



The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE
RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS

FEATURES

•
Twenty-Four Hours to Live
Astrology as a Factor in Education
Alcohol---Foe of Vital Organs
•

AUGUST

1939

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, California, U. S.A.

The
ROSICRUCIAN
MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

AN AQUARIAN MOVEMENT

There was a time, even as late as Greece, when *Religion*, *Art*, and *Science* were taught unitedly in the Mystery Temples. But it was necessary for the better development of each that they should separate for a time.

Religion held sole sway in the so-called "dark ages." During that time it bound both *Science* and *Art* hand and foot. Then came the period of the Renaissance, and *Art* came to the fore in all its branches. *Religion* was strong as yet, however, and *Art* was only too often under the complete domination of *Religion*. Last came the wave of modern *Science* and with iron hand it subjugated *Religion*.

It was a detriment to the world when *Religion* shackled *Science*. *Ignorance* and *Superstition* caused untold woe. Nevertheless man cherished a lofty spiritual ideal then; he hoped for a higher and better life. It is infinitely more disastrous that *Science* is killing *Religion*, for now even *Hope*, the only gift of the gods left in Pandora's box, may vanish before *Materialism* and *Agnosticism*.

Such a state cannot continue. Reaction must set in. If it does not, anarchy will rend the cosmos. To avert such a calamity *Religion*, *Science*, and *Art*, must reunite in a higher expression of the *Good*, the *True*, and the *Beautiful* than obtained before the separation.

Coming events cast their shadows before, and when the Great Leaders of humanity saw the tendency toward ultra-materialism which is now rampant in the Western World, they took certain steps to counteract and transmute it at the auspicious time. They did not wish to kill the budding *Science* as the latter had strangled *Religion*, for they saw the ultimate good which will result when an advanced *Science* has again become a co-worker with *Religion*.

A spiritual *Religion*, however, cannot blend with a materialistic *Science* any more than oil can mix with water. Therefore steps were taken to spiritualize *Science* and make *Religion* scientific.

In the fourteenth century a high spiritual teacher, having the symbolical name Christian Rosenkreuz—Christian Rose Cross—appeared in Europe to commence this work. He founded the mysterious Order of Rosicrucians with the object of throwing occult light upon the misunderstood Christian *Religion* and to explain the mystery of *Life* and *Being* from the scientific standpoint in harmony with *Religion*.

In the past centuries the Rosicrucians have worked in secret, but now the time has come for giving out a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and the scientific aspects; a teaching which makes no statements that are not supported by reason and logic. Such is the teaching promulgated by the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

MT. ECCLESIA

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects. The Rosicrucian Philosophy gives a reasonable solution to all mysteries of life. It is entirely Christian, but presents the Christian teachings from a new viewpoint, giving new explanations of the truth which creeds may have obscured.

Our motto is: A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY.

Twenty-Four Hours to Live

BY EDNA WILLIAMSON STALL

(IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE)



BACK and forth across the soft, luxurious rug paced Evelyn Travece, oblivious to everything but the numbing fact that Jim wanted a divorce. Unthinkable that he no longer loved her. But it must be true, because he had said he loved Francine. Francine! What a silly name for a grown woman. Frivolous, fluffy brained Francine, with her childish wide-opened eyes and her tiny, grasping hands. What attraction could she possibly have for so brilliant a man as Jim?

Hour after hour passed unnoticed. Back and forth! She seemed unable to stop the monotonous pilgrimage. The mirrors reflected her unusual beauty, matured to perfection. Where along the way had she lost his love? Why had she been unable to do anything but stare at him, tongue-tied, while he talked of Francine? True, she had devoted time and energy to her music, but Jim had been as proud of her voice and her growing success as she had been.

Divorce! An ugly, slimy word. For the first time she was glad that their child had not lived. She had seen too many puzzled children of broken homes, trying to adjust themselves to a divided life. The thought of her child brought a longing for fresh air, and she opened the long window letting in the cool draught of the early dawn. A new day! Countless

new days seemed to stretch barren before her. What would she do with them? She threw herself on a chaise longue, exhausted in mind and body, and covered her aching eyes with her hands. Unrecognized tears trickled slowly through her fingers. Suddenly a strange peace filled her, an ineffable peace.

There was someone in the room. It couldn't be Jim, for he had said he would never return. She opened her eyes to see a dimly outlined figure. Strange that she should feel no fear.

"Who are you? What do you want?" she asked.

"I am a Messenger. I am here to tell you that you have just twenty-four hours to live. During that time you are freed from any and all human limitations, and may accomplish anything you may desire. You may do anything you wish. You may be whatsoever you wish to be. I will be near you until you make your decision. Then I shall return in twenty-four hours, unless you call me sooner."

Twenty-four hours! Evelyn Travece glanced at the clock. It pointed to seven-thirty. What would she do? Go to Jim, of course. But Jim had said he no longer loved her. It would be a waste of her too few precious hours if he were thinking of someone else. She would sing. Sing as she had never sung before. For the allotted time she would be the greatest singer the world had ever known. She

knew that Don Fields, manager of the radio station where she had been singing occasionally, would welcome this outpouring of her voice. He was a most understanding person. She felt that his crippled body housed a beautiful soul. He would be at the station now. Should she change her dress? She glanced down at the soft green velvet housegown she was wearing. No time to waste changing. A dark evening wrap would cover it sufficiently. As she took it from the closet a knock at the door startled her. She had forgotten her household utterly.

A young maid, her face tear-stained, opened the door and said, "Please, Madame, the cook asks that you will please have the doctor come at once to see her little girl. Cook thinks the child is dying."

Swiftly down the stairs to the servants' quarters. Evelyn stopped at the open door of the room where a child lay writhing on the bed. A beautiful child. The thought crossed her mind that her own child would have been about the age of this little girl. As she reached for the telephone to call the physician, a piercing scream came from the hall. The maid had fallen, and lay in a crumpled heap at the foot of the stairs.

They lifted the twisted body to a couch, and Evelyn again went toward the telephone. As she stretched her hand toward it the words of the Messenger flashed through her mind: "You are freed from every human limitation, and may accomplish anything you may desire."

What did she really desire most? Why, that these suffering people might be healed, and freed from their sufferings. A song is forgotten, no matter how beautiful, but to be able for twenty-four hours to help people out of their misery and suffering would be something worth while. Something really worth while.

She replaced the receiver on the hook. Drawing her slender figure to its fullest height, she crossed both hands upon her breast and spoke in a low voice:

"I have made my decision. For the next twenty-four hours, let me be a healer, and help those who need."

Came the voice of the Messenger: "You are certain, my child, that this is your heart's desire? Remember that the greatest Healer of all was crucified and spit upon."

"It is my heart's desire."

"Then so be it. Place your hand upon the one who is suffering and speak the words, *You are healed through the power of the Living God*. Should the burden become too great for you before the allotted time has elapsed, call me and you will be released."

"Thank you. I shall not call. The time will be all too short for the work to be done. I think of so many who need help."

Evelyn returned to the room where the child was still in the throes of a convulsion. Placing her hand on the clammy forehead she spoke in a calm, confident voice:

"You are healed through the power of the Living God."

The child's twitching limbs stilled instantly; her eyes opened and she smiled into the lovely face above her, then held her arms toward her mother with a glad cry.

A feeling of purest joy welled up in the heart of Evelyn Travece, and she turned to the maid who was still moaning with pain. Again she repeated the words, "You are healed through the power of the Living God." The maid ceased her sobbing, and knelt at Evelyn's feet.

The phone rang, and the maid sprang to answer it, her pain forgotten.

"It is Mr. Fields, Madame. He wants to know if you can go on the air this morning. Emergency. He has sent his car."

Evelyn nodded assent and hurried toward the now waiting car. The maid, still half stupefied by what she had seen and experienced, ran after, holding out the evening cape that had been thrown across a chair.

"Oh, Madame," she gasped, "could you, would you, please heal my little brother who is lame?"

"Call me at the studio. I must see Mr. Fields first."

Looking up from his desk as Evelyn entered his office, Don Fields cried, "Mrs. Travice, you are certainly a peach to help me out of this jam. What a different thing radio would be if all artists had as much talent and as little temperament as you have."

"Thank you," smiled Evelyn, "but I want to talk to you a few minutes before I sing." Then abruptly, "I have no idea what your religious beliefs are, Mr. Fields, if any, but do you believe in a God?"

Puzzled at this turn of affairs, but quickly recognizing the intensity of the question, Fields answered, "Yes, I do."

"Is he a living God to you, or a far-off imaginary God?"

"Well, I don't know what you are driving at, but I believe there is a power, or principle, or supreme being running things somehow, but I have enough of a job running my own little affairs without bothering about how God runs his."

Quickly Evelyn recounted the recent happenings, then asked: "Will you let me do what I can for you?"

Don Fields flushed. He was extremely sensitive about his once athletic body being crippled with arthritis.

"All right. Go ahead. I couldn't be much worse off than I am now, and if you can do anything for me, then you have the biggest thing in the world today. Of course, I don't believe it is possible, but let's see what you can do."

Placing one hand on his forehead, and the other on his twisted arm, Evelyn said in her low, thrilling voice:

"You are healed through the power of the Living God."

A tense moment passed, Evelyn waiting confidently, Fields mystified as a warm, tingling glow surged through his tortured body.

"Stand up. Walk," commanded Evelyn. Slowly Fields pulled himself to his feet, stretched himself to his fullest height, and spread his arms as he had not done for years. Through set teeth he muttered, "My God, is it possible that I am again a man?"

Grasping Evelyn's arms with tense fingers he breathed: "You say you have this power for twenty-four hours? Let me broadcast it so that those who are in need of this help may be reached in the quickest way, and none of the precious time will be wasted. It is now nine o'clock, and only three people have been healed. If the people would come to you instead of your going to them as you have done, a hundred might be healed. Think of it. A hundred physical derelicts like I was turned into able-bodied men again. It is too good to be true. Shall I broadcast the miracle, Evelyn?"

"That would probably be best. The time is so short."

Picking up his inner office phone, he asked that the announcer and all who were not too busy come into his office. Fields was standing upright, without the aid of crutch and cane. Standing as none of them had ever seen him. Briefly he told them what had happened to him, and directed that a comprehensive announcement be broadcasted at fifteen minute intervals, but stated that the name of the person who would make the demonstration must be withheld.

Briggs, the chief announcer, asked if he might speak privately with Mrs. Travice before making the broadcast. Taking her out of earshot he murmured, "Mrs. Travice, no one knows this, for I would have lost my job if it were known. I am going deaf; almost totally deaf in one ear. I am frantic. Do you think you could do anything for me?"

Briggs was bending over her. Evelyn reached up, placed both hands over his ears and whispered, "You are healed through the power of the living God." Removing her hands, still whispering she asked, "Did you hear what I said?"

The man dropped to his knees and lifted her hand to his lips. "Thank God, I can hear perfectly. And thank you. Boy, oh boy, what a broadcast this is going to be!" And he rushed from the room.

"That is all, boys," said Fields. "You may return to work."

However, they seemed loth to go, and finally one man mustered up enough courage to ask, "If Mrs. Travice is going to heal people, maybe she would be willing to do something for some of us?"

Fields was surprised. Undoubtedly his own condition had made him blind to the lesser ills of those around him.

"Have any of you anything the matter with you? You look to be an exceptionally healthy group. However, it's up to Mrs. Travice. How about it, Evelyn?"

"Why not?" she smiled. "Suppose you come over here, one at a time as Mr. Briggs did. Remember, this is all as new to me as it is to you."

One by one they filed past her, each whispering the thing that was troubling him. One by one they filed out, radiant, healed; silent and wondering until the door closed behind them when they rushed out of the building to spread the news of the miracle to their friends.

The first broadcast was hardly completed when the switchboard set up a continuous flashing of lights. With each passing moment it became increasingly impossible to answer in anything but monosyllables: "Yes." "True." "Yes." "Here." "True." "Yes." "Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes."

People were pouring into the studio. "Where is she?" "Can she heal me?" "She must cure my little boy." "Why don't you bring her out?"

Don Fields looked at the increasing crowd of people. "My God, is it possible that all these people are ill? It can't be possible. What are we going to do with them? Poor Evelyn."

It was Preston, the old bookkeeper, who finally suggested a plan. "I have handled many crowds in my time, Mr. Fields. Please let me take care of it. I owe it to Mrs. Travice for restoring my failing sight. Let me place a chair and table in the corner basement room. It has two doors. The people can be let in one by one at the front door; they can walk across the room and speak to Mrs. Travice, and then go out the other door and into the side street. It is the only

way to keep her from being trampled to death. They'll go mad, sir, when the following broadcasts go out and more people keep coming."

"All right, Preston, go ahead. Manage. If you need more help get it. Take good care of Mrs. Travice. I shall leave you in full charge while I run home and get Mrs. Fields. She has gall stones, the doctor says, but is afraid of an operation on her. I wonder if she will know me. It has been a long, long time since she saw me looking like this." And he unconsciously held himself straighter, gave his tie a twist, and set his hat on at a rakish angle. Old Preston brushed a mist from his eyes as he looked after the gallant, hurrying figure.

The basement room was as unlovely as basement rooms usually are. Chairs, boxes, and the usual hodge-podge of rubbish were pushed to one side and a pathway cleared in front of them. From some place Preston unearthed a throne-like chair, with a high back and broad arm rests. The cushion he purloined from the reception room, muttering, "Poor Mrs. Travice. She doesn't know what she is up against yet."

When he had done what he could, he told Briggs to send the crowd down stairs to line up at the front door. He then went to escort Mrs. Travice to the room. As he opened the door he heard Evelyn saying, "But as I have told you, my dear, they are all God's children. Marriage is only man's idea. Tell the young man what I have told you. He will marry you. Let your mind and heart be at peace, and the power of the living God will flow through you and your child."

As the girl passed him, Preston recognized a young blues singer occasionally employed by the studio.

"Mrs. Travice, I have cleaned the basement room as well as I could, and I hope it won't be too awful for a lady like yourself. But the crowd is getting thicker every minute, and I guess you'd better go down before they tear the door off its hinges."

(To be concluded)

The Man in the Street

By FREDERICK W. WALTER



HE man in the street works his way out of his problems too seriously—and not without reason. If the proffer of help comes through religion, he shies away from the idea as something strange and impractical. If it shows itself in metaphysics, he lifts his eyebrows in dubious alarm. If someone tells him of possible aid by way of occult science, then is he quite sure that his informant is visionary, and he goes his tired way, saddened and unenlightened.

If he but realized that all these agencies, of whatever sort, were only channels for good, meant for his better acquaintance with himself—and all that that implied—he would not work so hard, or struggle so violently and uselessly to achieve that which could be his simply for “seeing.”

Somewhere in his system he has been nursing the idea that religion and business do not mix. He notes that the viewpoints are strongly at variance with each other, and when he attempts to reason this out, he soon finds himself in a maze from which there seems to be no escape. For some of the problems which come to him in his workaday schedule, he thinks he has an answer; at any rate, his business graphs and cycles paint him a picture that satisfies him for the moment.

But there comes a time when he asks himself why it is that whatever he does, no matter how hard he works, or how diligently he applies himself, he does not seem to make any progress. He even is willing to admit that progress is not necessarily measured in terms of dollars, property, reputation or popularity, and that there is something that so far he has not been able to put his finger on.

It is now that doubt begins to assail him and he wonders why his “church” has done nothing for him, and why “re-

ligion” is a shaking reed on which he can put no reliance. He is just as ready to question the economic situation, and wonder whether that is all it paints itself to be; whether the business standards that he has been taught to follow really have value. Does *yes* no longer mean *yes* or *no*, *no*? or is it *yes, but*—and *no, perhaps*—if not its actual opposite?

He is just a bit confused when he is told that it is not right to make a profit, and if he succeeds in proving the age-long law of having something left over after all his labor, he finds that he is penalized for doing a good job. Somehow or other he feels that if a planter grows apple trees, for instance, he does so with the idea of getting a fine crop of eatable apples, and not cordwood. He recognizes that there is a certain expense required to keep the orchard, or factory, if you will, in usable condition the year round; that there is a loss from breakage and damage; mistakes are made—even Mother Nature does not seem quite free from this—which must be compensated for; he is under necessity of telling the world about his product; and in the meantime he must maintain his plant and all those associated with it.

He says to himself that all this sounds like the ancient statement, “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” Rightly he asks, Just what does all this mean? Why all the confusion that is around, abroad as well as at home? What is the part that I am to play in this magnificent drama, and how?

It is axiomatic that when a man starts to quarrel with himself, he is fairly on the road to progress. Then he begins to see that “man” is something far differ-

ent from what he had ever thought of before. Up till now, he had been considering himself only, in terms of that which affected his own well-being, and that of his family and immediate associates. He knew there were those who cared naught for those about them, but looked upon them merely as instruments with which to feather their own nests, no matter what loss came to the others. He saw that these flourished for a time and then passed away, but their type seemed to persist and continue the distressing picture.

He saw that while these represented a relatively small fraction of the total number involved, there were more, himself included, whose daily activities resembled a squirrel in a cage: incessant motion, but nothing accomplished and no goal achieved. The practicalities of life, as he had been taught to believe them, seemed ever to mock him, and he, too, found himself at the bottom of the turn of the cage, panting and exhausted, even as his little quadrupedal friend.

The Spirit of Truth, which is ever present, is constantly urging its oft resisted claims upon the human race. Urging, that is, not by any intent on its part, but because of the finality of its eternal being. All of the legitimate and good actions of mankind are but the manifestations of spiritual being to and through the human race—the best that humans can rise to—while the perversions, the not-good, are the base counterfeits which, like a nightmare, spring from the distortions of its own self-established falsity.

Through all the ages spiritual truths have presented themselves to receptive minds; they have even appeared to those not so receptive, but for whose especial benefit they were intended, with—almost one might dare to say—the hope that they would be received with welcome. These truths come in flashes of inspiration; of seeming conversations with someone outside of ourself, either at midnight, or at noon; actual conversations with other humans whom it is our privilege to meet; magazine articles; books or other media chosen by wisdom for the occasion.

Then the man in the street begins to “see” that he is not all of being; he recognizes no lines of demarcation, whether across the street, over the state line, or beyond international boundaries where “scraps of paper” blow hither and yon. Since he is part of the whole, and the whole is, at its best, the human concept of the divinely perfected being, he then realizes that he does not have to be *told* to obey the law, one tablet of which signifies his relation to God and the other his relation to man. Then does he find, indeed, that his relations with his neighbors, whether socially or in business, take on an entirely different aspect.

He sees that what his *neighbor* is, whether across the hall or in the antipodes, is largely what he himself makes him. This word ‘neighbor’ assumes new and greater proportions. It means family, children, business associates, employees, customers; in fact, all outside of one’s self. Such being the case, why the occasion for divorces, strikes, consumer buying groups, truth in advertising demands, pure food laws, business codes of one sort or another? Why the rape of nations as well as individuals? Why the prostitution and adulteration of basic moral laws, not only as law but in the current human social and physical concepts? Why the horrendous exhibits of destruction and death, engendered by religious and racial intolerance and superstition?

Some of us would be shocked almost beyond recovery if we were told that the responsibility sat right on our own doorsteps; that we were busy broadcasting fear, doubt, jealousy, hatred, malice and general perverseness, and then wondering why we felt so badly all the time.

One might be tempted at this juncture to say, “Well, why get wrought up over it? The mills of the gods grind exceedingly slow, and we can’t do anything about it, can we? The fine flour will come out in due time, so why worry?” Just as the stars impel, but do not compel, and each one of us must solve his own

problem of being, just so it would seem that if all were to see the light at once, the stars in their very courses might stand still for astonishment. Nevertheless, that does not justify humanity in not taking the first step toward the light. The man in the street is beginning to see that ignorance of the law is no excuse, and that how the other fellow behaves or misbehaves, is no concern of his until he has gone far enough up the "steep ascent of heaven" that he can safely turn and offer a helping hand to those ready and willing to accept it. First he must take the blinkers off his own eyes before he can point out the beauties of the path, or warn of the pitfalls that seem to appear from nowhere.

Rightly considered, spiritual ideas are the most hard-headed, practical things that can be found. They are to be sought after, not for their material appearances, for that is the quickest and surest way to lose both, but to make our training period as successful as possible. So we are not to treat lightly the human relationships in which we daily move. They are the best we have just at present; but there is no law against improving our concept of them. Suppose we do that very thing now.

Regardless of the human activity in which each finds himself, it is essentially one of service; that is more evident in some instances than in others, but it is a fact nonetheless. Such being the case, is our customer to be viewed as a peripatetic dollar bill, to be exploited to the limit; to be lied to; to be cheated; to be treated something like a lemon—to be squeezed to the last drop and then cast aside for the next tabulation of vital statistics?

This rendering of service is not accomplished by single individuals only, but also by organizations. Just as there are

"vessels of gold, vessels of silver, and vessels of brass," so there are those higher and lower in the scale of authority, and responsibility of accomplishment. No matter how great the skill of the general, battles, whether in the field or in business, are waged by the privates—they can make or break any organization. The wise leader knows this, and knows further that "follow me" gets him farther and faster than all the arbitrary edicts that usually issue from the "G. M.'s" sanctum. Regardless of law a thinking man tries to observe the humanities of life so far as it is reasonably possible; he concerns himself more in giving his customer honest merchandise at the right price, and in

the right manner than constantly watching his competitor and trying to outsmart him. He never considers the phrase *Caveat emptor* ("Let the buyer beware") because he knows that if he robs his neighbor, he robs himself more.

The man in the street sees that his religion, his salvation, his hope of heaven or any other name you want to give

it, is something to be achieved here and now, and right where the traffic is heaviest, else his "religion" is not going to be of much value to him.

Labor problems, with their present untimely and unnecessary dislocations of normal living are quite needless even in the present condition of things. Me and thee usually resolves itself into "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own; so what?" This is the most successful formula for a sudden and violent explosion that has yet been devised. Judging by the number of times it has been used, one is forced to the observation that humans take especial delight in going out of their way to get hurt, and what is more don't intend to have anything said to them about it. In spite of all that, it doesn't have to happen here. To the man

The positive pole of spirit manifests as Life; the negative as Form, but both Life and Form originated in Spirit, Space, Chaos. . . . When a living chick (with hard bones) can come out of the inert fluid of an egg without the addition of any hardening substance from outside, is it a far-fetched idea to claim that the universe is crystallized Space or Spirit?—Max Heindel.

who is crying that there is no more opportunity, it might be suggested that he spare his tears for something worth while and tackle this problem. What a glorious job and what commensurate returns!

International problems and war differ from labor problems and strikes only in degree. The same forces of jealousy, selfishness, and self-aggrandizement serve to foment trouble between two groups of people. These groups may be literally brothers, as in the case of civil war, or brothers at large, as between the inhabitants of different countries. The ingrained belief of *my* superiority as against the rest of the world leads to a setting-up of barriers, the establishment of insularity of thought and action, and at the fitting time, a violent outburst of some sort or other. A forest fire is usually started by the careless handling of a match or a cigarette stub. International conflagrations start from just as small beginnings. It is obvious that by providing the proper restraint in the beginning through personal self-control and more particularly by reason of the right viewpoint involved, a disastrous outcome can be avoided.

The basic demands of the human race are for food, shelter, and clothing. Ex-

cept for their elaboration, these differ not at all today from those of the original cave dweller, and yet 1939 A.D. is inclined to point the finger at 50,000 B.C. and say, "How perfectly silly." One great change is noted, in that the profit element has been so pronounced as to motivate most of external relations. The writing in Holy Script that "the love of money is the root of all evil" seems to be a most valuable key to the present situation. 'Money' is the symbol for the currency of Love, and its evident perversion is only the expression of love in what seems to be a most limited manner. Through the alchemy of Love, this perversion will be properly illuminated, and Love will be seen as the controlling agent; the human symbol will at once be put into its proper place.

Instead of being a hectic, troublesome, hateful sort of planet to sojourn on, the man in the street finds new visions of beauty at every turn; his business problems aren't really "problems" at all, rather they are opportunities to see the glory of God passing by. However, man is a free moral agent to accept or reject—and how utterly foolish it is to reject. The foolish virgins found that out to their sorrow.

Victory

BY W. EARLINGTON WHITNEY

*O blessed day! The dark is o'er.
My weary troubled heart finds rest.
The sunlit plane with verdured floor
Exhilarates with perfume blest.*

*I still must climb the mountain's peak
But golden sun doth light the way,
What blessings are, for those who seek,
And travel in the light of day.*

*As night departs—and sunlit sky
Reveals the plane of Destiny;
We clearly see as clouds roll by
The blessed light of Victory.*

Thought in Relation to Energy

BY R. E. BRUCE

You conquer fate by thought. If you think the fatal thought of men and institutions, you need never pull the trigger. The consequences of thinking inevitably follow.—*Carlyle*.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts.—*Buddha*.

What a man thinks, that he becomes.—*Upanishads*.

Great men are those who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force: that thoughts rule the world.—*Emerson*.



NO exaggeration is possible when speaking of the power of thought. Continual iteration has made the subject banal, so that we are apt, in the mass of verbiage, to lose sight of its profound and fundamental significance.

Thought is the most subtle force in creation. Before creation thought was, and thought was the mind of God, and creation His Mind in manifestation. Thought is the inward, spiritual manifestation of God's power, just as creation is its outward, material expression. It [as the Word] is the instrument through which His works appear, the lever that moves the universe, and the fulcrum upon which it turns. Without it no tree could grow, no flower bloom. Save for its power, man would have remained in the primeval slime. It is the precursor to all that exists on every plane, and the medium through which God expresses His personality. It is the force behind all evil and all good, and in bestowing on man the gift of thought, God made him only a little lower than Himself.

Universal energy is expressed in varying ways and forms. But (behind all manifestation) of this pervasive energy (lies coiled the infinite, illimitable power of thought. As, without thought, no thing could exist, so through it do all things live and breathe and move and have their being.)

Energy is the force behind all creation, and thought directs that energy into those

vast creative acts which make up the universe.

God is love, so that all His works are good. But He is also mind, and love being creative, there can be no expression of love without thought and mind behind it.

As Emerson says, "There is one intelligence of the heart, and another of the head." That of the head is confined within the narrow bonds of intellect, but that of the heart is limitless, transcending mentality, and reaching up to the highest, or spiritual part of man. And the mind of God is made up of the loftiest and most transcendent expression of all these principles. Love perfected, and mind perfected in both its aspects of heart and brain.

Hegel says, "If we take the One, and ask for what power, for what activity of our mind does this *One*, this absolutely Universal Being exist, we cannot but name the one activity of Mind, which corresponds to it, as constituting its proper natural domain. This activity which corresponds to the universal is thought. . . . Thought is the seat of this universal, but this seat is, to begin with, absorbed in this Being, which is one, eternal, in and for itself."

Thus the whole universe is the expression of God's thought. Life is an extension of God's afflatus.

If, (then,) thought plays so paramount a part in creation, and man possesses the power of thought within himself, how

essential it is that he should be in control of so momentous and radical a process.

If the captain does not steer his ship, it drifts on to the rocks. In the same way if man does not steer his thoughts along the lines he wishes them to follow they master him, until his personality drifts on to the rocks, and his life is swamped and wrecked.

The power of thought in man amounts to a dictatorship.

But thought is a two-edged sword, because within it dwells the Power of the Opposites. It may build up or destroy, with equal completeness. It can build up a magnetic personality, radiating energy and health, or it can drag down body, mind, and soul to the very gates of perdition.

With so great a power in our grasp an essential and obvious duty is to learn the secret of its control and use. For there can be no ignoring of this force. If we do not master it, it will master us. It is supreme, both for good and evil. A faculty so universal and so vast should be both used and comprehended. If not, it uses us. And to be mastered by thought is to sell one's soul to the devil.

For there are two ways of thinking, two different processes of thought. One gives life, the other kills. How urgent a matter it becomes, then, for us to know which brand of thought we habitually use, and to learn to choose the right one. And the touchstone is this: So long as thought is constructive, it is good. When it becomes destructive, it is bad. And it can only be one or the other.

The discouraged, downward thought is destructive. The brave, upward thought is constructive. We can all change our thoughts from wrong to right, and our destiny will change with them.

Besides low thought vibrations in connection with the present—thoughts of a downward, pessimistic nature—similar thoughts on the past are destructive, leading to dangerously low vibrations in the personality. This is because they cannot be built upon, and therefore exist only as

so much waste matter, which soon becomes fetid and fosters disease.

But the danger of theorizing is great. So much has been written about the power of thought during the last few years that it stands in danger of suffering from that familiarity which breeds contempt—and neglect.

If a man be not ready to make constructive use of his knowledge about thought and energy, they are as dangerous to him as a lighted fuse. The average, normal man is safe and happy without such knowledge, and perhaps "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." But no man ever rose out of the ruck or made any sort of mark in the world, who did not understand, either consciously or subconsciously, the workings of thought and energy, and make use of them.

In essays on the power of thought there is often no distinction made between thought and action. Action is assumed to follow on thought as inevitably as night follows day. But action is not the inevitably natural sequel of thought. Everything depends on the quality of the thought. There is an elusive, mysterious something behind all thought which determines action. For want of a better word it may be called motive, though this does not express it fully or exactly, and it might be truer to call it feeling. In regard to resulting "subconscious thought" or "subconscious impulse," often it is buried so deep beneath the conscious mind and the conscious thought that we are unaware of its existence. And there lies our danger. For to be unaware of it is to run the risk of being dominated by it. To recognize and understand its working is to subdue it to our will.

When we reflect, we realize that thought is the beginning of all literature, art, and music; of all science, architecture, making of laws, and building up of businesses. It is the core of the body politic, and the fulcrum of statesmanship.

How, then, can man obtain the vital power necessary to transmute his inborn sluggish inertia (corresponding to the

primary inertia of the cosmos) into radiant energy corresponding to that which the cosmos becomes?

By thought.

His method should be molded on that of God, who made man in His image, after His likeness. By just so much as man is able to model his procedure on that of God, will be measured the greatness of his achievement.

First love, then thought. And these two processes interact; for by taking thought man grows to love that on which he broods, whereby his thought immeasurably strengthens, becoming imbued with boundless energy.

We notice that certain people literally brim over with energy and vitality, and the stock remark of the unthinking is: "They must be very strong constitutionally, to be able to do so much." But this is not necessarily so. Some of the world's greatest workers and men of the greatest and most vital energies, have been partial invalids. Darwin, Ruskin, R. L. Stevenson, are three of the examples which at once jump to the mind. Their strength is in the power of their thoughts. Their energy and vitality lie in the alertness of brain and heart, not in the strength of the constitution.

That which differentiates the achievement of a Lincoln, a Pitt, a Disraeli, or a Da Vinci from those of lesser men, is not brain, nor even ability, but a difference in energy.

And the universe is compounded of energy.

Therefore, if man can learn to extract energy from it and to use it constructively, according to his need and desire, he has solved the secret of life.

By this it will be seen to how great an extent our lives lie in our own hands. At present the majority of us are like men standing in front of a high rock, which they know to contain ore, but with-

out either the means to climb the rock or the tools to dig out the ore.

We could all point to obscure people with brilliant minds who have never done anything in the least remarkable. That piercing glitter in the successful leader's eye, which seems to make it positively lambent with life and power, is the fire of a dynamic and indomitable energy. Energy imbues his thoughts with such strength, such dominance, that they push him ceaselessly towards invincibly dominant action. And strong thoughts translated into action develop and enlarge the faculties.

The majority of those who have risen to wealth and power have done so by practicing constructive thought—in a material way. Others have risen to name and fame through constructive thought in a spiritual sense. They are rarely rich, but they are, in the very inmost meaning of the word, successful, since their lives are lived in harmony with the highest that is in them. They may, or may not, have accumulated worldly wealth; usu-

ally they have not; they may, or may not, have reached intellectual achievement; but whatever they may seem to have missed in material goods they have gained in heavenly wisdom and possessions.

Nevertheless, the man who has risen to wealth, no matter by what undesirable methods, has certainly had to lead an existence of continual self-sacrifice before attaining his goal. And his experiences, even in such a cause, have made a stronger man of him than the effortless existence of a superior, virtuous person who follows the line of least resistance, and never accomplishes anything at all.

When God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," He was using the power of thought to suggest to Himself that it should be so. "And it was so." And when Jesus said to his disciples, "All these things shall ye do

Everything that exists in the universe was first a THOUGHT, that thought then manifesting as a word, a sound, which built all FORMS and itself manifested as the LIFE within those forms. That is the process of creation, and man, who was made in the image of God, creates in the same way to a certain extent.

—Max Heindel.

and greater works than these shall ye do," he was pointing out that within them also lay the power of thought to bring about such results.

The silent forces are strongest. In silence and in stillness lies strength. When Jesus stilled the waves, in silence he charged himself with energy, and directed the whole of this energy in one mighty concentrated intensive current of thought towards quieting the waves. And they obeyed his will. "Who is this man," said the onlookers, "that the very wind and waves obey Him?" A man who knew the secret of energy, and charged his thought with it.

To a lesser degree than Jesus, but to a far greater degree than the average man, the men of action of the world understand this charging of their system with thought and action-driving energy.

Weak thoughts make weak men. Strong thoughts make strong men, because the strong, energetic thought tends to crystallize into immediate action, whereas the weak thought weighs theories and possibilities so much that it eventually becomes sterile. No action follows, and the thought, turned in upon itself, acts destructively upon the personality of the thinker.

Why is it harder for a man to succeed in life when he has passed the meridian, if he has not succeeded before? Not because of his incapacity or weakness, or any physical disability, but because of the accumulated power of thought arrayed against him—his own and that of others—negative and distrustful because of his age. Yet the great achievements of the world, with few exceptions, have been made when their authors were no longer young. The training comes in youth, the realization—of thought power as of other things—in later years.

We are often told to control our thoughts, to *choose* the thoughts that we will think, and they in turn will control the life. This is true, so far, but *it is the subconscious thought that must be controlled*, and the subconscious thought is formed of the bulk of our conscious

thoughts. If the bulk of our conscious thoughts be optimistic, our subconscious thought will also be optimistic. If the general tendency be to negative or downward thoughts, then the subconscious will be rank with pessimism.

It is not our intermittent conscious desires, but our continuous, secret, subconscious fears that materialize into fact.

In stressing the universality and supremacy of this power, we are not suggesting that man should live on thought. This would be to eat up and destroy his very being.

How can man obtain the energizing quality essential to all fullness of life? *By love*. Love imbues the thought with strength, and the strong thought extracts energy from the universe as naturally as bees extract honey from a flower.

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In fine, even God is what you make Him by your predominant thought. The power of thought is so great that it can bring into manifestation that which it believes to be true. Such thought power, however, must be directed by reason, and has nothing in common with the delusion which makes the madman say that he is the King of England or Shah of Persia.

If you believe God to be a great and all-powerful Force ever present in your life, then does your life seem to be molded into a great and wonderful harmony; but if you believe Him to be weak and far-off, without power or concern for what happens to you, then is your life full of discords and inharmonies.

If you can see the beauty that is, then the world is full of beauty for you; but if you think it sordid and horrible, then to you and those who think like you, it is so.

The world can be, and is, heaven or hell, just as you make it for yourself. You may look at the heavens, and see the beauty of scudding clouds, or you may see only that they presage rain.

Both visions are true, but they are opposite sides of truth; for the world is like a mirror, wherein all things are reflected and man may choose which ever aspect he will.

Does Proof Enhance Faith?

BY WILLIAM BOND UNDERWOOD



WE have reached that stage in our evolutionary development where we are demanding proof in the face of faith. Not all of us, that is true, but it might be surprising what a careful survey would reveal in the way of those who are seeking proof as a prop for faith, so that their ideals will not fall apart under the burden of perplexing worldly cares and the ever widening rivalry of religious sects and creeds.

Is this a good thing? Will mankind benefit physically, mentally, and spiritually by way of this inquiry which in the opinion of some positively amounts to audacious irreverence?

But first, what is faith? Someone has said, "Faith is a belief in the impossible." This, however, obviously is not a truism since we know that in opposition to the impossible there is always the possible and, in addition, the provable. These we may use as a basis for soul satisfaction, for it is the soul in its development which craves for the higher things that lead to mastership.

The Man of Galilee boldly pronounced faith as the single greatest force for the good of mankind. Yet was He hesitant in backing up His statements with proof? He did not say, "I can heal the sick and the blind, I can raise the dead," and then fail to perform the miracles, as they have been called. Christ, who was no stranger to the workings of cosmic and natural laws, knew that even in His days people wanted and needed proof. He was aware that a single demonstration before the physical senses of man as to the practical value of faith, had the effect of opening the door to a greater faith. His was a building method, a realization that each step upward broadens the vision.

Why do we seek knowledge? What is knowledge? Knowledge, in short, is to

know. And to know we must prove to our satisfaction that such and such a thing is true, whether this state of confidence evolves from analysis, diagnosis, or experience; through the physical senses, or is brought about by way of the rudimentary instincts. There can be no doubt in knowledge although at the same time all knowledge is constantly adjusting itself to the law of universal expansion and change.

Is it inquisitiveness that drives us to "prove all things"? Should we prove all things? Is it sacrilegious to investigate, to classify, and try to prove the genuineness of religious matters as they stand? Of the many religious dogmas and creeds, how many are there whose objects are other than to attempt to understand death, to eradicate the fear complex usually associated with so-called death?

We believe and have faith each night upon retiring, in the dawn of another day, in the glorious spectacle of another sunrise, faith that life will carry on in its usual manner: laughter and sorrow, sunshine and shadow, bitter with the sweet. Faith of this nature is so firmly established that we scarcely give it a thought. It is taken for granted because time and time again during the past it has been proven to be so. The negative emotion, fear, is based upon a lack of knowledge. Faith, a positive emotion, is in direct contrast to fear. Can we say, then, that it is wrong or impious to question matters of which we have no definite knowledge or proof, other than that coming from so-called infallible or authentic sources which in their divers opinions and expressions are almost as many as are the days of a year? It is granted here that variety is one of the inexorable laws of nature. Diverse opinions, therefore, are natural. But should this

indicate that any one opinion, dogma, or creed is infallible, to be taken as unquestionably authentic?

What is authentic? The law of gravity may be considered as authentic and is accepted as such by everyone irrespective of creed, training, or race. All may not have the same name for it. An African jungle native may have no name for it at all. However, he respects it and has had proof of its force. Also all beasts of forest and plain, even the bird with the crippled wing. All have *faith* in its unswerving manifestations. We are in fact figuratively surrounded by a concrete circle of authenticity of the established, ineradicable sort. Of the other types, we as "sparks of the Divine" should eventually be able to distinguish the chaff from the wheat.

Many things invisible and intangible are authentic, or rather the consequence of their existence as a force is authentic. Love and its antithesis, hate, are these. No one will deny this. Season cycles, reproduction and growth belong to the "family" of the authentic. So do all the laws of Nature and the Cosmos; and the manner in which the individual reacts to their influences alone causes a difference of opinion which lays the foundation for the creation of beliefs, dogmas and creeds, and as a result, their accompanying forms of atonement and propitiation.

An infant must first fall before he learns that there is this undesirable possibility. He must be burnt before he learns that fire is not to be played with. And can we truly say that a newly-born child has any faith other than that carried over from a past life or lives? Why should he? He has experienced nothing in the life cycle he is about to enter. He has yet gained no knowledge. He knows appetite, hunger. Perhaps his wailing is due to a fear that his gnawing hunger will not be satisfied. But after the first

few feedings he has developed *faith* that whenever the pangs of hunger assert themselves, they will be relieved. Gradually his faith is broadened so that he takes many things for granted because he has had proof that they are so.

It is assumed by some that if we follow an attitude of "taking for granted" that which we are taught, as a blotter takes up ink, that we are intentionally evading truth, thus subjugating ourselves to the forces of evil. Yet who can mark with exactness where good leaves off and evil begins? That these opposing forces exist is apparent. One brings harmony and peace, the other suffering and chaos when (and that rarely) confronted in their pure, unadulterated form. They are so interrelated that without tabulation, without questioning, the finesse of their workings serves to establish no firm basis for an assurance that that which we have been taught as wholly good is not tainted with evil, and that which we have thought of as wholly evil possesses nothing of good. To "let your conscience be your guide" opens the door to a great variety of inter-



pretations, manifestations, and personal gratifications, since the individual conscience is founded upon the individual's reactions to natural laws.

That we will stumble, that we will possibly intrude upon sacred ground during the process of our investigations is inevitable. That at times we must retrace our steps is unavoidable. We cannot aspire to cross the Desert of Doubt and enter into the Land of Certainty without first experiencing the bitterness of delusion, the thirst of near despair, and the wear and tear of boresome routine. We cannot, in short, hope to fly before we can walk. And we cannot at this time disprove that we have grown beyond the waddling stage. Trial and error will line the pathway—but the goal

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There Shall Be Wings

A Dream Fantasy

BY GUSSIE ROSS JOBE

There shall be wings. If the accomplishment be not for me, 'tis for some other. It shall be done. The spirit cannot lie; and man who shall know all and who shall have wings, shall indeed be as a god.

—Leonardo da Vinci.



HE conductor on the "owl car" shook me awake. "Bus stop," he said, yawning prodigiously. I climbed from the car and wandered over to the platform before which the early morning bus would halt for passengers. It had not yet arrived and I fumed awhile for I wanted to climb aboard and resume my nap as we waited fifteen minutes for the outbound woodland car.

It was three o'clock in the morning late in August, 1930. I was just off duty at the big St. Luke's hospital in Cleveland, Ohio. Morning was unusually hot and close, a sort of a smothery, no-air feeling that made me gasp for breath, and finally my nose started to bleed. Now I never have nose-bleed and I stood in annoyed discomfort trying to staunch the flow when suddenly the air was filled with a regular downpour of black rain. It fell in dense intensity, little sharp stinging pellets of something that was too harsh for soot and too small for cinders. The very street lights were blacked out by its thick darkness. I drew back beneath the small jutting roof of the platform in an effort to evade this strange rain which I knew by its curious metallic odor made my nose bleed more profusely conflagration. The sulphurous, strangling odor made my nose bleed more profusely than ever and my eyes overran with tears as I struggled for breath. I did not know what to do. If I could reach an all-night drugstore . . . but how could I see the way through this queer downpour? Then as suddenly as it began—it stopped. I mopped my face free from blood and cinders and then I saw *him*.

He came hurtling down apparently from the sky. He was doubled up like a jackknife, and miraculously, just as he was about to strike the ground, he gave a graceful twist like a swimmer under water and landed like a cat upon his feet. He stood erect and I saw the tallest man it had ever been my fortune to gaze upon. He was in fact a superman—perfectly proportioned, and his face even through soot and grime was undeniably handsome and intelligent. He wore a one-piece suit that looked like suede. It fitted him closely and all he needed was a feather to make him look like Robin Hood. Upon his head was a metal helmet and upon his feet were the strangest coverings one could imagine; they too seemed to be of some soft pliable metal and they were *toed* as a glove is fingered. Upon his back—just between the shoulder blades—was strapped a small skin bag somewhat smaller than a cigar box and flatter.

I don't remember what I thought if anything, for these two strange things, the black rain and this huge man had happened so close together that I was sort of dazed. The bus now came rolling up and Tim the driver swung off dashing his cap against his knee and rubbing gritty eyes. He must have seen me hazily for he called out, "That you, Doc? where was the fire?" Then without waiting for an answer he swung into the lunch room for his coffee and egg.

I boarded the bus and sat by a window so I could see what became of the tall man. To my surprise he too climbed aboard, passed me and went to the back of the bus and stood there not bothering

to be seated. I now had time to surmise about him and decided that he was some sort of a stunt flyer. One saw them often in the skies nowadays, their planes belching out smoke letters that advertised some commercial article. Yes, that was the answer, he was a stunt flyer; his plane had caught fire and he had jumped for safety. This theory took care of the black rain but not the fact that the parachute (if that was what it was) on his back had not opened and still he had made the descent uninjured. But I was quite satisfied with myself for arriving at this explanation; and of course he had been selected for his height and dressed freakily for publicity. Satisfied I sat back and closed my eyes. The outbound woodland car had no passengers for us and presently Tim came aboard, the corners of his mouth decorated with egg and a toothpick held at an angle between his teeth. He sat down in the driver's seat, jiggled a few things on the front board, jerked a lever then looked at the coin slot. "Hey!" he called back. "Which of you two geezers ain't paid?"

"Mine's in," I stated.

"Then ante up, you bozo," he peered at his other fare through the dim light. Tim waited a moment and as the strange man made no move to come forward and insert a coin, Tim rattled his clippers against the coin receptacle. He twisted all the way around in his seat and focused his eyes on the silent man who stood so nonchalantly at ease.

"Hey, Apple-knocker, who the heck do you thing you are? It costs a dime to ride on this bus; think you're on a kiddy-car?" The tall fellow made a graceful glide (I could hardly say he walked) and stood before Tim gazing down at him with a cool impersonal look. Still he said nothing and made no move to pay. Tim's Irish face took on an aggressive look as his eyes traveled up and

down the man's tall form, bulging a little as they fell upon the prehensile feet in their strange casings. "What the heck?" he muttered under his breath, then aloud: "I didn't know that Barnum and Bailey show is in town; what are you supposed to be—the giant-man or the Bird-man?" Tim glanced at the toed feet.

And then I saw a most extraordinary thing happen. I hardly know how to put this into words that will sound plausible but as near as I can explain what happened, the big man turned a tiny beam of light onto Tim's brow. This beam sprang from his own brow. It rayed out strong and golden from beneath his helmet and was about the width of one's forefinger. Tim sat back bewildered, his eyes held by the serious ones that looked so deeply into their depths. Suddenly the tall fellow's own eyes cleared and a look of understanding came. Snapping open a pocket high on his breast he extracted a coin, it fell jingling into the coin box, a strange golden coin stamped with queer hieroglyphics. Tim eyed the strange coin through the glass sides.

"Oh, no, you don't, Big Boy! that phoney jack's no good here. Put in a dime—ten cents—United States coin. See?" Tim looked a bit confused by it all. I knew that Tim could not return the golden coin as the money box was unlocked only at headquarters. Evidently it was the only money the stranger had. He stood watching Tim's brow intently and making no effort to do anything further. I was anxious for Tim to start so I reached over and dropped a dime into the slot. "There's his fare, Tim. What's the matter with you, anyway? Get going." Tim released the brakes and we rumbled away.

The stranger returned to his place at the back of the bus. I think I must have napped for when Tim called my street I



got out forgetting all about the man until I heard a strange slithering upon the pavement behind me like the claws of a walking bird. Turning, I saw my huge friend right behind me. I stopped short and waited for him to come up with me; I had a couple of blocks to walk before I reached home.

Would it do any good to speak to him? ask him where he came from, and whither he was bound? I knew for certain that he could not speak our tongue. On the other hand, I knew that due to some strange agency he had managed to understand Tim; so, standing stock still in the early morning darkness I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. Instantly the strange ray sprayed from his forehead to mine and it seemed so much stronger and more powerful here in the darkness than it had looked on the lighted bus. Suddenly I knew he was looking into my brain and reading my thoughts, and as strangely I somehow knew that by the agency of this beam I could also read his. I fixed my eyes upon the spot of light and gradually the unfoldment of his wishes came to me. There was no sound, no words . . . *I just knew.*

It seemed that he wanted to "talk" with me and I did some quick thinking. My wife was on a visit to her mother and I would be alone in the house. Why not ask him to come in with me? He got this before I could project it in order and with one accord we started onward toward my home; my sturdy leather soles tap-tapping in step with his mailed toes.

Presently we were in my living room and made ourselves comfortable in our different ways. I seated myself in an upholstered chair and my guest in his relaxed standing pose leaned against the wall. It gradually dawned upon me that the man was not built for sitting as he seemed to be jointed only at the knees and elbows.

I am not a profound thinker, just an ordinary man that sort of glances over the scientific discoveries and dismisses them as something too deep to penetrate, but the radio always seemed to me a fore-

runner of something to follow—something very important, indeed, maybe mental telepathy—that would be substituted for speech and hearing. In one sense the human mind is a broadcasting as well as a receiving instrument and if *nothing is lost*, then somewhere in the ether there must exist the "thought archetype" of every idea and thought conceived.

This man or superman (as I soon found him to be) possessed an active power of mind that enabled him not only to read my thoughts but helped me to read his in return. The "conversation" that followed was in no particular language. He made no effort to talk down to me and I made none to strain for things and terms I thought might be easier for him to understand. We just *thought* to each other, but, definitely—we made no sounds. There was no hesitation; smoothly and rapidly we "conversed" and I wish it were as easy to put down on paper. His name was Seagram, just that—Seagram, and he was a scientist and explorer from the planet Jupiter.

Life on this planet appeared to be farther advanced both in civilization and spirituality than our earth. The planetary aspects which had occurred early this morning and which had brought the black rain had been foretold and eagerly anticipated by Jupiter experts for many years. These particular positions of the planets he said would occur but once in many hundred years and for the past fifty years the scientists on Jupiter had been preparing for a visit to the lesser planets at the exact moment this change should take place. They reasoned that at no other time would the pressures and atmospheric conditions be propitious; at no other time could they escape annihilation in the effort to bridge the distance.

Many years of toil had gone into the fashioning of the space-ship, coated and recoated with protective substances, wired and furnished with every safety device known to the scientists on that planet, and lastly the invention of the

wings so cunningly contrived and fastened upon each man's back. These wings were to bridge the final gap, and verify all that they had guessed at but could not know. Wings, at last. Not the clumsy parachutes we use or the clumsier aeroplane, but tiny, compact, filmy wings folded inside a box of skin, stronger than any known composition and operated entirely by *breath control*. Yes, breath-power—which is given to all by God and used by men either sparingly or neglectfully, little realizing its mighty possibilities.

Seagram was the youngest one of the chosen crew. For many years he had attended the lectures, and practised the instructions on the uses of this breath control. Years of hard study and rigorous living for each of the crew had preceded this experimental adventure.

And it had failed; not, said Seagram, through any fault of the wings; no, the wings had worked perfectly as long as he had been able to follow the rules, but he had been rash in his zeal and allowed himself to wander too far away from the others. He had been sucked down in the black rain that he should not have contacted, and how was he to get back to the space-ship without their united efforts? How could he find his companions? How endure on a strange planet?

It was unfortunate that Seagram's contact with an inhabitant of another planet should yield no better a medium than I was, for while I was deeply interested in the facts of this Jupiterian experiment, the details stayed with me only while he was talking. But I sat there absorbing this tale, marveling at his accounts of explosions of planets that blazed to a height of 600,000 miles above the sun, appearing like fire-spitting dragons which made the other planets *breathe visibly*. It all sounded sublime but nothing of it did I fully understand.

This method of "conversing" took much less time than an audible conversation and we covered a lot of ground in a very few moments. Seagram told me that

Earth was known to other planets as "the planet of wars." I felt deeply ashamed but I had to acknowledge that we did have them. He asked me about our scientific progress and I told him all our recent inventions that seemed colossal to me—the radio, the aeroplane, the talking pictures, television, telephotos. Each one I mentioned seemed to amuse him. He pronounced them but crude toys, clumsy and still in their infancy. He asked me about our customs, foods, religions, manner of propagating and after I had told him all I could I eagerly asked about the customs on Jupiter. This interested him less than our astrological and astronomical data of which he was eager to learn but of which I could give him no information.

Slowly the morning came on while I plied the superman with questions. I learned that man on Jupiter is androgynous, that is, one sexed, able to propagate the species from himself without assistance. They are not herb or meat eaters but subsist on a food prepared in laboratories and which contains every essence necessary to life and health. This food I gathered from his explanation was something on the order of our button mushroom. It satisfied every need of physical hunger and was delicious tasting. Their occupations were chiefly work in the big clothing manufacturing lofts where material, gathered from certain sources, was then woven, fashioned, and meted out to the populace. The laboratories cultivating the food-bulb also employed many workers. Their pleasures seemed to be of a high order: lectures, air trips, concerts. There was no hard labor, no sickness, no prisons, no criminals. Their religion, it seemed, was a sort of striving for perfection in order to enable each to merge at last into what Seagram called the Infinite Power or Over-Soul.

"You do die, there?" I asked.

"*Nothing dies*, not the smallest spark of life from the amœba to the superman. *Life is growth*, there is no death—only a *series of promotions*."

I got the idea that death on Jupiter was a sort of a fading away like the leaves in the fall season on Earth.

Outside my living-room window there was a stirring in the maple leaves and an occasional sleepy twitter from the awakening birds; the heavy early morning dew drenched the petunia bed and the flowers' sweet perfume arose to us in heady draughts, the faintest little thread of pink laced through the clouds and Seagram drew his tall height erect in alarm.

"Take me up to your house-top at once. I must get away before the sun is higher." Now I had no way of getting to the roof of my house in a hurry but there was a long closed-in porch above, that had an iron railing. To this porch we wended our way and from it Seagram made his flight away from Earth. For an instant he stood looking deeply into my eyes and his look was one of affection and hope. The ray from his forehead gleamed red as a neon light as he blessed me and gave me over to the sure mercies of the Infinite Power. His parting words were more like a chanted prayer than a "Goodbye." He seemed to feel sure that somewhere, sometime, we two should meet again. I asked him if he thought he would find his companions again somewhere in the ether but he seemed to think it doubtful.

"I can but try," he flashed me the words, "and if I am annihilated by the air pressures that may resume after last night's manifestation—well then, I have, by my efforts to learn, achieved a swift promotion—and I am prepared and more than satisfied." He did not take my hand in parting but he flashed me a last word, "Someday the Earth-man shall fly—not clumsily as now in things of steel and

wood, but on their own power as the birds. Then ye shall be as gods."

Seagram mounted the iron railing, his prehensile mailed toes gripped the rail like some giant bird. Then he stood erect and inflated his lungs in such a great gulp of air that his chest seemed to be drawn beneath his chin. This lungful of air he slowly released. Then he drew a series of small ricocheting breaths that sounded like sharp hiccoughs; these were followed by an interval when he seemed to hold his breath entirely. Then suddenly in the midst of another full, swelling breath he unloosed his toes; I heard the faintest whirring sound from the box upon his shoulder and Seagram shot out from the railing and up, up into the sky so swiftly and so surely that I can scarcely say I saw him go. It was more like the blurred flight of a humming-bird than anything else I can think of.

I stood a long, long time straining my eyes upward while the faint red thread of the rising sun deepened into apricot, then gold, and the birds were now fully awake and greeting the new day with songs of praise. I could see nothing, not the merest speck that might be Seagram, only the colorful grandeur of the ever beautiful dawning of a new and fresh day. I went thoughtfully back into my living room. In my upholstered chair I sat musing over the strange adventure, marveling and awed that such a thing should happen to so ordinary a person as myself. Finally I fell asleep and when I at last awoke the hot noonday sun was beating in upon me. I yawned, stretched and arose from cramped discomfort to seek some food.

"What a dream; what a dream!" I thought hazily.



The Astral Ray

Astrology is a phase of Mystic Religion, as sublime as the stars with which it deals, and not to be confused with fortunetelling. The educational value of astrology lies in its capacity to reveal the hidden causes at work in our lives. It counsels the adults in regard to vocation, the parents in the guidance of children, the teachers in management of pupils, the judges in executing sentence, the physicians in diagnosing disease, and in similar manner lends aid to each and all in whatever station or enterprise they may find themselves.

The laws of Rebirth and Consequence work in harmony with the stars, so that a child is born at the time when the positions of the bodies in the solar system will give the conditions necessary for its experience and advancement in the school of life.

Astrology as a Factor in Education

BY ALFA LINDANGER

The following article is reprinted from our magazine of September, 1926. The fundamental principles given are as timely now as then.—EDITOR.



IN the last decade there has been a very noticeable and gratifying awakening in the press and among our educators, as well as administrators of justice, to the salient fact that civic reforms must come about through education; that a definite all-embracing system of child training and correction of moral defects in their incipiency, plus the encouragement of a stabilized home life, is the only solution for the present social problems and chaotic conditions.

The old hidebound rule-of-thumb way of cramming "the three R's" into recalcitrant youth is fortunately entirely discarded in most of our schools. A decided impetus towards higher standards in education has steadily been observed, due partially to the late war, when a nation, complacent and proud of its public schools, stood aghast at the low rating of mentality of their "finished" mass product, the potential soldier, the "rookie."

Widespread attention from the people at large through the medium of the press has recently been focused upon our greatest national asset, the children. A new type of education has come into being. It has been discovered that better results are derived by fitting the method

to the child, rather than as heretofore, the child to the method.

We now hear of psychoanalysis, the science of the subconscious mind, applied to the teaching profession. Educational experiments are now going on in earnest at our universities and other institutions of learning. Intelligence tests have been perfected to such a degree that it is now possible to foretell with approximate certainty whether a child will become "a hod carrier, a Babe Ruth, or merely a senator," according to a report of a University of California professor. These tests have become so systematized that it is said they vary no more than 3.5 points at their maximum. Therefore they are invaluable in "placing men and women in their proper spheres, and eliminating the mediocre and inefficient from positions where they do not belong."

The psychology department of Stanford University has, through a unique educational experiment, been investigating and searching for the most gifted children in order to plan their education with a view to their highest development. Through their tests these psychologists have selected one thousand remarkably bright children from the public schools in California. Their careers are to be followed in order to find out how they succeed in practical life. "This investigation has three objects: first, to find, if possible, what genius really is; second,

where it comes from ; third, what methods are best for its development.”

This is the first large group of “geniuses” ever studied, and it will be the first that has ever had the advantage of special education. We know pretty well how to educate the feeble-minded but how best to educate a bright child is not so well known. To find geniuses while children and give them special training and responsibility early in life is our greatest hope for a better social order.

Professor Terman in his *Genetic Studies of Genius*, says: “Educational procedure, to be sound, must always be based upon an analysis of the raw material with which it deals.” But this “raw material” must be old enough for examination. It presupposes a child of school age with habits and characteristics definitely established; also, and the most important, *ipso facto*, the actual presence of the child when tested.

In the main the psychological tests consist in finding the child’s capacity and aptitude for *observation, speed, accuracy, memorizing, application*, etc. For small children they usually include the concrete objects. At best the results are association of ideas through pictures, and merely tentative. Also the labor involved in collecting data, ascertaining family history, and classifying, tabulating, rating, and reporting on the data is enormous and expensive.

Surely the educators would be glad to know of a more direct method, one much simpler and more reliable, the deepest system of human analysis and one in which the only data necessary are those of sex, birthplace, and exact time of birth.

As the young mother fondly gazes upon her newborn infant, the dimpled morsel of humanity slumbering in its downy cradle, would she not wish to know what talents and gifts of the gods had been bestowed upon it? It is possible to learn this, and more, through the divine science of astrology, the golden key of knowledge which will unlock the

doors of our hidden powers and our undreamed of possibilities.

Astrology is the science of tendencies. It teaches the harmony of nature. It is the concord of mathematics and the celestial aspects of cosmic law. Astrology, in its purity, is a true guide of life. It has been used and guarded throughout the ages of dark materialism by the savants and sages from Pythagoras to Christ, from Copernicus to Tycho Brahe and Kepler, and from Bacon and Shakespeare to the present day. And now a band of esoteric students selected for that purpose is reverently offering its teachings to the world at large, the world which so sorely needs its light and which now may be ready to accept its divine truth.

As a man sows, so must he also reap. Past actions result in present environment and character. Therefore we are born at a time when the vibrations in the ethers and the positions of the planetary bodies are in accord with our individual stage in evolution as determined by our past lives, and will give us the conditions necessary for our advancement in the school of life. “To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.” (Ecclesiastes 3:1-2.)

There should be no doubt in the mind of intelligent people about the influence of the heavenly bodies on human life when we consider that wireless waves of different lengths sent out from man-made radio stations can make themselves felt and be registered by mechanical devices thousands of miles away. Quite recently there have been discovered cosmic rays one hundred times more penetrating than the powerful X-ray, and these have been studied and measured by delicate scientific instruments. Dr. Robert A. Millikan, head of the California Institute of Technology, calls these wonderful rays “invisible messengers from the great cosmic spaces beyond the ken of man.”

The message of the stars is learned through the horoscope. A scientific horoscope is a measure of a man's progress in time and space, and is computed from the positions of the planets at the moment of birth. By means of the horoscope the etheric vibrations then imprinted upon the child are deciphered, and will largely show the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual possibilities of the newly born. The horoscope gives a revelation of the potentialities of life from the cradle to the grave, just as the seed of a plant has within it all the embryonic elements which make the roots, stem, leaves, flowers, and fruit.

Let us see how the idea of educational astrology could be carried out to the best advantage and in the simplest way at the present time. First, all physicians attending obstetrical cases should be required to register the exact time when the child draws its first breath, which usually (but not always) is coincident with the first cry.* In every community there should be established official bureaus in charge of competent masters of astrology, where children's charts may be calculated according to data furnished by parents or doctors. This incidentally would constitute a complete registration and classification of each individual citizen, which in the future should prove of incalculable value in rating aspirants for public offices. There should be strict state or national supervision of these bureaus.

The delineation of the chart should be clear and concise, using no astrological terms confusing to the lay mind. The "plans and specifications" of the child's nature should be stated so as to be a plain guide for the parents and teachers in training and restraining it. The key-stone of the personality is the mind. First, look at the quality of the mind; then, find what channels it should follow for its best expression, which will determine the child's aptitude for a certain

vocation. Then the moral tendencies should be examined, pointing out the trend of possible evil and the preventive measures for its avoidance. Next the physical constitution should be investigated, showing what possible ailment may develop if not guarded against, and how it may be dispelled. Scientific methods of nutrition, hygiene, and sanitation should be emphasized.

The constructive training of our children should begin in infancy by wise and understanding parents. The child's fundamental education should consist in helping it to establish good habits through regularity and simplicity in all functions at all times. When the child becomes of school age, it may be quite definitely known from the horoscope for what it is best fitted, and its energies may be turned into constructive channels for its ultimate success and happiness. What a boy or girl is good for may be determined with reasonable accuracy if we have a scientific horoscope to go by. One prime idea is to starve out incipient evil while nourishing and developing the good, thus minimizing pain and suffering.

It requires no stretch of imagination to see how scientific esoteric astrology will simplify and greatly improve child training, substituting corrective measures in infancy and plastic childhood for punitive ones later, while crime incentive will consequently diminish for lack of material to feed upon.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Proverbs 22:6.)

And the old saying, "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined," is profound wisdom, which should speedily be rescued from the limbo of other almost forgotten disciplinary precepts.

Each child born into this world ought to find the fullest opportunity and the largest measure of assistance awaiting it, in order to develop the qualities and potentialities latent in its nature as completely and harmoniously as possible. The education and moral training of our

*This has become a requirement in some states, although not for astrological reasons.—EDITOR.

children are paramount for the future development of our nation, and astrological findings may become most important factors in helping forward evolution and the eventual perfection of the race. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." (Isaiah, 55:13.)

Another educational and equally important application of the stellar science is in choosing one's marriage partner. An ideal, harmonious marriage will usually only result when the charts of both parties are blended and balanced physically, morally, and spiritually. Unless there is considerable harmony shown in the charts the couple should not marry, no matter what the first strong attraction dictates. Unhappiness, perhaps untold suffering, would quite likely follow marriage. Better a few tears before than a lifelong sorrow afterward.

The union of a well mated couple will result in comparatively perfect offspring. When people marry according to the law of harmony, children will not be accidents. Parenthood is the most sacred function in life, for the man as well as the woman. Love is the strongest force in creation. A perfect, reciprocal love is a most wonderful tonic and a stimulus to bring out all the vital power in man; it is also the greatest factor in the bringing forth of superior children. Peace, joy, and happiness would reign supreme in a home where such love prevailed. A nation of families like that would indeed be unconquerable. Training for parenthood and the training of children then become the most important problems of the world today.

The ancient Greeks and Egyptians were governed in their marriages and the rearing of their children by the advice of the high priests of stellar law. During the ensuing centuries the divine science of astrology gradually became degraded and profaned, and at last so entirely obscured by corruption and

misuse that its light was hidden from the people completely. Its flickering flame down through the ages was faithfully kept alive only by solitary savants, who had to disguise its truth under the cloak of allegory and symbol.

But humanity is stirring; it is waiting and eagerly looking for relief from intolerable conditions, yet not knowing how to obtain it. The time has come to resurrect this long forgotten teaching of divine law and apply it to the needs of society today.

When the age-old selfishness of individuals and nations has eventually spent itself, we shall indeed see progress along all lines of endeavor beyond our wildest dreams. And it will not be so far into the future, either. By the middle of the century—say about 1950 or 1960—when this vital knowledge has been generally applied and has had ample time to demonstrate results, we shall see effects which will be remarkable and astonishing.

And be it also known that not so many years hence we shall suffer less from seismic disturbances, cataclysms, and other destructive forces in nature than now, for man and macrocosm are subject to the same laws. When humanity calms down, so will the earth. More settled and happier conditions will prevail throughout all nature, and the elements will yield their bounty for the lasting benefit and progress of man.

Therefore let reason, knowledge, and love go hand in hand for the creation of real homes, ideal parents, perfect children, making the sum total a great nation.

*Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven;
If in your bright leaves we would read the
fate*

*Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have nam'd
themselves a star.—Byron.*

Is Astrology Worth Studying?

BY EVELYN LONG MCGEE

“**W**HY, Mary! How on earth did you get interested in astrology? You—of all people!”

“Well, Auntie, a lecturer made me mad because he said that my husband and I were unsuited to each other, according to the stars. I was so indignant that I made up my mind then that I would study and find out for myself what the science of astrology would reveal to me.”

“But you have always said you didn’t believe in fortune-telling.”

“I don’t, and even less, if possible, since I have studied astrology. That is not fortune-telling at all. I am not at all interested in predictions; it is enough to know the personality characteristics, physical weaknesses, mental traits, and spiritual lessons of each life as mapped by a natal horoscope. With this knowledge a person can use his will and get the best out of any life, no matter what the difficulties.”

“But did you find out anything about you and Jim? I always thought you got along pretty well. I know you were certainly in love with each other when you got married. You both showed it only too plainly.”

“Yes, the stars have told me many things. We did love each other and still do. But we each had our ideal mate so fixed in our minds that we made each other unhappy trying to get the other one to live up to that ideal, instead of recognizing the individual personality of each, and helping each other to live his own destiny to the best of his ability. We both were too critical, intolerant, and lacking in understanding.”

“Well, Mary, I still don’t see where astrology comes in. Anyone could have told you, and no doubt many have, that you can’t make a man over. You have to take him or leave him, as he is.”

“Yes, Auntie, I was told that fre-

quently. But that didn’t keep me from wanting to change certain characteristics. He already had so many good points, I wanted him to have a few more. And I couldn’t understand why we got into such heated arguments over such little things when we really meant nothing by it.”

“Don’t tell me astrology explains that?”

“But it does! You see, after I erected both our horoscopes I found that the sun signs blended very nicely, one being earth and the other water, but nearly all of my planets are in fire signs and I have not one in a water sign, while most of Jim’s planets are in watery signs, although he has some in fire signs, also.”

“Oh, I see. So you try to burn him up and he throws water on you, so then you get steam. Is that the idea?”

“How well you put it! Yes, that is the idea.”

“Now, what are you going to do about it? You can’t change those elements in his make-up or yours, can you? Isn’t that part of the Map of Destiny as you call it?”

“No, we can’t change those elements, but we can change the use we make of them. I try not to be so fiery that it will cause Jim to throw water on me, and so we avoid much steam.”

“What about those disagreeable traits that you have been trying to change? Does his horoscope explain any of that?”

“Indeed it does. When I realize what a terrible person he really could have been, I am so thankful he is so nice that I can almost forget the few faults he does manifest.”

“What do you mean? How on earth could he have been a terrible person? He is good and honest through and through.”

“Of course he is, and I can appreciate him more than ever when I know that he could have been just the opposite because

of the many square aspects between his planets. He certainly did pick out some difficult debts of destiny to pay in this life."

"What are you talking about? Surely you haven't gone in for reincarnation and all that, too, have you?"

"Aunty! Don't talk like that! I haven't 'gone in' for anything. I have simply found out some Truths about life that make living understandable and bearable. One must accept the fact of reincarnation to get the real scientific significance of astrology. The good and bad of each soul in many incarnations determines the lessons to be learned in each life and the abilities one has with which to learn them, as shown in each person's Map of Destiny, the horoscope."

"Does that account for the saying, 'There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it ill behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us'?"

"Yes, it does. And it also accounts for the seeming dual personalities of so many people and the inconsistencies of us all."

"Jim doesn't seem inconsistent to me."

"No, you haven't lived with him, but those inconsistencies don't worry me any more for I know that he is just resisting some of his negative tendencies when he goes into his shell and won't be friendly. I no longer antagonize him at such times by questions as to what is the matter, but try to help by being understanding and sending him peaceful, strengthening, loving thoughts."

"Do tell me what some of those inconsistencies are, then maybe I can understand better what you mean."

"All right. You know how very conventional he is and how long it takes him to make up his mind and then how hard it is to change it. That particular characteristic is shown in his horoscope by the fact that he has a fixed sign, Aquarius, rising at the time of his birth. Aquarius is his Ascendant. You also know how he hates to be different from those he is with and how he will do things against his con-

victions just to keep from being conspicuous. Isn't that inconsistent? And that tendency is shown by the fact that his Sun is in the sign of Pisces, a weak, emotional, watery sign whose natives are easily influenced by their associates. Most Pisceans are quite stout and you know that Jim is quite thin—in fact, much more an Aquarian in every way, physically and morally.

"The positions of his planets at the time of his birth show an affliction which causes this seeming contradiction to the influence of his Sun sign. Saturn, the planet of suppression and obstruction, is in Virgo, which governs the intestines and assimilation and is in opposition to his Sun and his Jupiter, the planet of expansion. So you see no matter how much fattening food he eats it won't make fat on him; while I can live on the non-fattening foods and then have to fast regularly to keep from getting too fat—am almost too fat now."

"And do the planets show that tendency in your horoscope?"

"Yes, the positions of the planets at the time of my birth show quite a tendency to corpulence. So it pays me to be careful about what I eat for the sake of looks as well as health."

"Did the stars tell you, as the lecturer did, that you and Jim are unsuited to each other?"

"Yes and no. Now, Aunty, don't look so shocked. According to some of the signs and planetary aspects Jim and I are suited to each other but according to some others we are not suited to each other at all and can do each other real harm. But there is one thing the lecturer did not take into consideration, a thing that no horoscope can ever show, and that is the will power of each individual. If Jim and I have the desire to get along together and will put our will power back of that desire, we can get along no matter what the planetary influence. It might be awfully hard on both of us at certain times, but we must always remember that 'the stars incline, but they do not compel.' We have lived together

for over fifteen years without all this knowledge. With the same desire to help each other and with the knowledge revealed by the stars as to how to help each other, I feel sure we will enjoy and appreciate each other more and more as we learn and develop together."

"Of course you will. Does Saturn have some hard lessons for you, also?"

"Yes, indeed; plenty hard! Saturn is in Sagittarius in my ninth house. Physically that shows a weakness in my hips. You remember about my leg slipping out of joint in early adolescence, at the same time I had St. Vitus Dance, and how hard it was for me to maintain my balance for so many years after? I frequently tripped myself and fell. Many members of the family teased me for being so clumsy but it was truly an affliction. I have always felt quite a stiffness in my hips."

"It isn't noticeable now at all. How did you overcome it?"

"By constant regular exercise. If I miss my exercises one day I feel an added stiffness and heaviness. Of course, I resented the condition and couldn't understand it until my study of astrology revealed to me that it was one of my life lessons and a handicap to overcome. Another lesson that my Saturn has for me is in regard to my in-laws. They have never been in sympathy with me or my way of doing things. There has been a constant undercurrent of friction much of the time, and I have been most antagonistic towards their criticisms of me and have tried to justify myself to them. Now I know that they just don't see things as I do and that they have different lessons to learn, so I am able to send out loving thoughts in answer to their criticisms and usually can change the subject to avoid differences of opinion. I don't even try to justify myself. Naturally Jim appreciates this change in my attitude toward them."

"Saturn is rather hard on you, isn't he?"

"Yes, and that is not all. He is also in my house of philosophy and religion and is in opposition to my Neptune, which

is the planet of spirituality. That means that I have difficulty in finding a satisfactory philosophy and that I am liable to get the wrong angle on religious and spiritual things. You know how true that has been. I have been seeking for years for that inner spiritual peace that you, and Mother, and some others have."

"You seem to have found something that has made you less resentful toward everything. But with such a Saturn how do you account for that? Is it some more of your will power?"

"Yes, that is part of it. However, I have good aspects to my Neptune from the Moon and Mercury. The Moon indicates mentality and Mercury reasoning power. So with these aspects there is ability to get to the bottom of things and really understand some spiritual truths that I could not accept just on faith. The Rosicrucian Philosophy ties all this up so beautifully with astrology and Christianity that most of the things that were disturbing me have cleared up or are becoming more acceptable to me."

"Does Jim see these things as you do? He did doubt everything."

"That is another interesting thing that astrology has revealed and explained. When I first became interested in occult study I was very persistent in trying to get him to study with me and read everything I did. He was interested to a certain extent but he still questioned everything. What seemed so reasonable and satisfactory to me needed to be proved to him. He said he had to spend his time trying to make a living for his family and he didn't have time for it—he needed to study his business.

"After I studied his horoscope I knew why he felt that way. His Neptune is completely afflicted by His Sun and his Mercury. That accounts for both his seeming lack of interest and understanding of such things. However, since he has seen how much they mean to me and when I am able to answer so many of his questions according to astrology or based on my metaphysical studies, he will now

(Continued on page 382)

Astrological Readings for Subscribers' Children

We delineate each month in this department the horoscope of *ONE* of our subscribers' children, age up to twenty-one years. This includes a general reading and also vocational guidance advice. The names are drawn by lot. Each FULL year's subscription, either a new one or a renewal, entitles the subscriber to an *application* for a reading. The application should be made when the subscription is sent in. The applications not drawn by lot lose their opportunity for a reading. *Readings are NOT given with EACH subscription, but only to the ONE CHILD whose name is drawn each month.*

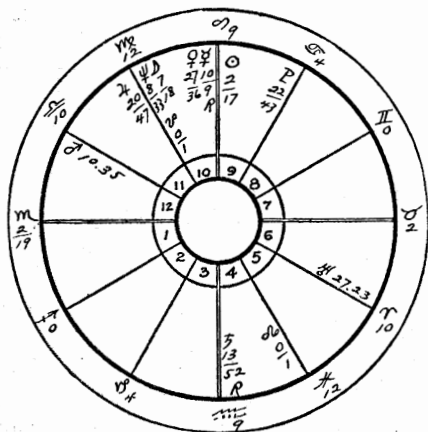
In applying be sure to give name, sex, birthplace; and year, month, and day of birth; also hour and minute of birth as nearly as possible. If the time of birth is *Daylight Saving Time*, be sure to state this, otherwise the delineation will be in error.

We neither set up nor read horoscopes for money, and we give astrological readings only in this magazine.

ROBERTA FRANCES F.

Born July 25, 1933 at 12:25 Noon.

Latitude 42 N. Longitude 73 W.



in the tenth house, the Lady Venus is trine Uranus and semisextile Jupiter and Pluto. Surely this soul has builded its house on a rock which will stand and which will be the temple of a soul that can accomplish much in this incarnation if the effort is made.

Mars is the ruler of the Ascendant and therefore becomes the ruler of the horoscope; it is sextile both the Sun and Mercury which will give this girl a very quick and active mind. Mars is also trine the balanced and cautious Saturn which is in the fourth house in its own sign Aquarius. As Saturn is retrograde all her life she will not receive a great deal of help from this planet; Mercury unfortunately is also retrograde her entire lifetime, so the mental qualities will depend upon the individual efforts which the native puts into her work.

The writer of these children's horoscopes feels happy each time that she is called upon to give a reading for one so beautifully blessed. This child has come into the world with the qualifications to really achieve something good. The poor sick world is today sadly in need of strong souls, souls that have builded a house which will stand in spite of the adverse winds which may blow upon it.

We have the horoscope of a young girl with the Sun, Mercury, and Venus in the fixed and lordly sign Leo. The Sun and Mercury are conjoined to the Midheaven and both are sextile the dynamic and fiery Mars and semisextile the Moon and Neptune, the two latter also being posited in the tenth house. Of the four planets

One very dangerous aspect is found between Mercury and Saturn, namely, the opposition, which is usually expressed by the native in efforts to deceive, a tendency towards untruthfulness. The parents can begin to help the child overcome this while she is young by watching very carefully, and at any time she draws too strongly on her imagination or makes untrue statements she should be instructed with the greatest care. Never accuse her directly of untruthfulness but hold before her some ideal which directs the mind towards truth and honesty. Much harm is done by parents who openly tell children they are bad, or who are forever chiding them for little digressions.

The mother, here indicated by Saturn in the fourth house, may be prone to be very severe and unless she uses diplomacy may cause the child to acquire the habits the tendency to which is shown in the horoscope; in fact, Mercury in the tenth house opposition to Saturn in the fourth indicates the parents, who may argue their differences of opinion before the child and implant the very traits which they would later chide in the child. The parents by right example can do more to offset this danger than by any other means.

Venus in Leo in the tenth house trine Uranus and semisextile Pluto and Jupiter indicate talent for acting and a beautiful voice. A very lovely personality with imitative ability will help this girl to reach a high position before the public.

The Moon conjunction Neptune and semisextile the Sun, Mercury, and Mars will give great incentive to the study of spiritual things. This girl is a born mystic, and with Pluto in Cancer in the ninth house and sextile Jupiter she will be drawn naturally to the study of the deeper things of life. Her friends should be chosen from among people who are interested in these higher teachings for Jupiter in the house of friends will attract opulent friends with high ideals; Jupiter is also well aspected by a sextile to Pluto.

Pluto in Cancer, the sign which has rule over the stomach, will tend towards strange and unnatural tastes for food. As Pluto makes a square aspect to Uranus in Aries in the sixth house, abuses may occur regarding diets and food; the stomach would then be the organ through which the body would suffer. But if the girl while young is taught the proper way to eat, and is encouraged to form the habit of choosing natural and healthful foods, there need be little trouble. The temptation to overindulgence surrounds children at school because of the many soda fountains and candy stands near-by. It is a wonder that the children enjoy as good health as we find among the younger generation.

Astrological Accomplishment

By THOS. G. HANSEN

A SIGNIFICANT factor in the advancement of an ideal is the persistence maintained over a period of time. Those exalted leaders of humanity, the Elder Brothers continually seek channels of expression in harmony with constructive development.

After the establishment of the international headquarters of The Rosicrucian Fellowship on Mt. Ecclesia in 1911, Max Heindel and Augusta Foss Heindel prepared and published the books, *Simplified Scientific Astrology* and *The Message of the Stars* in which was offered a means of adjusting life's problems through the study and practice of the divine science of astrology. The necessity of child-guidance and the educational possibilities of this scientific study were particularly stressed. The ideals and ethics of astrology are clearly defined and suggestions offered for practical cooperation among astrologers.

In September 1926, an article, "Astrology as a Factor in Education," appeared in *The Rosicrucian Magazine* emphasizing the importance of this scientific study in eliminating difficulty in home making, in the guidance of the child, and in choice of vocation. Because of its foresight in attacking the problems of astrologers and in presenting almost identical ideals with those of the advocates of Standard Astrology today, we call attention to this article which is reprinted in this issue.

At present, thirteen years later, we are cooperating in a campaign for astrological prestige which has already accomplished three steps in the advancement of astrology. First, Standard Astrology has been defined and endorsed by about 98 per cent of astrologers and astrological students in America; second, a standard of practice requiring complete data for a scientific birth-chart has been established; third, any connection with fortune-telling and similar "quack" practices is precluded by the ideals of ethical astrologers.

Worth-While News



Hollywood Jitterbugs Win Contest

BY GENE SHERMAN

Half a thousand jitterbugs and two swing bands yesterday turned Los Angeles Coliseum into a bowl of hot jive, and 25,000 spectators got into the groove. . . .

Not since the first swing bands made their way to Chicago up the Mississippi River from New Orleans in the late '20s has there been such a conclave. Its theme was "The Whirl of Tomorrow."

From 22 States and six foreign nations came the boogie-woogie and shim-sham artists to get off to the bounce men's crescendos.

Following the contest, which was sponsored by the National Jitterbug Association, the 12,000 square feet of open-air dance floor became alive with hitherto-inhibited jitterbugs as deputy sheriffs were unable to restrain the spectators from rushing onto the field.—*Los Angeles Times*, June 19, 1939.

This exhibition of youth running wild was given in one of the cities of the United States before twenty-five thousand spectators, and the pictures and report of it occupied fully one-third of the second page of a newspaper which claims to have one of the largest circulations in the West. The descriptive language used in the report is so low that it should never have been printed, and the two illustrations accompanying it were not only pathetic but disgusting in the extreme. (Descriptive language not reprinted above.)

Refined people who truly love the youth of our land should be shocked into some kind of concerted action if the coming generation is to be saved from the effect of the modern so-called music, pictures, and literature which work directly on the desires and emotions, bringing out all that is daring, coarse, and debasing. The occult scientist knows that the positive activity of the mind does not come into manifestation until approximately the twenty-first year of a person's life, and the law recognizes that individuals are not legally responsible for their acts

until that time. This being true, is it not high time that not only parents, but that all responsible citizens, should begin a fair, honest investigation of moral conditions as they exist today, their causes and results, and do something about it before it is too late to save thousands of thoughtless boys and girls from rushing headlong into physical, mental, and spiritual destruction accompanied by the tunes of a demoralizing jazz-swing band and other distracting environments?

Youth may suffer for getting into things which it did not understand, and reap most unhappy consequences; but what kind of debts of destiny are the matured men and women laying up for future payment who are standing by, either encouraging youthful misconduct or else blindly permitting it to go on without a dissenting voice? The youths of today are the men and women of tomorrow and unless this mad, inflaming, so-called music, art, literature, et cetera, gives place to a saner, more normal kind of living we should not be too greatly surprised if half of the future generation develops into a lower type of men and women.

The glory of a nation should be the beauty, modesty, chastity, intelligence and culture of its women, and the upright, sturdy, manly, courageous, intelligent straightforwardness of its men. However, such results cannot be obtained if the youths of the land do not have the proper cultural surroundings and parents who are interested in developing both their moral and spiritual propensities. Every child has the right to be well-born. Worthy parents who surround their children with love, understanding, proper outlets for their youthful energies, wholesome sports, clean uplifting entertainment, and spiritual advantages doubtless are making more real progress in their own evolution than any other class of people in the world.

Self-Styled Sex Expert Wrong

NEW YORK, June 20 (Exclusive)—Without a shadow of doubt, Sidney A. Fortel, self-styled sex expert, notified the world last March—and every week or so since then—his wife on June 17 or 18 (no sooner, no later) would present him with a boy.

Today, on the 20th, the baby came and the nurse announced:

"It's a girl!"

And a girl it was—born in the Beth Israel Hospital, Newark.

Up to the last minute, even after missing on the date, Fortel, 36-year-old linen supply company owner, stuck by his guns. He insisted a "secret formula," studied for 20 years, had worked on other couples and would guarantee him a son.

To top it all he sent out invitations to 100 friends for a party on June 25 to celebrate the birth of a son and chose the baby's name, "Howard A."

Tonight the friends guessed that the party would be canceled and that the Fortels would think up another name.

"It must have been a miscalculation," Fortel lamented.—*Los Angeles Times*.

Between earth lives the human Ego finally reaches a period of absolute rest in the region known as Abstract Thought. After a time, however, comes the desire for new experience, and with the help of certain great Beings known as the Lords of Destiny the Ego prepares for rebirth. At this time it is shown the amount of past destiny it will be necessary to work out and the new lessons to be learned in order to further its evolution; and with the aid of these great Ones, the Lords of Destiny, it decides the kind of body best suited to the work it wishes to accomplish during its next earth life. Ordinarily its tasks are such that it alternates between a male and a female body in order to get the proper amount of experience related to each vehicle. At the time before mentioned the Ego also chooses its future parents and environment.

Since the foregoing is true it is evident that parents have nothing to do with the sex of their children, they being attracted to them as a result of past associations, temperament, environment, and the destiny to be worked out by all assembled in each family. Parents therefore are truly fortunate when an Ego comes to them belonging to the sex desired.

Stern Code for National Broadcasters

NEW YORK, June 20. (A.P.)—The National Association of Broadcasters made public today a code of ethics to be submitted to its national convention in Atlantic City next month. If adopted, it will go into effect September 24.

The code specifies that "no time may be sold for the discussion of issues arising from a strike. If time is given for such discussions, it will be given on a fair and equal basis to all interested parties."

Other provisions:

"Reference to the Deity shall be made only in a manner of respect and reverence.

"Language used and subject matter discussed must be acceptable in mixed social groups.

"Broadcasters will bar dialogue or statements which are or which border upon the obscene, sacrilegious, profane or vulgar.

"No unkind reference ridiculing racial or religious characteristics or to physical imperfections, such as lameness, blindness or deafness shall be permitted."

Advertising of liquor, matrimonial agencies, fortune tellers, speculative finance or race-track tipster services would be forbidden.—*Los Angeles Times*.

The National Association of Broadcasters is certainly making a move in the right direction. The radio can become one of the most valuable aids in promoting culture in all departments of life. The use of radios in homes, automobiles, camps, public institutions—in reality almost everywhere—has become so general that they can reach the masses practically at any desired moment. The fact that they are able to reproduce the human voice, in short, all kinds of sounds, adds to their programs an element of intimacy not produced in any other way.

At the present time the radio and the moving pictures have greater educational potentialities than any other two forms of entertainment, their influence being the most far-reaching as their audiences include all ages of people from children to those who have arrived at old age.

High class radio programs and pictures will be given to the public practically as soon as public opinion demands them. It therefore behooves all persons who have the welfare of humanity at heart to use their influence in bringing about this much needed change as soon as possible.

Question Department



The Value of Modern Eugenics

Question:

What is the attitude held by your organization regarding present-day eugenics?

Answer:

Eugenics devoted to the advancement of the race through the improvement of prenatal and other conditions is exceedingly good. But modern eugenics is inclined to be entirely too materialistic. It does not recognize the spiritual element involved in birth and life and death, and accordingly many of its deductions are quite wrong. Its advocacy of not permitting inferior strains and communicable diseases to be transmitted to future generations by discouraging the mating of subnormal persons and those thus diseased is good. Its advocacy of certain kinds of birth control, however, is ill advised. Birth control should come through self-control and not through contraceptives; and the recommendation of sterilization of the unfit is something that is entirely beyond the right of any person to decide on or perform for others. Any individual taking upon himself the responsibility of mutilating the body of another is incurring a debt of destiny, the severe penalty of which can scarcely be overestimated.

READING IN THE MEMORY OF NATURE

Question:

Is it really possible for me to know about my past lives, and if so just how should I go about it to get this information? I would like very much to know who I have been and all the things I have done.

Answer:

Many people ask questions similar to this one, more often than not little realizing just what such a revelation would

truly mean. Most of the people leading honest, upright lives today have learned to do so from the sorrow and pain incurred through wrongdoing in former lives and the consequent most severe purgatorial experiences.

Suppose the veil concealing the past from the present were suddenly withdrawn for an inquiring individual and he saw himself hanging in midair, suspended from a gallows—or in the act of committing murder, or inciting bloodshed, or rapine. The most of us, like Parsifal, can truly say, “Through search and suffering I came,” and to the most of us a knowledge of who we were and what we did would dye our cheeks with shame. The world has not been, and is not yet, filled with shining lights—individuals to whom we can point with pride.

The writer once heard an instructor far on the spiritual path in this life who, when questioned relative to his former incarnation, with lowered head and downcast eyes said, “I was no one wonderful and great: I was only an apostate priest.” Another occult teacher told that he had met more than a round dozen Johns who thought they were formerly the beloved disciple, and the Marys and Marthas are too numerous to mention. One never hears of a Judas, a Jezebel, a Nero, or a Lucrezia Borgia having made a reappearance, all of which goes to prove that we can believe very little of what those who are not truly spiritually developed seers can tell us, and practically none of what we ourselves imagine or desire to be true.

There is one way to gain positive information relative to our past incarnations. At an advanced stage in spiritual development it becomes possible for an individual to read the Memory of Nature in the Region of Concrete Thought, in which are inscribed the records of all of our past lives. The way to most quickly

fit oneself to read this record is by rendering loving self-forgetting service to others. This, we are assured by the Brothers of the Rose Cross, is the shortest, the safest, and the most joyful road to God, who in the fullness of time reveals all things to those who have made themselves worthy.

ANIMALS NOT MORALLY RESPONSIBLE

Question:

I understand that all animals are under the control of group spirits, and therefore are not responsible for their acts, nor subject to the law of consequence. If this be true, how do you account for their accidental death, violence toward each other, and often great physical pain?

Answer:

The group spirits of animals belong to the archangelic life wave and are possessed of great wisdom. These beings direct the animals under their charge in accordance with certain divine laws which are known to us as the laws of nature. The animals under their guidance are *physically* but not *morally* subject to these laws (which include the law of consequence) because nature's laws are universal and to a great extent apply to all living creatures.

The group spirit directs its charges in such a manner as to obtain for them the experiences necessary to develop self-consciousness, which will enable them later to enter the human stage of their evolution. This will occur as soon as their individual spirits become indwelling.

The experiences needed particularly in the lower grades have to be, to a certain extent, of a violent nature in order that the consciousness may become more fully aroused and the attention focused not only on themselves, but also in the physical world external to themselves. As in the Lemurian Epoch mankind was subjected to violent experiences in order to develop will and imagination, so are the animals now subjected to like experiences for a similar reason.

When one animal kills another, it does invoke the law of consequence which in turn subjects it to some sort of violent experience at a future time. This explains not only the accidental death of animals but also the pain and violent death to which they may be subjected. However, the animals, not being *morally* responsible, do not suffer in purgatory as a result of their violent deeds.

THE RESULTS OF EVOLUTION

Question:

I understand that, according to your teaching, should an individual continue indefinitely in the indulgence of evil practices the time will come when his evolution will cease and he will return to God, his source of being. If this is true what then is the difference between such a one and the person who completes all the work belonging to life's school and then returns to God. Both individuals seem to arrive at the same destination.

Answer:

The individual who persists in evil doing and refuses to learn the lessons placed before him by the Great Ones does, as a result, eventually lose all of his vehicles and all experiences that he has gained during his previous lives, in consequence of which he is sent back to his source, the world of virgin spirits, there to begin his work all over again in a later great septenary period of time.

The person who does his evolutionary work life after life finally attains self-consciousness, soul power, a creative mind, epigenesis, or creative free will, and his latent potentialities are all developed into dynamic powers under the perfect control of the will and subject to the direct command of the spirit. Such a one has attained perfection and has become a resident of the World of God where he assists in evolutionary processes, the nature of which the ordinary individual cannot possibly comprehend. In evolutionary development the failure is again at the very beginning of his work; the graduate has finished the course.

Nutrition and Health

Rosicrucian Ideals

The Rosicrucian Teachings advocate a *simple, pure, and harmless life*. We hold that a plain vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity; also that alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants are injurious to health and spirituality. As CHRISTIANS we believe it to be our duty to avoid sacrificing the lives of animals and birds for food, also, as far as possible, to refrain from using their skins and feathers for clothing. We hold vivisection to be diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of prayer and concentration, but we also believe in the use of material means to supplement the higher forces.

Our motto is: A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY.

Alcohol--Foe of Vital Organs

BY LILLIAN R. CARQUE

Carque Natural Foods Research, Glendale, California.



FROM physiological investigations it becomes repeatedly evident that alcoholic drinks, when taken into the stomach even in moderate quantities, diminish the secretions of the gastric juice and coagulate the albuminous part of the food, thus rendering it more difficult of digestion.

The immediate effect is to produce a pronounced congestion of the numerous blood vessels traversing the delicate membranes of that organ, halting the flow of the digestive fluids for hours. This undue excitement terminates in a loss of that natural sensibility to food, which previously had formed its most valuable property.

Liquors and wines paralyze to some degree at least the muscular coats of the stomach, resulting in a thickened state of the stomach's lining. The continued and persistent indulgence in alcoholic beverages ultimately causes atrophy of the glands of the stomach, ulceration of its mucous membranes and finally leads to degeneration and complete break down of the tissues and membranes. Alcoholic stimulants also habituate the stomach to expel its contents before the ingested nutriment has been sufficiently acted



upon by the gastric juice, a circumstance which generally induces overeating with its painful and wasteful physiological dissipation of energy.

No other organ is so generally abused, and no other organ is subjected to greater danger of immediate and serious injury from alcoholic stimulants than

is the liver, the largest gland in the body. Acting as it does as a great strainer in the system, separating the impurities from the blood, the liver is peculiarly liable to become diseased. If the cells in which the work of the liver is performed become paralyzed and poisoned by alcohol, none of the functions of that organ are properly carried on. As the poisonous effects of the alcohol continue, the cells in time waste away, and are finally destroyed. Torpidity of the liver causes always a bad taste, as the organ is unable to remove from the blood the impure matters, which should be filtered out in the form of bile. In time the liver gets enormously enlarged, and is converted into an inert and almost useless mass of fat of an unwholesome yellow color. This is generally indicated as fatty degeneration of the liver, a disease which is common in wine and beer drinking countries,

and is prevalent among all classes of alcoholic drinkers.

While the liver-cells are being poisoned and destroyed by the influence of intoxicating drinks, the connective tissue increases in quantity; the liver tissue becomes hard in its structure, in which condition it is totally incapable of performing any of its normal functions. The bilious matter which has been retained in the blood makes its way partially to the skin, covering it with unsightly blotches which may be pigmented on the flesh for years. Mental depression and despondency generally result from torpor or inaction of the liver. Endowed as it is with strong powers of resistance, alarming structural derangement of the liver may proceed slowly and imperceptibly in the course of years, before irreparable tissue change is detected.

One of the first and most frequent consequences even of a moderate use of alcoholic stimulants is a defective secretion of the bile both in regard to quantity and quality. This gives rise to defective digestion. Torpidity of the bowels ensues, induced principally from the absence of proper and efficient bile, which fluid may be considered as a natural intestinal stimulus. If the bile-ducts and vessels are obstructed, the liver returns blood mixed with bile to the heart, where it is distributed throughout the whole system, producing the sickly and yellow appearance of the complexion referred to above.

The kidneys, which are actively engaged in removing the ashes or debris from the vital domain, suffer much injury from the habitual indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Even beer, which contains only a small percentage of alcohol, will, if taken day after day, fill the blood with materials that the system cannot appropriate, thus subjecting the depurating organs to an intolerable burden; they are continually overworked until at last their structure is completely broken down.

Alcohol so impairs the actions of the kidneys as to seriously interfere with the

performance of the most important function of removing urea and certain other poisonous waste products from the system which, if imperfectly or partially removed, cause rheumatism, gout, eczema, and other afflictions dependent upon retention in the blood of certain excrementitious substances through inactive kidneys.

Scientific researches point very conclusively to the failure of the stomach and liver as primary causes of Bright's disease. First the stomach fails, then the liver breaks down, then the kidneys collapse, followed by heart disease, dropsy, and death. The use of tobacco and alcohol, along with excesses of all sorts, by impairing digestion and by demoralizing the organism's general resistance, prepares the way for Bright's disease. It is but Nature's penalty for frequent and elaborate dinners, washed down with wine, cognac, and champagne, and for other forms of gormandizing.

Diseases of the heart and derangement of the organs of circulation, caused by indulgence in strong drinks, are of much more frequent occurrence than is generally supposed. Alcohol, after passing through the blood vessels of the stomach and liver, goes rapidly to the heart, subjecting the latter organ to undue excitement. This explains why excessive palpitation of the heart is of frequent occurrence in alcoholic cases. This distressing complaint is generally accompanied by most painful sensations and alarming symptoms. In a state of health, the natural action of the heart functions steadily on with apparently automatic precision. The presence of a stimulating ingredient in the blood, however, and its repeated imbibition, produce a state of unnatural excitement in its functions. That is why alcoholic beverages, in ancient and modern times, were accredited with imparting those invigorating properties occurring in tonics—an opinion which can stand no longer in the light of scientific experimentation and clinical evidence.

Undeniably alcoholic beverages, even in moderate doses, do increase the number of beats of the heart per minute, but this does not signify that the circulation of the blood is accelerated. To the contrary, alcohol actually retards the circulation. Exercise in the fresh air, combined with a healthy diet, increases the blood pressure in the arteries, and thus accelerates circulation by giving the nerve-centers a natural stimulus. In striking contrast, alcohol and other drugs have a paralyzing effect on the vasomotor constrictor nerves, and thus interfere with the normal contraction of the muscles of the arterial walls. So long as these muscles cannot perform their work, the blood pressure is lowered and circulation is consequently retarded.

It becomes evident that if the numerous little nerves which control the action of the small blood vessels become paralyzed by alcohol, the blood cannot circulate freely and rhythmically. As the nerves become more and more relaxed, they afford less resistance to the action of the heart, allowing it to beat too rapidly. Thus the number and force of its beats are increased, and a greater amount of strain and labor is placed upon that organ. The accelerated functioning of the heart under the stimulation of alcohol may be likened to that of an engine of a steamship, whose mechanism has been lifted in the air by the tossing waves of the high seas. While the machinery is running with wonderful rapidity, an enormous quantity of power is wasted, for its revolutions are of little or no avail.

As the action of the heart is quickened by alcohol, this organ soon becomes so weakened that additional quantities of the same stimulant are required to revive it. Unfortunately this quickened pace has been mistaken for an increase in strength on the part of the heart, when it is merely an augmented manifestation of a force that is largely wasted.

Thus we can see that a great amount of extra work is thrown upon the heart under the influence of alcohol. After a

series of careful experiments, Dr. Parkes discovered that the pulse of a man showed heart beats of about 74 times a minute or 106,560 times in 24 hours when he drank only water. Under the influence of one ounce of alcohol per day, the doctor observed the pulse beat was 430 times more in a day. Two ounces of alcohol per day caused an increase of 1,872 beats a day; four ounces required 12,960 extra beats a day. Six ounces drove the pulse up to 18,432 extra beats; and eight ounces, to 25,488 unnecessary beats, or nearly one-quarter more than that required when water alone is taken. Small wonder then that heart disease is one of the greatest single causes of death in these United States, with high blood pressure and arteriosclerosis following in its wake. Health authorities of renown list "Poisoning by alcohol" as one of the major causes of the disease.

Although most diseases of the lungs originate from breathing impure, poisonous, or insufficient fresh air, alcohol none the less exerts an equally pernicious influence. It has the effect of interfering with the change of venous into arterial blood, thus impairing nutrition. During its passage through the thin walls of the air-cells, alcohol injures those delicate structures, producing inflammation of the lungs and a tendency to severe colds. That the influence of alcoholic stimulants combats colds is physiologically erroneous and has wrought much mischief. Spirituous liquors are most freely indulged in at those seasons when the effects of colds must be assiduously guarded against. The supposed remedy in the form of alcoholic beverages and patent-medicines, however, always aggravates the condition. Indeed the blood vessels are often paralyzed by alcohol to such an extent that serious complications result. Even persons who seem capable, momentarily at least, of taking alcoholic liquors in moderation without apparent danger are suddenly seized with diseases of the lungs, attended with cough and pain, and rapid consumption may follow.

Patients' Letters

Michigan, Dec. 15, 1938.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:

I am so thankful I can write and say I am feeling better. You know both my legs were bent under by the muscle but the left one has relaxed and the pain went right away. I was feeling so good when having treatments from the Fellowship. My friends want me to eat meat, they think I have not much resistance. I did try when I was in pain and fear but I got very sick, it would not stay in my body, then my body filled with gas. But what I felt in my mind was terrible, I have not eaten meat for over two years.

May God bless you all and all the works you do, and thank you so much for the lovely book marker and invitation. I hope and pray and I know some day I'll be able to be there for classes. Thanks.

—Mrs. B.J.

Ohio, Dec. 28, 1938.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends of the Healing Dept.:

My heart is full of gratitude, I am gaining strength day by day. The wonderful vision which was granted me during the most critical time of my illness has been a most beneficent inspiration to me, so that I have a great faith that I may yet, in spite of my 77 years, become a self-conscious channel for the Elder Brothers to use in their Great Work for humanity.

Lovingly and gratefully yours,

—R.E.

California, Feb. 9, 1939.

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, California.

Dear Friends:

As I have the normal use again of my right arm, you may take me off your healing list. And from the depth of my heart my sincere love and gratitude to you and the Invisible Helpers for what they have done for me. Three days after I wrote you my first letter, I felt the invisible hands working on my arm, and the pains stopped right then. I also thank you very kindly for your instructive letter you sent me, and all important is, that I may learn my lesson and live right. So may God bless you all.

In fellowship,

—U.R.

Healing Dates

July 1— 8—15—21—28
August 5—12—18—24
September 1— 8—14—21—28

Healing meetings are held at Mt. Ecclesia on the above dates at 6:30 P.M. If you would like to join in this work, begin when the clock in *your place of residence* points to 6:30 P.M., or as near that as possible; meditate on health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the healing of all who suffer, particularly those who have applied to the Invisible Helpers.

People Who Are Seeking Health

May be helped by our Healing Department. The healing is done largely by the Invisible Helpers, who operate on the invisible plane, principally during the sleep of the patient. The connection with the Helpers is made by a weekly letter to Headquarters. Helpful individual advice on diet, exercise, environment, and similar matters is given to each patient. This department is supported by freewill offerings. For further information, address, The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, Calif., U.S.A.

Beyond

BY DELLA ADAMS LEITNER

With eager gaze our eyes are strained
To see what lies for us ahead.

We wonder, often faltering, pause
And doubt if we are being led.

Dismayed we grope, discouraged wait,
And question as our faith is tried,
Then as a last extremity,

We turn within to find our Guide.

And He is always there; He waits
To show us all we need to know.

He does not scorn, He does not chide,
But bids us follow. As we go

The way is cleared and to our view
We find a vast expanse has dawned;

Horizons, self-envisaged, fade;

We look with Him and see beyond.

VEGETARIAN MENUS

—BREAKFAST—

Grapefruit Juice—8 oz.
One shredded Wheat with
Raspberries and Cream
Whole Wheat Toast and
Butter
Postum

—DINNER—

Split Pea Soup
Combination Vegetable
Salad with French Dressing
Chop Suey Carrots
Creamed Cauliflower
Pineapple Cream Dessert

—SUPPER—

Tomato Cocktail
Welsh Rarebit
Combination Fruit Salad
Baked Apple Ice Cream

RECIPES

Chop Suey.

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. protose, 2 cups bean sprouts, 4 cups diced celery, 1 can mushrooms, 4 medium-sized onions, 12 or more water chestnuts.

Cut protose into small cubes and toast under broiler. Mix with mushrooms, sliced onions, and diced celery. Prepare brown sauce and pour over chop suey. Bake in baking dish in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove from oven and add sprouts and sliced chestnuts. Reheat. If canned mushrooms are used—save liquid to use in brown sauce. Serve with steamed rice.

Brown Sauce.

Ingredients: 5 tablespoons butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water, 2 dessert spoons molasses, 6 tablespoons flour, 2 cups strained tomato, 4 teaspoons savita.

Heat water; add strained tomatoes, molasses, and savita. Blend butter and flour together and pour over them gradually the hot liquid. Place over low flame and stir constantly till smooth.

Pineapple Cream Dessert.

Ingredients: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups rice, 2 slices of canned pineapple, 1 cup cream, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Boil rice in large quantity of water till

tender. Drain, dry, and cool. Stir with fork to prevent packing. When cool, add pineapple, cut into small pieces. When cold, fold in whipped cream which has been stiffly beaten. Add sugar and fold into mixture.

Welsh Rarebit.

Ingredients: 1 can of cream of mushroom soup, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. American cheese, grated; paprika and salt to taste.

Heat mushroom soup and add cheese. When melted, add seasoning and serve on hot toast.

Baked Apple Ice Cream.

Ingredients: 8 medium-sized tart apples, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract, 2 cups cream, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt.

Bake or steam apples, remove contents, excluding cores and skins, and force through a colander. To the pulp add milk, cream, sugar, and flavoring. Freeze.

If red skinned apples are used, a pink color is imparted to the ice cream.

Combination Fruit Salad.

Choose fresh fruits desired in salad. Clean and stem or pare the fruits. Cut the fruit in medium-sized pieces and mix together. Serve on lettuce leaf with dressing or whipped cream.

Children's Department



What Love Can Do

BY O. HARCOURT

JACKIE was a little boy who was always asking why the flowers grew out of the dark earth, why the wind blew, why the rivers ran, why the fire flamed up. One half-holiday, tired of wandering about his father's fields, he sat down on the grass to think about these things. Suddenly he saw two strange men coming towards him in the late afternoon sunshine, one clad in bright red, the other in bright green. They beckoned him to follow them, which he did, wondering very much. As he walked along behind them, he saw a golden sun surrounded by rays, beautifully embroidered upon the back of the green garment of the one man, and a silver cup upon the scarlet robe of the other.

They all climbed a high grassy hill. At first Jackie was rather alarmed, but his new friends were so kind and jolly that he soon felt at home with them. They told him to look down at the field below. To his surprise he saw a woman hover-

ing in the air above the field, so delicate and transparent that Jackie could see the green grass through her outspread wings and dainty drapery. Looking at Jackie she said:

"Love brings the flowers out of the dark earth."

Immediately a number of flowers grew up in the field, making it gay with splendid colors and filling the air with perfume.

The two friends turned Jackie around to face the other way. Below him at the foot of the hill was a pool of water as blue as the sky. A large pale pink water lily floated on its surface. Lying within its petals was a tiny, rosy, lovely baby, just as alive and beautiful as Jackie himself had been only a few years ago. The same lovely woman moved over the pool, saying:

"Love brings life out of the water."

His brilliantly garbed companions now turned Jackie to face the third side of



the green hill upon which they stood. Great flames leaped up to his feet, for the gorse and bracken growing on that side of the hill were on fire, crackling and roaring and sending out hundreds of sparks. Jackie started to run away, but remembering he was now too big a boy to be afraid of anything he went back again.

Moving among the flames and smoke was the woman, as before. She said:

"Love can give life even in the fire."

The flames died down, and Jackie saw the gorse and bracken were fresher and greener than ever.

Then he felt himself being turned to the fourth side of the hill. He found it very difficult to keep his feet, because of a great roaring wind which filled out his blouse and ruffled his hair. The two strange beings were not a bit disturbed by the gale, for they were not blown about at all.

The trees and bushes on the hillside below were tossed and torn this way and that, but amid their rocking tops the transparent form of the woman swayed and bent, saying:

"Love is borne upon the air."

By this time it was growing dark. All at once there was a great light upon the hill-top, and looking up, Jackie saw a dazzling ray coming down from Heaven, so terrifyingly bright that he put his hands over his eyes to protect them. He heard a voice saying:

"Love bringeth down the light."

The ray, where it touched the earth, formed a square of brilliant sunshine amid the surrounding darkness, and in the middle of the square a single daffodil, just bursting into bloom, nodded in the breeze.

Then Jackie's companions told him they were Fire and Water, no longer enemies, but such great friends that they wore each other's emblem upon their backs. And they told him too that the little daffodil was there to tell Jackie that, like Jackie himself, it was living in the Great Light of Love, which turns all the powers of Nature to its use in the unfoldment of the Life within.

Fairy Artists

BY CYRIL VERNOR

At midnight the fairies appear on the scene

Clad in the moonlight's misty beam.

Where do they come from? Where do they dwell?

That is something that no one can tell.

They play with the little men up on the hill,

They play with the water sprites down by the mill.

The sweet water lilies they use as their boats

And on the pond's surface by moonlight each floats.

The roses and poppies are nearly all red
And the fairies are swinging on the corn's golden head.

The buttercup, primrose, and forget-me-not true

They tint with the colors of gold, pink, and blue.

The rest of the flowers are given their share

Of these wonderful colors so rich and so rare.

And you see that a Fairy's life's not all play—

That they work in the night as we do in the day.

They take beams of sunlight and rifts of the blue

A dash of pale moonlight, with a song or two,

The rainbow's bright tail with its pot of pure gold—

They mix them all well with the starlight so cold.

I have told you of things that the fairies can do—

Of their play and some of their duties too.

And if *you* fail to see them as they float about—

Look into your heart for a spark of doubt.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

. . . .

MRS. MAX HEINDEL is full of the wonderful journey she has just taken to the the Home of the North Wind in distant Skagway, Alaska. She accompanied a good will tour sponsored by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. A most cordial reception was accorded the travelers by the big cities along the way, notably Portland and Seattle.

The S.S. "Prince Robert," of the Canadian National Line, on which the King and Queen were recently entertained for several days, bore them from Vancouver northward toward the midnight sun. They spent long days, light until ten and eleven in the evening, in the midst of scenes of rugged grandeur: a whole day's sailing in water clear and smooth as that of a lake through narrow channels and the Fiord of the Hanging Valleys, between towering mountains with waterfalls rushing down their steep cliffs; Taku Glacier only 30 feet from the vessel, stretching brown with the washing of soil to one side, blue to the other, a mile and half wide where it meets the sea; Mendenhall, a land glacier mirrored in tiered majesty down three lakes.

They saw the romantic side of the Northland reflected in the weird totems of the Alaskan Indians, greatest in number at Wrangell; in the relics of the old church at Sitka, the Russian capital, flourishing before southern new-world cities were born; in the charm of Juneau, the present capital, built in the hills crowned with pine forests; in Skagway, outer gate of the White Pass streaked with the footpaths worn by miners in their rush to inland gold. They saw, too, the home of mammoth industries—lumber and paper mills requiring sometimes an entire town for their operation, as at Ocean Falls; the canneries and cold storage plants serving the fishing trade at Prince Rupert and Ketchikan.

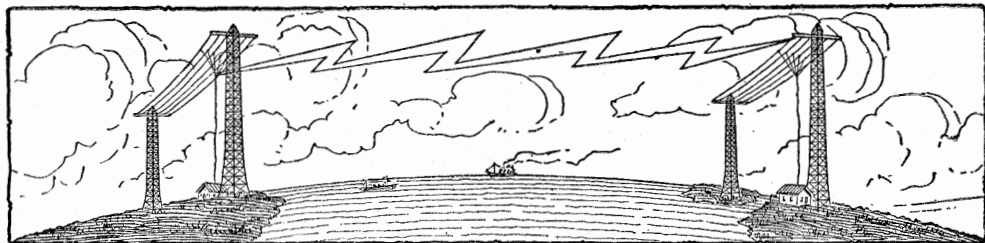
This account of the loveliness of the northern shore Mrs. Heindel has brought back with her to inspire others with a greater love of our beautiful earth-home.

She arrived just in time for the Fairy Festival held at Mt. Ecclesia on Midsummer Night, June 21. The porch and steps of the Library, with their natural drapery of wistaria vines, became a fairyland stage aglow with soft lights hidden in the foliage and decked with candle-lit lanterns. To Mendelssohn's bright music scenes were read from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by Shakespeare. The program of readings, song, and piano music was presented by Mt. Ecclesia workers.

Further appreciation of the great and beautiful in music and literature is promised during summer school in the new Tuesday evening courses listed as Philosophy V, "The Spiritual Interpretation of the Wagnerian Operas from the Standpoint of the Rosierucian Philosophy." It will be illustrated by colored slides and accompanied by orchestral recordings over the excellent reproduction system available in the Sanitarium Gym. The course will cover the four Niebelungen Ring operas, dealing with the Teutonic pagan period, and three Christian operas: Tannhauser, Lohengrin, and Parsifal.

Mt. Ecclesia is very happy to welcome the new medical director of the Sanitarium, Dr. Charles Sheppard, and his wife, Dr. Elsa Patton-Sheppard. Both have medical and surgical degrees. Dr. Elsa was a well-known physician in Portland, Oregon, and Dr. Charles, in addition to his medical work, has lectured and written articles for the theosophical society. They are much interested in the Rosierucian method of spiritual healing and work in closest harmony with its doctrine. So popular is the Sanitarium that the staff has been augmented and more rooms are being prepared for occupancy.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



“There is no use in seeking truth, or in knowing truth when we have found it, unless we put it to practical use in our lives—and it does not follow that we will do that merely because we find it.”

Members of the Fellowship, as well as other spiritual aspirants, frequently overlook the important truth contained in the above occult maxim. They often spend much time worrying about “results” because they have not attained the ability to see clairvoyantly, to function consciously on the invisible planes, etc., forgetting that actual spiritual progress involves changing the nature—unfolding the traits of character which make us more Christ-like. This is difficult, for the personality is often so set that it requires repeated efforts to change one’s mental attitudes and feelings before results are noticeable. Putting spiritual principles “to practical use in our lives” means changing the inner nature so that we become tolerant and kindly under all circumstances.

Mr. Heindel further points out that “it is obligatory on every one who finds truth to use it in the world’s work, both as a safeguard to himself and to make sure that it will stand the grand test, and to give others a chance to share the treasure which he himself finds helpful. Therefore, it is vital that we follow the command of Christ: ‘Let your light shine.’”

This means definitely using whatever talents or abilities we may have in the service of our fellowmen. Through the

training involved in serving humanity we become “mature and mellow to such an extent that we can live the *truth within.*” Our Study Groups and Centers offer to all who take part in them golden twofold opportunities: to serve humanity and at the same time to build *character.* Only thus is true spirituality developed.

LECTURE BUREAU ACTIVITIES

In accordance with the purpose of our Lecture Bureau formed a short time ago, a party from Headquarters recently made a trip to Hemet, California, to speak to a group of interested friends at the Palomar Inn there. Slides were used to show something of the grounds at Mt. Ecclesia, as well as to illustrate the talks given on the philosophy, astrology, and healing. A number of the friends displayed considerable interest in the Teachings, and we look forward to other visits to this vicinity next fall.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

The Hollywood Study Group has changed to 2165 North Highland Avenue, the home of Mr. Wm. W. Wells.

Philosophy, Thursday evenings at 8:00 P.M., by Mr. Joseph Darrow.

Astrology, Tuesday evenings at 8:00 P.M., by Mrs. Bessie Campbell.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

The highlight of recent activities in this Center was the visit of Mrs. Max Heindel as she passed through on her way home from a vacation trip to Alaska. After an inspiring musical program rendered by some of the musician friends,

World Headquarters

OF THE

Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

Chartered Centers

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Calgary, Alta., Canada.—Young People's Group, 1318 15th Ave. W.
Chicago, Ill.—Rm. 802, 155 N. Clark St. Ashland Blk., 8th Floor.
Chicago, Ill.—c/o Mrs. Magdalena Goveia, 4921 Montana St.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 916.
Columbus, Ohio.—259 E. Long St.
Dayton, Ohio.—Y. W. League, East Room, 2nd Floor.
Denver, Colo.—1155 30th St.
Grass Valley, Calif.—118 Bush St.
Indianapolis, Ind.—38 No. Pennsylvania St.
Kansas City, Mo.—2734 Prospect.
Long Beach, Calif.—361 E. First St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—2523 W. 7th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.—4830 Floral Drive.
Milwaukee, Wis.—234 Fine Arts Bldg., 125 East Wells St.
Minneapolis, Minn.—1008 Nicollet Ave.
New Orleans, La.—429 Carondelet St., Room 201.
New York City, N. Y.—160 W. 73rd St.
Omaha, Neb.—301 No. 31st St.
Reading, Pa.—W.C.T.U. Hall, 6th and Franklin Sts.
Rochester, N. Y.—307 Burke Bldg.
San Antonio, Texas.—312 E. Nueva St.
San Francisco, Calif.—1141 Market St.
Schenectady, N. Y.—13 Union St.
Shreveport, La.—1802 Fairfield.
Seattle, Wash.—611 University Bldg.
St. Paul, Minn.—318 Midland Trust Bldg.
Tampa, Fla.—405 Grand Central.
Toronto, Canada.—c/o Mary Tamblin, 158 Hallam St.
Vancouver, B. C.—Room 12, Williams Bldg., Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

Mrs. Heindel gave an illustrated lecture on "Healing and the Invisible Helpers." A lengthy question period followed the lecture, indicating a keen interest in the Fellowship method of healing and its new Sanitarium.

The following day a reception was held at the Center rooms in University Building, which was attended by many members and friends. The spirit of friendliness and fellowship which pervaded this occasion brought an uplift and a renewed enthusiasm in the Work.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Encouraging results continue to come from the efforts being made by this Group to reach seekers after Truth. A recent enquirer in response to a letter and literature sent, replied, "Yes, I have enjoyed reading the literature, and I find it very interesting. I certainly wish to study the Teachings more. What I like especially is the feeling of real fellowship which one gets from them."

We appreciate the secretary's writing us that "all of the London Center are firm in supporting Headquarters in every way. No one occupies our platform except members of the Fellowship, and all talks deal with the Fellowship Teachings."

One of the members of this Center has been doing some most commendable work in placing the "Cosmo" in the public libraries of London and vicinity. It would be well for every Center to have a Library Committee to see that the Fellowship books are properly placed and circulated by the public libraries.

READING, PENNSYLVANIA.

An illustrated lecture on healing furnished by Headquarters was given by this Group on May 23rd with considerable success. The secretary writes us, "We had two local newspaper items which were 'news' and no expense to us. The lantern was rented from the City Recreation Department for \$1.00 per night. One hundred and fifty post card invitations were mailed out, and we had an attendance of seventy-two people, many of whom expressed much interest and grati-

fication. It has been suggested that we endeavor to give the lecture in one or more of the near-by cities as an introductory work to future occasional meetings there. We have written to friends in regard to this and will let you know later as to results."

We are especially glad to hear of such Center field work being done, and we hope to hear of more of our Centers expanding in this way.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

A recent lecture entitled "Rebirth, a Spiritual Law," given in this Center, brought an unusually good attendance. Five students from a local college class studying comparative religions were among those who attended, and "they found the subject of the lecture and the statements therein so interesting and unusual that they asked for copies of same, which were furnished the following week."

Another special feature of recent activities in this Center was an occult review of "Lohengrin," which was given by a member who is making a study of the operas. "The several operatic selections, especially the 'Swan Song' given by a musical member, were an added pleasure and a most effective adjunct," writes the secretary.

We are always glad to hear of our Groups bringing art and music into their programs, for this is a step forward to the time when art, science, and religion will again be united, as they were in the ancient Mystery Temples.

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK.

A recent report covering the past several months' activities of this Center gives encouraging news of progress and growth. A series of special lectures, given monthly by members from neighboring cities, proved to be helpful in stimulating interest and promoting a bond of cooperation and fellowship among the Groups participating.

The secretary also writes us that "at a recent meeting we decided on October 14th and 15th for our Conclave in the East." Plans are being outlined for

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Bandoeng.—Lembangweg 77.

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Merida, Yuc.—394 de Calle 65.

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Arnhem.—Mesdaglaan 18.

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Rotterdam.—Bergweg 308.

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making this Conclave another milepost in the progress of the Work in the Eastern part of the United States.

MERIDA, YUCATAN, MEXICO.

It was an especial pleasure to receive a short time ago a copy of the cover for the Spanish edition of *The Rosicrucian Magazine*, "Revista Rosacruz." The design is an exact copy of the one used at Headquarters, and the printing is splendidly done. On the inside of the front page is a picture of Max Heindel, with the following beautiful dedicatory paragraph underneath:

"Those of us who owe to you our spiritual awakening and a better understanding of the Universal Plan, who in one way or another follow the Teachings for which you were the Messenger, render to you this tribute as a small indication of our sincere gratitude."

IS ASTROLOGY WORTH STUDYING

(Continued from page 364)

read some of the briefer explanations that I find for him and he is beginning to be convinced of many of the truths they present. You see, he is again asserting will power in overcoming his natal difficulties and is learning his lessons. Both our horoscopes show that we have many material lessons to learn before we are ready for the higher spiritual manifestations."

"Your study of astrology certainly has revealed some interesting things about you and Jim. Why don't you go into the business and make some money reading others' horoscopes?"

"No, Aunty, you don't understand. Astrology is one of the sacred sciences and should never be commercialized at all. To be able to really help others it is necessary to know their station in life and something of their training and environment, as well as their horoscopes. Some people are not highly enough evolved to respond to the influences of certain planets and certain aspects. It really is a most complicated study but most worth while. The more one learns about it, the more one wants to know."

DOES PROOF ENHANCE FAITH?*(Continued from page 352)*

is there. The goal is complete knowledge; ours for the taking, if we but think so.

"Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Would this not include perfect knowledge? And can we have perfect knowledge without proof, since knowledge is to know? Proof should and does enhance faith. Faith leads and beckons proof. "Follow me," it says, "and I will show you the glories of truth."

Faith beckons. We are to follow—to see *proved* the glories of truth.

Proof does not obscure faith. Proof does not belittle faith. If a thing is true, faith and proof incorporate and harmonize in proclaiming it to be true. If a thing is not true, all the faith in the universe will not make it true. If a thing is true, all the criticism and doubt in creation will not alter the truth a single iota, because truth is a oneness and cannot be divided.

WANTED**Secretary for Dutch Department**

Letters and lessons are translated into the Dutch language and necessary correspondence carried on. A good understanding of the Rosicrucian Philosophy is essential, also some knowledge of Astrology. Shorthand is not required, but this Secretary should be a good typist.

Attention is called to the fact that the law does not permit us to consider applications from foreign countries.

Please write at once, giving full details, including age. Address—

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- St. Louis, Mo.—Doubleday, Doran Book Shops, 310 N. 8th St.
- St. Paul, Minn.—St. Paul Book & Sta. Co., 55 E. 6th St.
- St. Petersburg, Fla.—K-B Printing Co., 550 Central Ave.
- Syracuse, East, N. Y.—Florence M. Simon, 212 Kinne St.
- Tacoma, Wash.—C. A. Thorell, 708 St. Helens Ave.
- Tampa, Fla.—E. M. Holder, 1002 Horatio.
- Vancouver, B. C., Canada.—The Torch, 657 E. Hastings St.
- Washington D. C.—Henry Austin, 4215 Ridge Road, S.E.
- West Hartford, Conn.—The Case Book Shop, 16 La Salle Road.

Summer School at Mt. Ecclesia

July 5 to August 18, 1939

SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

	9:00-9:50	10:00-10:50	11:00-11:50	1:30-2:20
Monday	Philosophy I	Astrology I	Center Work	
Tuesday	Philosophy II	Astrology II	Astro-Diagnosis	Astrology III
Wednesday	Philosophy I	Astrology I	Anatomy	
Thursday	Philosophy IV	Astrology II	Bible	
Friday	Philosophy III	Anatomy	Bible	

Tuesday, 7:30 P.M.—Philosophy V, Interpretation of Operas

Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.—Creative Expression Friday, 7:30 P.M.—Social

COURSES OF STUDY

The Rosicrucian Philosophy: Five splendid courses based on our textbook, "The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception," by Max Heindel, and on other writings of this illumined messenger of the Brothers of the Rose Cross. I. The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception. II. Questions and Answers. III. Rosicrucian Philosophy as Applied to Psychology and Science. IV. Advanced Rosicrucian Philosophy. V. Interpretation of the Operas.

Astrology: I. Erecting the Horoscope. II. Delineation and Progression. III. Vocational Guidance and Child Training. IV. Astro-Diagnosis.

Bible Study: The Western Wisdom Teaching in reference to the Bible has restored faith in the Book of Books to thousands. Inspiring.

Anatomy and Physiology: A good foundation for astro-diagnosis.

Creative Expression: Delivery of prepared and extemporaneous speeches; practice in platform department.

Center Work: Forming and conducting Rosicrucian Fellowship Study Groups and Centers; technique of Center Work.

LECTURES AND SOCIAL EVENTS

Special addresses by resident and guest speakers in the Chapel every Sunday evening. Friday evening is always our get-together time and on Saturday afternoons trips and special events usually take place.

ACCOMMODATIONS

Rooms will be available at the following rates:

Rose Cross Lodge \$6.50 to \$8.25 per week, one person in a room.

Rose Cross Lodge 7.75 to 9.50 per week, two persons in a room.

Vegetarian meals in our cafeteria are served at the following rate: Breakfast 30 cents, dinner 40 cents, supper 30 cents. Weekly rate of \$6.00 for meals during continuance of the Summer School.

Working for board and room will not be possible. A deposit of \$5.00 is required in advance to reserve accommodations.

There are no fixed fees, but the expense of conducting the courses is met by voluntary contributions from the students.

OBJECT OF THE SCHOOL

Instruction will be given in the subjects mentioned to all who are interested in receiving the New Age Teachings. The School also aims to prepare teachers and lecturers for Center and field work in general.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship Oceanside, Calif., U.S.A.

Mt. Ecclesia

Sanitarium

NON SECTARIAN • NON PROFIT

A new and completely modern Sanitarium in a setting of peaceful beauty, with a broad view of ocean and mountains. A yearly average of over 300 days of sunshine, and very little variation in winter and summer temperatures contribute to health and comfort.

Public Patronage Is Invited.

Here the sufferer from chronic illness, the post-operative, nervous, or convalescent patient may benefit by faithful service in a restful environment and enjoy a healthful and equable climate.

OUTSTANDING ADVANTAGES

Cheerful rooms richly furnished in either hotel or hospital style, each with private toilet and lavatory, private or connecting bath.

Complete physical therapy; hydro-therapy; expert operators; graduate nurses; gymnasium; excellent vegetarian meals.

Resident physician, an M.D., whose services are included. The patient may, however, retain his own physician and be assured of fullest cooperation.

You will be delighted with the location and surroundings: the blue Pacific to the West, the rugged mountains to the East; the country atmosphere and the modern conveniences; the freedom from city turmoil and distractions.

Los Angeles
★
OCEANSIDE
(Mt. Ecclesia
Sanitarium)

San Diego

For Patients: room, meals, general nursing, hydrotherapy, physician's care, from \$20 weekly.
For Guest-Patients, without treatments, from \$16.
This latter is ideal for rest, recuperation, or vacationing. *Write for Illustrated Folder.*

MT. ECCLESIA SANITARIUM
Dept. R. Oceanside, California.



OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA