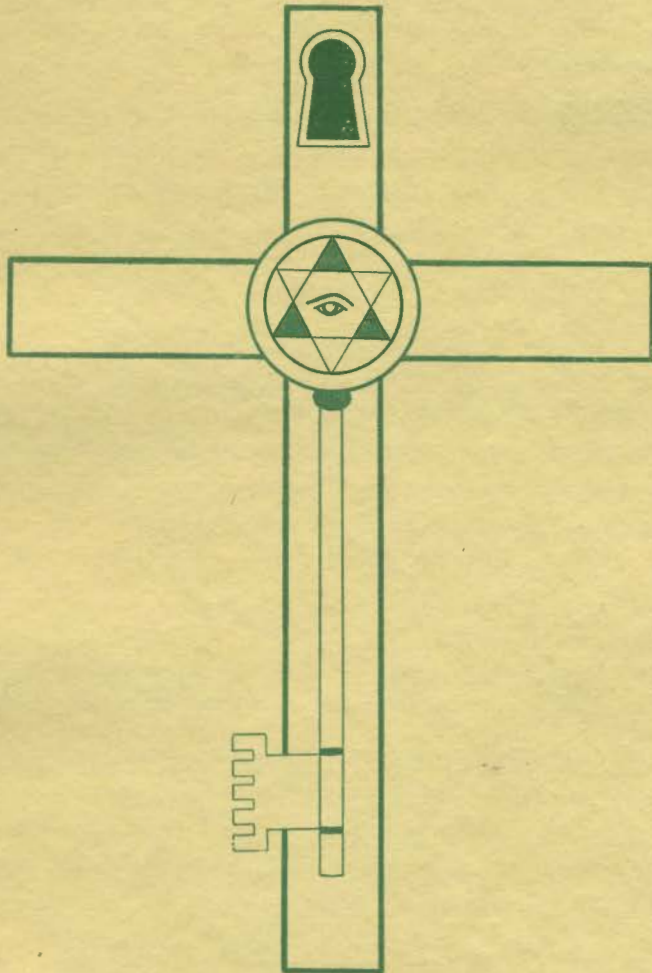


The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom

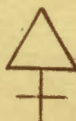


A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

APRIL, 1924



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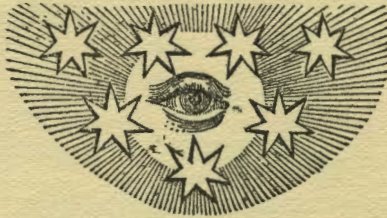
THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2

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No. 6



This magazine is published monthly for the purpose of spreading the ancient Wisdom Teachings in a practical way that students may apply to their own lives. It is written, published, and edited by Manly P. Hall and privately published for circulation among his students and those interested in his work.

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SELECTED VERSES.

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind?
Veil after veil will lift but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

* * *

Who toil'd a slave may come anew a prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who rul'd a king may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

* * *

Ye suffer for yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony.

* * *

This is the doctrine of Karma. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

* * *

Enter the path! There is no grief like hate!
No pains like passion, no deceit like sense!
Enter the path! Far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offense.

—Light of Asia.

EDITORIALS

Notice to Subscribers

This number concludes the second magazine subscription of six months which we offered to our friends and students. Any who have not received six numbers as per their subscription may secure any of the back numbers which they do not have through communication with us.

The further development of the magazine cannot be definitely stated at this time but our subscribers will be informed thereof by circular letter within thirty days after the receipt of this number of the magazine.

We still have a few of the first numbers which we will be glad to supply to those sending in and we ask you all to wait patiently for the next development in connection with this publication.

Very truly yours,

THE EDITOR.

Shallow Brooks Are Noisy

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how much valuable energy is wasted in tears, repentances and wailings by individuals who follow blind alleys of sorrow, all of which lead to oblivion? At a moment when a great crisis presents itself energy should be conserved; when one who has long meant to us something which words cannot describe is taken away by the hand of death or our illusions are broken by grim reality and people raised upon pedestals have come tumbling down, when we are confronted with problems requiring the coolest calculation and the most discerning reason—about that time we collapse, heart-broken, and howling like a three-year-old child. The salt of life loses its savor, there is a total eclipse of hope and we allow whatever energy remaining to trickle out of us in cold sweats or pour down our faces like a spring freshet in the mountains. As the result of this we are sick afterwards, all used up, and make the very worst possible decisions on all matters of importance.

Let the emotionless East answer this problem. We may be called cruel and heartless because we do not drench our handkerchief

and our neighbor's shoulder when someone dies, but we will find ourselves of a great deal more use in the long run if we are the only person present who has retained even the shadow of self-possession and is capable of issuing the necessary command at the critical moment. Emotion is one of the greatest causes of weakness and inefficiency which at the present time besets the human race and an individual who can remain balanced and self possessed not only saves the situation but also lengthens his own life many years. The moment of catastrophe should be the moment of conservation, whereas, now, individuals run around in circles perfectly conscious of the fact that they are getting nowhere but feeling that they must give vent to their emotion if the only thing they can do is wring their hands.

Problems which present themselves in our civilization must be met with clean-cut reason and in an efficient, sensible, rational way. You never knew a business man, long bent over the desk which has transformed itself from his place of business into the casket of his soul, to throw himself upon your neck when you come in to sign an insurance policy,

(although you may be the only one who has been in that week), then tell you that he is awfully, awfully, awfully glad to see you, going into ecstasies, from thence into convulsions, to finally end in a cataleptic coma. What usually happens is this: he twists his cigar to the other corner of his mouth, picks up a pen in a slow, disinterested way, dips it in the ink, then sticks it under your nose, grunting, "Sign here and pay the cashier." If similar tactics were to be used in moments of emotion, the individual who followed them would be ostracized from society but would be infinitely more useful than all the mourners put together.

There is a story told about a Chinaman whose house burned down in the middle of the night, he barely escaping with his life to say nothing of his clothes. Sitting in front of the ashes of all he possessed in the world, he turned an old wooden tub over and asked his friends if they had saved his memorandum book. They answered no and asked him why he was so interested in such a small detail at such a moment. He looked at the ashes for a minute and at the tiny wisp of smoke that still rose from them and then turning to the friends said, "The reason I want my memorandum book is that I may send a message to the American gentlemen who was to dine with me this evening. I must send him my humble apologies and request him to dine with me at a restaurant instead and my only regret is that after giving my word I am unable to invite him to my house." The average American whose house catches on fire cries out, and runs up and down, blowing so hard that he fans the flame and the entire building is consumed.

Emotion is no sign of grief nor pleasure but only shows that an individual is incapable of controlling their nervous system. The deepest of grief and the greatest of joy finds no expression in the physical organism. They are qualities too deep to express. The individual who weeps for you today will forget you tomorrow for they have cried their brains out with their tears, while a simple pressure of the hand, one simple word of realization, marks a friend who will not forget or an in-

cident that is deeply etched into the soul.

Whichever way you turn, efficiency is lost when superficiality comes in. Those things which are tinsel and gaudy seldom wear but like the Christmas tree ornaments find their way to a premature ash-can. On the other hand simplicity of design, simplicity of habit, simplicity of expression—these things are the mark of strength; they are the mark of endurance; they are the mark of permanence. In art, many lines seldom improve the drawing, while the artist who completes his picture with a few strokes of the pencil creates an expression of mass, unhampered and uncurbed by tiny lines and useless filagree. People rant and rear too much, they weep and cry too much, they sigh and moan to excess, and they overflow their banks of sentimentalism with too much ease. As a result, a civilization noted for these excesses is invariably shallow, and as a mass the Aryan race is shallow, especially those among that super-expression of nervous fidgets which we know as "society." The "upper set" of civilization generally is noted for its veneer, its plating, its filagree work and its expression of sentiment, sentimentalism and superficiality. As a result, year after year, our leaders of society wind in ambulances among the hills and dales of our countryside on the way to sanitariums for nervous wrecks.

There is in America at the present time a subdued something in the air. The atmosphere seems vibrant with suppressed fidgets, and our people as a mass show practically no self-control. They fight like wild cats over non-essentials; mourn like broken-hearted Romeos over their disillusionments; they commit suicide on the spot, not due to any premeditated plan but just because of the fact they had chills running up and down their spines and just had to do something. This condition is becoming so acute with our mode of civilization that unless something is done to steady the nerves, and curb the emotionalism of our peoples we are going to produce a race of super-sensitive, nervous enemies, incapable of anything except vibratory wiggles of their organisms and water-falls of senseless tears.

Wherever you go you can turn masses of people if you can only work upon their emotions, they will follow you like blind sheep over the edge of a cliff if you can work up the animal within them. Reason plays little part in the modern principles of civilization. People are led entirely by their likes and dislikes and flock like children after an intellect who is great enough to sway their sentiments. This is the secret of theology's power through the ages, it is the secret of the power of the politician, it is the secret of modern advertising, in fact it rules the modern world, that is, the western world.

On the other hand, the stoic easterner, who remains unmoved by all these things, is laughed at by those whose hysterical outbursts mark the only expression of their intelligence. Laughter is very helpful, specially good for the liver, but for an individual weighed down by a tremendous weight of responsibility, even laughter is dangerous; even the gods laugh but not continually. When there are important things to be done even the energy wasted in laughter must be conserved. It is said that laughter signifies the fact that you are happy and we are inclined to believe that an individual is in good humor if we can cause his diaphragm to vibrate. But if you have ever gone through an insane asylum and heard the howls of demonical glee from some poor demented soul whose mind is a blank and whose laughter is as empty, in fact emptier than the howling of the wind, you are forced to agree that laughter is not an infallible sign of intelligent humor or enjoyment. From this we are able to deduct that happiness does not necessarily express itself through explosive means. Happiness is a state seldom found by mortals here below; what we commonly call happiness is really a tickling of the emotional pallet which causes a pleasant sensation to run up and down the nervous system and drive thought and reason still further out of the picture.

And so individuals, only partly efficient at best, are wasting what little efficiency they do possess by allowing their constitution and temperament to swing back and forth, like an eccentric clock pendulum, between the posts of joy and sorrow. The result is ever increasing

deficiency, ever increasing work for nerve specialists, ever more thoughtlessness, crime, and various forms of thoughtlessness which are crimes. Through all this the "heathen" remains in stoic peace. Truly he is happy as all men are, and few live this span of years without sorrow; he has loved and hated like other men and found, as others must find, that it was not a paying proposition. The result is quite evident. He found that he could do more, gain more, and preserve his efficiency to a greater degree by remaining unmoved amidst the moved and calm amidst the storm.

And so the sages of the east have said, "Only he who is balanced in pain and pleasure is fitted for immortality." For only one who is master of others can lead them and those subject to the same weaknesses as those they lead are like the blind seeking to help the blind and all falling into the ditch together.

So we suggest the following to you, or rather, present our emotion platform, which may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. Do not mourn for that which is lost for the more you mourn the more you lose.

2. Do not weep because you are weak, because you get weaker if you weep.

3. Do not wring your hands or wave them in the air, if you do you will not have neough strength to walk with later.

4. When you are happy do not laugh; figure out the joke and you will probably find it is not very funny after all.

5. When you think that loud laughter is a symbol of intelligence and affability, remember that some inmates of the lunatic asylum laugh all the time.

6. Do not weep because you are ruined, for you are ruining your nervous system also when you do.

7. Do not walk around in circles, you will never get any further than yourself if you do.

8. Do not love anybody too much, if you do do not show it too much, it will give them an advantage over you. When you have found the "one ideal," do not swear you will get down on your knees and die for them; get up on your feet and work for them and call it day.

Mental Attitude as the Basis of Efficiency

GREAT corporations and industrial enterprises are beginning to realize more and more the part that mental attitude plays in business efficiency. They are realizing the value of the contended employee and that the goodwill of their own servants plays no little part in the success of an enterprise. In days gone by the employee was looked upon as a necessary inconvenience, as a menial who must do as he is told or be fired, while those who were underlings forever stood with the sword of Damocles over their heads, living in awe of the boss and in momentary expectation of being fired, abject slaves of a commercial system which gave them no place. If they sought to rebel against this system it meant unemployment, suffering and even starvation.

This day of tyranny, however, is over, for industry discovered that those who work through fear are only eye servants and that the sourness and hatred which was showered upon industry by those who were as cogs in its wheels inhibited the output, diminished the efficiency, and left the officials of the corporation without friends or even the respect of their employees. In the days past the employer did not care what his help did think of him, but he is now beginning to realize that the attitude of his office force, and of his industrial workers, must be taken into consideration and form one of the keynotes of an enterprise.

So today we find the cooperative plan in which the servant is consulted by his own master, in which he is given a living wage, in which he is given a voice in the running of the enterprise. Such a system increases the efficiency of the entire and is now the only possible way to prevent a great industrial revolution.

The cheerful worker does three times the work of the over-taxed, under-paid, grumbling clerk. The smiling face of the employee sells the products of the corporation. It means that there will never be a shortage of labor

in that corporation and that its workers, humanely treated and honestly considered, will give the touch of personal sympathy to the enterprise, which personal sympathy has a market value many times the amount of money expended in order to create it.

As this is true in the commercial world, so it is true in every walk of life, and as man at the present time capitalizes upon the efficiency of his brother man and also realizes that his efficiency is his capital, both in the commercial world and in the world of letters, he is realizing more and more that the proper mental outlook on life is the basis of his ability to meet the problem of daily existence.

The ability to meet problems, the ability to endure hardships, and the ability to labor methodically are expressions of efficiency, and in this day and age of the world not only must a product be sold but, because of the keenness of competition, it must literally sell itself because of its economy and merits. And just as a product must sell itself so the individual who wishes to be a success in world affairs must learn to sell himself to the world. Before a man can sell an automobile he must sell himself to the purchaser, before a man will be promoted in the commercial world he must sell himself to the employer.

Now let us briefly analyze what is meant when we say a person must sell himself. By this is simply meant that he must prove that he is necessary to the development of a certain thing and literally prove that he is the one best fitted to perform a certain work to attain a certain result or to demonstrate a certain quality. In other words, by selling oneself is meant that a person must convince another of his merits to the extent that the other comes into realization of the fact that the party in question is necessary to the success of the enterprise.

Efficiency sells a man in the commercial world more quickly than anything else and efficiency is fifty percent experience and fifty

percent mental attitude. The drone may have experience but, suffering from a diseased mental attitude and an unhealthy outlook on life, he is of little value, while often an individual without experience but whose outlook upon life is healthy passes like a skyrocket through the heavens of industrialism, leaving far behind older and wiser heads who have become ruttled or who suffer from an unhealthy or distorted mental outlook.

As we see it, there are three mental outlooks which at the present time are making failures out of people who would otherwise be successes. The first type who eliminates himself from the social order of things and in so doing loses his opportunity to sell himself to the world is the radical. Please do not think for a moment that there are not needs for reforms, neither believe that man must not rise and see that the necessary steps are taken to correct the idiosyncrasies of our social system. But it is possible to be progressive without being bolshevistic, it is possible to assist materially in the mending of our social fabric without the attitude of the anarchist. The rabid mind which lives only to criticize, to tear down, and to abolitionize, destroys itself, and at the same time removes itself from the field of useful labors. The radical has not a healthy outlook on life. His keynote is the critical mind. There is something the matter with everything he comes in contact with—from way his sausage is cooked to the way the country is run—and such an individual is seldom if ever a success in any walk of life. Such types finally mass themselves into a group of ragged, dirty, disheveled bolsheviks and soap box orators who can never wield a greater power than that of brute force. Their mental attitude has ostracized them from society and completely divided them from the very thing they sought to serve. While the conformist is often forced to conform against his will, the greatest good to the greatest number demands diplomacy in every walk of life. Diplomacy does not necessarily mean that the individual should sacrifice his personal viewpoint but it means that he will hold that viewpoint in abeyance until socially and economically he

is successful enough and powerful enough in world affairs to make an intelligent use of that viewpoint. As a recognized leader in world affairs he will be capable of promulgating his viewpoint and, if necessary, of tearing down the social standard to rebuild it on a more solid foundation; but as a mere individual, unhonored and unsung, the radical, instead of eliminating society and its evils, really eliminates himself from society. Therefore we say that the radical mind, the mind always set upon the unconventional and the unusual is seldom desired by any enterprise wherein success plays an important function because the radical mind succeeds in nothing except in making enemies. The healthy mental attitude is capable of taking the ideals of the radical and applying them to its life and unfoldment but it does so in a big, broad, cheerful and constructive way which surrounds it with friends and well wishers. Often this cheerful mind will pass the new law and tear down the old subterfuge and sham without the world ever suspecting it, while the radical and the bolshevik, who is always tearing at the soul of sociology and economics, only lands himself in jail, in the law courts, and an untimely grave. One man cannot convert humanity by opposing it; he must convert humanity by gaining its confidence and have it moving with him instead of against him. By doing this, man sells his idea, while with the radical the idea merely destroys him. At the present time there is a flood of radicalism in all walks of life. Radical government anarchists throw bombs of verbosity at each other, insipid parlor anarchists flay our social system, to replace the decaying ethics of the days gone by with still more rotten filaments of their own imagination, and like most bolshevistic minds tear down eternally but have nothing better to offer to take the place of the thing they have destroyed. Therefore we put first in the list of unhealthy mental attitudes the small-town bolshevik and half-baked "Red." He has an unhealthy outlook on life. Everything he sees is tinged with perversity. Regardless of his training or his education or his really spiritual ideals, his mental attitude debars him from society and leaves him help-

less in his efforts to regenerate the plan of being.

The second undesirable mental attitude which we wish to discuss is the state of melancholia. We have not only the radical who wishes to blow up everything and get his fingers at the throat of something but we also have the individual who is just sour and who lives entirely in a realm of failure, gloom, despondency and general dolefulness. These individuals are long-faced, sorrowful persons who spread gloom with their very presence. The world has no place for them because at this time everyone has more troubles than they know what to do with and few wish to discuss those of other people or be forced to shoulder the burdens of any save themselves. For this temperament there is but one remedy and that is the sunshine cure. They must realize that in spite of the fact that their mother-in-law cut them out of her will or that they had to pay their brother's funeral expenses, the world cares little but hands the palm of the victor to the face with the smile. The attitude of indifference to responsibility and the lack of interest in the problem at hand is a poor recommendation in modern world affairs. *A business takes an interest in the person who takes an interest in that business.* The office manager today feels that he has really hired a man when he hires with the personality the good will, and few succeed in enterprises which their hearts are not in. Where their treasure is there will their heart be also the Scripture has stated, and the modern business world of today promotes and distinguishes those whose hearts are in their labors. In spite of petty graft, the whole-hearted one seldom fails if he has energy and the proper mental outlook on life. Under the heading of melancholia we have the individual who lacks interest, who manifests incessantly those qualities which show that the blood moves slowly in their veins, and the doors of enterprises, both spiritual and material, close upon the drone who does just what he has to and nothing more, who labors with his mind far away, or who is turned from the path of sunshine by every reverse. In this way, you see how the mental attitude and not the skill with the fingers makes and breaks us in the world of affairs.

The third division we will mention under the heading of mental attitudes is the egotist. In the modern world, be it political, sociological, philosophical, or religious, the employer and the fellow-worker throws up his hands and turns away in despair when he finds blooming in a soul the flower of egotism. The great sorrow of the egotist is that he seldom recognizes the fault in himself. He fights the whole world to prove his own position, is blind to his own faults, and has the most helpless mental attitude that there is known. There is always a great number of people to fill positions of little importance but there has never been a surfeit of great men and great women. The world delegates authority to all who are capable of standing it and egotism is the proof of the lack of control of self. When the world bestows power upon an individual, upon a group of individuals, upon a government, or upon a scheme of things, it does so because that individual has demonstrated the qualities of worthiness or because that organization, government, or scheme of things, has exhibited fitness to be entrusted with responsibility. There is an endless need of people who can carry responsibility without showing it. In this world the successful manager is the one whose superiority is the least suspected. The idea of the great man on the pedestal is dying out and men today serve men more and more because they recognize in the one they serve the qualities they themselves do not possess. The successful leader in all walks of life is the one who leads through confidence and not one who demands to be leader because of the sceptre of authority. Therefore we say that the third mental attitude which destroys efficiency of individuals in world affairs is egotism. It convinces those who do not know that they know almost everything and causes exhibitions of power which are ever obnoxious to the democratic minds of the twentieth century.

If individuals would trace their own characters carefully and study their own mental attitudes on life—whether the world they live in is bright and cheery or whether it is dark and gloomy with the forebodings of their

(Continued on page 26)

Brothers of the Shining Robe

(Continued)

CHAPTER TEN

"The key, the key, the key!" the voice kept saying. From everywhere the word could be traced, half seen, half read, and heard by ears that were not of this earth. Suddenly a great star of light appeared before the pilgrim, growing larger and brighter, seeming to spin, dance and twist, and at last exploded into thousands of streamers of colored light.

I felt myself falling, down, down, down, through an abyss of darkness, where not even stars lighted the sky of eternity. Suddenly the fall stopped, and opening my eyes I found myself looking straight up at a filagree pattern of pink flowers that decorated the ceiling over my head. I felt weak and faint and for several seconds could not move. Then turning slightly I made the rather startling discovery, that I could move, for in some subconscious way I did not feel that the body I had was connected with me.

The morning sun was shining in at the window, casting its bright reflections about the apartment, and I lay looking up at the ceiling, trying to collect my shattered thoughts and piece out the story since the time I was sent whirling from the train and over the embankment.

As I lay there a dark shadow began to crawl slowly up the side of the wall. My over-wrought nerves gave way and in spite of myself I gave a cry, for creeping up the wall by my bedside was a great shadowy spider which seemed at least a foot across, having no substance whatsoever and existing only as a shadow upon the wall. My mind recalled the black magic that had been used on me before and so I braced myself against what I felt to be an attack, at the same time sending out a call for the Master as I always did involuntarily in moments of trouble.

The shadow stopped and I could see the vibrant, hairy legs of the spider twist and cross each other as the fine feelers felt over the surface of the wallpaper. At the same time I felt behind me the presence which I had learned to love beyond life itself—that

of the Master. Turning quickly I looked at him and pointed to the spider, crying "Save me! for I cannot move out of the bed and this thing is crawling down upon me!"

I recognized the majestic form that stood at the bedside by the eyes rather than anything else, for he was dressed in a military costume of western style and his face was no longer that of a Hindoo but of a European prince. As I looked pleadingly at him, the Brother of the Shining Robe smiled slightly.

"Here, my son," he said quietly, "is a lesson well worth the price of the terror. What think you this is?"

"Why," I answered, "I know not, but I presume I am being attacked again as I was before by some hallucination or ethereal creature launched against me by the black brotherhood.

The slight smile still played around his lips as he answered, "Do you know what is black magic's greatest weapon?"

"No, master," I answered.

"Then I will tell you. It is fear. It makes of strong men cowards, of honest men thieves, and of Christians demons, of gods devils who inhabit the filmy fastnesses of hell. Know you not that black magic deals with the element of fear and much of the evil in the world is based upon the fear of the unknown, which is most often harmless until we people it with demons of our own creation? The creeping creature that you see upon the wall, that shadowy thing which you feel is the blow of black magic, is like indeed black magic itself—but a shadow of the real. "Look." And he pointed towards the window.

Rising with painful effort on one elbow, I gazed towards the aperture where the bright morning sun was shining through the spotless pane, and there on the window-pane was a black spider, a little larger than a fly, and I realized why the smile had lurked around those lips. The sun shining in through the window had caused the gigantic shadow of the little insect to be cast upon the wall beside

my bed. With a sigh of relief, yet a feeling of sheepishness, I sank back upon the couch.

"Yes," continued the old man, "darkness is but a shadow of the real. Evil is like yon little spider, until the reflections of the human mind casts a shadow many times as large upon the walls of the soul. You are safe at this time. No further attempt will be made against you until you are able to be up and start again on your mission. It is then that you need to worry. You are too strongly protected here for them to come, but as you go out into the world again, and you are weakened by contact with the multitudes, and your spirit is broken by the rebuffs of the world, then will black magic become again a vital factor in your effort to succeed."

The master vanished as he had come, but I had not noticed that during the latter part of our conversation the door of the room had opened. The tall, slim form of Miss March, with her pale and highly arched brow, had been standing in the doorway of the room. I knew she had not seen the Master but she must have heard me talking to him and seen the gestures that I had made while he was present.

"To whom were you talking?" she asked as she entered the room and closed the door softly behind her.

Realizing the instructions I had received concerning the secrecy of the adepts, I remained silent. She repeated her question, and feeling that I must answer in some way, I replied, "I was talking to my teacher."

She looked for two or three minutes at me in a rather strange way and I could see that she did not understand what I was talking about.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "there was no one here. There is no one here now."

"In the last assertion you are quite right, Miss March," I assured her, "but in the first I must beg to differ. In my half-dazed condition I was badly frightened by the spider on yonder wall and in my nervous extremity I called for help in the only way I knew and was discussing the problem when you arrived."

The girl was silent for several seconds.

"You mean there was someone here I could not see?" she inquired.

I bowed my head silently in assent.

"Who was it?" she asked.

"I am very sorry but it is quite impossible for me to answer that question."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that sacred obligations which I have taken forbid me to discuss the personalities of some people."

Miss March laughed slightly.

"Your story amuses me. There is a certain air of mystery in it, and mystery is always fascinating. But come, I want you to tell me the name of this unseen person with whom you were holding conversation."

Again I shook my head. Miss March looked at me for two or three moments and her face broke out in a pout.

"I do not see what harm it can do and I am very, very inquisitive. You know I have been a student of herbs, and in my studies I have come across many statements concerning strange transcendental powers and so forth, but in accordance with the views of the students of today I accepted them only as fables and superstitions of the dark ages. But at last I find one who claims to know and talk to one of these strange persons who make themselves invisible, and this person—" and she looked straight at me, "refuses to answer even one little question for me."

I felt myself in a rather embarrassing position but still maintained a dogged silence.

"I think you are just fooling me," she exclaimed, "I think you were talking to yourself, or else you were delirious."

"No, no," I assured her, "what I told you is absolutely true."

She laughed slightly and her thin pale face seemed rather sardonic with that smile.

"I won't believe any of your stories unless you tell me about this person."

I felt that the young woman, who knew nothing of the power and beauty and magnificence of my master, was deliberately laughing at one whom I adored above life itself and for a moment my judgment left me. I was determined to prove to Miss March

The Witch Doctor

THROUGH the jungles a narrow path ran, just a single foot-trail bordered on each side by great ferns with broad, swaying leaves from whose clustered groups rose the round, shaggy-barked trunk of lofty palm trees whose green leaves quivered in the gentle breeze. The sunlight ever penetrated to the foot-path or dried the moist earth from which rose that mouldy smell which is ever found where the light of day is excluded. Great streamers of moss, dripping with a slimy ooze, hung swaying from the rotten branches of trees long dead, while here and there a great orchid hung blooming, saturating the atmosphere with a heavy nauseating fragrance. This is just one view of an immense jungle, an uncultivated and practically unknown area stretching hundreds of miles until finally it reaches the mountains whose snowy crests hover over in strange contrast to the tropical valley beneath.

The sounds were many and as varied as the vegetation. The chattering of monkeys, as they swung from tree to tree or hung by their tails from the gigantic stalks of jungle fern, was ever in the air. Now and then the cry of some gaily plumed bird sounded above their incessant pattering. Other sounds there were too which blended themselves into an endless symphony and were only audible as a faint rumble—the roaring of lions, the crying and laughing of hyenas or the shrill trumpet of the mighty elephant. All these awoke the echoes of the jungle, for this was the tropic primeval.

Suddenly the swaying ferns along the narrow path parted and into an open glade, arched over with palm leaves, strode Gomo the Medicine Man, the much feared and respected fetish doctor, in all the glory of primitive power. Gomo was all of six and a half feet tall with a body perfect according to primitive perfection. Great muscles and sinews like those of an ox shown out through the ebony skin, giving a sense of power and majesty to the gigantic figure. Gomo wore around him the skin of a lion; its shaggy

mane covered his chest while the long tail was twisted around his waist as a belt in which was stuck a long curved knife of some flinty stone. His thick nose and lips were pierced with colored strips of ivory and in his ears hung pendants of crudely pounded metal. The hair was shaven from his head or rather, we should say, scraped therefrom with the aid of sharp stones, all save a narrow area at the top of the skull where a tiny topknot still remained, bound tightly into a tassel by means of dyed and colored strips of fibre. His face and body were thickly smeared into horrible designs with colored clays and in his hands he carried his medicine rattle, formed from the skull of an infant. He wore a necklace of human teeth and his belt was hung with strands of hair from the heads of his victims. On his arm was a mighty shield of rhinoceros leather and in the same hand he held a great club of seasoned wood with a sharp stone lashed to the end.

As Gomo stood in the half light, surrounded by the oozing, decaying vegetation of the tropical jungle, he made a picture difficult to describe and which must be imagined to be understood. He stood like a statue, his ears, with the fine sense of the primitive man, listening, listening for the footsteps of an advancing host, a horde of white men who were coming to rob Gomo of his elephant tusks, of his skins and trophies, of his riches and diamonds, and most of all to take from him his power as invoker of spirits and messenger of the gods.

For many days through the jungles his people had been retreating before the onrush of civilization, before implements of war which Gomo could not understand, before shining sticks of metal that spat out flame and death, before curving blades of steel that gleamed like silver in the sun; before these strange implements of magic of the white man, Gomo seemed powerless. Hour by hour the jungle that had been his home was torn from him by the evil power of the white man. Not without cost to the invader however, for from

among the palm trees, amidst the swaying ferns and mounds of rock, tiny poisoned arrows flew and little feathered darts, tipped with deadly venom, rained from the blow-guns of the natives, shedding death and destruction in all directions. But still, with a power which the natives could not fathom, the oncoming race of another color won inch by inch the slimy ooze which flooded this jungle.

Quickly through the underbrush madly dashed a black form. Staggering forward, he collapsed in a heap at the feet of the mighty Medicine Man.

"Oh, Exalted One!" groaned the form from the ground, whose clay covered body was now streaked with blood, "Oh, mighty Worker of Magic! Save your people for they are powerless against the fetish of the white man! Even now the mighty chieftain, whose belt is made of the skulls of kings, lies dead in the jungle, struck down by the flaming magic of the white race. One by one our warriors sink down beside the way; their charms and their incantations are as useless as their shields to protect them from this dread magic. Oh, Mighty One, if you do not save us now there will be none to save! Our arrows fall short of the mark and our stone hammers are powerless. You alone can save us, for you know the will of the gods!"

With a gurgling cry the figure pitched forward and rolling over, lay face upward in the path. The bullet of the white man had entered his heart, but, with the same power and courage which marks the beast of the jungle, he had lived for many minutes, whereas a white man would have fallen where he stood.

Gomo gazed down for a moment at the huddled mass at his feet. He saw the mighty muscles of the warrior, he saw the look of fierce hate and determination which still animated the dead man's face, and he realized that the magic of the white race must be great when it could overpower such as this.

Slowly the great witch doctor turned and retraced his steps along the path and finally vanished amidst a great sunburst of palms and ferns that suddenly appeared ahead and

into which the trail dissolved. The hours passed, the shadows lengthened in the jungle, and soon the howling cries of sunset sounded upon the air which seemed ever more vital, more mystical, more terrible, as that strange electrical sunset of the jungles shrouded the trees and ferns in ever deepening gloom.

Some three hours after sunset, in the clump of palms and ferns where the path ended, a dull glow arose which tinted the swaying trees and branches with copper hues. It was from a log fire built upon the top of a little mound. Before the fire, like some great gaunt ghost or demon from another world, stood Gomo the fetish doctor, around him the strange utensils of his craft, skulls and human bones, trunks of elephants inscribed with strange and mystic characters, great drums stretched over with human skins, painted and tinted with weird figures. All these and many articles, unnameable and undescribable, were brought into faint relief by the gleaming fire that the Medicine Man had built.

Suddenly the guttural voice broke into a wierd chant which sounded not unlike the howling of the wild beasts in the surrounding jungles. Raising his great arms, daubed with colored clays, above his head and swinging the rattle in tune with his incantation, he breathed forth a torrent of strange sounds. The surrounding trees and bushes seemed to shudder at the terrible outburst, their leafy heads tossing as though with a sudden breeze. Unto the gods of the sun, the moon, and the stars the witch doctor cried; unto the spirits of the dead he sent forth his lamentations, unto the creatures that dwell in the air, the spirits of the snows, the souls of beasts, plants and flowers, he chanted his strange ritual. His eyes, lined with great circles of white mud, gleamed with a fiery light as he beat upon his chest and trumpeted forth like a mad beast of the jungle or some hairy anthropoid.

"If my people are themselves not strong enough to preserve that which is their own and protect their homes from the hand of the foreign devil, let the spirits of nature combine with us, let the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the creatures of the ether—yes even the rocks themselves rise up with the

children of nature against the black magic of the white man!" cried Gomo in a voice that echoed and reechoed through the jungle, and picked up by the hills and valleys was carried on and on, none know how far.

As he stood there chanting his ritual, breathing forth his invocations to the elements and his implications against the despoilers of his people, a strange sound broke the stillness, a buzzing, droning sound, and out of the marshes and the swamps, out of the pools where the animals came to drink and those fens where the dripping bushes were ever green with the moisture of the swamp, came hosts of tiny insects. Unnumbered were these poisonous creatures. There came the tsetse fly which spreads the sleeping sickness of death, the malaria mosquito, and a thousand poisonous insects, carrying with them the death of the jungle. In the wierd flickering firelight they gleamed, their tiny wings translucent and of a thousand rainbow hues. Swarm upon swarm they gathered, and then along the ground came creeping things, strange beetles with beaks and horns, spiders with a thousand legs, bony land crabs with death in their claws—a great seething, struggling mass pouring from every nook of the jungle gathering ever closer and closer to the twisting, spinning, howling figure of the fetish doctor.

At the foot of the tiny mound upon which he stood they stopped; while the air around him grew hazy with tiny singing, buzzing insects. Suddenly the great Gomo, he who was robed in the skin of a lion, pointed his finger, gleaming dully with its golden implements, at the tiny path that wound through the jungle.

"Along that trail," he roared in guttural monosyllables, "along that trail come the destroyers of our people. We cannot fight their magic. They come to steal our land and our riches because they are strong and we are weak and because they have strange magic which we do not know. Our men are weak—they can fight no longer—but the magic of the white men cannot withstand the magic of Gomo, the invoker of the crawling, singing, buzzing things whose army no man can overpower."

Into the fire he threw a handful of strange

herbs, mixed with the powdered bones of captive kings. A great cloud of smoke arose and, instead of dissolving, floated like a balloon over the fire, and, slowly becoming less and less distinct, passed along the trail that led into the jungle. Around and about this cloud the insects gathered and in a numberless host, which grew greater as the minutes passed, they swarmed like an army of avenging angels upon the camp of the white man.

In a few seconds all was disorder there. The soldiers built great campfires to drive the insects off, but nothing, it seemed, kept them away. Healthy men sickened and died in a few moments before the onslaught of thousands of insects. The tiny tsetse fly brought a death that sword nor gun could not avert, the great jumping spider was surer than the skill of the white man. In a few hours the camp broke and a frightened army began its hasty retreat to the sea, surrounded by a frenzied swarm of tiny insects. Their dead they could not bury but were forced to leave them where they fell, and the great company that started forth with the white man's magic of gun and sword returned just a broken handful of malaria-infected refugees, escaped from the great swamp of the jungle. They had gone forth sane but they returned insane, broken by the great magic of Gomo the Witch Doctor.

As the white men embarked upon their ships the great clouds of insects dissolved as though they had never been, disappearing in the jungles, and all that was left of them were little groups that buzzed around the stagnant pools or mildly tortured the mighty beasts of the jungle.

Gomo, the Witch Doctor, stood upon his rock overlooking the great blue ocean and watched the ships embark upon their journey homeward. He had walked along the path dotted with the white man's dead. He even picked up the metal tubes that blazed forth fire and death; but they no longer availed for the hand of the white man was stilled.

"Great was the magic of the white man," murmured Gomo, "with his sticks that belched forth flame and his blades of silver. But greater still is Gomo!" And he beat his chest. "Greater still is the magic of the fet-

(Continued on page 20)

Concentration

CONCENTRATION is the key to omnipotence and one who is capable of concentrating his or her mind to a point wherein he becomes able to eliminate life, death and eternity, maintaining only one ideal, one point, or one nucleus of attention—such a one is capable of ruling the earth and overturning the entire plan of civilization. Concentration is the most badly needed factor of the new civilization. The inability to concentrate and the eternal entrance of outside dissenting factors into the radius of mentality, forms the basis of failure and is the greatest thing that stands between the student of nature's mysteries and the attainment of his divine achievement. Without concentration of effort and consecration of life to the ideal, whether material, intellectual, or spiritual, success is impossible in any marked degree. The wandering mind is the curse of our age. It wants to attain a certain end but has not the courage to exclude other things for the attainment of that end. It has not strength to go against the tide or to balk at its own lower nature. Wishing to attain but without the courage of that wish, the average soul drifts through life, dreaming of success but attaining only failure.

Individuals must have a point, an aim, and an ideal. Those who are successful are the ones who sacrifice everything, life itself if necessary, to the attainment of that ideal; in spite of opposition and the ever present human weakness, to live only to attain that ideal to the exclusion of all else. The reward of this mental aim and determination is attainment. It is the secret of commercial success, it is the secret of the scientist and philosopher, and it is also the secret of the power of the World Saviour. The accomplishment of the end justifies the use of every honest, conscientious means. It does not justify ill even to produce good, but it does require the complete cooperation of the faculties of the individual.

Fifty percent efficiency is usually sufficient in the business world and is in fact all the employer expects. He expects the office boy

to fumble the papers, with his mind on the baseball game, for he lives in just such a world himself. He comes to business in the morning on Monday and all that day he sees pictures of golf links before his eyes; he wakes up with a start to sign a paper, while his mind is tuning in his radio for Havana. This is the way the business world is run usually. Here and there arises one, an expert, who climbs, within a few short years, over the heads of older and apparently wiser men and becomes the marvel of his generation. People wonder how he accomplishes it. The answer invariably is through concentration and consecration. You cannot have your mentality divided between pleasure and labor, between self and service, between your own desire and the needs of the multitudes, and succeed. You must choose one, adhere to it, struggle for the attainment of it, with vigilance as your watchword and labor as the pass-key. The result is success, and in this old world nothing succeeds like success.

This is especially true among those who take the path of occultism and consecrate their lives to an ideal. Few will understand this ideal, few will appreciate the consecration and still fewer will recognize the end to be attained, but, in spite of this, the student of life's mysteries will never succeed in solving them until he gives himself, his life, and the labors of his hand, to the one end. He may lose much, but the thing that slumps off is the thing which is impermanent, unreal and unnecessary. Man's needs are few but his requirements are eternally multiplying and he must learn to sacrifice his desires to the end which he has consecrated himself to. He is usually prepared and willing to make sacrifices but there are usually one or two things which he does not care to sacrifice but feels confident that he shall attain without those things. In this he is wrong but usually does not discover the fact until his hair is gray with age and his heart is broken with suffering.

Whatever your walk of life, whatever your attitude towards life, remember that it is a

game which requires the complete attention of the player. Like the game of chess, with its many moves and turnings, if your mind is once taken from it your opponent will win. Failure is the opponent of Time and a cunning player at the game of life realizes that failure is the result of inattention, the result of lack of confidence in self, the result of a lack of adjustment to a plan in which the individual, as a compound unit, should cooperate completely and entirely to the end which the mentality and soul has decided should govern life. When our hands work against each other we are as a house divided and must fall, when our lives are split between our whim and our duties, we are a house divided and cannot stand.

Concentration is the answer to the problem. One-pointedness of desire will succeed regardless of the thing which is the aim of life. It is equally the means of success for the merchant, the mechanic, and the seer. The successes of life are those who have sacrificed everything for that success, while the failures of life are those who have failed to cooperate with themselves.

There are many things each one of us wants to do; we want to be Napoleons, we want to be Edisons, we want to achieve the height of public prominence in politics or religion. Every happiness that the world demonstrates we would have our share of. One minute we gaze at the lofty pinnacles upon which stand the forms of the immortals and we wish we stood there also; in the same glance we see the simple happiness and peace of the little cottage, the laughing children, the old hearthstone and long to be there too for our share in the joys of simple things. We see the apparent joy of riches, we see the plaudits of power; each point of the compass carries an attraction which we long to possess. And the youth of today, standing at the parting of the ways, wishes all the joy and none of the sorrow, all the laurels and none of the endeavor. One day he wishes to be great, the next day he gives himself to selfishness and greed. In other words he is unconsecrated and without concentration.

The sage, standing at the parting of the ways, makes his life decision and swears by

all that is holy within him and all that he hopes to be that he will remain firm upon that decision, and if he is too weak to reach the end you will find him lying somewhere on the path, with his eyes to the front and the same resolve in his soul, even though he could not attain the end. He chose with his eyes open and lived and died upon the strength of that choice. When he chose to walk the path of the World Saviour, of the servant of men, he closed his eyes to the path of power, he closed his eyes to the beckoning fingers of greed, he turned, mayhaps with a sigh, from the hearthstone and the children's faces. All these he wanted but he knew that he could but succeed in one; and so, strong in his decision, he turned his back upon things he wanted, things he thought he needed, and took the trail that led to the highest that his soul conceived of. Many times again he saw the gloomy shadow of power beckoning to him, promising him all things, many times again he heard the laughter of children's voices and saw in dream and vision the things which he left behind; many times he was tempted to turn back; many times he half believed he could accomplish all, could have them all; but in his soul he knew that no human being was great enough to span them all. So he left them all, to the furtherance of his objective, the thing he had sworn to do.

This is the story of the great capitalists, the great scientists, the world-famed philosophers, and the gods themselves. Surrounded by naggings and hamperings, criticized and deluged with abuses, tempted upon every turn to forsake a way that shows no progress, they remain true to themselves—and now the world bows humbly at their feet. The price of power is sacrifice, the price of gold is sacrifice, the price of philosophy is sacrifice, the price of mastery is sacrifice—the sacrifice of all else to the attainment of one end. And consecration is that obligation taken to the soul by the soul that it shall attain one fixed, determined and especial end, and concentration is that attitude of consciousness in which the bodies, mental, emotional and physical, unite under the direction of the spirit to the accomplishment of that one fixed and especial end.

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

IN this modern age superstitions have left us, only to slink like red-eyed wolves in the gloom which borders the camp-fire of intelligence. To be sure there are a few voodoo doctors left and I guess our psychologists will be with us always, but thinking people, illuminated by the dazzling brilliancy of Christianity and modern science, pooh-pooh the idea of witches on broomsticks and ghosts that walk at night. Of course you all know about King Tut, the young Egyptian Pharaoh whose body has been disturbed after thousands of years of rest, and most of you have heard about the curse of King Tut and that singular, shall we say, coincidence of the death of Lord Caravan who was the first to open the tomb. Most of you have laughed around your firesides over the fact that anybody should for a moment suppose that an Egyptian heathen could do cursing more effectively than a Los Angeles taxi-driver. But just after this story got out about King Tut's curse there began to flood into the museums of the various countries a miscellany of Egyptian relics; Smith, Brown and Jones sent in scarabs their uncles had got in Egypt, fake mummies, and chips of the Sphinx, claiming that they did not care to have such articles in their possession. Of course this does not demonstrate any superstition or anything like that, it just proves that while people today do not put any faith in those things, they just believe in taking precautions, that's all.

THE YEAR OF HARD LUCK.

Another popular superstition that still thrives amidst all our intelligence is that ghastly ghoul, election year. One of the advantages of democratic government seems to be that it goes into convulsions every four years. Farmer Smith says, "Things are tightening up for election." The president of the Real Estate League says, "Things are tightening up for election." When we ask why this, that, and the other thing has gone

wrong, why we cannot sell our fresh strawberries for more than half price, etc., the buyer for the Stranded Strawberry Syndicate winks one eye and whispers, "Election year, things are gettin' tight." Bootleg, flypaper, and artificial linoleum are getting higher every day but will go down after election year we understand. The problem before the house of the unrepresented is: How much is it going to cost you and I to find out which one of the political parties is going to have the pleasure, privilege, and opportunity to live off of us for the next four years, who is going to misrepresent us in congress, who is going to sleep in the senate chair this year? It's a great problem, and while it doesn't mean anything to hardly any of us who gets in, I guess we will have to be patient while things "tighten up for election."

PROGRESSIVENESS IN THE FAR EAST.

Most of you have heard of Java, noted for its coffee, its mosquitoes, and for the fact that it is the most densely populated area on the face of the earth. Leaving Batavia, which is the seat of the Dutch government there, one can travel three hundred miles by a dusty, hopeless train over a road-bed which must have been built by the Corduroy Brothers, to the little town of Djoktarkarta, which exists as a sort of a tumor on the railroad track. Stopping at the main hotel one passes into the dining-room for dinner. Three native musicians, playing on nondescript instruments unlisted in any musical catalogue, appeared, seated themselves, tuned up their equipment, and then burst forth into that well known classic "Yes We Have No Bananas." There was silence for about half a minute, then from among the Americans there burst a howl of laughter and an applause which nearly drowned the effort of the Javanese. Over fifteen thousand miles away, in the heart of a practically unopened country, this reception would have brought tears to the eyes on an optician's window. There is no use talking, the heathens are progressive.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Does justice work through evolution or reincarnation?

Ans. Reincarnation is one phase of the law of evolution. Justice works through all of nature's laws and whichever one is broken—through that the mistake must be made right.

Is it not better at times to live out desires than to suppress them?

Ans. Absolutely. To be good or spiritual because you have to or afraid not to brings little real growth. The most important thing is to be truly honest with yourself and not try to hide a weakness under affirmations of spirituality. There is always the motive of our goodness to be considered and if it is not up to the action, much of the value of said action is lost.

Do you advise the ceremony of baptism for children?

Ans. It is a matter for personal solution. If it is liable in any way to help, socially or otherwise, the future of the child, there is no particular harm in baptism, but until it is a ceremony in truth, a spiritual occurrence within the individual when his consciousness is raised by right living, there is no real gain.

Is it right to ask the Elder Brothers for the wisdom of the sages?

Ans. If we ask in a certain way it is all right. The only safe and sane manner is to prove in our daily lives that we are worthy to represent them. When we do this the wisdom of the sages will be ours without any other asking. Without this requisite there can never come true wisdom anyhow.

What is scientific thinking?

Ans. Scientific thinking is the power to reason in an orderly, consecutive manner without interfering with others' thoughts and not confusing your own.

How may one know when he is using the so-called Divine Mind?

Ans. When his thoughts are in harmony with the divine plan. The divine is neither narrow, creedbound, egotistical, selfish, emotional, temperamental or harsh in its thoughts and if we are living the life that the divine points out then we will use or be attuned to the Divine Mind.

Is man a separate creation or evolved from animal creation?

Ans. All kingdoms of life are the results of evolution, each having evolved from the one below it. Man is no exception to the rest of creation.

Can all the laws of inheritance be overcome in one life?

Ans. Yes they can be overcome as soon as we realize that we have inherited nothing but the opportunity for the fulfillment of causations we ourselves have set in motion.

Will we be promoted to higher forms of life?

Ans. When we have graduated from this. We will not become truly human until the end of this earth period, at which time if we are good and faithful servants we will be given greater opportunity for hard work.

If God knows that sparrows fall, why is He too busy to help us?

Ans. The main reason why God does not help us more is because God, being the individualized spark of life within ourselves, is not helping itself as it should. The Lord helps those who help themselves.

How can a person best improve his mortal recollection?

Ans. All faculties are developed through exercise. If the memory is poor, use it and it will improve. If you are seeking for spiritual remembrance, develop spirituality by proper living and thinking and the newly exercised organs will serve you if you nourish them.

The Terror Tree

NEW have walked upon the Scottish moorlands at night, especially such a night as the one that we describe. A thin, drizzly rain was falling and the ground under foot was sogged and muddy. A wind howled among broken rocks and sent the sheets of water swirling in a dozen directions, driving the raindrops against your face like bullets. Now and then a sharp flash of lightning streaked through the sky and lit the moorland with a strange, lurid, electrical light. One of these flashes showed in relief against the bluish radiance of the heavens an old ruined building which raised gaunt, windowless, turrets to the sky. It was known in the countryside as a haunted place where ghouls walked in the darkness of the night and spectre shades of days gone by carried ghost-lanterns through the passageways. None lived there for any good but it was the abode of thieves and vagabonds and outcasts of society. Fiendish crimes had been committed beneath the shadow of its ivy-covered keep. Wanderers upon the moor often strayed there to return no more and the peoples of the town whispered that their bones lay rotting somewhere amid the gray shadows of the haunted castle.

On the night when our story opens a light was seen in one window of the old building and had you been closer you would have seen a figure, enveloped in the folds of a great black cape, carrying in its arms a bundle, creep silently down the old moss-covered stairs, swinging a battered lantern in his hand. On his face was a look of horror, yet grim determination, and the faint glow of the lantern made his strong, aquiline features resemble more than anything else the grinning skull of some old Capuchin monk, long draped in sable cowl, in the catacombs of Rome.

Out into the dark and drear of the storm-swept moorland the figure stole. Just as the man descended the steps and crossed the battered drawbridge, which had once spanned the moat now dry, he stopped for a second and listened. From somewhere in the midst of the gloomy castle a cry sounded, a long,

broken wail that rose and fell, and at last died out in a burst of hysterical laughter. The man's face grew pale as death, but shaking off with a terrible effort the spell that the cry had brought upon him, he picked up a spade that lay on the ground by the drawbridge end and slunk like a shadow into the night, his tiny lantern casting gloomy shadows on the ground around him and bringing into strong relief the burden that he carried.

Some three hundred feet he walked in the mud of the moorland and then came to a place by the roadside where, on the side of a hummock of reddish dirt, a dwarfed tree, with gnarled branches and spreading roots, stood firm in spite of the blasts of the storm. Gazing about him as though he expected to find sinister faces gleam at him from the shadows, the man in the cape lay down his burden, and, picking up the spade, started digging frantically in the muddy ooze of the moorland.

The minutes passed rapidly by. Convulsively and nervously the wierd figure turned the sod and piled the slimy ooze about him as he furled from the ground a shallow trough some three feet long and a foot or two in width. He desired, it seemed, that the hole should be deep for even as the lightning flashed about him he steadily plied the spade. Shuddering, cringing, terrified even by the voice of the wind, the wretched man labored frenziedly. As fast as the hole was dug it filled with water and the task was an arduous one, but in some twenty minutes it was accomplished and with a sigh the cloaked figure stuck the spade in the ground and turned to the bundle wrapped in a dark cloth that lay beside him. Glancing furtively around that none might see, he dropped his burden, with a slight splash, into the water that already half filled the opening; and then with frenzied haste he turned back the mud and ooze to fill the hole.

In half an hour it was done—this thing he had come to do. With a last look around, the strange figure turned from the tree with

its gnarled branches and picked his way back through the mud and slime to the gates of the haunted castle. Here everything was quiet and silent. The cloaked figure threw the spade into the moat where it clanked upon the dry stones at the bottom and then crept back into the passageway where the light of his lantern sent sparkling-eyed lizards and croaking frogs into the distant corners. Up and up he wound along the circular staircase that led to the keep. At last, reaching the top of this ancient tower, he stopped before a half closed door. For a moment he swayed undecided and leaned back against the cold stones, his face the picture of agony. Then steeling himself, as it were, for a mighty shock, he turned the lantern low and, allowing the cape to fall from his shoulders, pressed open the door which creaked dismally on rusty hinges and with a half sob passed into the darkened room.

* * *

Many months passed. It was sunshine on the moorland and the dismal barrenness of it seemed even greater as its expanse could be better viewed. Everywhere rough, broken rocks and desert land, and here and there a broken stone or fallen pillar of granite that showed where the Druids of old had built their temples to the god of the winds. Across the moorland a solitary figure was walking. It was the man who had crept from the enchanted tower on that dark night.

Each day he came. None knew why, none could guess the reason, but day after day he wandered across the moorland to a little mound of reddish dust that raised itself from the rolling land and from whose crest grew a gnarled tree, its shapeless limbs seeming twisted by the agony of the Inferno. For days this man had never smiled and all knew a great weight was upon his soul. But none knew what it was, none knew why, in a few short days, a man in the prime of life became a broken wreck, hopeless and lifeless, nursing in his soul a secret sorrow.

At last he reached the little mound where the tree grew and before him rose the spectral shape—the castle of phantoms. He fell on his knees beside the dwarfed tree. There

was silence for a moment, then a great sigh broke from his lips, his shoulders heaved, and a once strong man shed tears of bitter anguish and repentance. He raised his eyes to the heavens but all he could see was the gloomy turrent of the haunted castle; he turned his eyes to the earth but all he saw there was the heap of reddish dirt; and at last he turned his eyes upon the tree. For a few seconds he gazed at it and then with a scream of mortal agony he raised his hands before his face and half running, half falling, fled away.

“No, no!” he screamed. “Not that!”

After a few seconds he gained courage and returned again, shaking as with the palsy, and gazed fascinated at the tree which seemed to hypnotize him and from which he could not turn his eyes. He realized that the tree had changed its shape. It was no longer the bush he had visited so many times before. For many weeks he had noticed the slow change, and now he realized what it meant. The limbs of the tree were becoming like human arms, its branches were fingers stretching out to him, and its gnarled surface was taking the shape of a human body. With a moan, he recognized his sin in the form of the tree.

Tottering and broken, his eyes wild and his steps unsteady, the strong man returned, a slave to his own sin. Yet day by day he had to come there, fascinated. Each time he gazed upon the branches of the tree he realized with unutterable agony that it was becoming every day more like the thing he had buried.

The people in the village grew frightened at the wild-eyed man who stalked like one marching to his doom through the streets each day. None knew why he went out into the moorland and those who followed him could not understand why any man should lie weeping at the foot of a tree. They could not understand what he knew. From the twisted bark of that dwarfed shrub he could see a face, and the stunted arms, leafless and dead looking, reached out and beckoned to him.

The months passed. At last it grew more than human soul could endure—this mystery

of the tree that came to life. His crime was ever before his eyes and at last this man decided that if the crime once done was not completed it must be finished now.

* * *

It was another dark and stormy night upon the moorland, again the wind howled through the parapets of that haunted castle as it did on the night when first the stranger with his lantern crept down its moss-grown passages. Again the tiny light shown upon the moorland, again the figure with its black cape struggled along, battered by the elements and drenched by the pouring rain. Again that expression of terror, again a great determination—and this time the stranger carried in his hand an axe. He was determined to end forever the mad dream by chopping down the enchanted tree that in his demented mind was the one witness to his crime.

He reached again the knoll of reddish dirt and in spite of himself could not help but stop to gaze at the little tree whose form each day grew more like the child he had buried at its roots. He tried to pray but words would not come and the silence of the moorland night was only broken by the distant baying of a mighty dog, perchance the howl of a wolf.

Raising the axe, the man hesitated for a second and then, with a muttered word, he brought it down with all his strength upon the trunk of the knotted tree. For an instant the trunk swayed and to the half-demented man it seemed that its branches twisted themselves in agony. Quickly the man drew out the axe to bring it down again and complete the labor. But as he drew it from the tree he shrank back with a stifled scream, for down the side of the trunk, from the place where the axe had cut, a thin stream of blood was trickling.

For an instant he waited and then something broke within himself—the silence of the moorland was broken by a peal of demoniacal laughter. Casting aside lamp and axe the strange figure dashed, howling and screaming, out into the darkness.

This is the story of the Terror Tree. None other knows why the axe was laid to its roots; none other saw what the stranger saw that night on the moorland. But of him no trace

was ever found and it is surmised that, stumbling demented across the boggy wastes, he was swallowed up by the mires and quicksands of the moor.

Brothers of the Shining Robe

(Continued from page 10)

that my master really existed and was all that I could claim for him.

I opened my mouth to contradict her, tell her who my master was and where he came from, when suddenly out of the ether formed a human hand which closed over my mouth just as a torrent of words from a befagged, rattle-brained mind were about to expose the position that I held in the work I was doing. Do as I would I could not speak for the fingers were like a vice. In a second I realized my mistake and heard a well known voice whisper in my ear, "Be discreet."

Without another word I sank back upon the pillow. As for Miss March, she had seen the hazy outline of the fingers and starting back with a little cry had run from the room.

There was silence for several minutes, then the wind blew closed the door she had left open with a bang, and I was alone with my thoughts and the shadow of the spider which still sunned itself on the wall over the head of my bed.

"Two lessons," I murmured. "Two mistakes. If I cannot do better than this it were wise for the plan that I should sleep forever." And then the drowsiness of weakness returning, I closed my eyes and knew no more until about two o'clock in the afternoon of the following day.

The Witch Doctor

(Continued from page 13)

ish doctor. They fight with the things they have made, Gomo fights with the spirits of nature."

Note.—This story is taken from an incident that occurred some years ago when an army of white men was invading a certain part of Africa and, according to the best authorities that can be secured on the subject, the story is absolutely and literally true that this race or tribe invoked the insects and the elemental spirits that rule them and launched them upon the invading army. The result was as described.

The Breastplate of the High Priest

THE average student of occultism little realizes the wealth of truth and esoteric knowledge contained within the Bible. For many years, lives possibly, he has studied this great Book only from the literal or the historical angle. This mistake the world is slowly making right, and there is now coming into the hearts and minds of students a greater desire to understand the mysteries contained within that ancient time, the Book of Seven Seals. The wealth of symbolism it contains is practically boundless, and the only limit to the student of the Bible is that imposed by his own lack of understanding of great cosmic principles.

In this article we shall briefly consider the Breast Plate of Aaran, the high priest of the Tabernacle, and first of all we shall read the description of it as given in the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Exodus:

“And thou shalt make the Breast Plate of Judgment with cunning work; after the work of the ephod thou shalt make it; of gold, of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine twined linen, shalt thou make it. * * * And thou shalt set in it setting of stones, even four rows of stones: the first row shall be a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle: this shall be the first row. And the second row shall be an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond. And the third row a ligure, an agate, and an amethyst. And the fourth row a beryl, and an onyx, and a jasper; they shall be set in gold in their inclosings. And the stones shall be with the names of the children of Israel, twelve, according to their names, like the engravings of a signet: every one with his name shall they be according to the twelve tribes * * *. And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the Breast Plate of Judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually. And thou shalt put in the Breast Plate of Judgment the Urim and the Thummim; and they shall be upon Aaron’s heart, when he goeth in before the Lord; and Aaron shall bear the judgment of the children

of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually.”

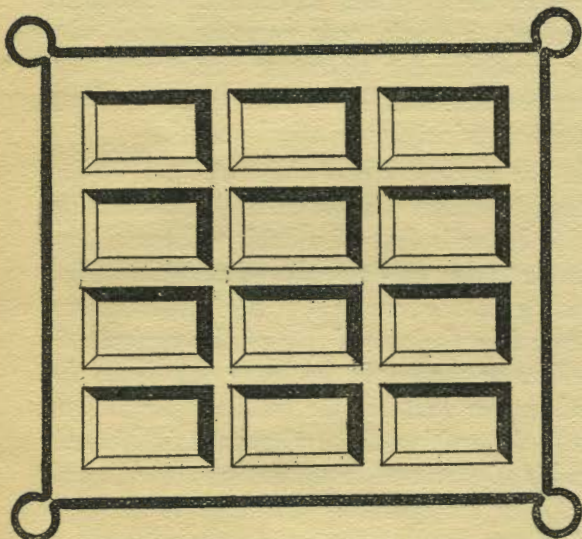
When we start to study the mystery of the Breast Plate, we are at the very heart of the wisdom religion, for we can safely say that no student has ever entered the presence of his Lord without the twelve jewels in his spiritual Breast Plate, reflecting the light of the Shekinah’s glory. There are two great characters in the study of the Old Testament: Moses, the lawgiver, and Aaron, the high priest. In Moses we find the development of the mind; to him were given the tablets of the law. In Aaron we find the spiritual counselor of the ancient Israelites. In many of the great mystery schools we find the letters A. U. M. used as the symbols of the “lost word.” When we realize that Aaron or A represents the heart and Moses or M represents the mind, we can better understand why the word was lost when the U, which in ancient symbology, represents a hook, was removed, and why man must wander upon the surface of the lower worlds until he is able to unify these two great principles within himself.

In the ancient Hebrew there is no U, but instead the letter Vau is used. The meaning of this letter is that of a hook to hang things upon or to fasten things together with. *Man standing in the center of the evolutionary scheme like the sacred lily of the ancients, is the Vau or the hook, the letter lost from the word by the death of the builder (the fall of man), the uniting link, who must in himself join his higher and lower natures, the A and the M, in the spiritual marriage of the Sun and Moon.*

Most students are acquainted with the literal explanation of the Breast Plate of Aaron, which symbolizes the mystic path as opposed to the mind path of the Tablets of the Law; so in this article we shall study the Breast Plate only from the spiritual or esoteric angle. First of all it is important for us to consider the setting in which the twelve sacred stones are placed. The Bible tells us that the Breast Plate was made of gold, of blue, of purple,

and of scarlet, and of a fine twined linen. These different materials represent the bodies of man in which are set the stones or centers of his spiritual nature. The twined linen is the purified physical body; the gold is the vital body; the scarlet is the transmuted desire body; the blue is the spirit; the violet, which is a combination of blue, the higher and of red, the lower, represents the link of mind, and is the color of Mercury, which the Rosicrucian student knows is the symbol of

The ephod is the covering of the back and breast worn by the priest, and is fastened at the shoulders by two pieces of onyx stone set in gold, representing the two poles of nature; also corresponding to Jachin and Boaz, the pillars of the temple. The ephod is gathered at the waist by a heavy girdle, which in the case of the priest is of pure white linen, while in that of the high priest it is beautifully embroidered in colors. The Breast Plate is worn upon the front of the ephod fastened by golden cords and chains.



It is well known that the twelve stones represent the twelve signs of the zodiac or the twelve great celestial Hierarchies which focus their influence upon man. In figure No. 1 we see that the stones are divided into four rows of three each. The four rows signify the four elements, earth, fire, air and water, and the four Hebrew letters of the sacred name. They also stand for the four basic principles of the human body: hydrogen, oxygen, nitro-

gen, and carbon. There are three stones abreast which stand for the cardinal, fixed, and mutable signs. It is said that each of these stones had a name upon it which agreed with one of the names of the twelve tribes. It is the same in man: each of the twelve stones or centers has a key or rate of vibration which connects it with its external color ray in the cosmos.

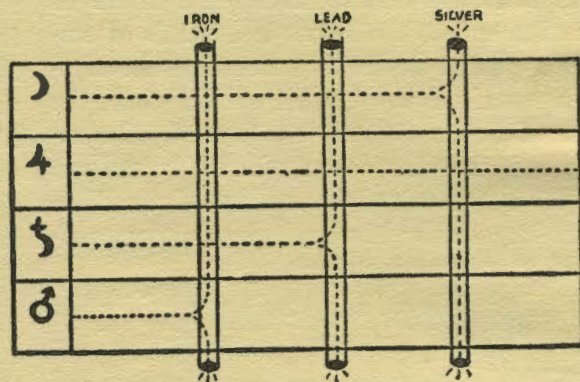


Figure No. 2.

In figure No. 2 we see three poles, one made of iron, one of lead, and one of silver. These form three of the twelve poles which receive celestial rays. The great Hierarchies which are working upon man are surrounding him and this planet at all times with their vibrations and rays. These vibrations can only be received by substances attuned to them. Thus we see that silver attracts the vibrations of the Moon, while those of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, although passing through and around the same pole, are not drawn to and exercise no influence upon it. It is the same with Mars, whose vibrations are attracted to iron but not to the other metals; while Jupiter, finding no tin, shows no effect at all, and Saturn is drawn only to lead. It is the same with man: the centers in him of the various rays are like receiving stations; if they are not attuned to their respective currents in the cosmos, the individual does not receive any force through them.

Man is slowly bringing himself into harmony with the various forces of nature, and every time he perfects one of these adjustments he places another jewel in his Breast Plate. The so called bad aspects of a horoscope and the

inharmonies of life are nothing more nor less than maladjustments, while evil, so called, is merely good gone astray or misapplied. The planets continue to shed a neutral ray. They were called by the ancients one-eyed gods. These same neutral rays exert either constructive or destructive influences according to the adjustments of the receiving poles. There are very few people who have developed more than one or two jewels in their Breast Plates, and the result is that they are receiving an unbalanced celestial influx. If they continue to play upon single strings, they will eventually become deranged by allowing the stronger powers to become domineering, while the weak grow weaker.

The first duty of the student is to make a mental and spiritual analysis of his character, and instead of going through life doing the things that are easy for him, thus over-developing certain organs, he should do the things in which he is not proficient and in that way build up the centers that are now asleep. The twelve stones are all of the same size and shape, and it is not until all of the forces of nature work upon man equally that he will be able to become the high priest of the tabernacle. The first act in the making of the Breast Plate is to remember that it must be constructed of the best that we have; that only perfect stones may be used, and that the student can only construct these jewels by developing within himself the conditions suitable to them. This is done by education and spiritual development of only the highest and best kind. There are many ways by which this may be done, but the only sure one is through a life of altruism, service, and brotherhood. While there is one stone missing from this Breast Plate, man cannot enter the presence of his Lord.

Now let us consider how the priest of the tabernacle uses the Breast Plate which he has made. First of all it reflects the light of the Shekinah and allows him to see in the Holy of Holies where all is dark until these stones, through polish, reflect the light. We see in figure No. 3 how the stones serve as reflectors and are objects against which and through which the Hierarchies focus their power, each upon its respective stone, and these stones re-

flect the power to those whom the priest is guiding. Man is a sun in the making. The physical sun, as the occultist knows, is nothing but a reflector for the two spiritual suns behind it. The rays of the sun are reflected to man through the planets and the signs of the zodiac. In the same way the Adept or Initiate, who is a high priest, reflects through the channels which he has developed, the powers which he has gathered from the cosmos. In this way men are slowly becoming *suns* of God, and the twelve stones are the reflectors through which they spread the light to those below them.

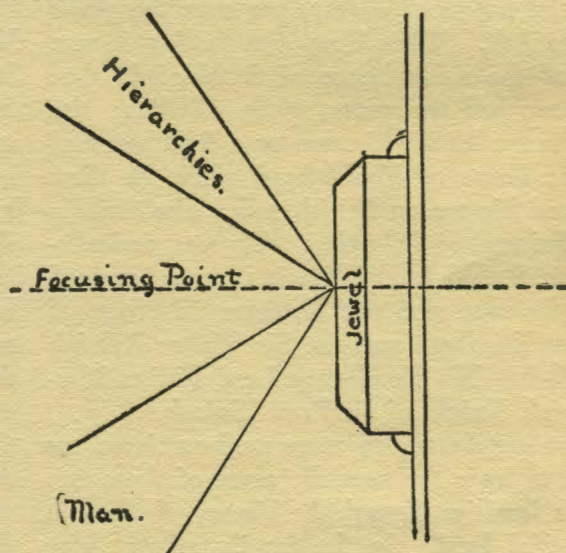


Figure No. 3.

It is also by reverse action that the Lord sees reflected in these stones the states of consciousness reached by the twelve tribes; in the same way the spiritual centers in man show his position in evolution. The twelve stones symbolize the twelve convolutions of the brain, the development of which is individualizing man and differentiating him from the animal. Taking the heart of the priest as the Liberator, we find that the twelve stones are the twelve Elder Brothers that conceal him, and through whom his light radiates in twelve different colors, representing the twelve mystery schools, the seven lesser and the five greater. The Bible says, "Thou shalt put in the Breast Plate of Judgment the Urim and the Thummim." These two stand for the

(Continued on page 26)

One O' Nature's Little Mysteries

INTRODUCING two of our leading families. They have lead the social whirl since prehistoric times. Side by side, one mounted on his Arabian Magatherium, and the other prancing alongside on his thoroughbred Dinosaur, they crossed the barren wastes of the antedeluvian world. One noble family baptised Methusalem, while a scion of the other house broke the first bottle of champagne over the prow of the Ark. When Troy was falling it was one of the noble house of Stubblefield that first reached the gates, while William the Conqueror leaned his arm on a field marshal of the house of Marblehead when he first stubbed his toe on British soil. The captain of Christopher Columbus' ship was undoubtedly a Stubblefield while it is now avowed that the man who put his cape in front of Queen Elizabeth was not Sir Walter Raleigh at all but His Excellency Lord Fidius Marblehead, Knight of the Royal Splash.

Coming down into more modern times, we want to trace the heraldic arms of these two noble families through the history of our own beautiful land. In the family album, with its solid morroco cover and gilt edge, we find the modern lineage of these ancient and honored families. First of all you must know the Carolina Stubblefields. They came over in the early days and settled on a beautiful plantation where old Lord Josiah Stubblefield breathed his last, leaving behind him his charming daughter, most beautiful debutante of the year of grace 1714. She is the first of that royal house that met a Marblehead and entwined the crest of noble ancestry around a single stem. Lady Penelope Cassandra Stubblefield wed in the twenty-fourth year of her life to Sowster Huddlestone Marblehead the last of a long and illustrious line of Earls, Dukes, Lords and Whatnots who had blazoned their crests in the chivalry of every land.

From that time onward the Marblehead family blossomed forth, producing for this new and wonderful land many generals, admirals, learned lawyers and honest doctors

who always rose head and shoulders above the surrounding families and dignataries of our day. The town of Brandywine where George Washington fought his famous battle is said to be named after the besetting weakness of the house of Marblehead. The family album shows the following direct lineal descendants of this tremendously important union.

The first that we find is little Nicodemus Marblehead the beloved son of Lady Penelope Stubblefield and Sowster Marblehead. Little Nicodemus was reared with all the love and care that could be bestowed upon him by his doting parents. In later life we find him Brigadier General Marblehead who was showered with appointments and promotions because of his unusual bravery and great gallantry. He dashed single-handed into the ranks of Redcoats at Yorktown. Like all of the true descendants of this noble family he was greatly desired by the fair sex and in the thirty-sixth year of his life took unto himself a wife, Mahitabel Featherstonehaugh who was a faithful and dutiful wife until the Lord did them part. Two charming children graced this marriage—Eleazer and Silesius Marblehead. Dear little Eleazer was called away while still young and the continuation of this noble family depended upon Silesius. He arose nobly to the occasion, and when laid to rest with his fathers was known as Rear Admiral Silesius J. Marblehead one of the most honored, respected and revered of our unknown naval heroes.

Silesius went far in search of a mate and chose as his helpmeet Grizelda Pettingil of the famous Berkshire Pettingils from Clubstone on the Spoke. She looked up to him for many years and finally down at him when he was laid to rest, leaving behind a mourning community, a bereaved wife and nine dear little children. These went their respective ways, each arriving at due distinction and fame, our interest being in the elder son the right honorable Marmaduke Marblehead who rose high in our legal and literary circles as a

master intellect. He was a writer of many books, including a monstrous history of the Marblehead family. It was he who established the connection between the Marbleheads of American and the Carrara Marbleheads of Italy. He also came to the conclusion that the name Marble as applied to rocks and stones arrived as the result of their being named after the solid foundation of his family by their earliest progenitor the very honorable Mr. Adam Marblehead. When Marmaduke died they had the most stately funeral ever witnessed and every one hoped that his son Bartholomew Peddleford Marblehead would be worthy to wear the family crest, carried unspotted and unstained since the Ark was a wee little row boat.

Bartholomew was a chip off the old block but chose a life on the rolling waves, so his doting father, on his twenty-fifth birthday, presented him with a solid gold watch and two hundred dollars, telling him to go forth in search of fame and fortune. Bartholomew sailed the seventeen seas, had many adventures with pirates, was wrecked on an island in the South Pacific, learned to talk Cannibulose, and after many years returned, loaded with spoils, including a South American wife, to the famous home of the Marbleheads. His vast treasures which he had recovered from pirates, his sea-going yarns and a wooden leg fascinated the community and wherever he stumped on his timber toe there was always a crowd that followed, proclaiming and heralding the dignity of the house of Marblehead.

The next generation shows the infection of Spanish blood. Ramon Pedro Costello Marblehead and sweet little Juanita Consuelo Marblehead graced this union as two beautiful little dusky daisies from the shores of the Amazon. At last, after long wandering, Bartholomew sailed out where no man returneth and the fate of the family hung upon Ramon. Said Ramon demonstrated his Castillian blood by becoming a great musician. Thus he brought new laurels to hang upon the family shrine and all of the aunts and uncles who had looked with doubt upon this international combine said that he showed the true

spirit of the Stubblefield-Marbleheads, direct descendants of Augusta Cesaer Marblehead.

Ramon united his family crest with the original Vermont Whiffletrees when he married the charming and graceful Desmerelda. The joy of their home was broken by the Civil War from which Ramon returned, bearing the position of Adjutant and decorated for personal bravery and valor. He was an invalid for the rest of his life from the hardships that he had passed through and came to an untimely grave, leaving the duty of upholding his family name to the only begotten Alcibiades Stewpiffle Marblehead whose life was one of struggle against financial reverses and an unpronounceable name. Rising with the true spirit of the Marbleheads he followed the directions of his ancient family, and, by using his head, broke down the barrier between them and fortune.

Alcibiades was the first of the Marblehead millionaires and his name will always be remembered in our great financial centres. In order to strengthen the lineage he united with Jerusha Snodgrass, a charming New York heiress, who, however, was not faithful unto Alcibiades but who broke his home and heart, sending him to an early grave. Alcibiades left only one child, Pelog Marblehead, the shortest name in nineteen generations. Pelog was reared by his Uncle Hiram and Aunt Melinda until his twenty-first year when he stepped into the empty shoes of the noble house of Marblehead and doubled the family fortune.

The years passed and old Pelog Marblehead passed away and his eldest son, true to the family honor, married Adeline Hapgood who, by the way, is a direct descendant of the Hapgood branch of the Killdows. The Killdows are an offshoot of the Rockyfords and of course you know all about them. The Rockyfords came from the union of Jerustra Marblehead with the Rockyford branch of the original Stubblefields.

In English this means that, after long wandering upon the face of the earth, these two illustrious families have met again. On one side is a stream of admirals, generals and courageous diplomats who have for hundreds

of years been our bravest and noblest, on the other side are twenty-four generations of noble ladies, gallant courtiers, musicians, artists and philosophers.

Today there is rising up in the world the last of this noble line and we will introduce to you the flower of the Marbleheads, the hope and pride of the Stubblefields—young Percival Algernon Marblehead. We draw aside the curtains and expose him to your mental view.

Percy is just getting ready to go out for the evening with a few friends for a late road-house party. Percy is about five foot two, has falling arches and bowed legs, while his evening clothes look as though they were draped over an ant. His chest slumps in, his arms hang as though he did not need them, he has a long neck, a receding chin, a nose that droops centrally, and a hypothetical forehead. His hair is smoothed with brillian-tine and he caresses a monocle with one eye.

The valet opens the door and Percy coughs for his sensitive constitution catches cold with the slightest draft.

“Did you call, sir?” asks the valet.

“Goodness gracious, no!” answers Percy, spraying perfume over his waist coat. “Is the car ready?”

“Yes sir.”

“Oh, do you know I feel perfectly morose!” exclaims Percy as he looks himself over carefully in the mirror. “The governor’s cut down my allowance. You know I was frightened to death today—someone laughed at me while I was out on the street and I nearly fainted.”

Taking his tall silk hat and settling it on his ears, the “lawst hope” of the house of Marblehead trips gracefully from the room with all the dignity that ninety-two pounds and spinal curvature can produce.

“Say ta-ta to the folks for me,” he called as he faded away. “I may not get home to-night.”

The door closes on this scene and one of life’s little mysteries has been enacted before you. This emaciated enigma, this dissipated,

sub-human, unknown quantity is the direct descendant of eighteen or twenty generations or noble sires and grandsires. The blood of hero, poet and sage is in the family of Marblehead—and behold!—the product.

How many times in life we find this. It is one of those proofs eternally confronting us of the fallacy of the law of heredity. A pigeon-chested, stoop-shouldered ghost is all that there lives today to show the gallant ancestry, the tremendous struggle of many a great and noble family, all its value and worth in buried ancestry and its living examples all symbolical of dissipation and failure.

The Breastplate

(Continued from page 23)

two poles of existence which we understand as spirit and matter. The Urim and Thummim of the Hebrews are the same as the Yin and Yang of the Chinese. It is said that various combinations of these two principles make all things.

As the student goes through life let him realize that every temptation mastered and every purification of his body adds lustre to the stones in his spiritual Breast Plate, and brings closer the day when he shall also become a high priest after the order of Melchisedec, who reflects to all who need them the powers of the spiritual Hierarchies through the living Breast Plate of his own soul.

Mental Attitudes

(Continued from page 8)

own soul, whether they accept responsibility or not, whether they exhibit the carelessness of mentality which does not give a rap and many similar things—they will find in their own natures and their outlook on life the reason for the position they occupy in society, whether it be successful or unsuccessful. And for those who are molding characters to be, the natural, human intelligent, cheerful outlook, if cultivated, will give them precedence in the world of men over many older and wiser heads whose views are radical, whose minds are sour, or whose lives are ruttled with the crystalization of their own thoughts.

Key to Physic and the Occult Sciences

(Continued from last month.)

The discovery of the necessary existence of an eternal mind sufficiently leads us to the knowledge of God; for it will hence follow that all other knowing beings that have a beginning must depend on Him, and have no other ways of knowledge or extent of power than what He gives them; and therefore if he made those he made also the less excellent pieces of this universe, all inanimate bodies, whereby his omniscience, power, and providence, will be established; and from thence all his other attributes necessarily follow.

Thus, a manifestation of the Deity is visible in all his work. There is not the smallest part of that immense space our eyes behold, or our imagination conceives, that is not filled with His presence. The worlds which revolve with so much order, beauty, and harmony, through the immensity of space, the sun, moon, stars and planets, are upheld by the light of his countenance; but for which they would drop from their orbs, and plunged into the vast abyss, would return to their primitive chaos. To the mercy of God we owe all the blessings of this life, as the reward of good and virtuous actions. To his anger, we justly attribute all violent concussions of the elements, famine, plague, pestilence, etc. brought on a wicked and abandoned people, like the storm of the fire and brimstone on Sodom and Gomorrah. The vengeance of the Deity cannot be more awfully described than by David in his Psalms, which should act as a timely warning to those atheists and unbelievers and to those wicked, idolatrous and polluted countries against whose detestable crimes these terrible scourges have been so often sent. The shaking of the earth; the trembling of the hills and mountains; the flames of devouring fire darting through the firmament; the heavens bending down with forked thunderbolts; their riding on the clouds, and flying on the wings of a whirlwind; the bursting of the lightnings from the horrid darkness; the tremendous peals of thunder; the storms of fiery hail; the melting of the heavens; and dissolving into floods of

tempestuous rains; the earth opening and swallowing up her inhabitants; the rocks and mountains cleaving asunder, and disclosing their subterraneous channels, their torrents of water, and bituminous fire, at the very breath of the nostrils of the Almighty, are all of them circumstances which fill the guilty mind with horror and dismay, and admirably express the power, the presence and omniscience of God!

To what has been stated above, I would earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of what I have written in the first volume of my complete Illustration of the Occult Sciences, from page 71 to 80; whence it will be manifest to the full conviction of the most obstinate atheist, (if such a thing can really exist) that there is a God, all powerful and intelligent; supremely perfect; eternal and infinite; omnipotent and omniscient; who endures from eternity to eternity and is present from infinity to infinity!

But though, from the nature and perfections of the Deity, he is invisibly present in all places and nothing happens without his knowledge and permission; yet it is expressly revealed in Scripture, and admitted by all wise and intelligent authors, that he is visibly present with the angels and spirits and blessed souls of the departed in those mansions of bliss called Heaven. There he is pleased to afford a nearer and more immediate view of himself and a more sensible manifestation of his glory, and a more adequate perception of his attributes, than can be seen or felt in any other parts of the universe; which place, for the sake of pre-eminent distinction, and as being the seat and centre from whence all things flow and have their beginning, life, light, power and motion, is called the interior or empyrean heaven.

The position and order of this interior heaven or center of the Divinity has been variously described and its locality somewhat disputed amongst the learned; but all agree as to the certainty of its existence. Hermes Trismegistus defines heaven to be an intel-

lectual sphere, whose center is every where, and circumference no where; but by this he meant no more than to affirm, what we have done above, that God is present every where and at all times, from infinity to infinity, that to say, without limitation, bounds or circumference. Plato speaks of this internal heaven in terms which bear so strict a resemblance to the books of Revelation, and in so elevated and magnificent a style, that it is apparent the heathen philosophers, notwithstanding their worshipping demi- or false gods, possessed an unshaken confidence in one omnipotent, supreme, over-ruling Power, whose throne was the center of all things and the abode of angels and blessed spirits.

To describe this interior heaven in terms adequate to its magnificence and glory is utterly impossible. The utmost we can do is to collect from the inspired writers and from the words of Revelation, assisted by occult philosophy, and a due knowledge of the celestial spheres, that order and position of it which reason and the divine lights we have bring nearest to the truth. That God must be strictly and literally the center from whence all ideas of the Divine Mind flow, as rays in every direction, through all spheres and through all bodies cannot admit of a doubt. That the inner circumference of this center is surrounded, filled, or formed by arrangements of the three hierarchies of angels is also consonant to reason and Scripture, and form, what may be termed, the entrance or inner gate of the empyrean heaven, through which no spirit can pass without their knowledge and permission; and within which we must suppose the vast expanse or mansions of the Godhead, and glory of the Trinity, to be. This is strictly conformable to the idea of all the prophets and evangelical writers. From this primary circle or gate of heaven, Lucifer, the grand Apostate, as Milton finely describes it, was hurled into the bottomless abyss; whose office, as one of the highest order of angels, having place him near the eternal throne, he became competitor for dominion and power, with God himself! But

Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal
sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire!

—Milton, *Paradise Lost*.

* * *

OF NATURE.

No one expression, used by authors, or spoken amongst men, is in general variously applied or so little understood as the word Nature. When speaking of the nature of a thing, we most commonly mean its essence; that is, the attributes or cause which makes it what it is, whether the thing be corporeal or not; as when we attempt to define the nature of a fluid, of a triangle, etc., oftentimes we confound that which a man has by nature, with what accrues to him by birth; as when we say that such a man is noble by nature. Sometimes we take nature for an internal principle of motion; as when we say that a stone by nature falls to the ground. Sometimes we understand by nature the established course and order of things. Sometimes we take nature for an aggregate of powers belonging to the same body, especially a living one, in which sense physicians say that nature is strong, weak, or spent; or that in such and such disease nature left to herself will perform the cure. Sometimes we use the term nature for the universe or whole system of the corporeal works of God, as when it is said of a phoenix or any imaginary being that there is no such thing in nature. Sometimes, too, and that no unfrequently, we express by the word nature a kind of semi-deity or supernatural spirit presiding over all things.

This general abuse of the word nature is by no means peculiar to the English people or language; it prevails more or less in all countries and amongst all sects and seems to have been copied from the fabulous ideas of the ancients. Aristotle has written a whole chapter expressly to enumerate the various acceptations of the Greek word that is written in English *nature*; and among Latin writers there are not less than fifteen or sixteen different acceptations of the same word, with advo-

cates out of number for their interpretation. The bulk of them insist that the word nature radically means the system of the world; the machine of the universe; or the assemblage of all created beings; in which sense they speak of the Author of nature and call the sun the *eye* of nature, because he illuminates the universe: and the *father* of nature because he warms the earth and makes it fruitful. Others, understanding the word in a more confined sense apply it to each of the several kinds of beings, created and uncreated; spiritual and corporeal; thus they say *divine* nature, *angelical* nature, and *human* nature, meaning all men together who possess the same spiritual, reasonable soul. In this sense the schoolmen and divines say, *natura naturans*, and *natura naturata*, speaking of God who is the *natura naturans*, as giving *being* and *nature* to all others; in opposition or distinction to the creatures, who are the *natura naturata*, as receiving their nature from the hands of another.

Nature, in a still more limited sense, is used for the essence of a thing; according to which the Cartesians say it is the *nature* of the soul to think; and that nature of matter consists in extension. Others more properly use the word Nature, for the established order and course of material things; the series of second causes; or the laws which God has imposed on every part of the creation; in which sense it is they say *nature* makes the night precede the day; *nature* has rendered respiration necessary to life, etc. According to which, St. Thomas speaks of nature as a kind of divine art, communicated to beings, which direct and carry them to the ends they were intended for; in which sense nature can be neither more nor less than a concatenation of causes and effects, or that order and economy which God has established in all parts of His creation. Others still more strictly consider nature as the action of Providence and the principle of all things; or that spiritual power or being which is diffused throughout the creation and moves and acts in all bodies and gives them peculiar properties and produces peculiar effects. In this sense our modern philosopher Mr. Boyle considers nature as

nothing else but God acting himself, according to certain laws he himself has fixed. This corresponds very much with the opinion of a sect of ancient philosophers, who made Nature the god of the universe, whom they conceived to preside over and govern all things; but this they acknowledged to be only an imaginary being and that *nature* meant no more than the qualities or virtues which God implanted in his creatures, but which their poets and orators had figuratively personified as a god.

Aristotle, with a view of concentrating these ideas of nature into one point, as best adapted to the works of an infinitely perfect and all-powerful Being, defines nature, *principium et causa motus et ejus in quo est primo per se, et non per accidens*; which definition being mistaken by the Stoics, they from hence conceived the principle of nature to be a certain spirit or virtue diffused throughout the universe, which gave everything its motion by the invariable order of inevitable necessity, without liberty or knowledge. This induced the idea of a *plastic nature*, which several learned modern writers have described to be an incorporeal created substance, imbued with a vegetative life, but not with sensation or thought, penetrating the whole created universe, being co-extended with it, and under God, moving matter so as to produce the phenomena, which cannot be solved by mechanical laws; active for ends unknown to itself, not being conscious of its own actions, and yet having an obscure idea of the action to be entered upon. In support of this *plastic nature*, Dr. Cudworth argues thus: "Since neither all things are produced fortuitously or by the unguided mechanism of matter, nor God himself may reasonably be thought to do all things immediately and miraculously, it may well be concluded that there is a *plastic* or *formative* nature under Him, which as an inferior and subordinate instrument executes that part of His providence which consists in the regular motion of matter; yet so as that there is also, besides this, a higher providence to be acknowledged, which, presiding over it, doth often supply the defects of it, and sometimes over-rule it, for as much as this plastic

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ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Aquarius is of special interest to the student of occult and religious philosophy because it is the herald of the coming age and under its beneficent rays many great changes will take place in world affairs. Old Saturn will crystalize that which is incapable of progression while the benevolent rays of Uranus will unfold and develop the highest and finest in the individual and in the world. The man with the pitcher of water on his shoulder is Aquarius and during his reign brotherhood, cooperation, humanitarianism and fellowship will take the place of the world contentions of today. Under the rays of Aquarius science will progress as it never has before, especially those finer sciences which are as yet so little understood. It is an air sign and the conquest of the elements by means of ever-increasing mentality will continue favorably under the rulership of this wonderful sign.

Its general keywords are as follows:

Hot	Whole
Moist	Fortunate
Aerial	Sweet
Sanguine	Strong
Masculine	Hyemal
Diurnal	Southern
Western	Obeying sign
Fixed	The day house of Saturn
Human	Ruled by Uranus
Rational	Detriment of the sun
Speaking	

Aquarius, while scientific, produces in the undeveloped native a rather careless temperament. They act first and think afterwards, fired by Uranian impetuosity. They do things suddenly without thinking, take great chances and gamble with mind, body and soul. Are fond of travel and their most general characteristics are listed below:

Good disposition	Idealistic
Vivacious	Temperamental
Nervous	Quick tempered but
Excitable	easily forgive

Enthusiastic
Humanitarian
Intuitional
Scientific
Inventive

Well set
Robust
Strong

Delicate complexion—clear but rather pale
Sandy, dark flaxen or brown hair
Hazel eyes, usually large
Graceful and elegant in carriage
Fairly heavy

Health:

Aquarians are often thoughtless and do not take proper care of themselves or are too busy doing other things and overlooking the necessities of guarding their health. They are not usually long lived, and their most prevalent diseases and ailments are listed below:

Lameness
Fractures of limbs
Gout
Coagulations of the blood
Cramps in various parts of body
Diseases incident to the legs and ankles

Domestic Problems:

Aquarius usually enters into matrimony very hastily and has more than one marriage during lifetime. Aquarius is a fruitful sign and usually raises quite a family, fond of children but often neglectful of them. On the other hand an undeveloped Aquarius will not have children around and lacks maternal or paternal instinct.

Countries Under Influence of Aquarius:

Arabia	Denmark
Petrea	Lower Sweden
Tartary	West Phalia
Russia	South part of Bavaria

Cities Under Its Control:

Bremen	Pisa
Hamburg	Trent

Colors:

First part, deep indigo blue
 Second part, ethereal blue
 Grey
 Sunlight color

According to Ptolemy the stars in the shoulders of Aquarius are like Saturn and Mercury; likewise those in the left hand and face. The stars in the thighs have the influence of Mercury and a little of Saturn. Those in the stream of water have the power of Saturn and moderately of Jupiter.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa and Francis Barrett have the following to say concerning the sign of Aquarius: of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits the martyrs are ruled by Aquarius; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Gabriel; of the Twelve Tribes, Zabulon; of the Twelve Prophets, Habakkuk; of the Twelve Apostles, Matthew; of the twelve months, January 20th to February 20th; of the twelve plants dragonwort; of the twelve stones, crystal; of the twelve main parts of the body, the lower legs and ankles; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned and of Evil Spirits, the apostate; of the twelve metals, lead.

Keywords of Pisces

Pisces the twelfth and last sign of the Zodiac is especially connected with the Christian faith. Its symbol is the two fishes so often found in ancient Christian sculpture or engraved upon the walls of the catacombs. The Master Jesus is called the Fisher of Men for He brought to the world the Piscean religion of unity and spirituality. Those born under Pisces are especially mystic and psychic for it is the greatest of those signs. It is not a fortunate sign however and the life of the Piscean is filled with ups and downs, mostly downs. But it is the great educative, humanitarian, spiritual and unifying sign of the Zodiac. Its keynote is harmony but its great danger is negation and a great deal of mediumship is found under Pisces, a very dangerous condition against which the student is warned perpetually. Pisces is a little different from any of the other signs and its types are the easiest told of all of the twelve.

Listed below are a few of its leading keywords:

Pisces the last sign of the Zodiac:

Cold	Broken
Moist	Mute
Watery	Unfortunate
Phelegmatic	Crooked
Northern	Southern
Nocturnal	Obeying
Bicorporal	Fruitful
Common	Night house of Jupiter
Hyemal	Exaltation of Venus
Effeminate	Detriment of Mercury
Idle	Fall of Mercury
Sickly	

General Characteristics:

Pisces is very peculiar in many ways. Jupiter gives it power and dignity while Venus usually adds grace of thought but not of body. It is the most luxurious sign of the Zodiac and its keynote is solid comfort. It usually dislikes to exert itself but is most always forced to do so. It is not a combative sign but prefers comfort by compromise. It is mediumistic, psychic and with training an occult sign. Its general description is:

Spiritual	Literary
Intellectual	Artistic
Ruling	Musical
Cheerful	Subject to irritability
Comfort-loving	Nervous
Sometimes melancholy	Slow moving
Usually misunderstood	

Physical Appearance:

The native is usually heavy, short or tall according to the position of Jupiter.

Usually thick	Head bent downward
Round shouldered	Peculiar waddling walk
Stooping	
Brown hair	Sanguine complexion

Health:

Pisces always enjoys poor health and really learns to appreciate it. Its ailments are centered in the liver and stomach, sometimes the kidneys.

Gout	Heart burn
Lameness	Poor circulation
Liver complaint	Headaches
Ulcerous sores	Eye trouble
Indigestion—sometimes chronic	Teeth trouble
	And feet trouble

Pisces ruling the feet, ankles and toes, is usually noted for tender pedal extremities and as it usually carries heavy avoirdupois suffers from falling arches, soft and burning feet and stunted toes.

Domestic Problems:

Pisces is rather varied in this line, usually fairly fortunate but often deceived in the marriage partner. If of a low type Pisces can become very brutal and tyrannical in the home and until developed is subject to drink, dope, and all forms of excesses, including mediumistic obsession. A well developed Pisces is very wonderful and lovable in the home because of their easy going disposition and their willingness to concede to the desires of others. Pisces is a very fruitful sign and is fond of children.

Color:

White	Light blue
Glistening shades	Water color

According to Ptolemy the stars in the head of the southern fish of Pisces have the influence of Mercury and to some degree Saturn; those in the body like Jupiter and Mercury; those in the tail and the southern line like Saturn and Mercury. In the Northern fish the stars in the body and backbone resemble Jupiter and Venus to some degree; those in the northern line like Saturn and Jupiter. The bright star in the knot acts like Mars and some Mercury.

According to Henry Cornelius Agrippa the sign of Pisces has the following correlates: of the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, confessors of sin; of the Twelve Angels over the Twelve Signs, Barchiel; of the Twelve Tribes, Ephraim; of the Twelve Prophets, Joel; of the Twelve Apostles, James the Younger; of the Twelve months, February 20th to March 20th; of the twelve plants, aristolochy; of the twelve stones, the sapphire and chrysolite; of the twelve principle members of the body, the feet; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned and of Devils, the infidels; of the twelve metals, tin after its ruler Jupiter.

Occult Sciences

(Continued from page 29)

nature cannot act electively, nor with discretion." This doctrine, he conceives, had the suffrage of the best philosophers of all ages, Aristotle, Plato, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Hippocrates, Zeno, and the Stoics, and the latter Platonists and Peripatetics, as well as the chemists and Paracelsians, and several modern writers.

Now, I am clearly of the opinion that notwithstanding these great authors have so obstinately contended for the definition of the word, and for the principles and constructoin of Nature, yet they all in reality meant one and the same thing, only giving different explanations of the same ideas; and if their arguments are closely pursued, and compared with each other, they will all tend to show that the *anima mundi*, or soul of the universe, was that they meant by Nature.

This *anima mundi*, as we have before seen, is a medium investing the whole interior heavens, and consists of a pure ethereal substance or spirit; which, as it more immediately resides in the celestial regions, is the second or next cause under God that moves and governs the heavens and heavenly bodies, stars, and planets; which bodies having received their first existence from the fecundity of the same spirit, in the act of creation, are by an influx of sympathetic rays, and by light, heat, gravity and motion, nourished and sustained, upheld and continued in the same regular course, and in the beautiful order we see them. From the celestial regions, the same influx of pure ethereal spirit descends into every part of the immeasurable space, and is diffused through the mass of this world, informing, actuating, and uniting the different parts thereof into various substances; and being the primary source of life, everywhere breathing a spirit like itself, it pervades all elementary bodies, and intimately mixing with all the minute atoms thereof, consistutes the power or instrument we call Nature, forming, fashioning, and propogating all things, conformable to the ideas or will of the Divine mind, in the first act of creation.

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"The weakness of thy walls invites the burglar."

"If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two."

"Two pieces of coin in one bag makes more noise than a hundred."

"The rivalry of scholars advances science."

"When a liar speaks the truth he finds his punishment in the general disbelief."

"The day is short, the labor great, and the workmen slothful."

"Silence is the fence around wisdom."

"Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it."

"Jerusalem was destroyed because the instruction of the young was neglected."

"Commit a sin twice and it will not seem to be a crime."

"The thief who finds no opportunity to steal considers himself an honest man."

"There are three crowns: of the law, the priesthood, and the kingship, but the crown of a good name is greater than them all."

"Despise no man and deem nothing impossible; every man hath his hour and everything its place."

"Unhappy is he who mistakes the branch for the tree, the shadow for the substance."