in the desert."

"Well," laughed Barbara, "if they spoke English it would seem more sociable, and less foreign."

Later in the day when they reached the jewelers and she was handed her pin, she gazed fascinated into its dark depths, shot through with flashing fire. She turned to Franz, who was intent on her display of interest, "Oh, the beauty of that stone! It must be of immense value. May I buy it?"

"Certainly, you may have it for the small price I paid."

"Why, that's gorgeous!" she exclaimed, with a glow-

ing face. "Two beautiful jewels in one day." Then with a sudden thought she reopened her purse, handed the pin to the jeweler, "What is the value of that stone?"

An almost imperceptible sign from Franz and the jeweler gave an expressive shrug, denying all knowledge of values.

As they parted at the hotel she thanked him graciously for his company and his assistance. "What would I have done without you? You know," she confided, "I am learning to obey my promptings, like Jimsie. Jimsie says 'your impulses are generally right, if you listen to them.'"

Franz gave her one level look.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "I interpret your censure. You are the exception. Miss Hallam, an old friend of our family, whom I came over with, is today visiting friends. Several times I have seen you; each time came the impression of knowing you. You were like an old friend. The idea of not speaking seemed absurd. The idea of knowing you persisted and this morning the diamond mounting came like an inspiration, and," she smiled, "you know the rest."

She extended a cool, firm little hand and a card. "You are to inform me of the exact cost of that other jewel."

"Certainly," he replied, "the exact cost."

The next morning she received a letter which read:

MISS BARBARA ALVIN,

My dear countryman:

Thank you for commandeering me for that shop-

ping expedition. It seemed like a spring day after a dreary winter—a page from the diary of a happy college boy's life. And now, after years of wandering, I will shortly return home and—I hope—to shopping expeditions. I trust that some day I shall meet “Jimsie” and learn the recipe for raising girls.

Now for the important part of this note, which is to inform you of the exact amount which I paid for that opal matrix. It seems that the thing is rather valuable, though our bargain was a transfer at the original price paid. Well, I was in a far-distant country where they work brown men in mines—tall, fine, erect looking fellows, who work long hours for a few coins. They had sent a man to buy some piece of machinery. He returned with a heavy weight and I saw a man pick his pocket. They demanded the change which he could not produce, and the punishment for theft is severe in that locality. I intervened, told of the picked pocket and where the money was secreted. The money was found, the man liberated.

Late that night the accused man called at my hotel, gave me the matrix and a curious kind of a charm which he insisted that I always wear. Then he vanished. Consequently, you see that the real price I paid was a favor granted. I never realized it possessed value until I happened to show it to a lapidary in Rome, who proceeded to go crazy over what he declared to be “The Jewel of all Jewels—the Opal Matrix.” He cut and polished two pieces,

one you possess; the other gives me a peculiar satisfaction when I occasionally gaze into its dark depths.

I bestowed a favor for the stone. You conferred a favor for a piece of it, so the bill is paid in full.

If there is one doubt in your mind regarding the matter of compensation, we will refer the affair for arbitration to "Jimsie."

Tonight I accompany an old college friend to Berlin and when I return I hope you will have arranged other shopping tours.

Your friend and countryman,

FRANZ GRAYLE.

Barbara was alone at breakfast. She read the letter with a pleased, intent look in her eye; but the look was changed to concern when she came to the mention of value in the stone. She carefully tucked the letter in her bag, which contained the pin, snapped it shut, asked the Clerk the address of a dependable jeweler, and started out to learn its value. She realized that the jeweler who set the stone had evaded giving her its value.

Barbara Alvin was a fair vision as she proceeded at a purposeful walk, straight as an Indian, elastic of step, a perfect profile. She entered the designated shop, handed the pin to the bowing attendant.

"Ha-a-a," he exclaimed, with a prolonged vowel, "ze lady is fortunate to possess such a jewel. Oh—you ask ze value? Why, you must know ze value of your own

jewels—fifteen, eighteen hundred of your American dollars.”

“Can you possibly mean that?” with a concerned look.

“Certainly! You shall see our opals, and”—he produced a tray—“all opals—only two matrix. Here are ze prices. You see? But they are not so rare—like yours. It is—what you say—gorgeous! You must have ze attachment of safety, the cost is small.”

She nodded assent; the pin and chain were quickly fastened. She returned to the hotel with rebellious thoughts. However, on re-reading his letter, she smiled at the deception which had allowed her to accept the jewel.

Meanwhile Franz' friends had arranged a program of interest and entertainment and it was weeks before he returned to Paris, where he learned that Miss Barbara Alvin and her friend had departed. He had counted on seeing her, for that day in Paris with the beautiful girl was a vivid memory. He recalled her enjoyment over his perplexity on being told of her engagement to Jimsie, her grave concern and doubt regarding accepting the matrix, and her intelligent interest and ability of conversation during their lunch at the restaurant. He concluded that Jimsie had been a potent influence in the formation of her character.

Several days elapsed before Franz finally secured a stateroom on the desired steamer for New York, arranged his personal effects for convenience, and made an inventory of his purchases in Paris. These details completed, he went on deck. The receding line of the French

coast was just visible. Gulls flew about overhead, little streaks of white foam topped the waves blown up by a southeast wind. The air was cool and crisp. All indications pointed to an interesting trip and fair weather.

Franz heard someone say, "In an hour we touch at the English coast to pick up the last passengers for the home run." It was the last days of September and the passengers were mostly American tourists returning home. A genial lot of people, seemingly well pleased with their foreign experiences.

Then the English coast, and as the steamer drew near the landing a group of people were seen at the dock waiting for the lowering of the long gang plank. Passengers lined the rail, curiously inspecting the identity of individuals coming aboard, and Franz' idle interest in watching the varying emotions of the mingling crowd was replaced with a pleased surprise as he saw Barbara and a companion coming up the narrow walk. His surprise must have been conveyed to her, for she instantly looked up directly into his eyes. She momentarily paused, then a little nod of recognition as Franz held up a hand in salutation.

He pushed through the crowd and met her as she stepped on the steamer's deck, while her companion followed on after the porters carrying luggage to their stateroom. He drew her aside and pointed to the receding bundles. "Do you think it quite fair or loyal to a fellow countryman to do all that shopping without asking his assistance?"

She glanced at his censoring face, but smiling eyes, then replied, "When a fellow countryman writes you a

letter that he is hurrying to Berlin, it is quite evident that he does not care to continue his education in shopping technique."

"Oh—but—," he protested, "a mental telegram would have reached me anywhere."

She shook her head, "Oh, no—your actions spoke louder than your shopping inclinations. Besides, there was some secret understanding between you and that jeweler which requires explanation. When a fellow countryman uses some secret sign language, right before a trusting girl's eyes, to suppress information, the lack of which places her under an eighteen-hundred-dollar obligation—"

He broke in, "Do you mean to tell me that some jeweler valued that matrix at eighteen hundred dollars?"

"Yes," she affirmed, "a reliable man said 'eighteen hundred dollars of your American money,' and he showed me the price marks of his stock to confirm his statement. Only," she added, "my matrix was much handsomer than any piece he had."

That statement was encouraging. She appreciated the beauty of her stone.

"Well," said Franz, "that valuation confirms me in the idea that I should be a trader in the far East, for when I can secure such valuable gems as that matrix for small favors"—then he had a sudden idea—"and you get them valued—don't you think it would be very profitable for us to form trade relations?"

"Barbara," called the voice of her companion, "I need you."

"Coming," called Barbara, and then turning to Franz. "Do you deny that you had an understanding with that jeweler to suppress giving me its value?"

With a French shrug, "I never met him before stepping into his shop, and you heard every word of our conversation. Could you construe anything I said into an intimation to suppress information?"

"No," she admitted, eyeing him doubtfully, "it sounded innocent enough. You see," she said confidentially, "I wanted that jewel, but when I ascertained its real value, which that jeweler intentionally suppressed, why—can't you see—I can't accept it."

He thought that over. "You remember the terms of our agreement?"

"I must go. I am needed," she said. "We will talk that over."

She hurried away while Franz sought the head of the dining room, with which individual he had an understanding.

Breakfast had been delayed until the last passengers had been picked up at the English port, and so it happened that when Barbara and her companion were placed in the dining room, she found Franz occupying a seat at her right hand.

She looked up with a pleased surprise, "Why you were the first person I saw on board, and now my near neighbor at the table. What a coincidence!"

"Yes, it certainly is a coincidence," Franz innocently agreed. "It looks as if destiny meant us to be friends as well as fellow countrymen."

"Yes," she smiled, "and possible copartners in deal-

ing in precious stones. And I am convinced that if we did not succeed financially it would not be your fault."

She introduced him to Miss Hallam, ending with "An American friend whom Providence sent me as an assistant in shopping—the day you visited your friends. Miss Hallam, Mr. Grayle has been in Germany, in Berlin—places you dream of and long to visit."

"Really, Mr. Grayle? Then you must tell us some of your experiences in that wonderful country."

And Franz, having a warm spot in his heart when he thought of early experiences in Germany and his many friends there, willingly complied.

Meals on a steamer are usually prolonged, evidently for the purpose of promoting sociability. Everyone speaks to his neighbor. It is like a family gathering where likes, attractions and experiences are talked over, relived and adjusted. Sociability may not be extended beyond the family atmosphere of the table, but at the ocean steamer table one gets mental pictures of the life of those present.

Franz talked of Germany, Miss Hallam of her impressions in England, while a neighbor advised them to see the unusual attractions to be seen in Spain.

After breakfast people exercise by walking about the deck, forming groups for games, while in the general assembly rooms cards, chess, reading—and before one realizes the passage of time, a noisy bell summons to another meal.

After that first breakfast, when groups were drifting apart, Franz suggested to Barbara the open spaces of an upper deck, where one obtains unobstructed views

of ocean and sky. They were walking, enjoying the keen air and distant views over the ocean.

The ocean is at times a great chatter-box, which lulls the senses into a hypnotic quietude of those who listen to it. A passing deck hand was induced to bring them chairs, so they sat and talked and watched the sea, the light on the ever-changing waves, the smoke of a distant steamer beyond the edge of the skyline and Barbara talked of her many interests, of Jimsie, the books she liked, of the people who attracted her, and as she talked Franz realized the directing, wholesome influence of Jimsie in her life.

And Franz told Barbara strange tales of other seas, of lone harbors in distant lands, of exciting adventures in uncivilized places.

Barbara was a good listener. Judge Alvin had often said to her, "Now, Barbara, suppose you were in the jury, what would be your verdict on such a peculiar case as this?" And he would proceed to sum up the evidence for her decision. She would listen and give her opinion, and sometimes she had taken the Judge to task for prejudice, saying, "Now, Jimsie, your summing up gives the impression that you are prejudiced in favor of the plaintiff, and you have told me that the attitude of a Judge should be strictly impartial."

"Well, perhaps it would look that way. We'll see what new evidence is produced tomorrow."

They had been great pals, this rather lone Judge and his daughter. He had surrounded her with influence to develop her imagination, decision of character, and reasoning powers. So, if Franz admired Barbara first for

her physical charm and magnetic personality, on association he found new attractions in her mental attainments and logical abilities. Her mental equipment was an adornment to a poised character, and Judge Alvin had been careful in regulating the influences which contributed to the formation of that character.

During their conversation she alluded to that valuable matrix and spoke of its return. Franz had excused himself, and when he returned he handed her the original piece which the brown man had given him. "I have brought this stone to show you what a small thing it was for me to give you that piece of opal. You would not deprive me of the pleasure of giving a fellow countryman something which she admired?"

"You know," she said, "I must tell Jimsie how I came into possession of such a valuable jewel. I couldn't enjoy it with any mystery attached."

"Certainly," he agreed. And the acceptance of the matrix was left conditionally to the approval of Jimsie.

So what began as an interesting friendship soon became an attraction of a more personal nature, and the fourth night out, after Miss Hallam had retired to the comfort of her stateroom, Franz and Barbara started for a brisk walk around the deck.

It was a perfect night. A half moon cast a silver path over the running waves. The stiff breeze was a steady quartering wind. To breathe the vital elixir was a sort of intoxication.

Franz drew Barbara's arm through his and they quickened their steps. She gave his arm a little hug and an ejaculation of suppressed joy as they hurried on. She

looked so lovable that Franz wanted to take her in his arms—but no, he checked his inclinations and told himself, “I must address her in her own home, in a formal way. It would not be fair to Jimsie and his carefully instilled ideas of rectitude of conduct.”

But Fate! Human nature and emotional attractions sometimes conspire to hasten the climax or culmination of a decision of destiny!

The wind had stiffened and Franz asked, “Where is your wrap? This is too much.”

“I left it on the deck chair.”

He hurriedly left, ran down for the wrap, but nowhere could it be found. Then she remembered giving it to Miss Hallam and started down to tell him. She was nearly down, when she saw him at the foot of the stairs awaiting her. Then—a swelling wave, a rise of the bow, a slippery step—and she was precipitated into his arms.

He drew her close in a strong clasp and strained her to him, while she looked up into his face in a surprised wonderment. She looked so beautiful and startled that Franz lowered his head for a kiss—a courtesy due his fair prisoner. One small hand involuntarily stole around his neck as she leaned back her head to meet his lips, which clung in a long kiss.

“How clumsy!” she said, as he released her. She raised her arms to put a stray lock of hair in place, and he again drew her close for a long kiss.

“It was an act of Providence, Barbara. Don’t censure Fate. She just precipitated matters. You know I love you.”

She replied, “I felt that you did.”

"But," he cut in, "I did not intend to tell you, not for some time—not until you knew me, and Jimsie approved."

"And you think," she asked, with a quiet smile, "you could have concealed your feelings from me all that while?"

He drew her down to a seat near by. "I feel, Barbara, that we will be very happy, of course," he qualified, "with Jimsie's approval."

She gave a happy little laugh. "Yes," she agreed, "with Jimsie's approval." And her laugh conveyed a confidence that she already knew the verdict of Jimsie's decision.

That night Barbara lay awake long hours thinking it all over. Barbara was the only daughter of Judge Alvin. She was a prominent member of a select society. She had a few warm friends and many admirers, both men and women. She had been sought in marriage by prominent men, any one of whom had she accepted, would have been labeled "a fortunate marriage." One young man, a son of old family friends of the Judge, had—when he had failed with Barbara, gone to the Judge to plead his case. And the Judge had looked his judicial censure at Barbara, if he didn't speak it orally. He considered it would be a desirable marriage from every angle.

Barbara understood his unspoken censure and asked, "Why, Jimsie, do you want to get rid of me?" And he had replied, "Barbara, you are the one bright tie that harmonizes me to a fickle world, but, child, the destined end for a good woman is a happy marriage." Then he

added, "And the young man belongs to such a fine old family, and he is very fond of you."

"But, Jimsie," she had answered, going over and sitting on his lap to argue out the matter, "I don't love this young man. I guess I am old fashioned about this affinity idea"— Then she gave him a hug and a kiss— "You just wait, Jimsie. I'll pick you out a son-in-law you will be proud of."

He had kissed her, given her the diamond for an engagement ring, and exacted a solemn promise that she would never break her engagement to him without his approval of her selection.

That was two months before she went to Paris with Miss Hallam.

Then she went over—her first impressions of Franz, before she had asked him to help her with shopping. She approved all his conduct, his intelligent viewpoint of things, and when she had been pitched into his arms and had thrilled at his embrace and his kisses, she knew she was right in her intuition of harmonious affinities.

But how would Jimsie view the matter—such a short acquaintance? She fell asleep thinking of Jimsie's attitude, but awoke with the dawn, and her first impulse was to go on deck. She dressed, caught up a wrap and sought the upper deck. In the East was the faint red evidence of coming day, and in one of the chairs they had occupied the day before sat Franz, looking out over the ocean toward the East.

He arose and awaited her approach. "I've been calling you," he said, taking her hand and seating her in the neighboring chair. "This is glorious—to see the

Sun come up out of the ocean and flood the world with light."

His steamer rug did duty for two, and there gazing into the fascinations of a sunrise, Franz told her the story of his life, his experiences, his adjustment, of Deamati, and her illumination of some of the mysteries.

Her silence and the pressure of her hand told of her interest. He ended with, "Some day, Barbara, I'll read you the notes of Deamati's talks which I wrote down when they were vivid in memory, and so important."

They had been walking around the deck in silence, when she suddenly asked, "Mr. Grayle, you have so much knowledge, such ideals of life—can you find happiness with a companion who lacks these things?"

And he replied, "Barbara, that is not the idea. We can learn together. But you—whose personality, grace, culture and beauty have fitted you to be a leader and an ornament in society, can you be happy with a rather plain fellow who is somewhat disillusioned with the charms and pleasures of social activities?"

She thought that over for some time. "Yes," she acknowledged, "I have been educated in the social school. It is a great game, a very fascinating and alluring enticement—for a time. Society is a good kindergarten to life. Its niceties and observances give grace to personality. The politeness of society is to life what Latin is to an education. But," she qualified, "after you have learned the game and derive the benefits of the social education, you soon lose the zest for continuing it. That's why Hallam and I ran over to Paris—to break off the social obligation."

Suddenly she was roughly snatched into a pair of arms. She looked up bewildered into his eyes, then with a sudden realization and a mutual understanding, their lips met in a long kiss.

Some minutes later they obeyed the insistence of a noisy bell calling to breakfast. Barbara was very quiet at the table, but when they were sitting in their secluded nook, Barbara stated as an arrived at conclusion, "Yes, I think I can induce the Judge to consent to the transfer."

And to Franz came a sudden illumination. "Barbara, do you mean to tell me that you are a daughter of Judge Alvin?"

"Why," she exclaimed, with surprised eyes, "do you know Jimsie?"

"Well, not exactly under that designation," replied Franz, and he smiled as he thought of the presumption of anyone calling the Judge "Jimsie."

VII

BARBARA'S CROSS EXAMINATION

SEVERAL days after this talk, Barbara was in Judge Alvin's office. She was sitting in his lap engaged in an inquisitorial controversy.

"And," asked the Judge, "where did you meet this man?"

"In Paris, at the hotel."

"And who introduced you?"

"Why, no one," she answered, realizing that she was not presenting her case well. "You see, Jimsie, I was bothered with the language, and I called on him—a fellow countryman—to help me out."

"How did you know he was an American?"

"Why," answered Barbara, "anyone could see that. And he said he was formerly an American—of late years a nomad."

The wrinkles at the corners of the Judge's eyes deepened but he looked serious.

"Where does he live, Barbara?"

"Why, Jimsie, I forgot to ask him," she replied, realizing that she was losing ground.

"And you don't know who his folks are, or what his family is?"

"No, Jimsie," she said. "He never spoke of his folks."

He was thoughtful for a while. Finally he said, "To sum up the facts—my daughter goes to Paris, and one day when left alone she picks out an adventurer who speaks French fluently, but claims to be an American. My daughter asks this stranger to go shopping with her to buy an engagement ring. She intrusts him with a valuable diamond and they jointly select a setting."

Suddenly he paused, "Let me see that ring, Barbara." After a careful inspection he returned the ring with the statement, "Yes, it's your diamond all right, the spot's there." He resumed, "When the setting is selected—which I acknowledge is very beautiful—your pin lacks a diamond, and this assistant to your shopping supplies a jewel to replace the loss worth eighteen hundred dollars. Explain to me how you could accept a valuable jewel from a stranger."

"Well, Jimsie, there is some mystification about that jewel. He instructed the jeweler exactly how to set the stone, then he took me to dinner, and when we returned for the pin, I realized from its beauty that it must be valuable and asked the jeweler its value. He spread out his hands and shrugged his shoulders. Then when I spoke of purchasing it, Mr. Grayle said, 'You may have the stone for the exact price I paid for it.' But when I received his letter mentioning the jewel as having value, I became suspicious, took it to another firm that valued it at 'eighteen hundred of your American dollars.'"

"Barbara, what excuse had this man to write you a letter?"

"Well, Jimsie, here is the letter. It explains itself, and

I think when you meet Mr. Grayle you will regret your severe censure."

"Barbara, I trust that I will. I had learned to place considerable confidence in your discernment of character"—he paused, and she finished the sentence, "but since you rejected such a desirable alliance as Leslie, I have my doubts on the subject."

"Barbara, you know"—she placed her hand over his mouth.

"Yes, I know it is your desire for my happiness, but, Jimsie, if I were intimately associated with Leslie we would actually throw objects at each other in a week's time."

The Judge carefully read the letter, then he folded and returned it.

"Barbara, has this man asked you to marry him?"

She thought over their last days of perfect understanding, then looked up in surprise. "Why, Jimsie, I don't believe he ever did." Then she added, "But that is understood, with a man like Mr. Grayle. It is not necessary to put understandings into words." Then she appended, "Of course, our intentions must have the sanction of your approval."

"Barbara, that last clause is conceding a lot, after the jewel has been stolen."

"Jimsie, I weighed all his acts and conversation, and they all rang true, but that secret understanding he had with the jeweler, and since I know him, I understand that he wanted the pleasure of giving me a pretty thing, which he knew I would not accept had I known its value."

“Barbara, I will suspend judgment on this fellow until I see him, and I hope, for your sake, that he rings true to me.”

“Thank you, Jimsie, he’ll ring true all right!”

VIII

THE RING OF THE METAL

FRANZ told Barbara at the steamer landing, "In two days I will call you up for an appointment."

They landed Wednesday. Friday he had called her from Washington. "May I see you Sunday about three?" So the Judge and Barbara were at home, when promptly at three the servant announced "Mr. Grayle to see Miss Alvin."

Franz murmured, "A long time since Wednesday," as she greeted him. They had talked some minutes when Franz asked about the Judge.

"He is fine," replied Barbara, with emphasis, calling—"Jimsie!"—And the two men faced each other—one, a suppliant, and the other, a Judge to pass on the merits of a man who had stolen his only daughter's affections. The attitude of the Judge was social cordiality, but behind the mask the exacting Judge; while Franz had an interest in Barbara's father and a curiosity to meet the celebrated legal authority he had often heard of.

They extended their hands in greeting, while a tense, puzzled expression passed over their faces, as with narrowed eyes they momentarily examined each other. Then an animated, joyful surprise as their grasp tightened.

"Why," inquired Barbara, in consternation at her father's sudden change, "do you men know each other?"

Franz answered simply, "Yes, Barbara, we do!"

And the Judge, "Barbara, Mr. Grayle's credentials have been endorsed by a higher court than my authority." Turning to Franz, he said, "Mr. Grayle, this is your home. You are very welcome."

Barbara was mystified and greatly perplexed. Some miracle had occurred which she could not account for, but evidently a happy one. So she entered into the spirit of it all, realizing that some mystery was concealed from her knowledge.

After an enjoyable afternoon of profitable conversation, Franz related to the Judge and Barbara the details of his experience with Deamati, and when Barbara was summoned to mysterious regions to superintend some detail of dinner, Franz extracted a case from an inner pocket, selected a card which he handed to the Judge. It read, "To Rotanla from Deamati."

The Judge studied it carefully with eyes that looked into past memories. Then he returned the card with a nod of understanding.

The next day the Judge, who had spent a portion of the day with Franz, said to his daughter when she seated herself on his lap for confidential relations, "Barbara, I bow to your woman's wisdom for rejecting Leslie, for within the region of the Seven Seas you could not have picked out a finer man than Franz Grayle, nor could he have found a finer woman than Barbara."

"Oh, Jimsie, you are so prejudiced, but you are very

consoling. But you forgot to mention the merits of that father-in-law he is going to have."

"Barbara," said the Judge, with a sudden realization of what separation from his daughter would mean to him, "that he is duly appreciative of the merits of one-half of the family is sufficient without distracting his mind with the other half."

"Jimsie, this omission of his recognition of the merits of your half of the house will not pass muster, not after the way you both suddenly flamed up at that first meeting. Judge Alvin—never—since my long association with him, has he lit up with enthusiasm at the recognition of any man's merit. And this miraculous exhibition of the existence of some free masonry between you two—why I am really concerned to know if it is a fraternity or a conspiracy! Jimsie, did you ever meet Franz before that meeting?"

"Barbara," laughed the Judge, "you have missed your calling. You should have been a detective. No, I never met Mr. Grayle before, and it is impossible to tell you what is comprised in that recognition. Suffice it to say, you are the most fortunate girl I know."

She let it go at that, but many a time in the future she would wonder at the perfect understanding existing between these two men.

Six months from the date of that Paris shopping episode, Franz and Barbara were to be married, and the intervening time was filled with enjoyable activities, one of which was planning their future home.

In the country Franz owned an old estate—a large,

old stone house, a lake, acres of timber, and many wide stretches of fields. All of this was surrounded by an impenetrable hedge of thorns, excepting the front, where a long stretch of stone wall abutted the ending of the hedge. At the entrance stood tall stone columns, but the high wooden gate had long since succumbed to the weather.

Franz, Barbara, and the Judge motored out to inspect this ancient estate. Both Barbara and the Judge were charmed with the quaint plans of the original builder—the living room with its massive, beamed ceiling—the great fireplace, the deep casement windows, were all objects of admiration.

So a clever architect was called in and ordered to add every convenience of modern building—polished oak floors would replace flagging, partitions cut large rooms into cozy bedchambers. Furnace for heating, garage facilities for visiting friends, a house for the gardener, who would plant gardens, fruit orchards, and manage a small dairy.

Barbara decided for a garden and hives of busy bees. Franz planned a workshop, and the Judge declared his part of the program was furnishing appropriate furniture.

Months passed rapidly, the building plans were complete, the home furnished, and the Judge and the architect were inspecting the details.

“I consider it a unique home. I see no flaws, and your furniture details are in perfect keeping with the place,” was the final comment of the architect.

“Now the last item will be installed tomorrow—the

housekeeper—and Thursday friends will occupy the house to welcome home the owners. But what is this?” asked the Judge, as he came to a locked apartment.

“That,” returned the architect, “is the lady’s orders. She has the key of that apartment and its contents.”

“What has she been up to now?” queried the puzzled Judge.

“Patience,” smiled the amused architect, “solves all riddles in the course of time.”

Then, finally the arrival, and a group of friends welcomed home Franz and Barbara. They were as surprised as their friends at the transformation wrought by the architect and the decorators. They roamed over the place, made new and very beautiful, and very satisfactory.

As the guests were about to seek their rooms, after the dinner and gayeties of the evening, Barbara piloted Jimsie to the forbidden room, unlocked the door and disclosed a duplicate of all the comforts and conveniences of his city home.

“There!” she exclaimed, giving him the key and a caress. “Jimsie now has two homes,” and she left the surprised man to investigate all the niceties of his new apartment.

* * * * *

The years passed and children were born to that home and grew into happy, wholesome childhood, unrestricted but guarded in a natural environment. Healthy, happy youngsters, with active bodies and inquisitive minds. The echo of childish laughter mingled in the

forming atmosphere of the Grayle Estate—destined to make history and shape events.

Long, happy years had passed since friends welcomed home Franz and Barbara and she had given Jimsie the key to his apartment, which became from that date the home of his heart.

Fortunate were the friends who were admitted to the intimacy of that home. No discordant element ever entered there. Constructive activity ruled, and directed purpose shaped endeavor.

IX

THE CONVICT

ADENSE heavy thorn hedge surrounded the entire Grayle Estate. It had existed since Franz could remember, in its present dense state. Nothing larger than a squirrel or a bird could pass through such a thicket. Yet as Franz, hundreds of yards from the house on the southern hedge boundary, turned at the sound of a breaking twig, he was confronted by a man in the striped suit of a convict. A man of medium height, dark eyes, unkempt face, age probably twenty-five.

All this was one fleeting impression as the man, with narrowed eyes, closed the distance between them.

Franz asked, as he realized the coming attack, "How did you get in here?"

The man halted a few paces distant and, with a grim face, replied, "I heard a guard say, 'That's the Grayle Estate, no use looking in that direction, he couldn't get in there.' So I found a pole and vaulted the hedge," and with a menacing tone added, "I'll trouble you for that suit of clothes you're wearing."

"I suppose," said Franz, as he realized the intent, "that you are Morton, who escaped a few days ago—the man who murdered his guardian."

"Yes, I am Morton all right and that verdict of mur-

der was the decision of the Court. Say! Do you need assistance to peel that suit?" And he made a dive.

Franz, a trained athlete since school days and kept in trim by years in the open, quickly sidestepped the rush, peeled his coat, with one quick movement, and the fight was on. For the first few minutes it was fast and devoid of any science. The man's aim seemed to be to win by surprise and agility.

Franz kept the man at arm's length. Back and forth they fought without pause. The man would draw away and then leap in with a sudden rush. Franz was saving his breath for a decisional opening. Both boxers were breathing fast and the wild pace could not be long continued.

Finally, after one mad rush and a blow which just missed its mark, the desired opening came. The man, probably weak from fasting and exposure, stepped back for air. Franz, with a quick rush, and an upper cut, caught the tip of his chin and the man sagged down and out.

When he recovered and looked dazedly about, he found his hands securely tied behind his back. Franz had resumed his coat and was intently watching the recovery. The man sat up, shook his head violently with quick side movements, then he seemed to realize what it all meant, and looked up at Franz watching his come-back.

With dejected abandon he bowed his head. "You win—I'm through—call the guard."

Franz, revealing his line of thought, said, "I don't

believe you killed that guardian. You are no coward, and it takes a coward to commit murder."

The man had risen to his feet and was looking at Franz as though doubting his hearing. He coughed to conceal a sudden emotion.

Franz, noting these reactions and the man's emotion, suddenly looked him in the face. "Will you promise to be my obedient prisoner until I dispose of you?"

The man took in the words dazedly. Then his face took on a faint glow of hope. "I promise to obey your decision, as I hope some day for justice."

Franz cut the bonds from the man's wrists, turned and led the way without conversation. He conducted the man to a room over the garage. Once inside, he opened the bath room door, turned on hot water, then critically inspected the quite bewildered man. "Now," ordered Franz, "strip."

The man obeyed, first removing and placing on a chair some articles from his pockets. Naked, he looked a developed athlete.

Franz pointed to a cabinet. "Soap, razor, towels, pajamas."

The naked man entered the bath room. Franz examined the articles from the man's pockets, after placing all clothing in the fireplace and applying a match. Only one article was of sufficient attraction to call for detailed notice. A round object, perhaps a large sea bean, or a piece of polished, dark wood, some three inches in diameter. Oval in shape, like a lady's jewel or powder box. Franz was examining the curious ob-

ject when the shaved and bathed man, clad in pajamas, stepped out of the bath room.

Franz, with narrowed, suspicious eyes asked, "What is this, and where did you get it?"

"Oh, that!" exclaimed the man, as he reached for a chair. "Excuse me if I sit down. I've gone a little too far." He might have added "without food."

Franz had noticed his exhaustion, but he wanted a statement regarding that round object before supplying nourishment.

The man drew his chair nearer Franz, sat down, with his arms over the back, and reached for the object, as if it would help him with his explanation. He held it up, looked it over critically, then turned to Franz.

"This," he said, holding it in his open palm, "is the one strange thing about that night. I had argued with my uncle about his restricted management of the mill, about a better allowance for myself. He had objected to all of my suggestions. Said I spent too much money, that I received no adequate return for what I did spend, that when I realized value I could have what money I needed. I reminded him that in one year I would be in possession of my estate. He replied—and those were the last words he ever spoke—"The Estate is partially entailed. The rest will probably be a fool and his money.' Then suddenly everything was blotted out."

He paused, as if trying to remember. "When I regained consciousness," he leaned toward Franz, pushed

his hair back, showing a white scar and traces of surgeons' stitches, "I saw Uncle slumped over in his chair, and near my hand lay a revolver—Uncle's revolver. I crawled to him and pulled myself up by the aid of his chair, felt over his heart. He gave one last gasp and died. When I withdrew my hand it was red with blood. As I looked at my hand the porter opened the door, gave one look at the tableau and exclaimed in a frightened voice, 'So you shot your Uncle!' Then I heard him phone for the police. I looked over the room. Everything seemed as usual, nothing disturbed, but at my uncle's feet lay this little round object. It wasn't his. I had never seen it before. While I was wondering what the thing was, how it got there, the police rushed in. I had a sudden impulse, one crazy idea to hide this thing. Well," he paused in a helpless way, "every circumstance was against me. I had quarreled with my uncle. The revolver showed my finger prints. There was not a shadow of suspicion against anyone but myself. The jury decided the verdict in thirty minutes, and I was sentenced to prison for twenty years." A long pause. "Three days ago I escaped. That tells the tale."

Franz breathed a long breath of relief. His eyes resumed their natural expression. He reached for the round object which he placed in his pocket and said, "Get into bed, and I will return presently."

The man obeyed, and in a very short time his deep breathing indicated slumber. Franz hastily departed, quietly locking the door.

About a half hour later he returned with a tray of food. The man still slumbered. He placed the tray on the table, took the round object from his pocket and with the point of a pen knife began to carefully trace the square Greek scroll border on the outer edge of each side. As he traced the design he discovered which lines of the scroll were very slightly accentuated in depth. He found two such lines on each side, about one-eighth of an inch apart. He applied pressure to a point between these lines, and presently a key portion of the design moved and swung out. He then twisted the halves in opposite directions like a cover on a box. They turned on a central pivot and he held in his hand an efficient, highly tempered steel saw.

Once in the East he had been shown an exact duplicate taken from a prisoner trying to cut bars of his cell. It was an ingenious contrivance, the work of a skilled mechanic. But as he held the thing in his hand admiring the skill and cunning of the workman, he felt convinced that the sleeper was ignorant of the nature of his possession.

He slightly shook the sleeping man, who opened his eyes, gave a wondering look about the room, then connected up events and sat upright.

Franz said, "Come! Here's a meal. That fast has been prolonged about long enough."

The man looked around bewildered, then centered on Franz and said, "The past two years, the prison life, all seem like a dream. These are the most welcome words I've heard during that long time. Excuse

me," he said, as he walked over to a sink, washed his hands, face and mouth, then took a seat at the table and selectively commenced his meal.

Franz quietly watched the process, for eating grades the man as to culture, social familiarity, personality and tendencies. It was hardly fair to subject a fast-ing, hungry man to such a method of rating, but he passed, and Franz' mental comment was, "The man is a gentleman."

As he finished, he drew a little apart from the table and turned to face his host.

Franz, handing him the little object, asked, "Have you discovered the use of this thing?"

He looked it over critically before replying. "No, this interlaced triangle on one side and the Grecian border would seem to indicate some use, but the thing is solid. I've wondered many times what it meant, what its purpose was, but I summed it up as a product of idle time."

Franz was satisfied with the result of information obtained. So he took the object and disclosed its mechanism to its surprised owner.

When he realized what it was, he exclaimed, "And I remained for two years a prisoner."

Franz nodding his head replied, "Your retention of its possession was probably the wisest impulse you ever had. The problem now is to find the real owner, then you will know who killed your uncle. This object seems the sole clue, the one loose screw in a perfect crime. I will lock this in my safe, and your correct

line of procedure just now is a good night's sleep and rest. Lock your door. Tomorrow—a suit of clothes, a plan of action. Good-night!”

Franz left a very bewildered man, but a man who firmly believed in dreams and fairies.

X

THE PRISONER'S STORY

IT WAS Saturday evening when Franz left his prisoner with his problem and entered the house to find Barbara and her father engaged in conversation. Judge Alvin usually came out on Saturday and returned to his judicial duties Monday morning. The Judge's week-end visits were always occasions of interest. He would talk over the unusual problems of his office, as well as the interests of the city.

At dinner he broached a new topic with, "The longer I continue in my capacity as Judge, my accumulated knowledge teaches me that circumstantial evidence should never carry a capital sentence. If that conclusion would be followed as a guide to verdicts there would be a chance to partially retrieve an unjust decision."

The import of the Judge's remark seemed to relate in some way to his prisoner's case, so Franz waited for the associating suggestion.

After a long pause the Judge explained, "The evidence has just been given by a badly wounded criminal, who realized he had only a short time to live, which evidence frees a man having a life sentence. He not only made a confession of having himself com-

mitted the crime, but he furnished detailed proof to substantiate his confession. Of course," continued the Judge, "if the sentence had been the death penalty, the law could not partially remedy its decision."

Barbara asked, "Well, father, when a man is unjustly imprisoned for a crime which he did not commit, has he no recourse against the State for sustained damages? I suppose," she added, "the Governor will pardon an innocent man without making even an excuse for its error."

"Yes," replied the Judge. "It would be justice for the State in this case to recompense this man. You see, the State, through laws made by the people, had twelve men agree that this man was guilty. The law is a complicated process. I acknowledge it should make provisions for such cases as this."

"It certainly should," exclaimed Barbara, growing indignant. "Why, that was a tragedy which cost reputation, loss of friends, financial dislocation, and probably an embittered attitude of mind."

Franz said, "In this case a dying man's confession frees a convicted criminal, but how many innocent men continue in prison for the reason that the real criminal never confesses his crime? Now, I have had an experience myself, today. It is an interesting problem which will require your help, Judge. It promises to be an interesting case and an intricate one."

He related to the Judge his experience of the morning, how he turned at the sound of a snapped twig to find himself face to face with a convict in striped clothes. As he finished the tale, he handed the Judge

the little object which George Morton had picked up at the feet of his murdered uncle.

"On the history of this little object probably depends the solution of the crime. What do you and Barbara make of it?"

After examining it, the Judge handed it to Barbara, remarking, "Mathematical execution and design. Only a real artist could have carved that Solomon's Seal."

When Barbara had examined it, Franz showed them the concealed mechanism and the cleverly concealed saw, then he carefully locked it in his safe.

The next morning Franz, accompanied by the Judge, knocked at the garage door. It was opened by a young man, who looked years younger than the convict of yesterday. The tired, haunted look was gone from his face. He looked animated, quietly expectant, as if there were such a thing in the world as hope.

He said, with a bow to Franz, "A wonderful sleep. I feel like a new man."

And then he saw the Judge. His features froze, and the haunted look returned.

Franz saw the changed expression and said, to relieve the situation. "This is Judge Alvin, a relative of mine. He knows the law of human activity. He knows the emotions which govern crime. You will tell us both your story."

Judge Alvin possessed the rare faculty of dominating the other fellow's attitude of mind.

"Young man, there exists no condition but that may have a beneficial reaction. Of course, the personal equation would take exceptions to that statement. Also, an

injustice suffered often gives a required fiber to character, the required temper to the metal. Take that chair, and your reflective time, and, as Franz said, give us your version of your case."

When the Judge referred to Grayle as "Franz," it seemed to recognize and include Morton in a human relationship. He gave the Judge one long, inquiring look and then followed his perfect confidence. He took the proffered chair and, without mental restraint, commenced an impersonal narration of events, as though it were the history of a crime unrelated to himself.

"Years before his son was an escaped convict, Robert Morton was a small but successful manufacturer in a small city in New Jersey. He had carefully and by hard work piloted his way to an earned success. And when prosperity had finally fallen to his lot and the routine work and the long hours could be safely delegated to employees of proved capacity, Morton began to explore the world of scientific accomplishment. Mechanics, invention, the enchanted land of Physics, only to realize, rather bitterly, his lack of fundamental educational equipment necessary to comprehend the new world opening to him.

"He realized the restriction which that lack imposed, the fetters of ignorance, and he vowed that his son should have the equipment which restricted circumstances had denied him.

"His wife had been killed in a collision when their only son was five years of age. Morton had installed in his home a competent housekeeper to continue the

home life, and as time passed and the sorrow of his bereavement became overlaid by new interests, he transferred his affection for his wife to his little son.

"They had been great chums—this father and son. They had studied together evenings during school terms. They had long trips at home and abroad during vacations, and when George left home for college, his letters catered to phases of interest which his father preferred.

"A few months after graduation George joined some friends in an extended foreign trip. Two months later the tragedy occurred. Robert Morton dropped dead in his office. It was weeks before George could be informed and arrive home, and when he finally arrived, he found a changed environment.

"Robert Morton's only relative aside from his son, George, was an elder brother, Leonard Morton. It would be difficult to imagine two people more unlike than these two brothers. Robert was progressive, studious, always reaching out for better things, always trying to improve the products of his factory. Leonard was conservative, attentive to religious formality, had few friends and few ideas outside his small circle of equally limited associates, as his ideas revolved in a small circle, his financial expenditures were restricted to his actual necessities. He considered Robert a waster of money, and especially sinfully wasteful in the liberal allowance given George.

"This is a picture of the mental caliber of the man appointed executor of his will and guardian of his son, George. Leonard had taken over his brother's place in

the factory, and his cut in expenditures had caused a strike. The factory was about to close when George arrived. He argued with his uncle, 'Had not the factory always prospered under a liberal management? Had not the men always been contented and happy and had not they taken a pride in the reputation of the factory? Why change?' "

He paused. His picture of conditions and relations had been clear-cut and forcible. His two listeners realized the situation. Then he resumed, "That, gentlemen, was the condition of affairs up to the night of the murder.

"I thought over this crisis. I intimately knew most of the men in the factory. Some of them had grown old in its service. They were desperate and all because a little man, a narrow-minded man, wished to make more profit at the expense of faithful workers.

"I had gone that very day to see the lawyer father occasionally employed—a man named Bauer. We agreed to ask the Court to transfer to me the management of the factory. Father had stipulated that the guardianship continue until I was twenty-four. He thought I would be better equipped at that age to manage the property. I was twenty-two and I decided to make one more appeal to my uncle.

"I found him in the office. It was after closing hours. He heard what I had to say regarding the factory. He replied that I was very ungrateful, wished to cater to the dictates of those men, and when I did come into control it would be probably a case of 'a fool and his

money.' I realized that words were useless and my mind jumped to the Court decision. Would they grant my petition?

"Suddenly everything was blotted out. When I regained consciousness I was stretched out on the floor. I sat up and looked around. Uncle was slouched over in his chair. Near my hand lay a revolver. The sight of Uncle cleared my mind. I arose and felt of his heart. He gave one last gasp and died. At this instant the porter opened the door, took in the tableau—Uncle, my red hand, the revolver. 'So,' he said, 'You have murdered your uncle.' I heard the telephone call for police. I looked around the room for some clue, some evidence, but the only unusual thing was a little round object near Uncle's feet."

He ended his story abruptly and looked at Franz. He had been telling the incidents to the Judge.

Franz nodded. "Yes, he has seen the object. It is in my safe."

Morton concluded, "So you see, gentlemen, I am guilty before the law. There is not a zephyr of suspicion against anyone but myself. I had not one friend but that in view of the evidence believed me guilty. There was one friend I banked on standing by me, but the evidence was too strong for him."

He paused, then said, "I believe that hurt more than the Court sentence."

The Judge gave a significant comprehending look at Franz, then asked, "Who was the friend you believed would stand by you?"

The prisoner glanced at the Judge, recalled from his line of thought. He simply said, "He was Godfrey Ranier."

Then in explanation, "We had been friends from boyhood. The tie had loosened during my last two years at college; he had been studying for the ministry. In fact, he had only recently been ordained."

He paused, then added, "I suppose the association in view of the evidence would have been a wet blanket to his growing popularity."

"My boy," said the Judge, as he realized the deadening, paralyzing effect of disappointment in idealized friendship, "the discovery of the flaw of weakness in human character is one of the most bitter experiences in the school of life, and the recipient of the discovery has gone far when the reaction of the discovery is not bitterness, when he will say, 'There must have been extenuating circumstances.'"

Franz looked to the Judge for a plan of action.

The prisoner broke the silence. "Gentlemen, the case is hopeless. Who, but me, had a motive for the crime?"

The Judge replied, "There may prove to be many motives in connection with murder. It looks to me like the fine-planned affair of a clever criminal. This case may have many leads and we must not forget that little object which Franz has locked in his safe. Tomorrow I will send you a man of ability. Tell him the whole story. Every little detail, whether you think it relates or not. He will trace relations of events. And Franz, I suggest that Morton assume a name, be attached to the estate in some capacity, but, with a wave of his

hand, the man I send you will attend to all those little details."

He smiled at Morton, and said, "He may even give you a new nationality—an insurance of safety."

XI

A FRIEND OF THE PRISONER

THAT NIGHT Franz talked over the details of the situation with Barbara.

"The Judge is interested in the case. He is favorably impressed with Morton. Does not entertain a doubt of Morton's innocence. Said the case must have been badly bungled."

"But, Franz, he must be renamed at once and assume his new personality. He will meet the children and the servants. Find out how and where he can fit in, what occupation he can engage in."

Franz, realizing the necessity of prompt adaptation, returned to the little room over the garage and when he left Morton had been transformed into a French gardener, whose specialty was fruit and whose name was Vincent. The choice had been made when it developed that Morton spoke French fluently.

"Now," admonished Franz, as he was about to leave, "practice the language, transform your personality. You may need all these things suddenly, and you know the crime expert selected by the Judge arrives tomorrow."

However, that efficient instrument of crime detec-

tion was not destined to arrive tomorrow. A special Providence seemed to be guiding the Morton case, for next morning as the Judge was about to take a seat in the morning train bound for the city, he was tapped on the shoulder, and, turning, he confronted two gentlemen. One, an old friend of the bench, the other, a well-dressed, dark-eyed young man who seemed the embodiment of latent energy. An unusually strong face which held his gaze a moment while his friend was saying, "Judge Alvin, you must know my young friend, the Reverend Godfrey Ranier."

Then he added, as the two men clasped hands, "People are talking about him, and they will continue to talk."

Godfrey Ranier! The name was strangely familiar. And then in a moment he connected up. So this forceful character was George Morton's friend who had deserted him in his great hour of need.

The Judge acknowledged the introduction, and the conversation was general until the train rolled into the station. They were separating for their destinations when the Judge turned to Ranier.

"Would you mind going to my office for a few moments' conversation?"

He replied, with a look of surprise, "Why, Judge! It will be a great pleasure."

He hesitated, then said, "I was about to ask you for that privilege myself, the privilege of a talk with Judge Alvin."

In his office he motioned Ranier to a chair, and his first question was the crux of the purpose.

"Mr. Ranier, before his conviction of murder, you were a friend of George Morton?"

Ranier answered with narrowed eyes, "And I am a friend of George Morton now."

He arose to his feet, in protest to challenge any statement to the contrary.

"Just a moment, Judge. I've stood my own censure for two years. I don't want yours. I want your help, for we are at the end of the road. It seems that there is nothing more that can be done. Judge, listen to these details, and then advise us. When the news flashed over the wires that George Morton had murdered his uncle, I was in a Western City, my first call. I caught the midnight train home. When I reached the city I was caught in a wreck and sent to the hospital. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave, the trial was ended. Sentence had been given and George had been sent to the penitentiary. It was a very short trial. The evidence seemed conclusive. The Jury rendered a unanimous verdict on the first ballot and the case against George Morton was closed.

"I did not know what to do or where to go, but I had heard of the detective work of Lester McCain, so I went to him."

"Yes," remarked the Judge, with an inquiring tone. "You went to McCain, the very man I intended to get on this case."

Ranier said, "I went to McCain and told him my story. His reply was, 'You are wasting your money. Everything points to his guilt. It is a complete case. There are no side tracks.'"

He continued, "I returned to the purpose of my visit. 'McCain, I have heard of your ability. I am getting a good salary. I will divide it with you. I want you to find the guilty man that murdered Leonard Morton. Here is the first thousand dollars. The Court contends George is the only one who had a motive. I want you to go into details and find the second person who had a motive for that murder.'

"He considered the matter for some time, and finally said, 'You win! If you have that much faith in your friend, I am game to prove that you are right.'

"He went to work and in two months he reported. He was very direct. He said, 'You were right. There were others whose personal interests demanded the death of Leonard Morton, but we can never prove them guilty. They saw to every little detail before that crime.'

"He thought it over and then said, 'I am up against a keen brain, a clever crook. He has all tracks well covered.' Consequently, I am very glad to have this talk with you, Judge. You see, when I failed to stand by George in his hour of need, I figured that if I could prove that he was innocent of the crime—"

"I see; I see it all," exclaimed the Judge. "Godfrey Ranier, I will tell you what to do and at once. You go to George Morton and simply relate to him what you have told me, for that information will be of far more value to him than his freedom."

He grasped the hand of the Judge, then started for the door. He paused and searched for a card which he handed to Judge Alvin.

"One moment," requested the Judge. "Arrange for a conference with McCain to take place at the Grayle Estate at the earliest possible date and notify me."

He telephoned to Barbara to admit Godfrey Ranier and to take him to the one he asked to see. And he informed her that he would come home by early train and acquaint them with new developments of the case.

When he arrived that night and entered the little room over the garage, he found Godfrey Ranier and George Morton sitting side by side engaged in quiet conversation. Ranier wished to take George home with him in his car.

"No," objected the Judge. "A safer place would be hard to find. Every possible risk should be avoided."

In the late afternoon three days after the reunion of the friends, there met in that little room Franz, Judge Alvin, Godfrey Ranier, and George Morton, to hear McCain's result of nearly two years search for the murderer of Leonard Morton.

McCain was a brisk, direct man, and without preliminaries he seated himself at a desk facing his expectant listeners, with a notebook for reference. He commenced the report of his activities. "When I took over this case, at the instigation of Mr. Ranier, I expected to clear it all up in ten days or a month, at the longest. I went at it in detail. I checked every statement of witnesses and gave special attention to finger prints on that revolver the shot came from, and the finger prints were those of George Morton. I examined the barrel for other finger prints, but it had been handled too much.

"Next, I looked over motives and questioned many people regarding where they were on the night of the murder.

"Finally I came to the man who is running the factory since the brother's death, one Alfred Bauer, a lawyer employed occasionally by George's father in a legal capacity. A lawyer, now a machinist. When I first saw him, he was giving someone detailed orders regarding the machinery. So I naturally thought him the foreman. My knowledge of his law connection came later.

"I hung around the factory several days asking questions and talking to different people. There was one man who didn't fit. He looked alien, out of place. I asked who he was and the man I asked the question of looked me over and then replied, 'That is Sempf, Mr. Bauer's man. He came with Mr. Bauer when he took charge of the factory just after the murder.'

" 'And his duties?' I asked.

"He replied, 'Oh, he just keeps an eye on everything and everybody, and if anything is wrong he reports to Bauer.' Suddenly he exclaimed, 'Say, if Bauer knew as much about law as he does about machinery—'

" 'Law?' I inquired. He answered, 'Why Bauer was Mr. Morton's lawyer and he got a court order to manage the factory—and say!—does he know how to run it?'

"That was my first lead. I checked up on Bauer, as well as I could locally. He came to the city several years before the murder and had a small back office and this Sempf hung around the office as Bauer's handy as-

sistant. No one seemed to know where they came from, so I started in to learn their history.

“One morning I called at the office and asked Bauer what he knew about Sempf and where Sempf was the night of the murder. He asked my authority. I showed him my badge. At that and the information that we were quietly checking up regarding the case, naturally we supposed that we had his willing co-operation. He brightened up and expressed his desire to help us in every way possible.

“He suddenly said, ‘Why, I understood that Morton had only two relatives in the world—the brother who was killed, and his son, George, who is in the penitentiary.’ I informed him they had friends who wished to investigate every possible lead. ‘Oh, I see. Now what can I possibly do to help you? Oh, yes, you asked about Sempf. I met him two years ago and was able to help him out of a serious mess and he was grateful to me and has hung around me ever since. He is useful. I pay his expenses and,’ with a wave of his hand, ‘a little spending money. The night of the murder? I can straighten that out, for Sempf drove me to Lancaster the day before and when we returned the day after the murder everyone was talking about it.’

“He turned to his desk, ‘I believe I can give you evidence of the fact.’ He searched among papers. ‘Here we are,’ he said, and produced two vouchers which he handed to me. He continued, ‘The murder was the 17th and we were in Lancaster on the 17th and these checks were in payment of some purchases I made

there.' 'Very good proof,' I answered, as I placed the checks in my notebook. 'I'll return these tomorrow. And at what hotel did you stop in Lancaster?' He looked blank for a moment, then summoned his wits. 'Impossible to say—at one of the smaller hotels.'

"Then he called to a man entering the door—'Say, Sempf, do you remember the name of the hotel we stopped at while in Lancaster?'

"'Certainly—the Clifton House.'

"Well, to make it short, I went to Lancaster. It all checked too well. There were several leads that they were planned alibis. When Sempf said, 'The Clifton House,' I was looking past Bauer's face in the looking glass and Sempf's face was one grin of triumph.

"I learned that Sempf had been so anxious that the check which he gave in Lancaster be cashed on the same day that he went to the bank to see that it did go through.

"Well, gentlemen, it was nearly a blank, but I felt that I was missing the clue. I needed photographs and finger prints. That was a difficult job until I heard that they were going on a fishing trip. I got the Sheriff and had him arrest them as suspects. I sent him an expert and he did a good job. I got my photographs and their finger prints. Then I went to work. But what's the use? To cut it short, I found out that they were crooks with records, but I have no definite proof of their connection with this case."

Ranier said, "It was fine work, McCain. You accomplished all that could be done."

The Judge nodded his head in agreement and the meeting was at an end.

McCain's last words were, "It leaves a bitter taste in my mouth—two crooks at large."

"Don't worry," consoled Ranier, "something will turn up. They won't get away with it."

* * * * *

When they left the conference, Franz, McCain and Judge Alvin by instinctive agreement turned into the path which led by Barbara's rose garden down to the lake. It was a habit with Franz to take that path when he wanted to think clearly. It wound around the border of the lake, entered the heavy timber and continued through the forest to a deep, rocky glen.

They had been walking along in silence when Franz turned to the Judge. "All ordinary means having failed to solve this mystery, I propose to resort to the unusual. In one of my talks with Deamati, she said, 'Nothing is hidden from the arrived individual.' I believe Deamati has the ability to clear this up in some way. Once she told me that if I ever had a problem which I could not solve to let her know; that it was possible she could help me. That time has arrived."

"Yes," agreed the Judge, "that may be the solution. If the matter is not solved, George Morton must spend his life under an assumed name with always the lurking fear of discovery. Assuming a new personality might be successfully accomplished, but with that skeleton in the background as a handicap, life would always be a limited expression."

That night two cablegrams were dispatched to India.
One read:

DEAMATI KORALI:

Your presence needed. Particulars apply Leigh,
American Consul, Darjeeling.

The other:

DEAR LEIGH: (Wilfred Leigh was an intimate
friend of Judge Alvin)

Procure transportation and Five Hundred Dol-
lars. New York. Deamati Korali. Collect One
Thousand American Express Company."

Some days later the Judge telephoned Franz, "I have
a cablegram from Leigh. It reads, 'Transportation and
money delivered Deamati Korali. En route Seven-
teenth,' and that," declared the Judge, "means all de-
tails satisfactorily arranged."

As the days passed by, Morton, as Vincent, the French
gardener, assumed his place in the Grayle Estate. New
varieties of fruit trees were planted in the growing
orchard. Landscape decorations required attention. The
children became interested in the new gardener and
Barbara offered suggestions of possible improvements
in plans. She was favorably impressed with the quiet,
intelligent young man.

Godfrey Ranier often called and occasionally they
left the estate for a long ride in Ranier's gray car. It
was deemed safe, as a deep coat of tan, a lengthened

growth of dark hair and a mustache had quite transformed the sullen-faced prisoner who had faced Franz demanding the clothes he wore.

So time passed placidly without pronounced developments until the arrival of Deamati.

XII

THE COMING OF DEAMATI

THE JUDGE had telephoned Barbara, "A guest this evening—a surprise." And hours later he had ushered in Deamati. A rather small, well-rounded, gipsy-looking personality. A personality which seemed to lend to the atmosphere of her vicinity a purpose, a placid calmness of significance—a presence which dominated attention without asking it.

Franz took her hand with the pleased surprise of a recovered friend, while she, without a word, looked into his face and eyes as if to read his course of life during the long interlude. Then he turned to Barbara and said, "My wife."

Deamati looked at Barbara a long second. She did not say, "Mrs. Grayle." She said, "My dear," and those two words contained a world of meaning. They comprised her personality, her life, her experience, and the wholesomeness of it all.

They clasped hands with a wordless understanding. A few moments of silence, then Barbara said, "Your room." It was Deamati who took Barbara's arm protectingly, and they disappeared.

And thus commenced an affinitized association of wholesome intelligence which continued for many

weeks. Days passed during which Deamati became somewhat acquainted with her new environment. Occasional trips to the city, calls on some of Barbara's friends, talks with Vincent and often with Godfrey Ranier, who came to see his friend.

But the coming of Deamati changed the atmosphere of the place. It did not change the wholesomeness of the home. It seemed to give more purpose to life, a reason to existence, an added value to action. Her quiet presence seemed to lend an expectancy to possibilities, a command to attention. Deamati charmed the children, who felt the fascination of a mystery which they could not comprehend.

Soon after her arrival she said to Barbara, with the simplicity of a child, "The beauty of it all!"—indicating the lake and forest. "Our scenery is so wild, so rugged—may I walk in the early morning?"

And Barbara had half whispered, wonderingly, "Why, Deamati! Here the liberty of this home is yours. May I"—Then she hesitated.

"May you walk with me? Of a surety you shall. You shall be Noli of my home; we will enjoy the opening dawn and the closing day. Those quiescent periods of the day when the mysteries seem near to visibility and the vitalities can be inbreathed. The quiescent periods and the activities of the day in between."

And thus Barbara joined Deamati in those morning walks. And the sunrise, and the strange talks which she only half understood, and the mysterious things she heard entered into her mind, and vitality into her blood.

One day she told her husband, "Franz, we only half exist. Deamati is alive. She seems to be in tune with vitality."

They were all assembled one evening, when Barbara asked, "Deamati, this wonderful health—was it always yours?"

Deamati answered, "We grow; we evolve into all abilities. But humanity squanders and scatters force instead of conserving it. A growing bank account of energy is a magnetic battery of force for operation. It is not an accumulation for squandering. Did you ever read that strange tale by Haggard 'She'? Well, that was not altogether the fantastic imaginings of a creative brain. There was a kernel of truth in the powers of 'She.' Some day I will show you how personally acquired ability can lift the veil and reveal the past history of a man. The buried history of his past, and, perhaps if we can obtain the right subject, we can show how his present destiny is the result of his past acts."

Ranier, who had failed to find George in his room, had walked in with Judge Alvin. His interest in Deamati's conversation was evident. He leaned forward in an attitude of interested inquiry.

"Yes," Deamati continued, "America, with few exceptions, is not interested in spiritual law. Her people are so absorbed in material riches and trivial pleasures that the realities of life are simply dreams for some future attainment."

The Judge smiled with a meaning glance at Franz, who also had noticed Ranier's interest.

Ranier asked, "What reliance could be placed in any

information obtained from an entranced subject? I suppose that is what you mean."

"Oh, no," returned Deamati, "an entranced subject could not tell you anything. The obsessed entity would do the talking and any information would be governed by his plane experience. An obsessed entity could tell you nothing of the subject's former life's activities. I am referring to my ability to draw from the subject's sub-conscious mind the history of his long-ago personal life, and the relation of his acts in that life to his position and present status in this."

Ranier, in a puzzled, perplexed way drew his hand across his brow, saying, "His past life."

"Certainly, his past life! You surely don't believe in a nine months' creation of a human soul, with its millions of undeveloped potentialities?"

The Judge spoke to Franz, "I believe if you will bring George over he may be interested in this conversation. Inform him that Ranier is here."

George Morton had avoided the home, although he talked freely to all who first talked to him, and the Judge felt pleased to see him enter the room with Franz. His bow included all present, as he quietly joined the circle listening to Deamati.

"Yes," went on Deamati, "life is a continuing process and it is not interrupted very long by that transition which you call 'death.' The activities of physical life are simply transferred to another plane of existence. And to the person who has made the change, that realm is just as solid and real as the earth plane is to us.

"You go to Europe. You see, you know, you realize conditions of the country, the people's classifications. Those who cannot go must be satisfied with descriptions and maps. There are many who have faculties which permit them to know of the life beyond, without maps."

Deamati opened a hand-bag and took from it a small, oblong object, which looked like a coal of fire. She handed it to Barbara. "See what you can see in the depth of this fire opal. Look into the fire."

It was looked into and passed from one to the other until it was handed to George Morton. He held it at varying angles while he gazed. At length he said, "It seems to change in size, to grow larger."

Deamati arose and said, "Let me hold it."

She took it in her left hand, held it on a level with his eyes. As he continued to look into the opal, she moved her right hand over his head. Slowly his eyes began to close. He swayed slightly. She placed her bunched fingers on the center of his forehead, spoke some low words in his ear and he lapsed into a dead sleep. She motioned for a cushion, placed it to support his head, and turned to the waiting group.

Many delightful and instructive days had passed since Deamati had arrived at the Grayle Estate and become an important member of the family circle, and Franz had not mentioned the nature of the real cause for her summons.

Two days before the eventful evening Deamati had met Franz alone down by the lake and had asked,

"What is that mathematical equation, this problem which Franz Grayle cannot solve without my assistance?"

Franz laughed, as he admired her gipsy-like wholesomeness. He said, "Come over to this seat, Deamati, and I will explain the problem, this puzzle, the solution of which is so important. It is because we are jealous of Asia, and we got up this scheme to transfer you to America."

She had lifted up her head and gave a ringing, silvery laugh, replying, "So there can be romance to abduction?"

Then he became serious and related the events before the murder. The conclusive evidence, the short trial, sentence, and final escape. He then told her who Vincent really was, the unusual capture, and Ranier's relation to it all. He ended the recital with McCain's long months of detective work.

When Deamati had heard the whole story, she was quiet for a while, then exclaimed, "Those cumbersome methods of detection. Do they never resort to human faculties of perception for the discovery and detection of guilt?"

"No," replied Franz. "No court would accept such evidence. The court demands facts of personal knowledge."

As she faced the expectant listeners and glanced at the sleeping Vincent she thought of Franz' description of the murder. The long search for clues to its solution. She said, with a little, decided nod of her head, "So you need evidence? Well, we shall see!"

She turned to the sleeping man and spoke strange words into his ear. She continued this strange talk some minutes, then the talk seemed to change to definite questions which required answers. Low, at first, scarcely audible, and then more pronounced, clearer. Deamati had been leaning over the sleeping man with her hand on his wrist, as though to impart to him her strength. Gradually she withdrew her hand and addressed the sleeper.

"Listen well. This is very important. It means much to you; it means much to your friends. Be alert! Get every detail. You are to go on a journey. You know Leonard Morton. On April 17th he goes from his home to his office at the factory. Follow him, report to me every act, everything which occurs in that office."

She placed her thumb on his forehead and said, "Go!"

Each sentence was a command, followed by a pause, and when she said, "Go," there was silence and waiting. The silence and the waiting continued for breathless minutes. All watched the sleeper and suddenly as they watched, his lips moved without sound. They made the motions of words. Then Deamati stretched out her hand and placed it on his wrist. His lips formed words. Then came monotone sounds like a deaf person's. Finally words were distinguishable.

"Leonard Morton is in his office. He is looking over papers. He sorts them into groups. He reads one and says, 'Outrageous extravagance!' He continues to sort letters. Suddenly he looks up and says, 'Come in.' Caller is George Morton.

“‘Good evening, Uncle,’ says George, ‘I want one more talk with you regarding the factory.’

“‘It is no use, George; I will not turn the factory over to your extravagant management.’

“‘Uncle, if you don’t, the men are going to walk out.’

“‘Well, they will be mighty glad to walk back again. I’ve made up my mind to see this thing through, and I am going to do it.’

“He turns to sorting papers. George is thinking. Door opens slowly. The lawyer looks in. They do not see him. Door opens quickly. He jumps into the room, strikes George down. Morton turns, ‘You have killed my nephew.’

“‘Well, you will inherit the property. You know he couldn’t run the factory.’

“Morton reaches for telephone. Lawyer jumps to a drawer, holds a revolver. ‘Drop that.’ Morton slowly pushes telephone back with his left hand and turns to face lawyer. His right hand is feeling over the desk, as he watches lawyer with the revolver. He finds a card, writes and pushes it under desk cover.

“‘Old man, you have said lots of prayers. Got one for yourself? You’re going to need it.’

“‘My God! Would you kill a man in his own office?’

“‘Some might call it that, but it’s a quick process. I’m a dead shot, and I think I’ll take charge of this outfit.’

“‘You will hang for this, you scoundrel.’

“‘Oh, no, I won’t! I’m in Lancaster. So don’t let a

little thing called Murder worry your last moments. Are you ready?’

“‘Shoot—you coward.’

“Smoke in the room; lawyer wipes revolver carefully. Wraps paper around barrel, takes George’s right hand and places it around revolver handle, presses fingers against handle. Looks around the room, moves revolver with toe of shoe, walks around George, looks over things, nods head and goes out door.”

Deamati stroked the head of the sleeper. The talking ceased. She turned to the silent, watching group. “You have listened to the facts of a crime for which this man served two years in prison.”

For a few moments the sleeper lay motionless, then the eyes opened and he looked vacantly around the room.

The Judge nodded in approval of the satisfactory knowledge. He said to Franz, “It now looks like a more solvable problem. Communicate with McCain at once. The blotter on that desk must be looked into, or rather under.”

Ranier seemed too stunned for speech. He looked from one to the other. Finally he went to George, who could not understand all the interest which he had caused.

“Godfrey, what is it all about—what has happened?”

“About,” repeated his friend, groping for a solution. “What did you dream about, what did you talk of in your sleep?”

Deamati coming up at that moment heard the last

question. "George does not know what he talked about. You must tell him. He was sent on an errand. I took what they say at Monte Carlo, 'a gamble,' and he came through. It is not everyone that can come through."

She gave her hand to George, saying, "I congratulate you on your advancement. I rather forced a forward step in the development of a faculty."

She was looking at him in approval. Then, "You, in the future, may have rather strange dreams. Think over these dreams. Rationalize them with the facts of life. Your enforced period of unjust detention may prove the reverse to a check in development."

Turning to Franz she said, "This is the first human faculty application to solving the case, but there is one other we must get—that man called 'Sempf.' That will give the angle of that alibi."

Ranier and George were preparing to depart and yet Ranier lingered. He watched Deamati conversing with Franz, Barbara, and the Judge. Then he decided and went over to Deamati.

"May I have a talk with you tomorrow? I want to ask questions."

"Certainly," she replied, with a little laugh at his eager face. "We will hope to answer them satisfactorily."

XIII

GODFREY RANIER MEETS A NEW IDEA

GODFREY RANIER was an only son. His parents were respected residents of a small city, not rich, but in good circumstances. They were members of an Orthodox Church and interested in many of its activities.

They decided when Godfrey was young that their only son should be a Minister. Godfrey at an early age was fluent of speech. Later he led in school debates and theatricals. Consequently, he naturally followed the line of least resistance, and in due time was ordained a Minister of the Gospel.

But it proved to be a wavering path of progress, for with his mind bent toward science, invention, research, and advanced thought in general, he soon realized that his creed limited his enlarging vision. Consequently, his sermons developed an argumentative phase, an instinctive effort to harmonize the progressive knowledge of science with his orthodox base.

The accelerated adulation of static gray matter was not what his congregation desired or demanded. They wanted the familiar rendition and reiteration of the satisfying beliefs of their fathers, and Godfrey was

promptly made to see the error of his course of education.

A rich visiting relative of one of his parishioners, who had on several occasions heard Godfrey's discourses, fully realized his position. Her home church was in quest of a pleasing exponent of intellectual vision, and she was instrumental in a call to Godfrey Ranier.

He promptly responded to this call to a wider field, and resigned from his too limited sphere for a more congenial environment, where his abilities expanded in the sunshine of admiration and approval.

Such is a pen picture of Godfrey, who arrived at ten o'clock in the morning of the next day at the Grayle Estate.

Franz and the Judge were in the city. Barbara was engaged, and when he asked for Deamati, he was informed that she had walked in the direction of the lake.

Then he might see her alone. Exactly what he wanted. It would be rather difficult and rather embarrassing to ask some of the questions regarding which he wanted information before the Judge or Franz.

He quickened his pace along the path by the lake and at an acute angle of the road he found her looking out over the water. When she saw him she motioned. He approached and together they looked out at the view presented.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed.

It was cool. A light breeze rippled the water. There was an occasional splash of a fish in the distance. The

call of a bird, the shadow of a cloud over the water, an eagle circling in the sky. They watched these ever-changing lights and shadows for a time silently, then turned into the path which led to rustic seats placed for the most favorable view.

As they selected one of the seats, she remarked, "So you wanted to ask questions? What questions could possibly bother a man on such a day as this? Isn't the mere fact of existence enough without questioning?"

"Perhaps," he replied, as he looked at her poised face, which was again turned to the lake, "perhaps that is enough for Deamati. She seems to know secrets of nature, perhaps she knows more."

"The urge for accelerated progress," she said, nodding her head slowly, as she turned toward him, "and you?" She paused on the upward inflection, "Would like to know some of the secrets of nature? Have you arrived at the period of your development when you are ready to pay the price?"

"The price?" he repeated, in wonderment.

"Yes, the price," she replied, "perhaps a life or two of devotion to the ideal. Adherence to strict rules for building the body into a perfect instrument. Long training to cultivate perception of subtle vibrations. To train the brain into the ability to respond to calls. Do you think the secrets of nature are revealed to the non-arrived?"

He silently tried to comprehend such a task as she pictured. She smiled at his bewilderment.

"Oh, no, my friend, you don't want to know the secrets of nature. You need to know the knowledge of

The Plan, then fall in love with Mother Nature and grow into knowledge of law, and the secrets of nature will reveal themselves like removing masks from men's eyes."

He looked at her smiling face which regarded him with the leniency of a mother whose child had asked her for the moon. He felt a mingling of strange emotions. Resentment—resentment that she should regard him as a child. Fascination, and a keen desire which dominated all other emotions. She noticed the sweep of his emotions and his perplexity.

"Yes, my friend, I said you need knowledge of The Plan. You need not only to know, you need to realize, and let that realization sink into your consciousness. You must realize something of this wonderful earth and its varied forms of life, visible life, and life invisible. You must realize that all this is the result of hundreds of millions of years, ages upon ages and again long ages, in the formation of types and faculties. Patterns of faculties.

"There were long ages of absorption through instinct. Can you think of the reason for that absorption? And then the earliest forms of migratory life, and then the long journey up through instinct, emotion, up to the dawning of intellectual perception. And then the climax of the evolutionary effort.—A human being. Humanity, the culminating peak of evolutionary effort.

"Did you ever wonder, did you ever consider what the source and from whence was derived the material (you have no adequate word to describe it in English)—the something which culminated in the creation, the

formation of a human soul? Before that creation there were groups, but when the individual emerged from the group, he was launched upon the evolutionary path as an entity, to continue until a final graduation."

She nodded her head at him. "That is one little glimpse of the plan. Instinct, emotion, up to intellect, through intellect up to the spiritual perception, and at the climax of intellectual perception are the secrets of nature.

"And you who lack the kindergarten basis for building faculties and capacities would ask for the secrets of nature which are climaxed attainment of preparedness? 'Of suitable proficiency' has a definite and significant meaning."

Ranier stared at Deamati in a dreamlike wonder. He considered the difference between Deamati's ideas and religious teachings. Finally he gave expression to his thought.

"And our religious teachings, are they inadequate? Do they fall short of imparting the necessary knowledge as spiritual guidance?"

Deamati replied, "Your religions are to a great extent contrived instruments of spiritual guides to lead non-intellectually developed childhood of the race into the ways of constructive living. And they were led through promises, threats, allegories, and mysteries. Religions are handed down efforts for guidance for people—people immersed in emotional life, with instinctive tendencies.

"All religions are trades. You do this, and your reward will be so and so, still on the instinctive plane."

“Where your religions leave off the higher initiation begins. The aspirant seeking knowledge of the mysteries and the forces of nature must possess what you call all the Christian virtues, as his recommendation of admission. The purpose of religion is to teach people to live the constructive life. The purpose of occult teaching is to elucidate the mysteries and forces of nature and to teach the ability to manipulate those forces.”

And Ranier said, “You spoke of the soul of man and its origin.”

“Yes,” she replied, “the soul of man evolved—growth of the soul—through species to the primitive savage, from the savage to the tribe, and up to intellect. Then the dawn of spiritual vision and the flowering of the higher faculties. Why,” she exclaimed, after a pause, “the evidence lies everywhere. The foetus of the unborn, the rudiment of outgrown organs in the human body. The boy in his early years re-lives his primitive tendencies. The actions of a man in emotional anger revert to his old savage instincts.

“A great teacher gave this convincing key to understanding the problem when he said, ‘Scientists are working on material bodies, fossils, species, types. They fail to trace the juice which runs the machine, the animating spirit which inhabited the forms.’ And he might have added the animating spirit which progressed through forms.”

She paused. He was silent, and she watched the expression on his face. Suddenly he asked, “And God—where is God in this scheme?”

She said, "My friend, you have asked for advanced knowledge. You have heard, 'Where Angels fear to tread'? The finite mind is limited in its capacity of understanding. A rational comprehension of God is to a certain extent limited to the concrete expression of His existence. God is the evidence of all existence. All life is an infinitesimal part of divinity. The Sanskrit states, 'God is the soul which resideth in the body of every human being.'

"The great teachers have tried to give knowledge of that mystery and gave explanations on the level of human understanding, 'God is the ocean, and humanity is individual drops of that ocean, one in all, and some of all in each one.'

"Another teacher explaining the nature of the Divine to his pupils said, 'Thou art it, grow thou into the likeness of thy Father.'

"The teachings of the masters have greatly clarified the conception of divinity. Everything is the expression of spirit force, or God, back of it. 'Until the highest expression of spirit force on the earth plane, man, began to manufacture, there was no expression of intellect. Previous to that point the expression of spirit force was instinct.' The time has passed for intellect to be cramped by considering God a personality.

"The vast universe and unlimited space, governed by a personality which is resident in all life, from a Master to the infinitely small life germ of a seed, is an impossibility to intellectual conception. But when the mind grasps the idea of vibratory, creative spirit-force,

pervading all space and forcing all things into manifestation, then follows a vision of majestic, harmonious order."

The second evening following Deamati's talk with Ranier, there were gathered at the Grayle home those principally interested in establishing the innocence of George Morton regarding his uncle's murder. There were present Judge Alvin, Franz, Barbara, Deamati, Morton, Ranier, and McCain. The latter was to report the results of his inspection of the desk in the factory office.

He was the last to arrive and his face proclaimed his success before he gave the particulars. He had taken a witness to attest the fact of finding the note, should Morton's wonderful message prove to be really a fact. That note, Leonard Morton's last message to the world, written stealthily by his unseen hand, while he gazed at the point of a revolver; a revolver which a second later brought death.

McCain commenced, "When we arrived at the factory, everything was humming with noise and running machinery. We went through the factory and approached the office inside the yard. It was early and the office gate had not been opened. As we approached the the door I saw Bauer sitting at the desk. He turned as I stepped in the door and for a second he showed a concerned look of apprehension. That look passed in an instant and he said, in a cheery tone, 'Hello, McCain, is that you? Are you still looking for clues? Well, this is my busy day. I'm leaving, the office is yours.'

"He stepped out the door but returned in an instant

to say, 'McCain, if you see the ghost of that old fellow, ask him how's tricks over there.' And with a laugh he was gone.

"With my witness on guard in the door, I turned to inspect the desk. On the top of the desk was a cardboard affair with leather corners to admit the slipping in of new blotters. There was a new blotter in place and my heart gave a queer twist of disappointment. I slipped out one corner of the blotter. There was nothing there, and I then loosened a tack at the corner and beneath it between the cardboard holder of the blotter and the desk was one postal card and scribbled across the address was written, 'Bauer has just killed George.' That was all—not another word or a date. I slipped that card in my notebook and we left."

The card passed from one hand to another, as each one curiously inspected the last written word of Leonard Morton, establishing the truth of that strange message which Deamati had received from a sleeping man.

The Judge looked long at the scrawled card and considered the circumstances which brought it to light. He finally said, "The dependability of evidence obtained from witnesses must always be considered as biased by self-interest. When our courts can depend on developed human faculties to ascertain truth, there will be more justice in verdicts. Now we know the actual facts of this case. Knowledge obtained through Deamati's instrumentality, and confirmed by the discovery of this evidence. We can now centralize on the main issue."

Franz had left the group and was busy with the combination of his safe. When he returned he handed Dea-

mati a little round object, stating, "If we had the history of this object, it might throw light on many things."

She took what he handed her, changed her position to a chair a little distance from the group, held the object first in her two hands, then held it in her left hand. For sometime she sat quiet, with her eyes closed. Then with one finger she signaled for the group to come nearer, and chairs were quietly moved and everyone waited in suspense. She commenced speaking.

"I see this object being made. The material, a hard shell or a large nut, or sea bean. It is made in two halves; it is joined with great care. A hole is made through both halves with a round pin tightly fitting and having a cap. One cap to turn on other end of pin, when pin is inserted through the two halves. When finished the two halves turn on the pin. The heads of the pin are sunk on each side and a round piece of shell is exactly fitted into each side to cover the sunken pin holes. At the edge a section is cut through both halves and a section fitted in like a key block in a puzzle.

"The man making this is tall, has light hair, a red, raised scar on left cheek. He has very light gray eyes with small black pupils. He has bony hands, with large joints. He traces a design on this, commencing at the key block."

She paused a while, as if watching passing scenes.

"I see him in rooms of machinery going from one task to another, often directing men."

Pause.

"I see him in a uniform with many other men in uniform. Prisoners, not soldiers. He is in another country.

He has several associates—men of his stamp. They are often together at night. Their manner seems criminal. Then—he is associated with reading and books, he is in a small, poorly furnished office.”

She ceased talking and commenced a curious, minute inspection of the object she held.

“Yes, this has a key, if I can find it. Does that description fit anyone you know?”

Morton replied, “It certainly fits one man I know. It is a perfect description of lawyer Bauer.”

“Yes,” confirmed McCain, “there is no doubt as to the identity. The scar, the gray eyes with black points.”

“One more link in the chain of evidence,” said the Judge, “the astral trip, the psychometrized object, and next—how will we contrive the next link?”

“I believe,” exclaimed Franz, “that I have a plan to get that last link.”

Franz, Judge Alvin, and McCain withdrew to work the details of that plan. Meanwhile, Ranier had been glancing at Deamati. He was anxious to renew the trend of their conversation, a trend which he felt as a minister in his position he could only discuss alone. Her talk had opened up the vision of a new world. A vast domain, new meanings, new angles of approach. His old views seemed small and contracted. He felt a little sting of conscience, like heresy. But the enlarged vision intrigued. It meant liberty, co-operation, expansion. The old creeds seemed static, contracted, fossilized.

His was no sudden awakening, with leisure for analysis. It was a bombshell explosion in his beautifully organized, classically arranged, oratorical garden. His first

feeling was bitter resentment against Deamati for managing such a rude awakening. His was such a lionized position. But the attraction, the lure of knowledge was the stronger emotion.

Deamati sensed his conflict. She had engineered many assaults on entrenched ignorance, and she planned her attacks with the adroitness of a general planning a campaign.

She arose, approached him and asked, "Shall we walk out in the moonlight?"

"With pleasure," he responded, and side by side they walked out into the fragrant air with its sounds of the night, the chorus of crickets, the far-off bass notes of frogs, the distant bark of a dog, the neigh of a horse.

As Deamati listened, she exclaimed, "The sociability of the low country, where all things are related."

They walked in silence for a time—she waiting for the expression of his thoughts. Finally he commenced:

"Deamati, your ideas, which are revolutionary to my education, are exceedingly disturbing to my line of procedure. I realize the rational, harmonious sweep, the bigness of it all, and my desire is keen to share in such knowledge—but how can I proceed in this new line of which you have given me a vision? And in honor continue an exponent and leader of the old line doctrine?"

"I have won an enviable position in my calling. My congregation has honored me with their belief in my ability to cater to their intellectual demands."

As Ranier said "intellectual demands" he could not see the quiet smile which dimpled Deamati's gipsy face.

She said, "Will you tell me something of the source of your lectures to these people—how your talks, your instructions to them, are built up? You see, I am ignorant on such subjects. Are all of your places of worship alike?"

He promptly replied, "Oh, no, not alike. There are many denominations. There is one Book. All denominations have the same Book. Sermons, or instructions to people are taken from the same Book, some verse, or a chapter of verses from this Book—the Bible. Different denominations place different interpretations on the contents of this Book. Some religious denominations retain a Creed of Beliefs formulated by the founders of the faith. Others have omitted this creed as obsolete, belonging to the past—outgrown. My church does not belong to any denomination. It is independent. The collective membership select their minister for his ability, his culture, his pleasing personality. He derives his sermons from the Bible and he includes in his addresses, essays on morals, conformity to law, ethics of life, in fact, he gives his personal idea of constructive living and universal information."

Deamati asked, "Do I understand that your Church is not bound to conformity of sects? It is not subject to the restriction of formulated rule?"

"That explains the position of my church very correctly. It is independent. My church has discarded the formality to creeds, which they consider as obsolete."

"My friend," said Deamati, "you are in an ideal position to impart real knowledge to your people. To be a

leader of advanced thought, of new ideas. Your congregation must be ready for advanced knowledge when they have discarded creeds and mythology.

“You will find the difference in religions is the admixture of mythology which they contain. Religions which stress their mythology content, instead of their spiritual import, cater to emotional reason instead of intellectual perception. I feel confident that your religious literature contains a spiritual basis of law. A minister who caters to a desire for spiritual knowledge and ignores the mythology is the leader which people need. You, my friend, have an opportunity. You have a mission.

“Remember this—when in the life of the individual superstitious affinity has lost its pull of attractions and that individual has advanced to the point of intellectual inquiry, he is ready for progressed knowledge, and a law, which you call ‘chance,’ caters to his need for instruction.

“No, my friend, we did not meet by chance. ‘Chance’ is a word of the uninformed. It was not chance that you hold the position which you now occupy. There are also reasons why your place should be well filled.”

He did not reply when she waited for his answer, so she resumed:

“I must give you a series of lectures to prepare for the work you may accomplish. You must know of things, some things, you will not teach, but which are necessary for you to know. You must know of Pranic Energy and something of its manipulation, of the subtle ethers which combine with other forces to make visible sub-

stance. You must know of the positive and negative forces of the human body and their interrelations, the centers of force. You remember that I told you that real occult knowledge commenced where religions leave off? Religions teach the constructive life. Occult teachings are imparted only to those whose constructive life is their basis of recommendation. Yes, it is good to teach men truths. It builds up much karmic credit to the teacher."

Ranier was silent. He felt a mental paralysis as he listened. It was all a kaleidoscopic vision of another world. A vision of forces in nature which he had never dreamed of.

"Why," he replied—then hesitated.

She said, "And you knew nothing of these things, and you are a teacher?"

"I guess," he answered, "that I have been a manipulator of oratorical verbiage, instead of ideas."

"Never mind," she consoled him. "You shall have basic knowledge of these things. I will furnish you a compass by which you may chart your own voyages of discovery. First, the plan and the keys. The details of abilities may come later."

They had been walking along the path by the lake returning toward the lights of home. The sounds of the night were more attracting when conversation ceased. Deamati was thinking of it all. Turning to Ranier she said, "How strangely woven is the web of destiny! This murder, the unjust sentence—the long, long months deprived of liberty and friends. Seemingly tangled threads to a destined end. How the desires of men blend with

and kaleidoscopically fit in with the purposes of nature!
To be summoned from India to solve a crime and to
find the keystone situation to a new development, a new
understanding of the old, old knowledge!"

XIV

GODFREY GETS A VISION

THE CHILDREN, as well as Barbara, had come under the spell of Deamati's charms. Every afternoon they would stroll out to some interesting nook and she would tell them stories of Indian life and folk lore. The evening of her morning's talk with Ranier it had rained, so the stories were resumed indoors. Barbara, curious as to the spell which held the children Deamati's admiring attendants, joined the story group. Understanding smiles passed between the women regarding the children's attraction and attention, so when at the supper table that night Deamati told Barbara, "Tomorrow night I commence the education of a minister," she related the gist of her talk with Ranier.

Barbara expressed a wish to hear those lectures, or, as she expressed it, "those fascinatingly told stories of the law."

"You most certainly shall. We'll have a class," she declared. "Oh, it was exceedingly interesting to watch the evidence of his mental process! He mentally rebelled at many of my statements, but the logic all harmonized with adjusting clicks. His interest to know the assailing enemy weakened his entrenchment, and he was cap-

tured—irretrievably lost. He became a disciple of the law.”

She paused for an appreciative laugh. “Yes, his urge for knowledge overcame his reluctance to being taught. When the portals to the Hall of Knowledge are once passed by the adventuring mind in quest of truth, that love of knowledge becomes an unquenchable thirst. It’s like being launched on the evolutionary trend—it continues until a final graduation. You see,” she explained, “the love of spiritual knowledge does not end with its possession. There are always affinitizing attachments to complete it.”

Franz, who had been listening with much interest to Deamati’s description of her conversation with Ranier, remarked, “I must have a little conversation with that Gentleman of the Cloth and remove his very natural reluctance to having witnesses to his extension in knowledge, his excursion into the realm of real facts.”

Consequently when Ranier arrived in the late afternoon, intending to have a short visit with George before his evening with Deamati, he was received by Franz, who said, “Come, take a turn by the lake; I want to tell you a little story.”

It was down by the lake—that lake which had heard many unusual conversations and was destined to hear many more—that Franz commenced.

“Ranier, perhaps you don’t know that I was instrumental in bringing Deamati here from the mountains of central India to solve this murder mystery. McCain had his suspicions—everything pointed to his guilt. It was in the air, but he had not one conclusive connecting

link; he had not one positive fact of Bauer's guilt to present to Court.

"I met Deamati in India under the most dramatic circumstances, and through her I witnessed what you might call a miracle. It was Deamati who rationalized me to a harmonious life. She is a manipulator of forces of nature which you read about in strange tales of the Alchemists. Her life is not built upon theory. Life to Deamati is a realm of reality. I believed that her ability could solve this murder, and I asked her to come to America; she did not know why I wanted her, but she considered that it was a matter of importance, and she started at once.

"Well—you know she contrived to reveal the real facts of the murder. Now we are working on proofs of those facts to present to Court. Yes," continued Franz, as he thought over the problem, "my meeting with Deamati was in the nature of an Arabian Night's Tale." And he repeated to the silently interested listener the details of that meeting.

"But for my knowledge derived from Deamati I probably would be today afflicted with wanderlust, seeking forgetfulness in adventure."

As Franz and Ranier returned from their turn by the lake—Ranier going to the library for his appointment with Deamati, Franz detained him with, "Ranier, you are a fortunate man to win a receptive attitude with Deamati. Her active interest in people seems to be confined to those who have arrived at the parting of the ways; at the rise of the grade, and are looking for signs of procedure. As she, in India, years ago foresaw my

future and laughingly hinted at details which she would not reveal, so now she probably realizes your arrival at a climaxial point of destiny."

He laughingly said, "Deamati's interest in you is your recommendation to me. I am interested in your career."

Ranier was greeted by Barbara as he entered the library. They talked of casual interests until Deamati arrived. She said, "Mr. Ranier, we are to have a class of two. Barbara is interested in my folk-lore talks and it would do you good to witness the interest of those children, the darlings."

Then they were seated and Deamati commenced that first lecture.

"This subject is so large, there are so many ramifications, so many interrelations, that it is best to classify our various subjects. It is also best to start out on the quest with a platform of principles.

"Vivekananda, an Indian teacher who arranged an English version of Vadic Philosophy, gave as his basic platform:

"'Each soul is potentially Divine. The goal is to manifest that divinity within by controlling nature, external and internal. Do this either by work or worship, or psychic control, or philosophy—by one, or more, or all of these and be free.

"'This is the whole of religion. Doctrines or dogmas, or Rituals, or Books, or Temples, or Forms, are but secondary details.'

"This platform was given to stabilize and confirm students well advanced in knowledge of procedure and familiar with Eastern ideals.

“There is another platform of guidance given by a great teacher—comprehensive in expression, optimistic in outlook, encouraging to every grade of development, envisioning spiritual attainment.—

“‘Life—For progression in knowledge,

“‘Mind—Open to the working of law,

“‘Intellect—For the development of spirituality,

“‘Reincarnation—For the advancement of ideals.’

“The first essential in preparing the students’ minds for a clear comprehension of the plan is a lucid conception of that creative energy which men call ‘God.’ There are many, many names for the Creator of the Universe. Many of the names refer to attributes of creative force. It has been said that ‘A knowledge of God is the beginning of wisdom.’

“All life is a part of that vivifying, vibratory spirit essence. One Ancient Order names this creative force ‘The Great Architect of the Universe.’ A more comprehensive term than ‘God,’ which name in reality is a concrete word meaning, ‘All Law—Spirit Force.’ Man himself is an expression of God up to the extent of his intelligence. ‘Ye are Gods in the building.’ All life, all creation, all concrete existence is a manifestation of God. The old Sanskrit writers, trying to give a comprehensive illustration of the nature of God, said, ‘Consider God the Ocean and men drops of that ocean—one in all and some of all in each one.’

“One of your own writers, describing the great mystery, said, ‘God is the efficient cause in nature.’ This is as near as finite mind can understand this great mystery. It may help you to realize the universality of divinity;

it may help some to discard the childish idea of a personal God, to consider every human being you meet as 'A God in the Building'— And when you meet a poor specimen, you may say, "The evolutionary effort which labored untold ages to produce this, has ages yet to come to finish the job."

"How do you know what circumstances halted the process of development in this case? Or for what purpose it was halted? If you could contact some of those great beings, the more finished products of the evolutionary effort, and compare their advanced achievements with those whom you consider peaks of ability of your present century, the difference in degree of development would be far greater than between your representative men of culture and this poor, unfinished job.

"The miracle, the wonder, the great central idea is to realize God in nature, God in man, Divinity in all existing things, and to realize that you are part of this miracle. That all life is simply a relative expression of this one spirit existence. All life, all experience, all knowledge, all existing things are simply means to a realization of this one essential—Truth! What does anything matter in life when you possess this realization?

"Possessing this realization, life becomes a study of the law of relationships. And my friends, that study comprises all existing knowledge. It is all a matter of You in Knowledge, and you become a radiating center of force. A center of radiating influence."

She was looking at him through half-closed eyes, leading him up to the culminating idea.

"Now, my friend, do you realize the key to power, to ability, to attainment, to possession? If you know the nature of a thing, you can dominate it. All lesser things are subject to law, and you can become law. Yes, through knowledge you become law."

Ranier's face and eyes were eagerly intent as she lectured. They retained their set expression of concentration after she had finished speaking. He was looking into future possibilities. As his mind returned, he was looking into the smiling face and eyes of Deamati.

She was saying, "A remembering of former quests, and forgotten visions."

He was silent for a time, his thoughts busy with a train of new ideas, new possibilities.

Finally, looking up at his teacher, he asked, "Deamati, would you talk to my people, awaken their placid attention, kindle their faint desire, inject a live interest into their placid contemplations?"

Deamati looked at him a while, as she revolved the idea and its relationships. Finally she decided, "Yes, I will accept that proffered privilege. We will see."

When Deamati said "We will see" there always followed an interesting exposition.

XV

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ATOM

THE OPENING service was over. The last mellow tones of the organ faded into silence. Ranier arose in his pulpit and looked out over a well-filled house, an audience of prosperous people.

Looking over that audience, with pride and satisfaction, he commenced, "Dear Friends, I have this morning a pleasant surprise for you. I have induced a lady from India to talk to us. I say 'Us' for the reason that I do not know the subject of her talk or the nature of her discourse, but I am confident that it will be a pleasing surprise to both the audience and myself. I have the pleasure of presenting—Deamati Korali, of India."

Deamati arose and stood before the audience. She cast an appraising glance at the congregation, the appearance of the building, and her surroundings. Then she centered on her attentive audience.

"My Friends of America, when your instructor, your Minister, asked me to talk to you, I accepted his suggestion promptly. I had a great desire to look into your eyes, your faces, to know what manner of people you were. I wanted to realize, from a collective group, your status of relationship. Consequently, I accepted the opportunity first; then I considered what I should talk to

you about—how, in conformity, I should deliver my message to you.

“I asked Mr. Ranier how he approached his subjects, how he built up his address. ‘Why,’ he said, ‘I take a text as my central idea, and assemble around that text connecting ideas and their radiating relations.’

“That answer appeared to me orderly, constructive, progressive; so I decided to select a text as the basis of my talk to you. I have selected a text with which you are all perfectly familiar—a text which is a product of Law and Nature. The last, of course, is superfluous, because Nature is Law. It is a living text, embodying a wonderful lesson.”

She held it up between finger and thumb. “This is my text. It is a seed. A seed from one of your American watermelons. When I selected my text, a seed, I wanted you to realize the climaxed result of the effort of that seed—the climax, the perfection of some growths reaches completion in a far-distant time, but the seed—why you are all familiar with that miracle.

“In order that you could realize the wonder, the climaxed effort of that seed, I had a photographer reproduce in natural colors a cross-section of the completed result of the effort of that seed. I wish every one of you to realize the perfection of it all—structure, order, precision, beauty of design, geometrical proportions, density of protecting outer layer, solidity of the outer casement. Notice the care in the protection of the purity of the heart of the fruit, the mathematical precision of location of the seeds, designed to insure successive generations.”

She paused. An attendant brought in a slender easel showing the enlarged cross-section of the marvel, in natural colors, which displayed in minute detail, color, texture, the outer green casement, the parallel lines of succeeding tissues, the first tinge of red to the completed marvel—the climaxed effort of the seed. Finally, after moments of silence, to allow a full realization, she turned again to her audience, “Now, we have the text, the seed, and the resulting product of its effort. We will next take up the history of the process of that development.

“Within that little seed is a spark of vibrating life essence. The gardener prepares the soil and then plants the seed in the earth, where it comes within the influence of soil vibration, and the penetrating effects of moisture. The earth vibrations accelerate the vibrations of the seed, which sends out a call for harmonious substance. It swells, becomes larger, bursts its shell, and instinctively pushes toward the light and air, which, in turn, responds to the vibrating call of the seed and gives in response to this call etheric elements which it builds in as vegetable substance—vine, leaf, and blossom. It continues its vibratory call and as the leaves grow and enlarge, they absorb more and more substance, substance fed to them from the air, the subtle ethers, from sunshine. The gardener supplies other substances that the soil lacks, sometimes nitrates, sometimes phosphates. The roots absorb them, convert and transform them into structural growth. So this little spark of Divine essence, this spark of individualized vibratory life, continues its

vibratory call for affinitized substance, that will build it into the perfect, rounded condition of completion.

“Now this seed did not change its desire to the specialized vibratory call of a tomato, a turnip, a blackberry or a mango. It persisted in its own specialized call, its own vibration, its individual class prayers to the God of the vegetable world, for the substance that would contribute to its growth to perfection, and it expanded and built in substance contributed as the result of its continued vibratory call, until it reached its perfection of growth. It did not simply take that substance, contributed as the result of its attracting prayer, but it built that substance in according to a pattern, a design, a most wonderful design, a most exquisite pattern of harmony, of geometrical proportions, of algebraical design. As the pattern expanded, and the details of design became more pronounced, it made provision for continuation of itself. For the perpetuation of all that beauty of design, color, flavor, odor, it organized seeds for future generations of its kind.

“Beside all this plan in growth, expansion, care of design, according to traditions and tendencies of its race, it built an insulating covering around itself to protect it from marring and conflicting outside influences. Also this insulating, protecting covering had of necessity to be an expanding insulation, to provide for enlargement and growth. It kept this expanding protection sealed against intrusion until it attained its growth and its maturity, when finally it attained its full growth and perfection of form and design. It lacked all the virtues

of ripened fruit. Consequently, with the completion of growth, it commenced to build in the finer virtues, flavor, sweetness, mellowness, ripeness, distilled from the dews of the atmosphere, the final essence to its life's completion.

"Well, we have taken a little excursion into the history of a seed. I have given you a partial history of the result of its vibratory call, its prayer to the God of the vegetable world for completion. There are many lessons to be learned from this vision of growth and unfoldment. This seed continued individual throughout its entire development. It sent out no other call, no other prayer, but its own vibratory demand and through that oneness of purpose, it attained perfection—its completed growth.

"There are tens of thousands of varieties of seeds, and each classification has its specialized vibratory call. One seed will draw from earth, water, air, ether and light, a deadly poison; another, sweet perfume; and another, a sleeping potion. Another would transform the mind of man into that of an idiot, and all these results are brought about by vibrations—vibration of smell, vibration of stimulation, vibration of retardation.

"Vibration and magnetism draw from elemental space every concreted substance of nature. It has been said, 'The investigating student will eventually arrive at the conclusion that life has its origin in the invisible.' And what is the invisible? It is nothing more or less than the vast fields of vibratory matter that stretch on either side, above and below the narrow range of physical senses. We may use it. We may sense it, but

we neither see, hear, nor touch it. But, out of it is con-creted all that is visible, and to it return those con-cretions when they have served their purposes.

“Vibration is the Master Key that unlocks the secrets of nature. Vibrations control the life of the Universe from the smallest atom to the mighty constellations of outer space. Each plant species has its one specialized vibration, and it repeats that one specialized call until it grows into the perfected likeness of its ideal.

“Animal life has variable vibrations dominated by instinct—hunger, cold, anger, fear—but man, the climax of the evolutionary scheme, has the ability of controlling his vibrations, has the ability of directing his vibratory power, either constructively or destructively, as he chooses.

“Man has evolved through the lower kingdoms, and the tendencies of the lower kingdoms are his by choice. He can attune himself to the vibrations of love, anger, hate, quiescence, revenge, and all through the range of emotions, but Man cannot avoid the reacting results of his choice. Through long ages of evolutionary experience, man has been learning the lesson of choosing wisely, of learning how to attune himself to constructive methods in directing his vibratory power. As Man climbs this evolutionary ladder, up through instinct, emotion, to intellect, from the limited intellect of the savage to the more mature intellect of a scientist, to the intellect of a great mathematician, he is attaining his mature and intellectual growth. Then he—like the melon, that builds in its last completing virtues of color, flavor, sweetness, mellowness, ripeness—so a man will,

at the completion of his growth, build in the completing qualities of his character, spiritual perception and faculties above intellect.

Deamati paused and looked over the silently listening audience, intent on the vision she had pictured. Continuing, she said, "As we progress in knowledge of the Laws of Life, we will realize more and more that everything is controlled by vibratory law. Everything that is, is vibration. The quality, rate and force of the vibration determines the form of the expression.

"There are many vibratory conditions on the physical plane that are not visible to the sight. Some vibrations are not registered or felt except by very sensitive individuals. When we begin to study vibrations, we are commencing to investigate an unlimited field which, if thoroughly understood, would encompass infinite knowledge as yet undreamed of by men. All knowledge of vibratory law on the earth plane is but a drop in the bucket compared to the story of the whole!

"Now I want to talk to you of personal vibrations, of the individual, and how those vibrations are registered in his atmosphere. Every person has an individual atmosphere, an aura of surrounding emanation. The person who has developed a more sensitive extension of sight, sees these auras as faint light surrounding a person. These auras have color according to the development of the individual from the faint unformed, undefined, unaccentuated-by-any-definition aura of the savage, to the wonderful abilities of the intellectually spiritual man, together with all the intermediate grades of de-

velopment as indicated by form, color and definition of those auras as the individual advances in development. From these auras can be understood something of the law of vibration, indicating degree of development, because, as you consider and compare the conditions of the savage aura to the beautiful aura of the highly evolved intellectual individual, you find that the difference is caused by, or is the result of, thought control and directed vibrations, just as the differentiation of all things you see in physical conditions are the result of controlled and directed vibrations. In this way you get your idea of the power of vibrations, and learn that vibrations are absolutely constructive or destructive, as you yourself direct them. Also, you may realize that vibration is the medium of progress, the attracting and attaching call of your progress. Now, that means that you have to learn that your power of growth and progress lies in your ability to control and direct your vibrations—that you can, must and will eventually direct your vibratory power. Everyone would like to have the wonderful completed aura of the highly developed man, but you must remember that you are in the process of building toward the completion of The Plan. How will you get to the wonderful climax of the completed Aura? First, by instinct and emotion; then through intellect; then the dawn of the vision of spiritual direction. Those auras came up through all those stages, as all humanity must come. We all have traveled the path. You have no reason for discouragement, but you have a wonderful impetus for self-controlled action.

“Decisional action is controlled action, for decisional action brings to you the peak of your ability for progress, the decision for operation. Now, the Aura of that poor savage, who went nearly back to the brute instinct, was the first evolution from the animal kingdom into human form. Consequently, you know how primitive his attitude of decision must have been, and he could go only very slowly, dimly seeing the light, but he went. That was The Plan, and as you have considered the Auras, as they went along in their development, how they were clearing up, how they were becoming more decisional, and how the ability of control in directing life was evidenced in the surrounding envelope. At the completion of the journey see the reward. That is what your study of the law of The Plan is going to help you attain, but in this building, you must remember that you cannot build emotionally only as emotion helps you to catch the vision. You have to build scientifically, related with vision. That is the path of progress. The emotion is all right; it plays a wonderful part in life, but it is not the element through which you build relatedly.

“Secure building comes through intelligent realization of scientifically related facts. The climax of your ability is through your Auric condition—The love element, the anger element, the bonds of the miser—are all indications of decision. That is how you envelop your body, and your envelope permits to you the INGRESS OF VISIONS. Your Auric envelope is the medium of Ingress, and it is also the Egress from your body, to which you attach all conditions in the atmosphere as yours. And, the operating principle is vibratory

decision, nothing else, because The Plan is Vibration, and without vibration there is nothing. Consequently, you realize that the vibratory ability that you possess is your wonderful instrument for decisional acquisition and operation."

XVI

HYPNOTIC EVIDENCE

IT WAS evening of the third day after Deamati's sermon. She and Barbara were occupying inviting seats arranged beneath a tall oak tree near the house. Not far away the children were engaged in some active game.

It was near the close of a perfect day. A cool, light breeze from the direction of the lake gave life to foliage. It was a secluded, delightful retreat as nature had formed it. Deamati never tired of admiring the beauty of the "low country," as she called it, in contrast with her mountains of India.

As she looked around at the beautiful landscape, she exclaimed, "Barbara, how desirably located you are! And so favorably situated!"

Barbara and her unusual visitor had grown very close together. She was a constant source of new ideas, of new visions. She had said to Franz, "Deamati is alive!"

"Yes," she replied to the observation, "I sometimes realize that fact. Life to Jimsie and Franz—how shall I say it—life to them never grows stale, flat, monotonous. They never reach that despondent attitude which possesses so many people, that 'what's-the-use' attitude, you know—an endurance attitude. They never reach a dis-

couraged period of life. They seem to possess a placid expectancy."

"Yes," replied Deamati, with an appraising glance at Barbara's picture. "I know what you have aptly described. And do you know the reason why your Franz and Jimsie, as you call your Judge—do you know why they seem to be set aside and different from other men, why that placid expectancy pervades their lives?"

Barbara's steady glance of inquiry asked the answer.

"Because," said Deamati, "those two men have had visions, a vision of divinity, a vision of relationship, a vision of their kingship. Yes," she nodded her head in confirmation of the fact, "they are set apart; they are different from other men. After seeing visions they have come within the pull of the magnet. Theirs is a founded expectancy."

She smiled into Barbara's wondering eyes. "Can you imagine that a message from an ordinary man saying 'Come to America,' without giving a reason, would have brought me across the world? No! I knew what manner of man beckoned. And I knew the reason for that call was sufficient."

As Barbara thought over the force of a vision which never grew dim, Deamati was opening the letters. As she laid one aside she said, as she opened another, "Here is a letter from Mrs. Antoine. After the lecture Sunday she came into the annex with others to talk with me, but she stood aside and listened to the others talk and my answers to their questions. I felt her looking at me, and when she turned to go, I held out my hand and motioned, and she came over. She asked why I selected

a seed as my text. I explained that anything that contained a spark of God—divine energy in it—grew and evolved into something. That things man made were fixed, static; they didn't grow. A table, a chair, remain a table and chair. She said, 'You have ideas. I wish I could talk to you.' 'Perhaps you may. You know where I live.' She continued, 'I now know why I went to Church today.' I asked, 'And you don't generally go to Church?' 'No, I take my two boys and we ride out into the woods to the lake. The boys amuse themselves and I—she hesitated with a quiet smile—I like their sermons better.' Others came up and she turned and left. Here is her letter.

"DEAR DEAMATI KORALI:

"You may remember me as the one who told you that she knew why she went to service Sunday. Well, I have some influence in a college for girls, and I have persuaded them to ask you to deliver their graduating address. Please don't refuse. I know you will not lecture on the possible outcome of Russian civilization, or the possibilities of a European war, or the culture which existed during the dark ages, or the effect of Greek mentality on our present educational system.

"Please consider the request favorably, for it will arrive presently.

"Cordially,

"MRS. D. R. ANTOINE.

"P. S. One of the girls of the college, completing her equipment as a reporter, took down your lecture in

shorthand. It is to appear in an edition of the College paper. Your lecture and my persuasion influenced the coming invitation.

“MRS. A——”

Deamati's smile expressed keen appreciation of the letter, as she looked to Barbara for comment.

Barbara laughed in sympathy, “Yes, I know her. She is a forced product of faddish culture. She was reared in an atmosphere of superior learning. She has brains and was a social success. When she had attained the climax for social emulation, she married a practical business man and dropped completely out, leaving her poor mother alone to carry the cultural banner, a heavy burden without the assistance of her talented daughter. Dorothea has since lived a sane, practical life, with one pronounced idiosyncrasy—intolerance for all sham. Everything that appeals to Dorothea must have a practical purpose and ring true.”

“Is she happy in her marriage?” asked Deamati, as if that were necessary to the estimation of Mrs. Antoine's character.

“Yes,” answered Barbara, “I believe she is reasonably so. Anyway, her married life is much more congenial than the forced cultural flutter. She has two beautiful, fine boys. Yes—I would say she is happy. Her husband's interests seem centered in his family life and his business success. His progress has been a rather prosaic procedure. He has never exhibited any radical tendencies outside the regular routine. He would be considered a model representative citizen.”

"Yes, Barbara, your picture of Mrs. Antoine's husband is very clear," said Deamati. "So clear that should I meet the gentleman I would probably recognize him. A slowly acquiring growth—don't interfere with the proceeding process. You might manage that I meet Mrs. Antoine. An adjustment in her direction of procedure will be beneficial."

Deamati had read and laid aside her other letters. She looked up, "Barbara, while we are in the adjustment business, don't you think our curiosity should be satisfied by an inspection of the methods of production at that factory? I want to see that man Sempf. I think he is the key to solving that murder problem. We must manage in some way to see him alone."

"Well," replied Barbara, as she considered the matter. "Why not have him come and repair the machinery. I don't know if we have any machinery or not, but we could have Franz borrow some and break it."

When their plans for visiting the factory and meeting Sempf were unfolded to Franz, he joined the plot at once. Several days elapsed before machinery was secured and put in a condition which needed repairing.

"Now," said Deamati, as they looked over the completed arrangements, "where is that little object? I want that to appear at the opportune moment for recognition. Now show us the repairs you want made, every detail. Place that little object right here on this shelf, and Barbara and I will manage the reception of Mr. Sempf."

So Franz explained the nature of the repairs and the little object was secured and placed on the shelf. After

all arrangements were approved by Deamati they prepared the visit to the factory.

"A short ride of twenty miles or more," declared Franz.

They arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon and were directed to the factory. Having arrived at the office, they met Bauer himself. Franz inquired for the superintendent. Bauer informed him in a brisk manner, "You are speaking to the Manager. What can I do for you?"

"Why," said Franz, in a cheery tone of an influential citizen requesting a favor which he was assured would be granted before he made the request, "we have a visitor from India who is very anxious to see an American factory in operation, and I was seeking the manager to ask him to appoint some guide to show the ladies around a bit."

Bauer's assertive air subsided. He bit his finger nails in a reflective mood. Franz maintained an insistent attitude which called for compliance. Finally, Bauer looked up at Franz.

"Yes, of course, we are glad to receive interested visitors—the ladies." He hesitated. "Say!" he called to a boy. "Go and bring Sempf here."

"And by the way," said Franz, laying a ten dollar bill on the desk. "Is this Sempf a machinist? We need some machinery repaired out at our place. If you would be so kind as to send him to look into this matter of repair. Of course, the bill would be extra for an outside job like that. Here is my card, and you can phone

when the man is coming. Someone there will inform him of the required work."

Bauer's attitude was quite changed. He sensed a dominance which he did not understand, but he understood the tender of money. There was no reluctance on that score—that was the line of least resistance. He said:

"Mr. Grayle, I will be glad to serve you in any way. I will send Sempf over before noon tomorrow." He hesitated. "If that is satisfactory to you—and see what is needed."

Sempf appeared and conducted the ladies into the factory. Franz loitered in the grounds until they reappeared. Barbara was saying, "Mr. Sempf, this has been a very interesting visit. I wanted my friend to see the inside of at least one factory. We thank you so much."

She handed him a bill. As he hesitated, she said, "To buy something to remind you of your kindness."

As she passed through the office she stopped and said, "Mr. Bauer, did my husband speak to you of some machinery over at our place in need of repair?"

"Yes, Ma'am," answered Bauer politely. "I've made arrangements with him for Sempf to go over tomorrow morning and look into things."

As they passed out Sempf grinned at Bauer. He exhibited the bill, "See what the dame gave me?"

Bauer said, "Ha! So they gave you one too? They must be well fixed. It's just as well to please such people."

Then he added, "You can never tell—" But he left the sentence unfinished.

When Sempf arrived the next day about ten o'clock,

Barbara received him and conducted him to the lower back gallery where the machinery was placed for inspection. There they found Deamati, who laid aside a book and talked pleasantly to Sempf while he looked over the damaged machinery and made notes of parts for repair.

At last he finished. "There," he said, as he placed his notes in his pocket. "That about finished it, but I forgot to bring calipers, and that—that means another trip."

"Never mind," said Deamati, who was conducting the conversation. "You charge all these trips up to Mr. Grayle. He will be glad to pay for them if he can only get his machinery repaired."

Barbara said, "Don't let Mr. Sempf go until he has something to drink. He looks tired. Take that chair."

A chair was placed beside a little table. Sempf took the designated chair as directed and presently a tray containing a glass of wine was placed by his side. He promptly availed himself of the opportunity of a drink, and remarked as he replaced the empty glass, "That's the best drink of wine I've had since I left Germany."

He then caught sight of Deamati's fire opal, placed to attract his attention. He picked it up, turned it over, examined it from various angles, then looked inquiringly at Deamati.

She said, "It is a fire opal. They use it to tell fortunes. Some people can see things by looking into the fire. Here—let me show you how to use it."

She took the stone in her left hand, held it near his eyes, and said, "Now look into the fire and tell me what

you see." She moved her right hand over his head, and as he looked his eyes began to droop, his head leaned forward.

"Sleep," she commanded, lowering her hand over his forehead, and he sagged back in his chair.

"Sleep—you are sinking into a deep sleep. You need to sleep, but your inner consciousness hears my voice and answers my questions."

She touched a little bell and Barbara appeared. Deamati's lips formed the word "Franz" and presently Barbara returned bringing him. At a sign from Deamati they drew up chairs not far from the sleeping man.

Deamati turned to her audience. "When you want the full co-operation of a hypnotized subject, you ask questions along the line of the subject's interest," and to Franz, "Are you ready to take down questions and answers?"

Franz hurriedly found a pad of paper.

Q. "Sempf, you are a great friend of Mr. Bauer. You have done many favors for him. Does he appreciate all those things?"

A. "I guess so—he pays my expenses."

Q. "Have you saved up much money?"

A. "Not a cent."

Q. "Then he has not paid you well."

A. "No, but he promises to pay, if the factory pans out."

Q. "Sempf, where were you the night Mr. Morton was shot?"

A. "In Lancaster."

Q. "How did you go to Lancaster?"

A. "In a car."

Q. "You mean an automobile?"

A. "Yes, a gas wagon."

Q. "Who went with you?"

A. "Mr. Bauer."

Q. "You mean, he started with you?"

A. "Yes, he started with me."

Q. "How far did he go with you?"

A. "He got out of the car at the edge of town."

Q. "He told several people that he was going to Lancaster?"

A. "Yes, several people knew he was going to Lancaster."

Q. "Then he left you at the edge of this city and returned?"

A. "Yes, he left me at the edge of the city."

Q. "Why did he leave you?"

A. "He said, 'I forgot a little job I have to do.'"

Q. "What did you do in Lancaster?"

A. "I bought some things for Bauer."

Q. "Did you pay for those things in money?"

A. "No, I paid with checks."

Q. "Bauer gave you signed checks before you left?"

A. "No, I signed Bauer's name."

Q. "How could you sign Bauer's name?"

A. "I wrote his name till he said it was perfect."

Q. "Here is a pencil. Write Bauer's name as you signed it in Lancaster."

Sempf took pencil and wrote Bauer's name.

Q. "You signed Bauer's name and your name in the Hotel Register?"

A. "Yes, I signed both names."

Q. "Sempf, you are coming out here tomorrow to measure machinery?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "You are going to finish taking your notes, then you are going to sit in this same chair and you will go to sleep."

A. "Yes."

Q. "Sempf, you have had a good sleep. You are rested. Wake up."

He opened his eyes, looked dazedly about. "Sorry I went to sleep," he said. He looked ashamed of such a weakness.

Deamati said, "You are tired, Sempf. That is all right."

As he prepared to leave, Franz handed him a bottle of wine. "Give this to Bauer and tell him to put all these trips in his bill. Sorry, you forgot your—"

"Calipers," supplied Sempf.

As he drove off, Franz and Barbara looked blankly at Deamati, and Barbara asked, "Can't he relate to Bauer what he has been through, what he has said?"

"No," replied Deamati, "Sempf does not know one thing beyond that sleep."

Suddenly Franz said, with a great glow of a new idea animating his face, "Can you rely on Sempf being here tomorrow?"

"Absolutely," replied Deamati, "only physical force could prevent Sempf from being here tomorrow and sitting in that chair I directed."

"Good-bye," returned Franz, "I will see you tomorrow

morning," and he hurriedly left the room while Barbara and Deamati regarded each other questioningly.

Barbara broke the silence. "I suspect a shorthand expert and possibly McCain."

The early morning solved that mysterious disappearance, when movie cameramen appeared with camera equipment. An electrician, and later McCain arrived. Lights were arranged about Deamati's table and chair and tested. The stage was detailedly arranged, then suspense and doubt were in evidence until ten o'clock brought Sempf, who, after securing his machinery measurement details, walked over to the chair, drank the glass of wine placed for him, leaned back in comfortable position and was fast asleep.

Deamati placed a hand on his forehead as if to seal that sleep and said, "Sleep, a long, deep sleep, but the inner consciousness hears and answers my questions."

The operator arranged his camera, the stenographer a desk, and those assembled waited with tense breath. Then came the first question:

Q. "Where were you the night Mr. Morton was killed?"

A. "I was in Lancaster."

Questions were asked and answers given exactly as the day before. Franz whispered one other question to Deamati with the result.

Q. "Why did you go with that man to the bank and insist that the check be cashed that day?"

A. "It was near closing hours, and Bauer wanted the evidence of that date, the 17th, on the check."

Q. "Bauer ordered you to be sure that the check went through that date—the 17th?"

A. "Yes, I was to see that it went through."

Q. "Do you know who killed Mr. Morton?"

There was tense waiting for Sempf's reply. At last it came, less promptly than the other replies.

A. "I was in Lancaster. Bauer wanted control of the factory."

Suddenly Deamati turned to the shelf, secured the little object which she handed to Sempf, saying slowly, "Look this over carefully and tell me what it is."

A. "It is Bauer's saw."

McCain here suggested one more question.

Q. "Sempf will you swear that all your answers are the truth?"

A. "I swear they are true."

Deamati nodded—the end—and all present withdrew. When the camera vanished and the lights turned off Deamati said, "Sempf, you have had a good sleep. Wake up."

She made an upward pass with both open hands and snapped her fingers in his face, and although he looked perfectly normal as he sat up and looked fixedly at Deamati during the entire procedure, at the summons and snap of her fingers he came to with a violent jerk, as if he had landed from another world. He looked vaguely around and rather dazed.

Deamati said, "Here, Sempf, is a bottle of wine. It is for you this time. Telephone Mr. Grayle when the machinery is ready to put together." Sempf departed.

XVII

A VISION OF LAW

THE FOLLOWING evening after Sempf's hypnotic disclosures there was a conference in the library of the Grayle home to decide on a method of procedure against Bauer and the freeing of Morton from the law by establishing his innocence. There were present Franz, Barbara, Deamati, George Morton, McCain, Judge Alvin, and Godfrey Ranier. All the details of evidence which Deamati had been instrumental in disclosing were gone into and considered as to their importance, their weight, and their admission at Court as evidence.

After all details had been discussed, everyone turned to Judge Alvin for his final decision.

Judge Alvin said, "It is not possible, according to existing law and procedure to bring this evidence before either Judge or Jury, although we, who understand these things realize the existing facts of the case regarding innocence and guilt. This conclusive evidence can be used in establishing the innocence of George Morton without Court or Jury, but I have a strong feeling that by delaying action there will develop other features in this unusual case. I would advise to perfect all details and wait."

"And," added McCain—"watch."

Everyone realized the wisdom of his decision, and his suggestions were adopted and the gathering adjourned.

Ranier hastened over to Deamati. He had not called since the delivery of that wonderful lecture.

"It would look," he said, as he drew up a chair for a more intimate talk, "as if I did not fully appreciate the renewed interest which you awakened in those people. A minister has so many calls on his time. Everyone is talking of that lecture. Some failed to connect up the ideas expressed with what they consider religious ideals. Some say 'radical,' others say 'revolutionary,' but the interest of all of them is aroused. They are doing some original thinking."

"No, my friend, I am not educating your congregation. Education and adoption of new lines of thought and new methods of thinking is a slow process. It is only the arrived and the dissatisfied with the old, that can readily adopt the larger view. What I accomplished Sunday was the sowing of many seeds, the harvest of which you may reap through proper cultivation. Your attraction to the knowledge is evidence of your former abilities, which, with the opportunity for a larger expression, eagerly accepts the new version, and the new freedom of expansion. But you must acquire based knowledge, familiarity with the plan of evolutionary progress to be a leader of your people, by gradual approach, to broader conceptions, to larger visions.

"You are not responsible for their growth. Mother Nature is dealing effectively with the education of each one of her children. Each individual decides his own growth by self-decision, and the result of his decision

is the most effective teacher. All that an ordinary teacher can do is to point the path and to a very limited extent, direct the growth, point to fairer visions, greener pastures, and enlarge intellectual conception, but the individual by self-decision decides his growth."

"Deamati," he laughed, "your ability and your visions are discouraging to a would-be teacher of new ideas."

She held up a detaining hand, "My friend, if you will ignore mythology, miracles and the supernatural, and center your mind on existing law and its interrelations, and realize that law is spirit force or God, and that all existing visible life in nature is God percolating through matter—that all these things are a part of law and that all things are related; when you once fully realize this, then you will realize that the interrelations and involvements are simply inexhaustible."

She continued, "As you study and realize law, you become law. In my lecture Sunday I simply took an atom of spirit force and drew for them a picture of its evolution. It was something which they all knew, with which they were perfectly familiar, but they did not realize and I visualized the realization."

Silence reigned for a while. He was letting the idea sink in, and Deamati gave ample time for the permeation.

Finally she said, "The interrelation of law is the important theme of life. It is the golden stair in the ascent to wisdom."

Suddenly Ranier said, with a sudden light of realization, "I am beginning to see. The Idea is so simple and it has been made so complex."

"Yes," answered Deamati, "a child could understand the idea. Man has made of God—that essence force in nature, the mysterious sphinx of the universe, the great unsolvable enigma of life."

Suddenly she looked up and asked, "Mr. Ranier, to whom do you pray?"

"Why," he answered, with a frown of bewilderment, "to God, of course."

"Oh, no," she smiled, with a look of tolerance. "You pray for what you want, and a sufficiently strong demand from the magnet of desire may attract from that universal supply the desired necessity to supply your need."

"Directed desire is a magnet. A vaporish wish gets nowhere. It is the dominant demand that attracts response."

"Mr. Ranier, I will give you a cue to guide your research. Everything in existence is vibration. As you learn to key in to different vibrations, you attune yourself to response. Another key to progress is that you can consciously begin to dominate co-operation between your conscious mind and your sub-conscious bank account."

After another mental reactionary process, Ranier said, "Deamati, I begin to see a plan—new relations," he hesitated.

"Yes, and as that plan unfolds all your old estimate of values will change. Things you once considered important will become trivial, secondary. And as you proceed you will find everything, like the pieces of an intricate puzzle, will fit into the plan."

As Ranier arose to depart, she laughingly said, "I am

informed that you are to introduce the speaker giving the address for the girls' college commencement exercises."

"Yes, I have been accorded that privilege. I wouldn't miss it for anything. I am curious regarding just what you will say to those girls."

Deamati laughed, "Well, as Mrs. Antoine, who influenced the invitation to me to speak to this graduating class, said, 'We know that you will not lecture on the possible outcome of Russian civilization, or Greek mentality,' so I will keep you in suspense regarding my subject until the delivery of the lecture."

"That's a mean trick," he declared, but the light of admiration was in his eyes.

XVIII

DESCENT INVISIBLE

COMMENCEMENT day dawned clear and cool. Showers of the preceding night had moderated the heat of the early summer. In the corridors hurrying to and fro were bright faces and pretty gowns. Friends arranged for other meetings and future correspondence. A mild excitement pervaded the atmosphere, proclaiming the end of work and routine. Groups talked over what kind of a message would be given them by a lady from India. The lecture given by Deamati and reproduced in the college paper had caused much comment. Long before the speaker appeared the spacious hall was filling up. Friends and relations of the students, friends of the college, filed in until all desirable seats were occupied and late comers must be content with rear seats or hastily produced chairs.

Presently the President and speakers filed in, and the opening ceremonies commenced—the exercises which placed the final period at the end of the long months of study and routine.

Finally Ranier arose to introduce the speaker and at once the audience were attentive with interest and curiosity.

“Friends of the College, students, and graduates. To-

day you are gathered together to hear the final official message of instruction, hope and encouragement from your college. And from the speaker you have chosen for the closing address you will receive visions of future possibilities.

“I congratulate you on your choice of speaker, a lady from far-off India, who came to America on an important mission. My contact with the speaker has given me new visions of life and law, a new optimism. I have the honor to present to you Deamati Korali, of India.”

Deamati arose and stood before them, silently looking over the audience a moment before speaking.

“Dear children— When I say ‘children,’ that includes all of us—the teachers, the instructors, and the faculty. I would be sorry for everyone who could not be classified under that head—children.

“I, a visitor from India, was pleased with the compliment conferred, when I was chosen to deliver to you a message of congratulation on your completion of one stage of your life’s journey. Your equipment in knowledge which you have received here at this college, your familiarity with the various branches of learning, these are the tools which you have learned to handle. Their purpose is to enable you to live life scientifically and efficiently.

“But— It is well, before engaging in the future activities of life, to know something of your ancestry and your lineage. You know the daughters of a King have a dignity to maintain. The daughter of a King can never permit herself to consider trivial things of paramount importance. She efficiently handles everything which

requires her attention, because a King's daughter should have superior ability and possess superior initiative for management of any condition which requires efficient handling.

"Once upon a time there was a King who had a remarkably intelligent son. An only son, whom he greatly loved. He decided that his son should never know such a thing as sickness or sorrow, disease or death. He surrounded that son with servants, trained to guard him from any knowledge or contact with any of these things. This son was surrounded with happiness, pleasure, philosophy, constructive knowledge, and all things optimistic. But of all these he eventually became tired. They proved insufficient for lasting happiness. He felt deprived of knowledge of life.

"One night he ordered the gates of his palace grounds opened, and on a fleet horse he fled to another kingdom. Years passed by and that son who fled a palace to gain knowledge of life, returned to his father's kingdom, a teacher of law. When his father heard that a great teacher approached his kingdom he rode out to meet him. When he saw that it was his own son he said, 'Why is this? The heir to a throne approaches his kingdom in a yellow robe, with a beggar's bowl?'

"The son held out a welcoming hand, 'Father, my line did ever thus.'

" 'Your line,' replied the King, 'your line comes of a thousand Kings, but no deed like this.'

" 'Father, I spoke of descent invisible.'

"Now every one of you is the daughter of a King. You came from descent invisible. You were attracted to your

earthly parents through vibratory affinity. You are ages old; you have traveled the long, long path of evolution. You came up through instinct, emotion, up to primitive intelligence, and up and up to more advanced stages of intelligence, and you finally arrived at your present intellectual standard. And what are the standards of a King's daughter? Honor, faith, rectitude of conduct, integrity of character, dignity of ancestry. She has passed through the period of action, through impulse, through the period of instinctive urge. These primitive impulses belonged to that long, long past instinctive period, when she had to fight for her progress. But with the dawning recognition of her queenship, those old forces which once dominated her action and desire became her useful servants to guard and direct her progress.

"Those old directors of her early actions, those old guides to her early progressional growth, elemental instinct and emotion are now her faithful servants, the prompters, the suggestors, the pilots of intelligence. Now her intellect rules her decisions and directs her actions. The daughter of a King has standards to maintain. And she demands and requires standards in her associates, and in her relations. For a Queen is a Queen in her kitchen or in her palace, in rags or in robes. And all this experience of that long, long journey, the ages of lessons, the infiltrating results of action, has all that gone into the discard? Oh, no! She has the record entire; the bookkeeper of all bookkeepers, her subconscious mind, holds the record of that past, a record which she can dip into for a knowledge of past experience to meet present requirements.

“This bank account of all her past which she can dip into, her subconscious mind, her tree of life, growing up into eternity, this wonderful depository of past experience, has another name—her Soul. Yes, your soul is your subconscious mind. Your soul has always been considered a mysterious something, illusive, ethereal, something apart from the individual, but somehow related, in some way indefinably connected invisibly with the individual. But when you realize that your subconscious mind is your Soul, you have a practical base of procedure, for you will learn that the conscious mind and the subconscious mind constitute a most wonderfully complete instrument.

“Your subconscious mind contains the record of your past experiences, the memory of your evolutionary journey, and your conscious mind can call up these past records for present use.

“The possible interrelations and reactions between the conscious mind and subconscious mind is the most amazing fact in the universe. The possibilities of accomplishment by a mind trained in knowledge of these interrelations is almost beyond belief. Now you can learn to dominate and consciously draw on this wonderful bank account of yours. And this talk to you is for the purpose of telling you that secret. Everything in the world is vibration. Everything in existence is vibration. Heat, light, electricity, thought, is a vibration. Vibration is a key to the secrets of the universe.

“Every experience of your past is recorded in your subconscious mind—vibratorily. And when you want a record in your subconscious mind, you put in the vibra-

tion which calls to that vibration and it responds. Like attracts like, vibration responds to vibration. And how do you put in the call? By naming your subject. Just say—‘what had I better do about this subject?’ And name your subject. Then wait, and the subconscious mind hands up everything relating to that subject and you look over the aggregate and choose.

“Yes, your subconscious mind exists as a tabulator of your progressional actions, and you can establish conscious relations with your bank account of recorded knowledge. And remember, it is the vibratory key that makes the connection.

“Ignorance is non equipment, and knowledge is ability in every phase and condition of life.

“Above all things, this world needs intelligent women. Women who realize progressional law. Did you ever realize that upon the women of this world depends the task of carrying on humanity to a final graduation? Did you ever think that seventy years without children this world would consist of old, discouraged people, waiting to die?

“Now, I am going to tell you of an important fact in progressional life. As you relate yourself to knowledge of law and its interrelations, as you raise yourself in the vibratory scale, you will attract to yourself as your child an advanced entity seeking association with advanced parents in a harmonious environment. Just as a mediocre, undirected life attracts a plebeian element attuned to emotional activities, a highly evolved woman attracts an advanced entity as her child. That is law. Like attracts like.

“Do you get the vision? Do you see the reward for constructive, directed effort?”

“No, I have not talked to you of the possible outcome of Russian civilization. The Lords of Karma are attending to their development. I am talking to you of life, and your ability to co-operate with constructive progress.

“If time permitted, I might tell you of pranic energy and its importance in life; of vibratory affinity of foods—but—too many visions blend in obscurity. Consequently, the last advice—build a strong, healthy body; cultivate a mind receptive to constructive knowledge. Do not give paramount importance to trivial matters, and maintain the traditions of a daughter of the King.”

XIX

OCCULT KNOWLEDGE SOLVES CRIME

JUDGE ALVIN had advised waiting for other developments regarding the Morton murder, and his advice proved to be wisdom derived from experience, as a series of quickly following events commenced with Sempf's delivery of the damaged machinery.

One morning Bauer telephoned that he had obtained all missing parts of the broken machinery and would send Sempf over to attach them this morning, then he added, "if it is convenient."

Franz had replied, "Send them over this morning, together with your bill of expense and I will send you a check by Sempf."

Deamati and Barbara had just returned from a morning walk down by the lake. As they entered the house, Franz was telephoning Bauer. When they gathered around the breakfast table, Franz repeated the telephone conversation.

Deamati replied, "Now we have an opportunity of obtaining more evidence, if you can get McCain and ask him exactly how Bauer's name was signed on those Lancaster checks."

"Of course," cut in Franz, "and then compare my check's signature for detection of variations."

He found McCain in and obtained the needed information.

"Now," said Deamati, who seemed conversant with all the evidence of the case, "we will see how Mr. Sempf's conscious mind confirms his subconscious assertion regarding that little object. You remember that when I handed it to him and asked him what it was, he replied, 'that's Bauer's saw.'"

As they arose from the breakfast table Sempf's car swung in at the rear entrance and noisily ground to an abrupt stop. Barbara said, "He must be in a hurry."

Barbara and Deamati went to witness the replacement of the new pieces of machinery while Franz wrote out his check, following McCain's instructions regarding Bauer's signature. Sempf quickly and expertly attached the various pieces and demonstrated how perfectly they all fitted. He then handed Franz Bauer's bill for repairs and as Franz inspected the bill and filled in the amount due, Sempf saw the little object placed to attract his attention. He did not pick it up at once, but stood looking at it as if it were a gold piece and he could not believe the evidence of his eyes. Then he picked it up and examined it minutely.

Deamati, watching the drama, asked, "What have you found so interesting?"

"Why—it's a—," returned Sempf, rather confused.

"Yes," helped out Deamati.

"It's a—, Oh, it's just a little pocket piece belonging to the boss. He lost it a while ago and has looked everywhere for it. You see," he continued, explaining the rea-

son for Bauer's search, "he's had that pocket piece a long time. He brought it from Germany."

Deamati, taking possession of the little article, asked, "Is the boss that lost this Mr. Bauer?"

Sempf answered, "Yes—sure Bauer is the boss. Where did you get that thing?"

"I believe," answered Deamati, "that one of the men picked it up somewhere and gave it to Mr. Grayle. I will tell him you say it belongs to Mr. Bauer. He will see about returning it."

As Sempf was turning to leave, Franz called, "Here, Sempf, just mark this bill paid. Here is a check for Mr. Bauer."

Sempf marked the bill paid, signed his name, and departed.

As they entered the room, Deamati said, "Sempf tried to protect Bauer, but he made a slip. In the hypnotic state he told the truth. He said, 'that is Bauer's saw.' Hypnotic subjects cannot lie. If there has been a strong suggestion against revealing a fact, they may refuse to answer, but they simply cannot lie. Sempf said to give an impression of non-importance to that object, 'just a little pocket piece the boss lost.'"

"Yes," agreed Franz, "all the evidence of Bauer's guilt is conclusive, but the question is, how can that evidence be brought before a jury?"

However, events were rushing to a climax. Three days after Sempf had said, "that's just a little pocket piece belonging to the boss," Zimmer had called at McCain's office. He had telephoned in the afternoon that

he would see him about eight. So McCain had waited, for Zimmer never called unless he had news to impart of importance. Zimmer was the German detective that McCain had managed to have employed in the factory. He was a good workman, a German who had Bauer's approval. His wages were satisfactory, so he held his job and kept his eye on Bauer and his activities. It was McCain's oft-expressed belief that if you watched a criminal long enough he would in some way betray himself. So, when Zimmer showed up promptly at eight McCain was ready to receive news. Zimmer commenced without delay.

"McCain, there is something wrong at the factory. I don't know what it is. It started three days ago when Sempf returned from the Grayle Estate. I know about that job, as I made some of the parts, so when Sempf drove up I happened to be passing and I paused near the office to hear his report. I heard Sempf say, 'Well, Bauer, here's a nice little check for that job, and what do you think I found there? Well, you couldn't guess. It was your saw. It was laying on the ground by a piece of machinery.' Bauer said, in an even tone, 'You didn't touch it, did you?' 'I sure did. I picked it up. It was yours all right, and the lady—the one we showed through the factory that day—asked me what I had found so interesting, and I answered her, "just a little pocket piece the boss lost."'

"Then Bauer flamed, 'And you said that? You fool! You dumb fool! You easy mark! You are not double-crossing me, are you?'

"Well, I hurried away, as I didn't want to be seen.

That blow-out occurred about one o'clock. I kept an eye out whenever I could. Sempf kept away from the office all the afternoon, and he must have left that night for he has not been seen since then. Sempf lived in a one-room affair at the end of the yard. He had fixed it up with some furniture and after hours I would often see Sempf and his dog. He fixed up a hammock under some trees at the side of the shack and I would see him in the hammock and the dog curled up near by. When Sempf was busy, the dog kept the house. All the next day after Bauer's explosion that dog was walking around the grounds as if he had lost something. It was in the middle of the afternoon when I saw Bauer running across the yard. He was running toward flying dirt, and then I saw it was Sempf's dog digging a hole. Bauer kicked the dog, threw sticks after him, then called a boy to bring a shovel, and he stood by until that hole was filled up. A load of lumber was coming in and Bauer had it piled up in a hollow square over the place where the hole was. I thought no more about the matter, but after closing hours I saw Bauer with his head lowered, walking toward that pile of lumber, and there, trying to dig a hole under that pile of lumber, was Sempf's dog.

"Bauer is a dead shot, and he always carries that little revolver. He approached the dog, gave a low whistle. The dog raised his head—one shot, and the dog was dead. Bauer dragged the dog out of the yard and threw him on a pile of rubbish.

"Well, it looks queer. Sempf has not returned yet. I asked Bauer this morning where Sempf was and he re-

plied, "That's just what I'd like to know myself. I called Sempf down the other day, and I guess he has one of his wandering spells.' "

"Well," answered McCain, "it looks fishy to me, and we'll run down your clue later, but tomorrow morning there is going to be the strangest investigation ever pulled off in this world. I guess you have a right to horn in on this. You have done a lot of work on this case, so you can show up at the Capitol at nine-thirty and tell the policeman at the door that McCain said to admit you. He will know to what. The room is being rigged up to-day for a new kind of a show."

The next morning at nine-thirty Zimmer presented himself and asked for admission. However, he was admitted only after McCain was called to confirm his right to admission. There were present at that strange gathering about thirty people. The governor, two Supreme Court Judges, the Judge of the Trial Court, who passed sentence on George Morton, two of the jurors, who gave the verdict, Judge Alvin, Franz, Barbara, Deamati, a man who answered to the name of Vincent, together with several prominent lawyers of the City.

Facing the small gathering was a screen for displaying pictures, and a small platform for a presiding officer. Silence reigned with the exception of an occasional low conversation.

Finally Judge Alvin arose and tapped the desk for attention. "Ladies and Gentlemen: We today inaugurate a new technique in semi-legal procedure. This meeting, I believe to be the first ever held for legal opinion to decide guilt by occult methods. To briefly

acquaint your mind with the legal aspect of this case, the facts presented to the Court at the trial were as follows:

"On March 17th, three years ago, Leonard Morton was shot and killed in his office. A porter opening the office door saw his nephew, George Morton, standing over his uncle with a bloody hand. On the floor lay a revolver. A bullet from this revolver had killed the man. The finger prints on the handle of that revolver were those of George Morton.

"Every person who could be suspected of having any motive for the murder had a perfect alibi. The case went to the jury. A verdict of guilty was unanimous on the first ballot. George Morton was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.

"That disposed of the case, as far as the State was concerned, but George Morton had one friend who believed in his innocence. This friend secured a skilled detective to prove that innocence, and this man, against his own judgment, and believing Morton guilty, took over the case.

"He eliminated every possible suspect, one by one, until he came to one Bauer, a lawyer who had assumed control of the Morton factory by Court sanction after the murder of Morton, who was in charge of the factory when he was murdered. This uncle was also the guardian of George Morton. This lawyer, Bauer, had a pal, a confederate, named Sempf. They had been together for years. Systematic investigation proved these men were criminals with past records. Bauer was a skilled machinist, and their criminal records extended

to other countries. Bauer produced a perfectly proved alibi for himself and Sempf. They had been in a neighboring city the day of the murder. The hotel register proved the fact. Checks given for merchandise that day also proved the fact of their absence from the neighborhood of the crime on the day of its commission.

"It was an impasse; months of search failed to show Bauer's connection with the murder or a defect in his alibi. In spite of all this total lack of evidence, McCain was convinced that Bauer was involved, but he failed to find any actual proof of the fact. It seemed that one perfect crime had been successfully managed.

"All ordinary means having failed, Mr. Grayle decided to use the developed power of the human brain to solve the mystery of that murder. He cabled to a lady he met while in India, who knew the intricate mechanism of the human mind, and how to penetrate its hidden secrets. She, realizing that a message from America meant a drastic need, came at once.

"Gentlemen, she has solved that mystery, established the innocence of George Morton beyond any doubt and produced evidence which will convict Bauer of the murder. You are about to see and hear a portion of this evidence produced before your eyes on the screen. This is the evidence of Sempf, Bauer's confederate. This is probably the first time in the history of the world that hypnotic evidence has been produced on the screen to establish the fact of innocence and guilt. Bauer has been arrested and he will be conducted to this room to witness and hear Sempf's evidence, and we hope that his reaction to that evidence will be a confession of guilt.

"Before turning on the screen display, I wish you to meet this lady from India, who will herself explain to you something of the ability of the human mind and its action. I present—"

"Just one moment, Judge," interrupted Franz. "Allow me to make a statement. Gentlemen, Judge Alvin neglected to mention one important point. When George Morton recovered consciousness from the blow which nearly finished him, and saw his uncle slumped over in a chair, his first impulse was to ascertain if his uncle was alive. He felt of his heart, as his uncle gave one last gasp and died. At that moment the porter opened the door, as George stood over his uncle with a bloody hand. The porter said, 'So you shot your uncle,' and went to call the police. While he waited the arrival of police, he looked about the room for any clue, anything unusual. At his uncle's feet he found a little round object like a sea bean. All through his trial and imprisonment he retained possession of this little bean. I found it among his possessions. He was, I found, absolutely ignorant of the nature or use of the thing he possessed. I had seen one of these in Europe and on examination it proved to be a similar construction, a cleverly concealed saw. This object is referred to in the screen pictures you are about to see. Under hypnotic questioning Sempf states, 'That is Bauer's saw.' In his waking state he carefully said, 'Oh, that is just a little pocket piece belonging to the boss.' This is a very important item and is referred to on the screen."

Franz resumed his seat, and the Judge said, "Gentlemen, Deamati Korali."

She arose and commenced. "To understand the rational of operative hypnotism requires much study and a knowledge of the internal mental instrument, also the operator must possess the ability to project pranic energy. However, to simplify a hasty glance at the subject, I will say that man has two interacting divisions of mind—his objective mind which plans, directs and carries on all the details of his daily active life. Then he has another mind, the subconscious mind which is the bookkeeper of all his activities, the depository of his mental experiences. Man's subconscious mind exists as a tabulator of his progressional actions. When the operator can induce sleep of the conscious mind, he can draw up the recorded events in the man's subconscious mind. The best way to induce sleep is to centralize the subject's attention on some object; when the mind is centralized a wave of energy will throw the mind into a sleep.

"This Sempf was suspected of being Bauer's confederate. Mr. Grayle arranged with Bauer to repair some broken machinery at his home. He sent Sempf. I showed him which machinery to repair and we watched and talked to him while he did the work. When the work was finished Sempf was attracted by a fire opal which I had displayed for that purpose. He picked it up and asked me what it was. I explained that it was used to centralize the mind and that some people could see visions by gazing into the fire. I offered to show him how to manage it. When his mind was centralized by gazing into the fire, I threw him into a hypnotic sleep. His work required that he return the next day, and I

ordered his line of action after this work was finished, viz: that he should sit in the same chair and go into the sleep.

"When Mr. Grayle realized that Sempf would absolutely comply with my orders he prepared to make a photographic film record of Sempf's subconscious evidence. This evidence, gentlemen, is about to be produced. Before proceeding with the film, I want to impress on your minds the fact that a witness may lie, that he may debate regarding giving out damaging evidence, but any statement drawn from a subject's subconscious mind, while in a hypnotic sleep, is absolute truth. His statements are simply a revelation of recorded events. That is all." Deamati resumed her seat.

Judge Alvin said, "Officer, bring in the prisoner."

Bauer was brought in handcuffed and seated beside the officer in two arranged chairs. The lights were turned low for the coming picture. A few minutes were allowed for eyes to adjust to see objects in the dim light and also to see the prisoner himself. Then the pictures were turned on.

They showed Sempf sitting in a chair beside a little table answering the questions asked by Deamati. At the first glance of Sempf, Bauer attempted to rise and in a stupefied surprise muttered "Hell." He was pulled back by the officer and he stoically watched and listened to Sempf and his answers to the end.

Deamati could not be seen in the filmed picture. Only Sempf sitting there with fixed gaze answering questions. His answers were very clear. The whole reproduction was like life.

First question: "Sempf, you are a great friend of Mr. Bauer. You have done many favors for him. Does he appreciate all these things you have done for him?"

A. "I guess so. He pays my expenses."

Q. "Have you saved up much money?"

A. "Not a cent."

Q. "Then he has not paid you well."

A. "No. He promises to pay if the factory pans out."

Q. "Sempf, where were you the night Mr. Morton was shot?"

A. "I was in Lancaster."

Q. "How did you go to Lancaster?"

A. "In a car."

Q. "You mean in an automobile?"

A. "Yes—in a gas wagon."

Q. "Who went with you?"

A. "Bauer."

Q. "You mean he started with you?"

A. "Yes, he started with me."

Q. "How far did he go with you?"

A. "He got out of the car at the edge of town."

Q. "He told several people he was going to Lancaster?"

A. "Yes, several people knew he was going to Lancaster."

Q. "Then he left you at the edge of town and returned to the city?"

A. "Yes, left me at the edge of the city and returned."

Q. "Why did he leave you?"

A. "He said, 'I forgot a little job I have to do.' "

Q. "What did you do in Lancaster?"

A. "I bought some things for Bauer."

Q. "Did you pay for these things in money?"

A. "No, I paid with checks."

Q. "Bauer gave you signed checks before you left?"

A. "No, I signed Bauer's name."

Q. "How could you sign Bauer's name?"

A. "I wrote his name till he said it was perfect."

Q. "Here is a pencil. Write Bauer's name as you signed it in Lancaster."

Sempf takes pencil and writes Bauer's name.

Q. "You signed Bauer's name and your name in the hotel register?"

A. "Yes, I signed both names."

Q. "Why did you go with the man to the bank and insist that the checks be cashed that day?"

A. "It was closing hours. Bauer wanted the evidence of that date, the 17th, on the check."

Q. "Bauer ordered you to be sure that the checks went through on that date, the 17th?"

A. "Yes, to see that they went through."

Q. "Do you know who killed Morton?"

A. "I was in Lancaster. Bauer wanted control of the factory."

Q. Handing him a little round object. "Look this over carefully and tell me what it is."

A. Sempf takes object, looks it over and promptly says, "It is Bauer's saw."

That was the last word or glimpse of the screen that that little gathering ever had. With the last statement of Sempf, "That's Bauer's saw," Bauer had leaped to his feet and brought his two handcuffed hands down on the

officer's head, who toppled over as if shot. Bauer made a break for the door, but McCain was before him. Someone shouted "Lights!" and almost immediately a glow was turned on. It showed Bauer backing against the wall and McCain advancing.

"Keep back, or I'll kill you. I should have done that job before—you yellow spy."

McCain had stopped and was watching the desperate man as he backed against the wall. Sempf's statement, "that is Bauer's saw," seemed to paralyze him at first, then rage took possession of him.

"Say!" he hissed at McCain, "What did you give Sempf to come across? The yellow cur! Say!" he hissed again at McCain, as McCain produced his revolver and seemed about to shoot him, "What do you want anyway? You've got the whole show. Do you want me to say that I shot that old fool who thought he could run a factory, or his damned nephew who wanted to show his ears at the business?" Then, getting more violent and excited, "What in the Hell did they know about a factory?"

"Yes," said McCain, who was racking his brain for means to keep the excited man talking, "yes, Bauer, you pretty near pulled a perfect crime. A perfect crime," he emphasized, "but for one little slip, when you dropped that saw at Morton's feet. If it hadn't been for that slip, you'd have pulled it off."

"Yes," acknowledged Bauer, "when I reached for that gun and dropped my saw, I queered the game."

Then his mind seemed to go over the cause of his

failure. "The little saw and Sempf—the double-crossing fool, but I got him."

Then he looked up and into the black barrel of McCain's revolver, and the prospect of sudden death cooled his brain. His hands slumped as far as his bracelets would allow and he said, "Oh, what the hell do I care?" And he took one step toward McCain, a self-surrendered prisoner. McCain conducted him out of the room.

Everyone was standing looking at his neighbor, amazed at the success of the scheme. The Governor and the Judge who had given the sentence had been invited to hear the evidence for a pardon of George Morton, but evidence which could not be brought before a jury. They were all standing half-stunned at the sudden climax.

Judge Alvin was the first to break the momentary static silence. He turned to the Governor, "I will prepare papers for the pardon of George Morton."

"At once," cut in the Governor. "That man has suffered enough at the hands of a scoundrel."

The Judge who had pronounced sentence on George Morton, nodding his head at the thought of an agreeable duty, said, "It will probably be up to my bench to send that scoundrel to the chair, where he belongs."

"The chair?" asked Deamati. "Send him to the chair? What does he mean?"

"Why," answered Barbara, "they execute criminals in this State by electricity."

Deamati turned hurriedly to Judge Alvin. "Will you please ask that Judge to come here a minute. I wish to speak to him."

Judge Alvin called, "MacFerrin?" The Judge paused and looked back, and Judge Alvin beckoned. The Judge returned and was presented to Deamati. He said, "A wonderful exposition, a new way to deal with crime."

Deamati replied, "Yes, there are many ways to detect and deal with crime which are absolutely outside of your cumbersome, indirect methods, but I heard you mention the chair for Bauer. Is it possible that you could consider such a crime as giving this man his freedom by death? Freedom to continue his vindictive career? Oh, no! Not such a crime as freedom by death for such a man as that! Confine him, put him to labor, rub the lesson in well, but never give freedom to such vindictiveness as he exhibits."

The Judge looked at Deamati in blank astonishment, then he said with some heat. "Do you protest against killing such a criminal as this scoundrel and ending his career? He has no hesitancy in murdering."

Deamati cut in, "Death does not end his career—it continues his criminal propensities, and as to the man shot, how do you know but that that man merited death? Or what development his death may promote. How do you know?"

"Say, these ideas are revolutionary. I never heard of such opinions."

"I would advise," said Deamati, with emphasis on the "Advise"—"that you let those ideas sink in. They are vital. I will also give you another fact to debate over thoroughly before discarding, and that fact is, as long as a criminal is alive, you can confine him, and limit his

capacity for evil acts. But kill him and you liberate his capacity for evil, which would wear out through confinement. You are now in possession of this knowledge and you will be held responsible for your decision."

The Judge looked antagonistically at Deamati and replied, "I am not in the least impressed with the fact that such ideas constitute knowledge."

"No?" she replied, with a rising inflection. "Then I will place it in this way. The weight of the possessed idea will have its influence in the balance of justice."

As he passed out, he remarked to Judge Alvin, "That woman exhibits the possession of brains."

"Yes," coincided the Judge, "and you could have appropriately added to that—'Wisdom.'"

He looked inquiringly at the Judge out of the corner of his eye, but passed on in silence.

Ranier had stood by during this conversation between Deamati and the Judge. He fell in step as she started to join Franz and Barbara, who waited for her. He said, "The Judge did not seem pleased at the introduction of a new idea."

"No," she answered. "His brain is so full of statistics and precedents that a new idea is an unwelcome visitor. He has no foundation for the affinitized association of a new idea. It is a troublesome factor."

She looked up at Ranier with a glint of humor in her eyes and said, "I gave him some facts which he can't get rid of, and those ideas will be called up every time he renders a verdict, gives a sentence. Those ideas will bob up and play gymnastics with his mental capacities."

As they were about to join her friends he asked, "May I run out tomorrow night for another talk? I want to ask more questions."

She nodded assent, and Ranier turned to join his friend, Vincent, who very shortly will cease to exist as Vincent.

XX

GLEAMS OF ANCIENT WISDOM

THE FOLLOWING evening Ranier called on Deamati, and his first words were, "And to think that my belief in my friend's innocence has resulted in all this. Why, it is rather stunning to think of! Freedom, and established innocence for George Morton, conviction of the real murderer, all brought about by the capacity of the human mind. It is really amazing to think of! And then the bi-products of the affair are just as wonderful. Your coming from India with your new visions."

He paused to think of their talks, Deamati's sermon, her lecture to the girls, and the hypnotic revelations she had drawn from Sempf.

Deamati cut in on his line of thought. "No, my friend, I brought you old visions—so old that you could not think of the time when they did not exist. What is new is the vision of the student when he begins to break into the realization of the existing realities of life, and starts on the path which leads to the flowering of abilities. The wonder of the realities are what you are breaking into, but the vision is old, old.

"Thousands of years before a white man touched American shores, thousands of years ago when Europe was only tribes of semi-barbarians, thousands of years

before that time, the knowledge and the plan was old in India and China. Wait a moment. I will give you a glimpse of the ancient philosophy of China."

She soon returned with a book. "Given me before sailing," she said.

"These things are being dug up and published. They show you there is no new vision. The plan is old, but the realization is new to every arrived student. Listen to this old Chinese Philosopher:

"There are many things of which it is best not to speak, for knowledge in the hands of those who do not know how to use it is a curse. But counseled by those who have greater wisdom than myself, it is right that I should set down certain things which they have told me, so that those whom they concern may read them. Others also have received the Teachings of the Lords of Wisdom, so there is nothing new in what I shall write here; these truths are as old as the Universe, and there shall come a time when all must understand them, even though now they fill men with fear. Yet those who are unable to face Truth had better remain in ignorance. A brilliant light will blind eyes not strong enough to gaze upon it.

"Only those who are emancipated from slavery to possessions shall find the path. The Lords of Wisdom will accept only those who are free of attachments to possessions, for the entrance is so small that those who would enter must leave possessions behind, but absence of wealth does not always mean poverty. One may be unattached, yet be a lord over many lands.

"For those who prize possessions, truth is unwelcome,

for it proclaims the dissolution of those things they most value, death and decay of the body. Yet this is no cause for despair. When the fool is faced by death, he is afraid, being attached to the body he thinketh, "I shall die." When the Lords of Wisdom proclaim that all things are subject to change; that the body, the senses, and the self are destined to pass away, the unattached man is not afraid, for he knows that "I" is none of these things. It is not the body, nor the senses; it is not affected by pleasure or pain.

"It is an old truth that if a man act, the consequences of his action will return to him as inevitably as night follows day. For many this is a terrible teaching. Unwilling to face it, they call it "Platitude" and pass on their way, but though they ignore this law, they are slaves to it. There cannot be birth without death, action without reaction; one event shall give birth to another. It is in the ever present NOW that you must live if you would be in harmony with life. For here there is only reality, as the illusions of pleasure, pain, fear, are the result of clinging to what has gone by and grasping for that which is to come. Those who do evil for personal gain will inherit ill fortune. Those who do good will inherit good fortune, and those who are slaves to self will be slaves to the effects of their deeds, which will come back to the self.

"The prayers of a whole world could not stand between a deed and its consequences. However your remorse, you must inherit the destiny you have made for yourself, for no power in all the seven realms can undo what you have done, and not even the Lords of Wisdom

can force you to take a single step forward or backward on the path.

“ ‘You can give a fool food but you cannot make him eat. You can teach a man wisdom but you cannot make him learn. Wisdom is not a gift. Wisdom is an achievement.

“ ‘Beware of words. He who puts one sentence of this book into practice is greater ten thousand times than to remain satisfied with words. Words are not truth. They are the finger which points the “Way.” Pass on.’ ”

She closed the book. “Consequently, you see there is nothing new. Only to each student comes the new revelation of the old knowledge. And to the awakened everything brings a glowing admiration of the plan.

“One of the most important lessons in life is the dual activity and interrelation of the various divisions of the human mind, and knowledge of which division of the mind dominates on the different planes as we proceed. In physical life the conscious mind dominates, but on the astral plane the next condition after the physical life, the subconscious mind is the dominating faculty. Now this is very important knowledge. Your subconscious mind is the spiritual You—it is the sum of all your past. It is what you have built into it throughout the evolutionary ages. And as your intelligent physical mind, on the physical plane, has realized law, order, facts, truth, exactness, beauty, honor, qualities of character, knowledge of—any subject—as you have built in the contents of your subconscious mind, so you are, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually.

“Your real status classifies you in your next plane of

existence. If you have built haphazardly, blindly, accepting allegories for truth, fiction for facts; if you have built in deceit, deception, or a veneer—as you have built, so you are, in your next stage, your next sphere of development.

“When you shuffle off the physical garb, as you would a worn-out garment, you gravitate by the law of affinity, to that state of development to which you have evolved, and to which you are affinitized through vibratory attraction.

“Now here is the great importance of this knowledge. Your subconscious mind does not reason; it relates all things which your objective mind has taken conscious notice of, on this physical plane. And in this next plane of activity, beyond the physical, you can continue relating all the things which you have commenced here, but— ‘You cannot go further than the records of your subconscious mind permit.’

“The acquisitive faculty belongs to the earth plane; and you cannot start a new line of knowledge there, that you have not built in the foundation for here on the earth plane; there is no affinity for continuity. Consequently, this vision enables you to realize the great importance of a constructive life and the great importance of acquiring constructive knowledge. Yes,” she said, “the individual grades himself by his choice in direction of thought and action.”

Ranier had listened intently. He tried to realize the vast scheme, the evolutionary sweep, the mechanism of the mind and the gradual growth in comprehension. He had been silent for some time. Finally he said—

thinking of presenting such ideas to his congregation—"It is so revolutionary."

Deamati, understanding the trend of his thought, cut in. "I am not trying to educate your congregation. I am simply giving you a vision. I am showing you some of the inside wheels of the machine. With the vision you can gradually enlarge their conception, widen their angle of vision. You can give life to static ideas. You can vitalize the old familiar knowledge with the new interpretations. But, you must remember that the ideals of the various religions are very necessary to the individuals holding those various ideals. They play a very important part in the plan, and help people to hold unconsciously to the ideal of perfection, toward which all are evolving. Remember this— 'The religious ideal is the stabilizing factor to the emotional individual.' There are many people in that stage of progress that have not reached the analytical stage of growth. The scientist is in the analytical stage and is building in knowledge accurately.

"It is no disrespect to God to investigate the plan thoroughly. Man is on earth to learn The Plan and become a co-partner in carrying on the evolutionary scheme. The scientist is a higher evolved individual than the one who receives growth only through emotional inspiration. You see, The Plan is beyond finite comprehension in its greatness, and everything that is, is a necessary part of the plan. There are many paths, but they all lead to one final goal.

"You, my friend, were ready for visions. I have given you one. You can enlarge that vision and the vista."

XXI

A VERDICT BY SUGGESTION

FRANZ, coming home late one night accompanied by the Judge, said as they were gathered about the dinner table, "This case of Bauer has created much interest. It has been handled with dispatch. His lawyer advised him to plead guilty as his only hope to escape the chair. He comes before the Judge for sentence tomorrow morning."

Barbara asked, "The same Judge that passed sentence on George Morton?"

Franz nodded, "The same Judge, in the same court room."

"I think," said Deamati, with a look at Barbara, "that we would like to be present when sentence is given."

"Two judgments against two different people for the same crime," observed Barbara. "How fortunate for the Judge that the first sentence was imprisonment instead of the death penalty. With George Morton alive, the law can at least apologize for its mistake."

"Yes," admitted Judge Alvin, "it does look something like a parody on justice to pardon a man for a crime which he did not commit. The machinery of law is rather a cumbersome affair. It is the outcome of the old English law which was a forced concession on reigning

authority, designed to obtain some sort of justice for the ordinary citizen. It has been amended and patched up to meet the requirements of modern civilization. If, with our past experience, we could start over and mould a new code of law and eliminate unnecessary technicalities—”

“And,” cut in Barbara, “precedents for procedure.”

“That was an unkind thrust,” laughed the Judge. “Franz, you should train your wife better than to interrupt the expression of judicial opinion.”

“It is all Jimsie’s fault,” Barbara informed the table. “He has preached legal procedure to me ever since I could walk. He used to set me up on the table and address the Jury. And when I was older, we argued many a case out of Court.”

“Oh, I see!” observed Deamati, as if she had just solved an unaccountable quality in Barbara’s character. “I see the origin of Barbara’s requirement that every question must be settled according to legal finality.”

“Yes,” agreed the Judge, “women as a race are so devoid of logic that I took Barbara as an experiment to see if that lacking quality couldn’t be ingrafted into their character.”

“Judge,” laughed Franz, “you should start a young ladies college. You would be a success nationally and historically.”

“Well, it is my opinion,” laughed Deamati (and when Deamati laughed it was infectious; it was contagious), “that this pardon for George Morton, his taking over the factory, the real joy of the men at the return of the son of the founder, the culmination and solving of this mur-

der mystery—all together it has gone to your heads like nectar, and you are all—happily irresponsible.”

Franz said, “Correct diagnosis.”

The Judge said, “Judicial discernment.”

The next morning activity was evident in the Grayle home at an early hour. Deamati had expressed a wish to be present in Court when Bauer was sentenced. Any wish expressed by that quiet, gipsy-looking personality, was promptly filled. Her expressed wishes were very limited and they generally related to other people or their affairs.

Barbara had asked her once, “Is there nothing you desire for yourself, Deamati?”

She had received a sharp, quick glance—then the reply in a slow way, imitating one of the children. “Yes, Monchien, I have, but I possess the ability to attain most of my desires, which you, honey, are not ready to bother your pretty head about.”

And then the Judge came and Barbara sat with a puzzled look while Deamati asked, “Judge, what is the longest time sentence the Court imposes on a criminal?”

He looked her over leniently and inquired, “Especially blood-thirsty this morning?”

“Well,” she replied, explaining the question, “at that screen produced evidence, when Bauer betrayed his guilt, the Judge—,” she hesitated.

“MacFerrin,” he supplied.

“Yes, Judge MacFerrin said to the Governor, ‘It will probably be up to my bench to send this man to the chair where he belongs.’ And it is possible that a wave

of emotional resentment may influence such a verdict."

He looked mockingly serious, as he replied, "It is hardly possible that MacFerrin can be influenced by emotion. He is well fossilized. He will probably decide strictly by the Code, uninfluenced by any fluctuation of sudden feeling prompted by personal animosity."

"But," she persisted, "is it not within his province to send this man to the chair?"

"Yes, he can either send him to the chair or give him from twenty to ninety-nine years."

She looked meaningfully at the Judge. "And there is no precedent for a longer sentence?"

"In that question," replied the Judge, "I recognize the contaminating influence of Barbara."

Deamati turned to Barbara. "Yes, we will be present when the sentence is imposed."

When Barbara and Deamati arrived at the court room they were met by McCain at the door and he procured them desirably positioned seats. Prisoners were being brought in to receive sentences; most of them received the sentence in sullen silence. Finally, after some conferences among lawyers, a voice called, "The State against Alfred Bauer."

All eyes were turned to the prisoner being conducted in by two officers. They slowly approached the Judge's bench and stood facing him. The audience curiously inspected the murderer, for whose crime an innocent man had been convicted. Then the Judge addressed the prisoner:

"Alfred Bauer, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed against you?"

The prisoner was stoically silent. The Judge continued, "For the crime of murder, proved and confessed, and for which one innocent man was convicted through your crime, I condemn you to"— Suddenly he paused. He had seen Deamati and Barbara when they were ushered in by McCain. He looked in their direction and said, "Has anyone present any comment to make why sentence of death should not be given this prisoner?"

Deamati arose to her feet and held up a paper. The Judge ordered a court attendant to secure it. When it was handed in he read it carefully, and for a moment considered its import. Finally he looked at the prisoner. "As Judge of this Court, I hereby order you, Alfred Bauer, imprisoned in the State Penitentiary for the term of ninety-nine years and three hundred and sixty-four days."

Court was dismissed. Bauer was taken out by officers amidst murmurs of dissent against a verdict of imprisonment. Judge MacFerrin pushed his way through the confusion to intercept the daughter of Judge Alvin and her unusual guest. He had not forgotten the conversation on the day when Bauer was stampeded into a confession. As Deamati predicted, those isolated ideas stuck. He had thought of them often. "Kill him, and you liberate his capacity for evil." And its accompanying threat— "You are now in possession of this knowledge and you will be held responsible for your decisions."

Those statements persisted; they were annoying and at hand was the opportunity for their explanation. "Oh, Miss Alvin!" he called.

She turned, saw the Judge, smiled and said, "Mrs. Grayle."

He laughingly said, "Oh, of course, Mrs. Grayle. I had forgotten the fortunate husband's name, but you are to me Judge Alvin's daughter. It all seems such a little time ago. How the time does fly."

He had been studying Deamati, and asked, with a rising inflection, "And your companion?"

Barbara introduced them. "This is Deamati Korali, of India, Judge MacFerrin."

He extended his hand, as he said, "I'll never forget the lady from India, but we busy men fall short on remembering names. Would you ladies come into my office for a few moments? I would like to ask this lady to explain some of her statements."

It was Barbara who replied. "With pleasure, Judge."

They followed him into a very legal-appearing room. Deamati glanced around at the well-filled shelves of books and observed, "So this is where you keep your records of all your precedents?"

"Yes," replied the Judge, "our precedents and a few laws."

The Judge spoke of Judge Alvin and their earlier association and of general interests. At last he turned to Deamati.

"Your arrival here was very fortunate for Bauer. I was about to order him executed and rid the world of such a scoundrel. Then, I suppose your presence brought that statement of yours to my mind, 'Kill him and you liberate his capacity for evil.' Then the suggestion bobbed into my mind to ask if anyone present had any

comment to make against a death sentence for this man. You accepted the challenge and sent me that paper.

"It is a fact that the human mind can debate a question in a split second. I read that paper and the thought flashed into my mind—Ninety-nine years will finish him long before his sentence ends. So I substituted for my original intention, the chair, and changed the verdict to ninety-nine years."

Deamati cut in. "Judge, don't forget that three hundred and sixty-four days. That was a part of the suggestion."

The Judge asked, with some heat, "Do you mean to say that I gave a verdict on a suggestion?"

"No, Judge MacFerrin, you cannot realize with your perception what a crime it would have been to have killed that man."

The Judge cut in. "Not rid the world of such a scoundrel?"

"Yes, but killing him does not rid the world of a scoundrel. Killing simply frees him to commit crime."

"Is that so?" scoffed the Judge. "What possible crime could a ghost commit?"

"Judge MacFerrin, a ghost, as you term a disembodied entity, can suggest crime, and in many cases, can induce crime. You, yourself, have just obeyed a suggestion to the last detail, even to the ninety-nine years will finish him long before the expiration of his sentence. You received well in that split second, Judge. In order to make sure that my suggestion would be in line with a possibility, I asked Judge Alvin before coming to hear your verdict what the extreme limit of a sentence was. I

added the three hundred and sixty-four days as an additional inducement, and you acted on the suggestion. Your mental reaction to the suggestion worked about as follows: 'The three hundred and sixty-four days are original. I like the idea. He will die before sentence expires. The law allows me the option of choice.' And you obeyed the suggestion and decided on ninety-nine years and three hundred and sixty-four days. Consequently, don't think for a moment that a criminal liberated by death has not a capacity to commit crime. I planted the seed of the suggestion in our first conversation which made my suggestion of today operative."

The smile had vanished from the face of the Judge, as he asked, "Was your desire to obtain a life sentence for this man actuated by any doubt of his guilt?"

"None whatever, Judge. Weeks ago we knew all the details of the murder in the office. We knew the very words of the conversation before Bauer fired the fatal shot. We also have a scribbled card written by his unseen hand as he faced the man about to shoot him. That card stated, 'Bauer has just killed George Morton.'"

"And," asked the Judge, "you suppressed such evidence, such vital evidence?"

"No—they were facts which could not be presented to a jury. I sent out an entranced man to witness the events of that night when Morton was shot. I am simply telling you all these things to impress upon your mind the fact that an executed criminal is more of a menace than a confined one, and also to have you realize that the directed forces of the human mind can solve all

physical life problems. The evidence unfolded by that moving picture demonstrates that fact. Sempf in possession of his objective mental faculties would protect and carefully guard all Bauer's guilty secrets, but with his objective mind asleep and dormant—his subconscious mind revealed the actual facts relating to the crime, and the details of that carefully contrived alibi. Bauer did not know that Sempf was in a hypnotic condition. He thought that Sempf had betrayed him, had sold his information."

The Judge slowly scratched his head to induce thought. He was up against a new proposition, with no precedent for reference and guidance, no code to direct his opinion. The ladies arose to depart. Barbara extended her hand at parting and they left a very mystified Judge looking at their receding forms.

As Barbara turned the car in the direction of home, she remarked, "The Judge seemed wonderfully short on ideas. He simply had nothing to say."

Deamati said, "The Judge simply had no subconscious records of any relating knowledge. He had no accumulated fund of that nature to draw on. And a gentleman of that type could not be rude to a daughter of Judge Alvin, so he allowed us to depart in peace. But," she concluded, "he is not comfortable with those strange ideas of that lady from India."

XXII

LIVE EXPECTANTLY

ONE AFTERNOON Deamati and Barbara occupied a favorite long rustic bench down by the lake. The pleasing view of water and forest was enticing. The air, perfumed from a clump of sweet-briar roses in the near vicinity, contributed a completing essence to the perfection of the day and the environment.

The occupants of this bench had been silent for some time. Barbara had some piece of lace work which was slowly growing into an intricate pattern. Deamati looked idly out over the lake. Occasionally she would turn her head and contemplatively look at Barbara. Suddenly she gave voice to her trend of thought:

“Barbara, the ideal continued becomes the commonplace. It is the changing variety of scene, of experience, and of association which shapes and gives direction to the character of desire, approval, and endeavor.

“Happiness and contentment is the lot of those in possession of their ideal—for a certain period; for the reason that the standard of ideals is constantly changing through experience and enlarging vision.

“The Law of Life and growth is change. Civilization of the past, contented and satisfied to continue a vegetable growth, a static, non-progressing existence, has—

through a law of necessity which regulates the progress and growth of humanity—been broken up by war, to inaugurate new and higher standards of ideals and new trends of progress.

“The progress of the evolutionary sweep, and the evolutionary means to promote development, are exceedingly interesting. When the orthodox religionist bows his head and says—‘It is the will of God’—those words bring up a vision to the student of the Law, a picture of all the operative machinery of evolutionary progress which exists behind the veil; and the orthodox conception of God seems to be the veil hung before the eyes with the injunction— ‘Thus far shalt thou see and no further.’ It is certainly bewildering to an Easterner that the intellect of a nation, which practically and efficiently handles every problem of life, can not handle the most important subject—man’s relation and conscious co-operation with evolutionary law.

“Nothing contributes so much to ability as that knowledge. Unconscious conformity is well, but conscious co-operation with nature’s laws is vastly better. One is instinctive guidance prompted by recorded past experience; the other is intelligent action based on a knowledge of existing, operative law.

“Barbara, I have been thinking of many things, lately. I am going away; I have completed the work here, and now I am called elsewhere. And before I go, I want to talk to you about yourself, and about your future.”

Barbara had laid aside her work and centered her attention on Deamati.

“Barbara, your life has been, to a great extent, in-

stinctive, intelligent conformity to constructive growth. Anything not constructive wouldn't be Barbara. You are going forward to the perceptive period, to a natural unfoldment of abilities and faculties.

"There are changes coming in your life, but they are all formative, constructive, and you are to consider them as such. The attitude of mind regarding any change determines whether the change is an asset or liability. Non-constructive conditions could not come to you. There is no affinity for any adverse condition. Your freedom from adverse attractions is a most wonderful status to have attained, for that means preparedness for the unfolding of faculties.

"Barbara, I am going to give you a personal present. Put it away carefully. It is your individual property."

Deamati searched her hand-bag and handed Barbara her fire opal. As she drew it from its wrapping, its center glowed like a live coal of fire.

Barbara eagerly reached for its attractive brilliancy, held it up and examined it from reflective angles, admiring its beauty, while Deamati watched her, as she turned the stone.

She moved near Barbara and demonstrated how she should use the crystal.

"You know, Barbara, there are many people who possess rudiments of faculties, glimpses of abilities. But the perfection of a faculty belongs to the perfecting individual. When the time arrives, you will feel the call to unfold your abilities."

"But, Deamati," broke in Barbara, "this is your property, your useful implement. You know its secrets."

"Barbara, it is a small thing to give a friend, and when I know it will contribute to the development of a faculty, it is a pleasure. And, Barbara, regarding friendships—friendships between affinitized people; people whose feet are on the path—never lose the connecting link. Consequently I will tell you to live expectantly. There are invisible ties to affinitized strata. And there are faculties which cannot be developed associatedly."

Suddenly she asked, "Barbara, how far from here is San Francisco?"

"Why," replied Barbara, in a puzzled tone, "San Francisco is a week's journey on a through train." Then—"But why did you ask for San Francisco? So far from the trend of our conversation?"

"Because, Barbara, I have had a message and a mission."

They arose and slowly turned toward home, when Barbara said, "No cable, no letter?"

Deamati smiled. "No, Barbara, no cable nor letter, but there are many ways of receiving messages, more direct, more certain of delivery—messages that never miscarry. And Barbara, remember that many important faculties are developed and become operative in the leisure of silence, when free from interruption."

They walked along in silence, Barbara trying to realize the void in the home without Deamati—her lectures, her instructions, her vitality, their early morning walks.

"Deamati, it will be like losing one of the family."

"Barbara, I came here through a line of attachment, and the line holds and strengthens."

She gave Barbara's hand a firm pressure of friendship and nearness.

"Yes," answered Barbara, "but the hand clasps and the smiles, the comprehending look of understanding, the simple joy of the presence; these things count so much in life's values."

"Yes, yes, Barbara, I know; but all these personal ties will merge into a larger vision of relationship, of kinship, a reality which is not transitory, or visionary. The future holds wonderful possibilities for attuned desire."

Then Franz, leading one of the children, was coming down the road to meet them, and near the house was the Judge looking for the women, and a summons to the evening meal.

Supper that night was rather a gloomy affair. That message to Deamati cast a shadow over the harmonious household. They had talked over the sudden and unexpected message.

Deamati said, "When Rotanla summons there exists a necessity for action." So Franz called up officials, to find that the most desirable connections would be obtained by taking the four o'clock express the following day. That left hours for a final adjustment of plans. "And," added Franz, "it affords ample leisure for arranging the means for continuing cordial, international relations."

Deamati laughed at the idea, as they all gathered around the table, for the last supper with her.

Barbara remarked, "If people only realized the knowledge of the Masters—what a Utopia this world would be!"

"Well," replied Deamati, "it would be a chaotic Utopia for emotional people suddenly possessed of forbidden knowledge. Well," she laughed, "it would be something like giving dangerous weapons to children. But there is no danger of such a calamity, for their ignorance protects them, and life insists on acquisition being sequential."

"Yes," said Judge Alvin, "in estimation of changing conditions one must always take in consideration the fact that the large majority of mankind are in emotional grades. Pomp, show, display, all such things appeal to emotional feeling. It is the few evolved who have outgrown the emotional appeal, and are guided by intellectual decision."

"Yes," said Deamati, "emotional control of action is too well known to comment on. The rhythm of the drum beat, the regular tread, tread, tread of a marching regiment appeals to the martial spirit, slumbering in every man, and recruits for war flock to the standard of the attracting rhythm. Throughout history emotional appeal has been the tool for controlling the mass of humanity. And such methods of control will continue until the majority have evolved into intelligent guidance of action."

"And yet," she concluded, "people wonder why the teachings of the masters are not broadcast to the world, for all to profit by, little realizing that an emotional attraction to knowledge would be a serious interruption to their line of procedure—should that knowledge be attained. But there is a law that insists that knowledge must be acquired sequentially, built in and related."

During an interlude in the conversation, Franz said, "Deamati, there will be one man very much disappointed at your sudden departure without notice. I met George Morton a few days ago, a fine fellow, and very happy in the regained possession of his factory, and in being reinstated in the old honorable family position. He said that he owes you name, home, freedom, and prosperity, and has simply delayed calling to thank you for all that you accomplished for him. He asked me personally to let him know in what form his gratitude could be best expressed."

"Well, you tell George that Deamati says to pass the obligation along to some fellow who deserves it, and that I wish him joy, prosperity, and posterity."

"No, I shall not," declared Franz. "George's feelings are far from levity. I shall give him your address, and whatever he sends you, you will receive as homage from a sincere admirer."

"The real trouble with George," said Deamati, "I believe he is a little bit afraid of me. I really did George a great service. I demonstrated his ability to travel—it is the ability of an advanced person. He could continue the cultivation of that faculty if he so desired; you might inform him of that fact."

The hours of Deamati's presence at the Grayle home passed swiftly and Franz and Barbara stood alone on the platform watching the receding train as it carried their unusual visitor toward the West and her far-off India. As the last view of the train vanished in the distance, Barbara asked, "Franz, will we ever see Deamati again?"

XXIII

A LETTER FROM INDIA

TWO LONG years had passed since Deamati had delivered her lecture from Ranier's pulpit that Sunday morning—"The Evolution of an Atom." From that lecture dated a series of sermons which stressed operating, reigning Law, as it related to life and growth.

Interest in Ranier and his new ideas grew and widened and his influence extended beyond the confines of his admiring congregation. But—if Ranier's contact with Deamati's knowledge created a ripple of expanding influence—her lecture to the graduating class of the girls' college produced a lasting memory. Not one of that graduating class ever forgot that she was "The Daughter of a King" and came from "Descent Invisible," and that her action must maintain the tradition of her ancestry. Who shall say where the influence of a lecture ended? So—the memory of Deamati lived in the hearts of her friends and in the knowledge she sowed in receptive minds.

One day when the oldest boy was eight years of age, Franz received a letter with a foreign postmark, which read:

FRANZ GRAYLE:

The ideal marriage which provides a suitable en-

vironment for the incarnation of advanced souls, also requires the suggesting influence which will awaken those latent capacities in consciousness that will later blossom into fruitage, which will feed the necessities of progressional development.

I send you X-22. Take him into your home and family, lend a listening ear to his guiding suggestions, consider him an older brother, a longer traveler, whose abilities and knowledge may guide young minds into paths which lead to green pastures.

ROTANLA.

Affix and bear in mind, ever the possibility of a future call.

Long Franz held and considered that letter. It brought vivid memories of all his associations of the hidden valley, memories which were overlapped by years of happy and purposeful life. The letter recalled freshly to mind all the teachings and lessons which had so colored and directed his life's activities. He could see Rotanla sitting at his desk, quietly telling him of the laws of development and growth. Then into his mind flashed his last glimpse of X-22 and his last words, "We are destined to meet again."

Did destiny move a step every ten years? It was ten long, happy years since destiny had pitched Barbara into his arms on that steamer deck. It was ten years since Deamati's laughing face had said, "Oh, no; I would not mar the luster of one future experience by foretelling its occurrence."

This meant a new element in the home life and the perplexing question was—what would be Barbara's attitude toward X-22? Should he show her the letter—the letter which brought her into relation with the fraternity? That thought let in a light on the problem. Barbara's relationship with the fraternity.

He found her in the library reading a book the Judge had recommended. "Dry?" he asked.

"No, Franz, it promises to be interesting. But, Franz, what is it? What has occurred?"

"Something unusual, Barbara. Come by the lake. I want to talk."

They went on in silence for some time, he thinking how to broach the subject, she waiting for the revelation.

Finally he commenced:

"Barbara, there exists a fraternity which few people ever dream of, and which members never speak of. In the United States during the past ten years I have met two members only."

She asked quietly, "Is Jimsie one?"

He nodded his head in reply.

"Yes," she said, "I have often thought some unusual knowledge bound you together."

"Yes, Barbara, knowledge, ideals and status of development are binding ties. Knowledge can be given to those ready for it, but the source and the fraternity are a sealed letter to all but initiates. But, Barbara, when the plans of the fraternity are concerned with the development of our children, the mother is to be intrusted with some knowledge of the existence of that fraternity

which has reached toward her through her children."

He handed her the letter he had received from Rotanla. She read it through and then re-read it from a new angle, and considered its importance—directing the unfolding minds of her children. Then—

"Franz, this letter implies that you know X-22."

"Certainly I know him." And his enthusiasm in the exclamation could have been used by a desert traveler in talking of springs of cool water.

She was bewildered by his indorsement of X-22, conveyed by that one statement, "Certainly I know him!"

"Franz, would Jimsie indorse X-22?"

"Unqualifiedly."

"Then, Franz, I trust in your judgment," and she extended her hand to confirm her decision.

It was late in the afternoon when one of the children told her, "Grandpa wants you on the phone."

She hurried in to hear Jimsie's animated voice. "Barbara, I'm running out this evening, bringing a friend with me. A surprise for you. No more legality this week," and he shut off before she could ask questions.

She told Franz, "Jimsie is coming out with a friend," and delayed supper until the arrival.

He came up the steps with the buoyancy of a boy, followed by a tall, straight, pleasant-faced man, whom Franz hastened forward to meet. A long hand-clasp and he turned to Barbara. "You must know this friend, Veryan Rayland, referred to as X-22. Mr. Rayland, this is my wife."

He bowed low, a deferential, foreign mannerism, and the friendly reassuring look of his keen eyes conveyed

to Barbara a great relief, and her preconceived idea that his presence would involve an unnatural restraint, an awe of his superiority, was replaced by a feeling of kinship, of fellowship.

The cool fall evening made the cheerful fire in the large old-fashioned fireplace, with its back log and andirons, very acceptable and Rayland gave a quick glance around the unusual room as they all sought chairs in a circle which faced the fire.

Franz indicated to his guest that he select one of the chairs. He chose a comfortable rocker, but before occupying it, he turned to Barbara, "Am I permitted the honor of this?"

"Certainly!" she replied, puzzled at "the honor."

He noticed her hesitancy and explained. "Deamati—you have heard of Deamati?" She nodded assent.

"Well, she has some of these chairs, claims they are the only ones in the province. She is very proud of her chairs and an honored guest may occupy one."

"I thought," put in Franz, "that anyone was honored that Deamati talked to."

A quiet laugh. "Then we will amend that by saying—not all of her visitors are favored with the privilege of her chairs."

They had been facing the fascinations of a wood fire for some time, talking of general interests, Rayland telling of the incidents of his voyage, the peculiarities of localities, the people he had met, when he turned to Barbara with—"I understand, Mrs. Grayle, that these men have been keeping secrets from you."

"Yes, they have," she acknowledged. "I have always

suspected it and I never thought it exactly fair to have information between them which I could not share." She ended with, "I never could understand a fraternity keeping important knowledge from people."

"Well," he explained, "I wouldn't put it that way, exactly. Keeping knowledge from people—you might say—'withholding knowledge.'"

"Yes," chimed in the Judge, "for an incarnation or so," and Rayland threw back his blonde head and laughed in musical notes of merriment at the Judge's joke.

"Anyway," he consoled Barbara for her deprivation, "from now on I am going to confide to you some of their secret knowledge. Did you get a letter from Rotanla? He said he would apprise you of my coming."

"Yes," she said, "Franz showed me the letter this morning."

"Only that short notice," he said in surprise. "Why that letter must have waited to come over on the boat with me."

He spoke of things as if they had intelligence.

Then the children came trouping into the room from their play—dirty, flushed little faces and inquiring eyes that inspected the stranger. Rayland interestedly inspected the children, as he was told each one's name, and presently he had the little girl curled up in his lap, and the others about his knees, and the older boy on a stool drawn close, as he commenced to tell them of the Jeni and the spirits which lived in the fireplace, in the flame, and as he centralized their interests in his story,

he said in an aside to Barbara, "The first secret of the fraternity."

He told the children of the spirits which made the blue flames and the spirits which made the yellow flames, and the rivalry of which one could make the brightest flame. Then he told them of the Jeni who governed all the spirits of the different flames. Then, how the spirits in wood hated the tribe of spirits that lived in coal. And little eyes grew big with interest as they watched the rivalry of the different colored flames and the exploding rockets that sent bright sparks up the chimney.

A grotesque face seemed to form out of the smoldering smoke, and grin out from a dark corner. Presently little heads grew drowsy and the younger children were taken off to the children's room and the older boys to bed.

Rayland watched the children until the last one had disappeared behind closed doors; then he turned to the group, each one of which had been interested in his fairy tale.

"One of the most important necessities of childhood is to awaken and cultivate the imagination, for the imagination is the pilot of unfolding possibilities."

"Yes," agreed Barbara, "but it is a terrible disappointment when children are older to learn that the spirits of the flame are fairy tales and Santa Claus is possibly one's parents."

"Ha!" exclaimed Rayland, "that is what is wrong with this materialistic age. It reduces the spirit of the flame to a combustion of gasses and disposes of Santa

Claus as an excusable fraud against trusting childhood. The dreams of the alchemists come nearer to spiritual perception than the chemical laboratories of modern science. Behind invisible barriers the august fraternity demonstrates to worthy seekers the truth of spirit force imprisoned in all forms of matter. Spirit force was the forming medium of every object in nature. Nature itself is a revelation of spirit activity. You remove the imprisoned spirit force of any condensed form and it simply ceases to exist. The initiate sees and becomes conscious of this reality back of nature. But the chemist sees no further than the bricks which compose matter and build up material forms.

"No, the spirit of the flame is the central reality and the combustion of gasses is its liberation. The food we eat goes through a form of combustion and liberates its spiritual content which is absorbed into the cell structure of the body. Living forms are a part of divine spirit. Inanimate nature—as you term non-moving objects—are imprisoned spirit force, and the initiate learns through patient endeavor to control material nature by manipulation of subtle forces.

"The Jeni and nature spirits are the reality behind forms."

He finished and laughed at Barbara. "So, Mrs. Grayle, you enter into the secrets of the fraternity, and you comprehend something of the all embracing nature of the universal energy which you call 'God,' and when in the dim future all this spirit force which animates life forms, and all the imprisoned spirit force, in what you term inanimate matter, is reabsorbed into its original

source—there will be nothing left but the dead ashes of an extinct world, to be swept away into the vastness of universal space.

“Mrs. Grayle, you must understand that imprisoned spirit force is the essential essence of everything in existence, and the vast storehouse of chemical elements, the electrons, the numerous ethers, as yet unlisted by chemists, are the bricks which spirit force uses to build into myriad shapes.

“Yes,” he smiled, “I know it is difficult for the finite mind, with dormant sense perceptions, to realize the fact of spirit life divorced from material encasements, but it is possible for ordinary sight to perceive under certain conditions.”

He suddenly turned to Barbara. “What do you know of a rather large dog, a cream-colored dog, with wavy fur, some big brown spots and one black ear?”

“Why,” exclaimed Barbara, in amazement, “that’s Bruno, our dog that disappeared mysteriously a few months ago. What do you know about Bruno?”

“Come, Bruno,” he called, and held out his hand toward an empty space. “What do I know about Bruno? Why, Bruno is an excellent subject to demonstrate to you the reality of spirit form, divorced from his material body. Ha! Old fellow,” and he again held out his hand.

Barbara looked at Franz. But the summons to the delayed supper deferred the demonstration of Bruno’s real ethereal existence for several days.

Thus Veryan Rayland drifted into the family life. He became the central interest of each member of the family, including Jimsie, whose week-ends at times length-

ened into encroachments on other days. At times the Judge carried Rayland to the city for days, where they visited clubs, met prominent men of dominant influence, and ever some charm drew all men to Rayland.

Once the Judge remarked, "Rayland, your influence could soon dominate the policy of the community." At which he replied, "Each individual is busy weaving his own destiny. Why should I interfere with the pattern or mar its design?"

XXIV

THE VAPOR TRAP

A FEW days after his arrival his baggage and trunks were delivered and carefully placed in his room, at which he remarked:

“Now the program for Bruno’s appearance will proceed as soon as the Judge arrives with the last ingredient.”

So when the Judge arrived for the week-end visit, a mysterious looking, small jar was placed in warm water near the fireplace. Later in the evening, when the children had gone to their rooms, Rayland asked for a dish similar to the one that had been used in feeding Bruno. Having the dish, he produced a large cord which he proceeded to immerse in some fluid and then arranged it in a circle not far from the fireplace, explaining as he proceeded!

“This is a trap for Bruno. From ancient times, witch doctors, sorcerers and black magicians have used blood to attract into visibility the denizens of the lower regions. So we use their old bait to catch Bruno.

“There is a weird potency in blood, a mysterious attraction for all the blood-eating tribe. The pagan priest of mythology knew the spell of blood. The Voodoo doctor used fresh blood in his conjuring feats of mystifica-

tion, but we only want to catch Bruno in our circle of vapor. Here, Bruno, old fellow—come!”

He placed the dish in the center of the circle and pouring the blood into the dish, backed out of the circle. The ends were parted to admit Bruno and the dish. As he backed out he closed the ends of the circle, applied a lighted match to the cord and instantly there was a circle of faint blue vapor. And within the circle the outline of an animal. It rapidly grew in detail to a dog lapping at the odor of the blood.

“I see Bruno,” exclaimed Barbara in excitement.

“Yes,” echoed the Judge, “it is the identical dog—the work of a magician.”

“No,” laughed Rayland, “it is the effect of the vapor. Our task was to get Bruno in that circle and our only sufficiently enticing bait was the odor of blood. No leash can hold, no bonds can hold an astral form. It is as illusive as a morning zephyr in sunshine, but it must have some material medium to be perceptible to ordinary sight.”

They watched Bruno lap at the blood, but he soon began to show concern at the wall of vapor, which enclosed him on every side. He grew restless as he realized the trap. Then the vapor began to die out, and the dog grew less distinct. Suddenly he looked at Barbara and bounded out of the circle into invisibility.

“Well,” breathed the Judge. “The most interesting phenomena I ever witnessed.”

“Yes,” agreed Rayland. “It is an illumination of the reality of the astral world, which is peopled with myriad of life and forms. It is not a misty region of the imagina-

tion. It is as solid a reality to its inhabitants as this environment is to us, and to advanced initiates, a world subject to his will and his commands."

"I wish the children could have seen Bruno," said Barbara.

"No jumps for those children," advised Rayland. "Their faculties of perception are gradually unfolding naturally. They will both see and hear. And a word of caution—never blunt a developing sense perception by doubting its fragile existence."

In a short time Rayland had won the affections of the children and he taught them innumerable things through games; in fact, all learning became a game, or the necessary rules for understanding a game. Even grammar—that bane of youthful school experience—became one of the most interesting of games. Judge Grammar ruled the world of conversation and language and the parts of speech were his subjects, and woe betide the guilty one who encroached on the rights of a neighbor, for Sergeant Syntax would arrest the culprit, bring him before the court to adjust his offense or pay the penalty.

And when youthful imagination began to weave imaginary fantasies into the field of reality, Rayland would tactfully say, "Now wait a minute! I want to know if this really happened, or is this make-pretend?" And the little mind would pause and see the classification. Then often in the future when describing some realistic air castle, the child would pause, look shyly at Rayland and volunteer, "Now this is make-pretend"—at which Rayland would nod understandingly and say, "I am glad you told, because I want to know if what you tell me be-

longs to the really happened—or to the make-pretend.”

So developing faculties of youthful minds were never blunted by a doubt of their truthfulness, but they were redirected into channels of rational classification.

Time slipped by, as time will do with growing children. Those unfolding minds were often a surprise to their elders. Barbara often declared that they used words and expressed ideas which they had never heard from their parents.

Rayland not only guided and directed the unfolding mental capacities of the children, but he developed their physical bodies by games, exercises and stories of heroic accomplishments. He taught them how to breathe; a little revolving wheel registered breathing capacity. This he used in a game of rivalry for lung development. He would say, “Now here is a new game,” and any game he proposed was eagerly taken up and learned with interest and enthusiasm. And as he developed the latent capacities in child consciousness, he at the same time taught the parents the laws governing childhood. Some of those important things were—

“The child is a human air plant. It is not planted in the ground, but in the air. It absorbs its nourishment first from the mother, then when physically independent, its spirit is nourished from the atmosphere, its parents radiate through thought and action.”

“The blossom, the husk, the bark, the leaf—all fall away when they have served their purpose, and the wind carries them away; so, too, with children’s bad habits.”

“Parenthood is the nursery for the incarnating ego, which is born with millions of potentialities, which must come out. The good ones, finding kindred nourishment and recognition in parents, live. The bad ones, finding no recognition or nourishment, will die.”

“Infancy, babyhood, and young childhood are the springtime of life. The conditions and influences received then last through life, and are powerful in the summer and fruit-time of life.”

“The necessity exists for allowing the child to build, even if it builds wrongly. It is exercising the creative instinct, opening the channel to the coming in of future forces for growth.”

“The important thing in parenthood is to watch the *intent*, and not the result. If the intent is all right, never mind the result.”

“The ideal environment is one which, by suggestive ways, helps the child to unfold through desire which will eventually realize possession.”

“Do not be a disciplinarian of the child. Remember, you are a gardener. And only by providing right environment can you be a disciplinarian spiritually.”

“The impulse of the parent has always been to provide a perfect physical body, but only the perfect physical body can be realized through a perfect spiritual body. Thought unfolds spiritually and builds physically.”

XXV

DESTINY MOVES ANOTHER STEP

THE DEVELOPMENT of the children proceeded rapidly, but it almost seemed more like recalling to their minds knowledge which they possessed, rather than presenting them new ideas. As they grew older and developed specialized interests, Rayland would stimulate an interest by talks, lectures, books, and always he showed the relation of subjects to universal law.

He stressed the importance of thorough, detailed knowledge. He said, "At the end of every line of study is the consciousness of spiritual law."

Thus interestedly occupied, the years passed quickly and the tenth year of Rayland's visit drew to a close, when one morning Franz received a letter with a peculiar foreign postmark.

He studied that letter some time before opening, and the writing was vaguely familiar. He had a sudden premonition of change—of disturbing news—and when Barbara came to meet him with some problem, some item of interest, he put the unopened letter in his pocket, and it was later in the day when alone down by the lake, that he opened the letter to find that it was from Rotanla.

FRANZ GRAYLE:

Ten years ago I sent you X-22 to assist in establishing contacts, and opening avenues which would foster the development of those latent possibilities in the inner-consciousness of those advanced egos—your children—attracted to your environment and committed to your care.

When you were sent out from the valley, back into the world to round out your present incarnation, the fraternity knew of the rounded development which would result from the experiences of your life. They also knew the opportunity your environment would offer to advanced entities awaiting incarnation.

An advanced entity in a new earthly life, failing to receive the vibratory call to its awakening, may drift a lifetime to await a future summons. Consequently, I sent you X-22, to assist in giving the call to non-active consciousness. He had the assistance of interested, intelligent, family co-operation, and his mission has been successfully accomplished.

Those purposeful young lives—responding to awakening suggestions—will affinitize to their destiny.

Your cycle, rounded out in purpose, and by experience, you may pause a while, or go forward. The valley sends you greetings and a return welcome. However—the choice is left to your decision.

The temporary severance of congenial ties must be weighed against the opportunity for accelerated

development, which development places the initiate far in advance of the average human family on the road to attainments on the path to the goal of illumination, from which advanced achievement of intelligent perception, one can dip down into human life and awaken young sleepers to a knowledge of their inheritance.

Did it ever occur to you that the vast majority of mankind are born to a life of conflicting progress, but which life contains the elements of their educational necessities?

The intuitive Mother instinctively guides her child to limited intelligent perception. But compare instructive guidance to illuminated, intelligent leading.

I sent you X-22 to guide the awakening process. Consider these matters. Think them over. And then give your decision to X-22, who has received the return summons.

ROTANLA.

Affix: To the beautiful lady, the intelligent companion, the devoted mother, the human co-operator in the Divine scheme, great is her reward in proportion to her promotion of the fraternal plan of assistance.

R.

Franz read and re-read that letter for light on decisional action. His two absorbing interests in life were the fraternity, its mysterious knowledges, and his home,

family ties, Barbara and their children. He thrilled as he read, "Greetings and a return welcome." His call. This greeting to him from Rotanla.

Then memory bridged ten years to the last line of Rotanla's first letter—"And ever in mind, the possibility of a future call."

So it had come at last, and the priceless privilege was his, to know the joy of going on. But at what a cost! What a sacrifice! How could he make a decision between these conflicting interests?

In his dilemma he glanced up and saw Rayland coming down the path toward the lake. He had a sudden gleam of assurance that Rayland could, in some way, help him, and as he came up, Franz extended a hand with Rotanla's letter, which Rayland took, glanced casually at the writing, the postmark on the envelope, and returned it with the statement:

"Yes, I know. I am informed and you are unable to decide the wise course to pursue. Come! Let us talk it over from my viewpoint."

He turned into a path which led by a winding way into the wooded portion of the estate. After a silence of some minutes, he said:

"Yes, Franz, it is a difficult choice for you to make without my help. Your inclination would decide for the home, fireside and companionship, but the illuminated view sees the accruing results from the necessity of self-decision by those children.

"They have been led into awakenment by cleverly baited interests, love, rivalry, curiosity, and an instilled desire for acquiring knowledge. You noticed that I

omitted the word 'coercion?' They do not know the meaning of that word. And do you realize what that means to a child life—being led to do what you want them to do, through attraction, through skillfully-planted seeds of desire? In consequence they have arrived free agents.

"Now, let reaction of procedure be a finishing school, and the impulsed promptings of past incarnations will direct their paths of life to achievement. If they lean on you to sanction their directing endeavors, they fail to grow that fiber of character which alone comes from personal initiative.

"Now the mother, Barbara, that gracious, beautiful character, who has taken me in unqualifiedly as a member of her home, would you retain her in the apex of her vitality, her active intellect, her force of personality—or would you choose to go down the years of age with failing faculties and dimming perceptions? You will acknowledge that is the fate which awaits all humanity.

"On the other hand, will you choose to further round out your present cycle of life by a double achievement in a single incarnation? Gain the ability to spiritually appreciate and value the occupants of those physically attractive bodies of wife and children—for the physical body is the objectized evidence of spiritual status."

He paused, then continued:

"Yes, there are innumerable reasons why you should accept the call, why you should exchange a few fleeting years, which hasten to an endurance of physical infirmities, for the realities of spiritual perception, which

ever retains the vital past, but transformed into spiritual equations.

"You gain the heights, and you attain the ability to assist and lift your affinitized loved-ones to your elevation.

"You see," he smiled, "it is very difficult to explain the limited perception of all the benefits that will accrue to you in obeying the call."

They returned to the house without conversation. And as they separated at Barbara's rose garden, Franz said, "Rayland, in a few days I will give you my answer."

And Rayland nodded in assent.

* * * * *

Franz went to the library, locked the door to be free from any intrusion, and wrote the record of events to date, including Rotanla's letter and Rayland's counsel. With the manuscript in his hand he sought Barbara.

He found her with their fair young daughter, busily engaged in arranging the details of the daughter's birthday party—her fifteenth birthday. How like Barbara she was! And what a pleasant scene they presented, sitting at a desk busy with letters.

Franz felt a pang of sadness as he watched the eager young face, arranging her list of invitations, with Barbara's assistance.

Barbara looked up, arose and came toward him. "Yes, Franz."

They walked out into the warm spring air before he spoke.

"Barbara, another period of time draws to a close, and destiny, it seems, moves a step every ten years. Another decision is necessary, another change faces us."

He handed her the manuscript.

"Read it and you will understand all. It is a personal record, so preserve it from all observation."

He left her and turned into a path, while her eyes followed until some shrubbery hid him from view. Then, with his record, she went to her room.

* * * * *

The day following, Franz, Barbara, and the Judge had a long talk and decided many changes. Franz would accompany Rayland on his recall to the hidden valley. The Judge would discontinue his official duties and come out and live with Barbara and the children.

"For," he said, with a smile, "my monetary accumulations, together with Franz' larger financial interests, will keep me from sighing for commercial activities."

There followed pleasant days "to speed the parting guest." Rayland, by his remarks, seemed to be familiar with all their arrangements, for all his remarks seemed to coincide with the arranged plans.

One evening they were talking over business management during Franz' absence, when Rayland broke in:

"I nearly failed to remember the commercial problem regarding the children, and it is of great importance. The lack of restricting the expenditures of boys and young men has been the source of endless regrets by parents and of remorse to boys. A full purse and the high spirit of youth is a combination that invites ex-

cesses. And the text of my remark is found in the truth of the quotation: 'A virtuous man whom poverty has preserved from vice.' A restriction is often a prevention to instinctive action 'of that dormant savage slumbering in every youth.' "

"Yes," agreed the Judge, "I recognize the wisdom of such a restriction, and the management of an allowance will—besides being a safeguard—teach many valuable lessons."

The day before sailing, Franz spent most of his time alone with Barbara. She understood his struggle in choosing between the conflicting interests, and she suppressed her own desires in furthering his advancement. Not once, during the ten years Rayland had been a member of her family, did she doubt Rotanla's wisdom in sending him to direct the awakening intelligence of her children. Consequently she had a founded faith in his intelligence. And the hints of things mentioned in his amazing letter—she held her breath when she thought of such possibilities. She trusted unreservedly to the future.

Franz could not comprehend Barbara's absolute trust, but he was greatly relieved. All stress and tension at the idea of separation vanished. They re-read Rotanla's letter together and talked over the possibilities of its veiled promises.

Barbara said, "Franz—Rotanla said, 'Your cycle rounded out in purpose, and by experience. You may pause a while, or go forward,' and we choose to go forward, to trust the future and Rotanla's wisdom."

"And, Barbara, treasure that manuscript as a family inheritance, and when you consider the time ripe, let each child read and absorb its knowledge, for it is in reality a road map of life and guidance."

Several days after Franz and Rayland had departed on their journey to the hidden valley, Barbara called Richard, her eldest son, to her room. She looked in admiration at the fine face, and tall, manly form, as she said:

"Richard, your father has gone on a long voyage. He left this letter for you. And this manuscript which you may read. The other children will read it when I think the time has arrived for them to know what it contains. You are soon going to college, out into the world, to learn the phases of life, which your home cannot teach. And I think you should have this, as a basis for your judgment of values."

Richard took his letter and the manuscript. Later he gave Barbara his father's letter, which read:

MY DEAR SON RICHARD:

I am called to continue some portion of my delayed education and you will understand somewhat the nature of this education when you read the manuscript which your mother will intrust to your care. This manuscript, these notes, this partial diary of certain significant events in my life, commenced over thirty years ago. They were written down at the time of occurrence, to keep fresh in memory the important knowledge conveyed.

I have talked over with Rayland my intention to

allow you to read this record, and he agrees that this matter to a certain extent belongs to our family. And he is confident that certain information—that portion pertaining to the fraternity—will be considered an obligation of a personal nature, not to be revealed outside of our family.

Confine your talk regarding these matters to your mother and Judge Alvin, wise counselors in all things.

I would not give you knowledge which would make your association with your friends difficult. Simply consider that you have received advanced knowledge, which others are not yet ready for.

You have been so well trained by Rayland regarding mental receptivity, regarding discrimination of vital knowledge, that extra instruction from me will seem like a repetition. However, I will say an asset to ease of living is a quiet happiness of life, a listening attitude of expectancy, and an orderly execution of arrived at intentions.

First, the vision; then its concretion; and concreted visions is the road to progress.

Happiness is that reflex glow which comes with the acquisition of new knowledge—new visions.

Lastly, mould your life on ideals which constitute a suitable preparation for a possible call to you, in the future, from the hidden valley.

Your affectionate father,

FRANZ GRAYLE.

P. S. These events in my life, which have so shaped my destiny, I have written down in the form of a

story. It is easier to write in that form and more pleasant to read. Besides, it is much better should this manuscript ever fall into the wrong hands that it be considered merely a story.

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