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Contents

| | |
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| <p>Pioneer Voices 242</p> <p>EDITORIALS—</p> <p>The Subconscious or Rebirth? 243</p> <p>THE MYSTIC LIGHT—</p> <p>ARTICLES, STORIES, AND POEMS:</p> <p>The Mystical Genius of Hawthorne 246 Ben Finger, Jr.</p> <p>The Story of a Poster Dorothy Milne 251</p> <p>A Prayer (poem) Dorothy Milne 253</p> <p>In Heaven and Earth (Conclusion) Yvette Joyce 254</p> <p>MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE:</p> <p>Teachings of an Initiate (Twenty-first Installment) 259</p> <p>STUDIES IN THE COSMO-CONCEPTION:</p> <p>Religion, Art, and Science 261</p> <p>WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY:</p> <p>The Tares Among the Wheat 262</p> <p>TODAY'S SCIENCE:</p> <p>Automation Elvin Noel 263</p> | <p>ASTROLOGY DEPARTMENT—</p> <p>Richard Wagner: Musical Titan (Part 1) Katherine B. Holbrook 264</p> <p>The Children of Gemini, 1956 269</p> <p>Reading for a Subscriber's Child: Robert L. R. 271</p> <p>Vocational Guidance Advice 272</p> <p>MONTHLY NEWS INTERPRETED—</p> <p>Understanding Each Other 273</p> <p>Where East Meets West 274</p> <p>The Geophysical Year 275</p> <p>READERS' QUESTIONS—</p> <p>Dangers of Hypnotism 276</p> <p>Time Spent in Purgatory 277</p> <p>NUTRITION AND HEALTH—</p> <p>Preventive Medicine: Harmful and Harmless Cyril Scott 278</p> <p>HEALING—</p> <p>Discrimination in Astro-Diagnosis 281</p> <p>CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT—</p> <p>Bessie's Hydrangea Matilda Fancher 283</p> |
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Pioneer Voices

No doubt, the tides of life in constant flow
Hurl on the shores of visibility
These human forms of ours in cycles vast,
And we are what we were though changed to suit
The roles we play upon the stage of time.

—T. Howard Wilson in *The Quest Everlasting*.

I regard Consciousness as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative from Consciousness . . . Religion belongs to the realm of Spirit and Mind, and cannot be shaken.—*Sir Arthur S. Eddington*.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

—*Wordsworth*.

If I have gone on laboring without rest until the end, Nature is in duty bound to provide me with another place, when my body is no longer capable of carrying on here.—*Goethe*.

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—*O. W. Holmes*.

We too take ship, O Soul! Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas!
Fearless, for unknown shores, on waves of ecstasy to sail . . . Bathe me,
O God, in thee—mounting to thee, I and my soul to range in range of thee.
—*Walt Whitman*.

It is as impossible for man to be cheated by anyone but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time.—*Emerson*.

I hold that when a person dies
His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh disguise
Another mother gives him birth.
With sturdier limb and brighter brain
The old soul takes the road again.

Such is my own belief and trust—
This hand, this hand that holds the pen
Has many a hundred times been dust,
And turned as dust to dust again.
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone
In Thebes, in Troy, and Babylon.

—*John Masefield*.

The principal preoccupation of man until now has been the domination of his universe. In the future, he will have to learn to dominate himself. To accomplish this he will have to conquer not only his lower instincts but the habits created by the rapid progress of the mechanical arts.—*Lecomte du Nouy*.



The Subconscious or Rebirth?

SINCE Morey Bernstein's book, *The Search for Bridey Murphy*, was published in January of this year, reviewed on radio and television, and became a best seller (with 170,000 copies in print by the middle of March), the subjects of hypnotism, the subconscious, and rebirth (reincarnation) have received thoughtful consideration by more people of the Western World than ever before in history. From the viewpoint of students of the deeper truths of life this is a fortunate occurrence.

It is also encouraging to note that, according to *Life* (March 19, 1956), thousands of people "who do not normally buy books" are purchasing *The Search for Bridey Murphy* "because they are interested in the possibility not only of a life beyond the grave but of one before the obstetrical ward." Could this interest not stem from the fact that many people are awakening to a knowledge that has long lain dormant in the depths of their being, and that they are therefore now responding to the idea of having lived before—perhaps many times—in a human body? Occultists believe—and many *know*—that such is the case.

However, in reading of the reactions of materialistic scientists, psychiatrists, and physicians to the idea of rebirth, as well as to the probability of the subconscious mind being the source of the statements made by the people in hypnotic trance, it becomes only too apparent to the occult student that erroneous conclusions are being reached because of an inadequate understanding of man, his bodies, and his purpose here on Earth.

The Western Wisdom Teachings (ancient truths in modern dress) open the door to such an understanding, postulating first of all, that there are several other worlds, of less dense substance than that of the Physical World, which interpenetrate and surround our visible planet. These higher worlds and the beings that inhabit them require "finer" senses for their cognition than man's physical senses, and man, the threefold Spirit, has bodies correlating to these worlds (made of the same substances) which make it possible for him to develop such higher senses as clairvoyance, clairaudience, and clairsentience. He

has a vital or etheric body, correlated to the etheric region of the Physical World; a desire or emotional body, correlated to the Desire World; and a mind, correlated to the World of Thought.

The subconscious memory (or mind) is a faculty of the blood and the vital body, coming into existence each life by means of the breath. "The ether contained in the air we inspire carries with it an accurate and detailed picture of all our surroundings and the conditions existing each moment within our aura. The slightest thought, feeling, or emotion is transmitted to the lungs, where it is injected into the blood. The pictures it contains are impressed upon the negative atoms of the vital body." When the blood reaches the heart, it is there upon the seed atom, one particular atom which remains in the body all through life, that the pictures of our actions are inscribed. These pictures or records constitute the subconscious memory, which pertains only to the present life, as modern psychiatrists and psychologists contend.

However, there is another memory besides the conscious and subconscious. This is the superconscious memory, "the storehouse of all faculties acquired and knowledge gained in previous lives, though perhaps latent in the present life. This record is indelibly engraven on the Life Spirit. It manifests ordinarily, though not to the full extent, as conscience and character which ensoul all thought-forms, sometimes as counsellor, sometimes compelling action with resistless force, even contrary to reason and desire." In addition to the record impressed on the Life Spirit, there is also a record of previous existences within the seed atom previously mentioned. The forces of this atom are carried over from life to life, making it a storehouse of knowledge which, while not easily tapped, is accessible under certain conditions. Thus it is erroneous to believe that the subconscious is the source of all statements made by a person in trance.

In an early issue (1916) of RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS, Max Heindel mentions the case of a stupid girl who "delivered a discourse in Hebrew of a most scholarly nature while under the trance condition," and explains the phenomenon as follows: "There is only one theory which can give an adequate explanation covering all the facts in every case, namely, that we have all come up to our present status in the scale of evolution through many days in the great school of life; each life we have learned some lessons, and we are constantly learning more. Thus we have in the course of time acquired a vast amount of knowledge which is growing day by day and life by life.

"Our vehicles also have become better, more sensitive and refined, but no body on Earth is capable of expressing all that the indwelling Spirit knows. Nor is it intended by divine Hierarchies who guide our evolution that it should, for this versatility would prevent us from concentrating our efforts upon the particular lessons we need to learn here in a particular environment. Take, for instance, the case mentioned of the stupid servant . . . Judging from the facts in the case, she had, in the opinion of the writer, a brilliant mind in a former existence, but was probably proud, arrogant, and overbearing. Hence it became necessary to teach her a lesson in humility, and she was born in a humble environment, where no educational advantages were

offered her. Therefore, the brain became dull and she drifted into the condition of servitude little short of slavery This class of cases shows then the possession of a much greater amount of knowledge and experience which lies latent and hidden in every individual and which is accessible when the normal sense life of the body has been stilled for the time being."

The doctrine of rebirth, as described above, is not a new doctrine. It is taught in many of the ancient religions, and more important to the Western World, it is also taught, both by implication and directly, in the Christian Bible. There is therefore no reason why the orthodox churches should look askance at this doctrine. On the contrary, they could use it to bring comfort and understanding to many confused and seeking souls.

There are cases mentioned in the Bible where a person has been chosen for a certain work *before his birth*, such as Samson, Jeremiah, John, and Jesus. A person is chosen for a mission because of a special fitness. Proficiency presupposes practice and practice prior to birth must have been in a previous life. Thus we find the doctrine of rebirth taught by implication in the Bible.

The Jewish priests believed in rebirth, or they would not have sent to ask John the Baptist, "Art thou Elias?" (John 1:21.) Christ Jesus taught the doctrine directly. In Matthew 11:14, He spoke of John the Baptist when He said: "And if ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come." The Disciples knew of rebirth, as indicated in Matthew 16:13-14: "When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I the Son of man am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets." In Matthew 17, Christ Jesus, speaking of John the Baptist, says unequivocally: "But I say unto you, That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed." Then in John 9 is given an instance of a man born blind, a result of his disobedience to the Laws of God in previous lives, as indicated by Jesus: "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him."

While the public teaching of the Laws of Rebirth and Consequence has been withheld by the Higher Ones guiding our evolution so that the Western peoples might concentrate their efforts more wholeheartedly on conquering the Physical World, the time has now come for a more widespread knowledge of this doctrine. It is therefore a good sign to see it being publicized so widely and accepted by many people. A general acceptance of this teaching and a consequent better understanding of otherwise unexplainable mysteries of life can greatly accelerate the progress of the human race.

Although materialistic psychiatrists and scientists are opposing the Doctrine of Rebirth, it is fortunate that they are warning people of the dangers of hypnotism. Lack of space prevents a discussion of that subject here, but it is given consideration on page 276 of this issue of RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS. It is to be hoped that the warnings will be heeded before any further harm is done by the practice of this form of black magic.

THE Mystic



... LIGHT

The Mystical Genius of Hawthorne

BEN FINGER, JR.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was the greatest idealist in American fiction, and the pioneer of the psychological novel. This nineteenth-century genius combined the tenderest mysticism with "hard New England sense." Mark Van Doren tells us, in his beautiful biography, *Nathaniel Hawthorne*: "He was so alone, so aloof, because he found so few around him whose seriousness equaled his If one were serious, one never forgot the eternal importance of every soul, and never doubted that the consequences of deeds, even of impulses, last forever." Hawthorne's pages attract serious readers as the magnet attracts the iron. Ludwig Lewisoohn, in *The Story of American Literature*, notes that his work has a classic quality, in that it "finds without seeking in each generation those who discover in it the embodiment of their inner needs."

Hawthorne saw the concrete aspects of American life very clearly, but his nature did not harmonize with the dawning age of industrialism, extroversion, and shallowness. He belonged to an older order, although he was not enslaved by the outworn doctrinal framework of the past, and was remarkably original in his firsthand mystical insights. Although he was not a churchgoer, he was conscious of a "power

higher and wiser than himself, making him its instrument." We of this present technological cycle especially need the balance of that intuitive sense of human values which dignified the life and work of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He thought in eternity, as well as in time. He was sensitive to life's subtle subjective shades, the inner, hidden things of the secret places of the human soul, "the life within the life." He appreciated the significances of spiritual experiences. He was at once passionate and tranquil, forceful and delicate, sensitive and inly self-ordered.

"The intricate and unintelligible machinery of Providence" impressed Hawthorne deeply: "Man's accidents are God's purposes. We miss the good we sought, and do the good we little cared for." Time and again, some unsuspected influence changes the outcome of a well-concerted train of events. Where man is the causal agent, one may be the cause of important results without suspecting it, while another who has really contributed little or nothing believes himself to be the prime mover. The Creative Power behind manifest Nature feigns openness, but keeps its own secrets. Uninformed interference by man is likelier to mar than to mend. "It is only one-eyed people who love to advise." Hawthorne had a sense of tragedy like that of the ancient Greeks,

yet he wrote with profound conviction: "The gloom and terror may lie deep; but deeper still is the eternal beauty." Elsewhere he gives us this inspiring clue to glorious discovery: "Some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others."

Hawthorne teaches us that an infinite spiritual capacity waits unsuspected within the earthliest human soul, but man the separatist fears to look straight into the sunlight of eternity. Pride makes him confine himself in a sunless cave where his whole being becomes petrified. Sin is real. Guilty thoughts are as real, seen under the aspect of eternity, as guilty deeds in time. Yet a gloomy misunderstanding of the mystery of sin can corrupt one's whole world-view. Man has seen everything in a false light because he has "failed to look beyond the shadowy scope of time, and living once for all in eternity, to find the perfect future in the present."

Even the most sublime genius is so burdened with clay that he falls short of his ideal, yet genius is unfettered by the narrow limitations of the unaware. "The dominions which the spirit conquers for itself among unrealities become a thousand times more real than the earth whereon they stamp their feet, saying: "This is solid and substantial! This may be called a fact!'"

Our writer's pages convey somber tragedies beyond tears, and "a happiness which God, out of his pure grace, mixes up with only the simple-hearted, best efforts of men." Hawthorne is not a dogmatic system-monger, but he dares to face the truth of life in depth, as did Shakespeare. His idealism rings true because it is rooted in real experience. "In this world," he profoundly noted, "we are the things of a moment, and are made to pursue momentary things, with here and there a thought that

stretches mistily towards eternity, and perhaps may endure as long. . . . God has imparted to the human soul a marvellous strength in guarding its secrets, and he keeps at least the deepest and most inward record for his own perusal."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804. Early Salem had been the seat of New England Puritanism, and the center of the witchcraft trials. Nathaniel's seventeenth-century ancestors had persecuted witches. When the boy was four, his sea-going father died in a foreign port. His mother soon moved with him and his two sisters into the home of her father and mother, and then they took up residence on the banks of the Sebago Lake, in Maine, where the family owned



a big tract of land. Although the Hawthornes were an old family, young Nathaniel belonged only to the "back-yard of the aristocracy."

Some of the old Puritan sentiment did indeed linger on in Nathaniel's early environment, but no careful student credits the myth that he was raised in a stern, taciturn, and unsmiling household. His secluded upbringing resulted from the interruption of his schooling by delicate health. When confined to the house, he had time to read more than the average lad. He was not a snob. A mulatto friend characterized young Nathaniel as the only white boy who never hurt his feelings. Nathaniel and his sister, Louisa, wrote a little inspirational "publication" by hand. Many such warm human sidelights are available. Nathaniel was a bright and good-hearted boy, but no one dreamed he would ever win immortal fame,

"There is something truer and more real than what we can see with the eyes and touch with the finger." While Nathaniel was preparing for college under a private tutor, he predicted his future literary accomplishments in a letter to his mother. He attended Bowdoin College, Maine, where the tuition was eight dollars a term. The independent-minded literary aspirant "was an idle student, negligent of college rules and the Procrustean details of academic life, rather choosing to nurse my own fancies." Browning, Shelley, and many other of the world's geniuses have likewise been too free in spirit to submit to academic limitations. There were no electives at Bowdoin College, and some of the prescribed studies were irksome to young Hawthorne, but he stuck it out and took his degree in 1825 along with the poet Longfellow. He graduated not at the top but around the middle of his class. Most of his classmates admired him, but they all regarded him as a solitary enigma.

After he graduated, Hawthorne went against the counsel of his practical uncles to write for thirteen years in his room at Salem. As Robbins and Coleman remark, in *Western World Literature*, "He wrote much and burned much, spending his time dreaming by day and wandering by night." Like Nature, he worked at his mission from the innermost germ. Only after much trial and error would order begin to glimmer through the chaos. A moderate inheritance made it possible for him to dedicate himself to literature, to the neglect of the regular business of life, but he was by no means a rich man. He relied on libraries for books which he could not afford to purchase. He lived such a secluded outward life that only his book-friends enabled him to write like a man of society. Even so, he was slow to satisfy his own high standards in his chosen field. Hawthorne printed a novel at his own expense, but **made haste to withdraw it from circulation when he reconsidered it in cold**

print. Even when he found his vein, he had to bear "a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public."

Samuel Griswold Goodrich, editor of *The Token*, was Hawthorne's first important publisher. He paid the obscure writer \$35 for "The Gentle Boy," which he published in his annual, and then bought other tales. But Goodrich warned Hawthorne that his stories were "too mystical to be popular." Soon, however, a rich interest in mysticism would dominate the soul of New England.

Once Hawthorne "broke the ice," even in a modest way, other publishers took an interest in his youthful work. He kept note-books to capture his observations and inspirations while they were fresh, so that he might draw upon them in the composition of his romances. "In this dismal chamber *fame* was won," he would confess. But it was not for popular acclaim that the great writer strained all his powers, nor for the microscopic checks which he received for writing and a bit of editing. He wrote for an "invisible audience (of) cognate minds," other lonely persons of exalted standards. "Somewhere among your fellow creatures," he told himself with high faith, "there is a heart that will receive yours unto itself."

In 1837, *Twice-Told Tales* appeared under Hawthorne's own name. The tales were twice-told because he collected them from his newspaper and magazine contributions. The book is deep in its allegory. The story "David Swan" has a most provocative mystical theme: "Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen." The maturing young author was on the path of real recognition when the great Longfellow praised *Twice-Told Tales*.

But Nathaniel Hawthorne still was barely able to support himself with his writings. Nevertheless, he fell in love with Sophia Peabody of Salem, a person to whom he could really communicate

something of his soul. When he decided to marry her, it was necessary for him to seek political employment. In 1839, he was appointed measurer of coal and salt in the Boston Custom House. He was big enough to appreciate the world-knowledge he gained by his hard days on wharves and in the holds of cargo ships, and he needed the money, but he had little time to write. In 1841, Hawthorne resigned his position at the Custom House, and associated himself with the utopian Brook Farm colony at West Roxbury. This association did not afford him the opportunities for which he hoped, yet he wrote from the bottom of his heart: "Whatever else I may repent of, let it be reckoned neither among my sins nor follies that I once had faith and force enough to form generous hopes of the world's destiny—yes!—and to do what in me lay for their accomplishment."

In 1842, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody were married. He left Brook Farm, and relied for the support of his wife upon what he called "the most unprofitable business in the world"—writing. She was content with his modest earnings, so he did not have to turn to insincere hack writing. In any event, he was not the kind of man who could have prostituted his talent.

Hawthorne and his wife spent four years at the Old Manse in Concord. The rising novelist got acquainted with Henry David Thoreau, Ellery Channing, Margaret Fuller, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Optimistic Emerson could not understand Hawthorne's sense of human sin and tragedy, but it might be argued that Hawthorne faced stubborn facts with more candor than his Transcendentalist friend. Emerson was a pioneer of New Thought, but Hawthorne warned that too sharp a break with the past could result only in vague confusion. Each had his distinctive message to deliver, and one is as necessary as the other.

In *Mosses From an Old Manse* (1846),

Hawthorne collected recent tales along with some he had written earlier. It is interesting to glance at some of these stories, so rich in allegory.

"The New Adam and Eve" imagines the Day of Doom to have removed the human race. One man and one woman are then created to walk through the ruins and reflect, and to find their way to a new manner of life. Hawthorne writes:

"Will nature teach them the mystery of a plate of turtle-soup? Will she embolden them to attack a haunch of veni-



son? . . . Will she not, rather, bid them turn with disgust from fish, fowl, and flesh, which to their pure nostrils steam with a loathsome odor of corruption? . . .

"When will they comprehend the great and miserable fact—the evidences of which appeal to their senses everywhere—that one portion of earth's lost inhabitants was rolling in luxury while the multitude was toiling for scanty food? A wretched change, indeed, must be wrought in their own hearts ere they can conceive the primal decree of Love to have been so completely abrogated that a brother should ever want what his brother had. . . .

"Oh, Adam, it is too soon—too soon by at least 5,000 years—to put on spectacles and busy yourself in the alcoves of a library! . . . Had he then and there become a student, the annalist of our poor world would soon have recorded the downfall of a second Adam. . . . All the perversions and sophistries and false wisdom so aptly mimicking the true; all

the narrow truth so partial that it becomes more deceptive than falsehood; all the wrong principles and worse practice, the pernicious examples and mistaken rules of life . . . would have tumbled at once upon Adam's head."

Hawthorne philosophizes with equal genius in "The Hall of Fantasy": "If a man be in advance of his age he must be content to make his abode in this hall until the lingering generations of his fellow-men come up with him. He can find no other shelter in the universe. But the fantasies of one day are the deepest realities of a future one . . . Be the individual theory as wild as fancy could make it, still the wiser spirit would recognize the struggle of the race after a better and purer life than had yet been realized on earth. . . . It could not be that the world should continue forever what it has been, a soil where happiness is so rare a flower and virtue so often a blighted fruit. . . ."

Hawthorne suggests an ingenious classification of people, in "The Procession of Life." He classes together all the moralists who are helping to bind the same sheaf in the harvest-field of our world, although they are often unconscious of their brotherhood: "Each sect surrounds its own righteousness with a hedge of thorns. It is difficult for the good Christian to acknowledge the good pagan, . . . leaving to their Creator to settle the matters in dispute and giving their mutual efforts strongly and trustingly to whatever right thing is too evident to be mistaken."

"The Birthmark" is a mystical gothic romance, which bears out that no mortal can live without some token of human imperfection. There is no earthly beauty without flaw, for ours is a "dim sphere of half development." The mundane part of man cannot triumph over "the gross fatality of earth," even by the most ambitious quest of science, "yet, had Aylmer reached a profounder wisdom, he need not thus have flung away the happiness which would have woven

his mortal life of the selfsame texture with the celestial."

"The Celestial Railroad" satirizes superficial complacency in moral matters.

"The Christmas Banquet" holds this shining arcane secret: "The mystery, the deep warm secret, the life within the life, . . . whether manifested in joy or sorrow, is what gives substance to a world of shadows."

In 1846, Hawthorne was appointed surveyor of customs at Salem, a political position which he held until 1849. He found time to write "Ethan Brand," the tale of a man whose obsessive desire for preternatural perfection leads him to do violence to the souls of others.

The great writer was unexpectedly dismissed from the Custom House, and the family had to keep going on a little money his wife had saved. Another unexpected blow fell when his mother took ill and passed away.

When James T. Fields, the publisher, called on him Nathaniel Hawthorne was despondent and ill. "Who would risk publishing a book for me, the most unpopular writer in America?" he grumbled. Fields immediately replied: "I would," and in 1850 published *The Scarlet Letter*. This is Hawthorne's greatest masterpiece, a work of rare historical and psychological insight. Hawthorne's pitiless exposure of the savage Puritan creed is accomplished with neither censure nor satire, but this book contributed more than any other to the growing reaction against Puritanism.

Of course every reader knows the story. Roger Chillingsworth, a cold-hearted old scholar in England, marries young Hester Prynne, and sends her to America (the Puritan colony of Massachusetts). When he comes to join her, she is being publicly exposed as an adultress. She has borne an illegitimate daughter, Pearl, and will not name the father because she wants to protect his name. Hester is doomed to wear the
(Continued on page 282)

The Story of a Poster

DOROTHY MILNE

(Since the issue of RAYS FROM THE ROSE CROSS in which this article was previously published (January, 1955) has been exhausted, we are re-printing this article in order to supply the requests for it.)

*But words are things, and a small
drop of ink,*

*Falling like dew upon a thought,
produces*

*That which makes thousands, per-
haps millions, think.*

SO WROTE an English poet, who apparently placed his faith in the power of words. But the Chinese have a different point of view. They have a proverb which says: "One picture is worth more than ten thousand words."

This, however, is the story of a poster, which, combining words and picture, may serve to illustrate the truth of both quotations, since it has become a living force in the promotion of world peace.

Of the idea for the poster itself—who can say where or when an idea originates? And who can tell the extent of its influence? While not pretending to answer these questions, as the wife of the artist I participated in the events preceding and during the development of its design, the form of which took shape during a visit to the United Nations, when this organization had its headquarters at Lake Success. Perhaps, therefore, this little historical record may offer inspiration to others desirous of contributing in various ways to the building of a better world.

My husband and I were enjoying our first springtime in New York and our first personal contact with the United Nations Organization, of which we had heard so much. As we drove along the highway past Flushing Meadows, there was no denying the thrill of expectancy we felt at the sight of the flags of many

nations flying in the May sunshine above the buildings at Lake Success.

We were early and the sessions had not yet begun. This gave us an opportunity to wander at will through the vast rooms and corridors of the building which had formerly served as an aeroplane factory. It seemed fitting, and to us a hopeful sign, that a place for the production of war needs could be transformed into a center devoted to the building of world peace.

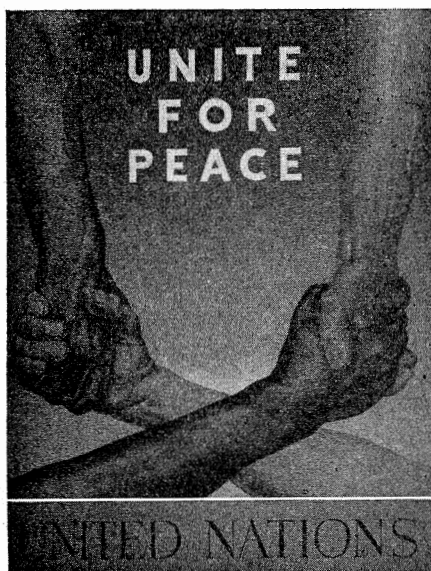
With the opening of the session—in this instance, "Freedom of Information"—we found ourselves seated in one of the large auditoriums, rather like some of our newer theaters. Each visitor had a set of earphones, which could be regulated to listen to the speeches, given not only in English, but rapidly translated by competent interpreters into French, Russian, and other languages.

While we arranged our head-pieces and settled down to follow the discussion, we became aware of a fine looking Negro who sat beside us. We had noticed him previously on our arrival and as a result had been talking of some of the outstanding members of the Negro race. It was, therefore, not surprising that in the intervals between speeches, we three should become involved in lively discussion.

We learned that he was from New York. Interested in youth work and the prevention of juvenile delinquency, he was making a personal study of the United Nations in operation, hoping to obtain ideas for the promotion of better racial relations in the various groups. His enthusiasm for his work was evident and his great desire to do all possible to assist in the cause of world peace was expressed in all he told us. We asked him to stay with us for lunch,

which we later enjoyed in the huge cafeteria provided for employees of the United Nations and visitors alike.

In this tremendous room, we had the pleasure of seeing hundreds of people of almost every nationality, not only enjoying the wide variety of food offered, but obviously in harmony with their companions, regardless of race, color, or creed. The sight was sufficiently inspiring to make us wish that every citizen of every country might have the privilege of at least one visit to the United Nations Organization.



Perhaps as this thought flashed across my mind, my husband caught the vision for his poster. In any case, his ideas received further impetus that evening, when still with our new-found friend, we were invited to his home in Harlem.

On our return home—we were living in Toronto, Canada, at the time—work on the poster was given added incentive when we attended the Folk Festival then in progress at the Art Gallery. Here again we knew the thrill of meeting and mingling with those of other nationality than our own. As evidence of the great contributions which have been made by various national groups to

Canada, we saw examples of their beautiful handicrafts—embroidery from the Ukraine, ivory carvings from the Belgian Congo, jewelry from Palestine.

We also listened to gypsy music and saw Hungarian and many other folk-dances. Incidentally we enjoyed Danish pastry and listened to songs in French, English, and Chinese, to say nothing of an Indian incantation. Later we heard the bagpipes and touched heirlooms of ancient vintage from Scotland—the land of our ancestors. Thus, to us at least the Folk Festival proved a wonderful example of what can be achieved when those of varying backgrounds work together for a common cause.

Meanwhile, the poster design grew. Basically, it was to symbolize all humanity, regardless of race, color, or creed. This much was certain. Also, its meaning must be clear to all—children as well as grownups; those who could read English, and those who could not; and even those who could not read in any language. Thus, the design, must be simple. The hand clasped in friendship suggested itself, and it was but a step to the idea of hands of various colors, representing black, white, yellow, and brown, to include all the people of the Earth.

It is perhaps worthy of note that the work on the black, white, and yellow hands went well, but my husband had some difficulty in finding the special tone to denote the Indian coloring necessary for the brown hand. As though in answer to his need, a young Hindu lecturer, whom we had met some years before, returned to Canada from India, bringing his lovely wife with him. We four attended the Folk Festival, and discovering mutual interests, enjoyed many subsequent visits together.

Later, when like so many people, they found themselves with a housing problem, they came to stay with us until the birth of their baby son. This caused us seriously to question the old saying,

"Never the twain shall meet." Perhaps the experiences of four people—two of the East and two of the West—who lived under one roof for a time, might offer a subject of interest for some future story in this connection.

In any case the poster was finished—the pictured hand of our Hindu friend joined with those of the white, black, and yellow peoples of the world, and all linked together with the slogan, "Unite for Peace." By this time the work had assumed symbolical significance, reflecting to some degree at least our experiences with those of many nationalities of the United Nations Organization, the Folk Festival, and through our friendship with the young people of India.

The poster was next entered in the world-wide United Nations Poster-of-the-year competition and we awaited results. It was, therefore, gratifying when a telegram arrived shortly after this, with the announcement that it had won the award given by the United Nations Association in Canada.

Later we took a motor trip, which covered ten thousand miles through Canada, the United States, and Mexico. While it is true we heard talk of war, we were much more impressed by the evident friendliness of people, and the growing desire for peace in every place we visited. If we had not made this discovery, however, the poster with its command to "Unite for Peace" now brought it forcibly to our attention. Various organizations, seeing its reproduction in the *United Nations News*, asked if they might use it for lectures, meetings, and so forth.

During our absence, it was shown in the Graphic Arts Society Exhibition in Toronto, where it received honorable mention, was chosen to go on tour across Canada, and became a subject for radio talks. While on the first lap of this tour, at the National Gallery in Ottawa, it was brought back to Toronto for reproduction in color, and was exhibited on

the platform of the Race Relations Institute. On the same platform Bayard Rustin, noted Negro lecturer—a Quaker, by the way—sang the "sorrow songs" of his people, and with others of differing nationality, stressed the importance of racial relations in the cause of world peace.

About this time, Mrs. Leah Manning, a Member of Parliament in the British House of Commons, sent out her Peace Call, and women from many countries responded in various ways. In Toronto, the Congress of Canadian Women inaugurated a Mothers' Day Peace Rally, to launch a campaign stressing the possibilities for peace—even in a world apparently bent on self-destruction. For this hopeful purpose our Peace Poster again held a place of honor.

At this point and in this connection, it may be well to remember the Preamble of the Constitution of UNESCO—the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization—in which may be found the following statement:

That since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed.

With this thought in view, we hope that when the United Nations Poster resumes its tour, and wherever it goes, it may achieve its ultimate purpose by creating in the minds and hearts of men, women, and children the world over the desire to "Unite for Peace."

* * *

A PRAYER

Increase my consciousness

Dear God,

Of the good there is in life.

Increase my consciousness

Of the wrong that comes from strife.

Increase my consciousness

Of the many forms of beauty.

Increase my consciousness

Dear God,

Of the meaning of love and duty.

—DOROTHY MILNE,

In Heaven and Earth

YVETTE JOYCE

CHAPTER VIII. LUCY BROWN

LUCY could not remember a time in life when she was not afraid of something. At first it was her father's occasional bouts of drunkenness. He worked in the nearby pit, and was a good husband and father, except when he had too much to drink. This did not happen too often, but when it did, his wife and child went in fear and trembling. Joe Brown was a big man, and his fellow miners had no idea, when they pressed him to join them in a glass of beer, that he was constitutionally incapable of drinking in moderation. They knew that it was very rarely that he would go with them to the public house, whose warmth, comfort, and atmosphere of good companionship were in such striking contrast to the depressing grey street in which it stood. Had they realized the brutality of his behaviour when he returned home after these visits, his friends would never have allowed him into the inn at all.

As Lucy approached adolescence, she found something else to fear. Her mother became ill. When at last Mrs. Brown went to see a doctor, he told her that the trouble was incurable, and would get worse. He offered to arrange for her to go into hospital, but she refused. Lucy watched her mother struggling to keep alive, and she concluded that death must be very terrible if her mother fought it so, when her life was filled with pain. Lucy was too young to realize that her mother was fighting to live only to protect her daughter from her father's drunkenness.

At first it seemed that in dying Mrs. Brown had succeeded in doing that, for just before she died, she extracted a promise from her husband that as long

as Lucy was living with him, he would not touch a drop of beer. Lucy was by then big enough to keep house for her father and herself, and very much enjoyed doing it, until the day came when Joe's well-meaning but blundering friends persuaded him to go to the "Rose and Crown" with them. He came home more drunk than Lucy had ever seen him. She said nothing, but when she put his meal on the table, her hand trembled so that she spilled some of the gravy from her father's plate. That gave him the excuse he was wanting; he would probably have beaten the life out of her, had not the neighbours, alarmed by her screams, come to her rescue.

After this, Lucy went to live with an elder sister of her mother, who was not unkind to the girl, but so house-proud that Lucy was almost afraid to walk across the room for fear of leaving foot-marks on the immaculate floor. This aunt had no intention of keeping her niece after she was old enough to earn her own living, so when Lucy left school, her aunt found a job for her as kitchen-maid in a ducal country house. When Lucy was settled in her new job, and realised that she was giving satisfaction to the cook who ruled her little world, she found that she was happy for the first time in her life.

She would probably have grown old in that one household, had the war not upset things. Lucy was intelligent enough to realise that she would have to find work of greater national importance. As she did not like the idea of going into the forces nor working in a factory, she took a job as cook in Noster general hospital. There she acquired something she had never had before—a close personal friend. Marion Jackson,

about Lucy's age, was another of the cooks at the hospital, working the same hours as Lucy. Marion was an ardent spiritualist, and easily persuaded Lucy to accompany her to the weekly meetings. Lucy had had no religious training at all, and she soon came to value very highly these weekly meetings.

After the war, Lucy decided she would prefer to be with a family. She became cook to Mr. and Mrs. Bridges, who had a four-year-old son, Timothy, and a new baby, Judy. Lucy speedily became Timmy's adoring slave. When he was ill with pneumonia, Lucy shared the task of nursing him with his mother, and it would have been hard to say which of them gave him the more loving care. It was then that Lucy made the acquaintance of Dr. Richards. She was firmly convinced that it was his care and attention that saved Timmy's life, so that when he asked her to let his friend try his new anaesthetic on her, she willingly agreed, though inwardly she was terrified at the idea of having an experiment made upon herself.

Dr. Crawford looked at her with interest as she came into the surgery before the experiment. He saw a young woman of medium height, neatly dressed, with nothing in the least conspicuous about her. She sat on the edge of the chair while Dr. Richards explained what they were doing. When he asked her if she would tell him what she remembered of her experiences under the anaesthetic, she said, "Oh, yes, sir, I will with pleasure. I promise you that."

When she recovered consciousness five minutes later the two doctors were surprised to see that instead of sitting quietly and telling them of what had happened to her, she jumped up from her chair, rushed across the room and out of the house.

"Now whatever is the matter?" said Dr. Richards to his friend. "Miss Brown promised to tell us what happened to her while she was unconscious.

I can't understand her rushing off like that."

There was the sound of a car starting up outside.

"That sounds like my car," said Dr. Crawford, and dashing to the front door, he found that his car had indeed disappeared.

"Hadn't we better telephone the police?" asked Jim, who regarded the loss of his car as a very serious matter. But Tom was afraid that something had gone gravely amiss as a result of their experiment, and persuaded his friend to wait a little before getting in touch with the police, to see if their patient and the car returned. Tom suggested that Jim should have supper with him, and phone the police if there was no news of either by the time they had finished the meal. To this suggestion Jim agreed. They had nearly finished the meal when there was an urgent summons on the bell. Tom went to the door, and found Lucy standing on the doorstep in a state of violent agitation. The glow of lights in the dark drive indicated that the car had also returned.

"Oh, Dr. Richards," she said, "will you please give me another dose of that anaesthetic you tried on me earlier this evening. Please, please, hurry, it is most important."

Dr. Richards looked bewildered and started to question his patient. Lucy interrupted him. "Please, Dr. Richards, will you give me the anaesthetic at once. It doesn't matter how little, only give it me now, and I will explain everything when I come round again."

There was a note of command in Lucy's voice, and an air of authority about her, which had never been there before. Dr. Richards was puzzled, but as he could see no reason for refusing a request so earnestly made, he called to his friend and they gave Lucy another minute dose of the anaesthetic. As she recovered consciousness again the first question she asked was, "What time is it?"

Dr. Richards looked at his watch and said, "Two minutes to nine," whereupon Lucy burst into uncontrolled sobs mingled with reproaches for what the two doctors had done to her.

"Miss Brown," said Dr. Richards in a voice so stern that his friend could scarcely believe it was he who spoke, "will you kindly stop this noise and tell us what all the trouble is about."

For a moment or two Lucy's sobs continued, and then she was quiet. She took her handbag and, finding a handkerchief, dried her tears and composed herself to a certain extent before she turned and faced the two men.

"I will tell you all that has happened, though I don't expect you to believe it," she sighed. "But you must believe it," she said, growing slightly hysterical again, "you must believe it, and tell me what to do."

"Yes, yes, of course," answered Dr. Crawford, "We will tell you what to do if you will only let us know what has happened."

"Very well," said Lucy, regaining her composure. "I must begin by explaining that there was a special meeting of our spiritualist circle tonight, which I was sorry to miss, so when you told me to think of some place or person I would like to see, I immediately thought of that meeting. I found myself there, and I could see two or three people who were strangers to me as well as those I knew who were sitting in their usual places. I think these others must have been Spirits who were trying to make contact with the medium. I saw one horrible looking person trying to say something to the medium. He frightened me very much, but then he disappeared. A few minutes later he was back again, and this time I am sure he was trying to give some message through the medium, but she would not have anything to do with him. Then all at once he saw me. He came close to me, and I was terrified, he was such a dreadful looking man. He seemed to be saying

'Kill Inspector McClelland' over and over again. As I said, I was very frightened, and I wanted to be back here with you. So I found myself back here, and I could see that you were feeling my pulse, Dr. Richards. Evidently I was still under the anaesthetic, because I could see my body sitting in the chair, yet part of me was outside and could not get back. Then I found to my horror that this awful man was still beside me. As the five minutes expired he kept between me and my body, and when you thought I regained consciousness it was this creature that had got into my body and not me. Am I right in thinking that I dashed out of the room as soon as I came round, Dr. Richards?"

"Yes, Miss Brown, you are," he said. "We followed you to the door, but we could not see you, and Dr. Crawford's car had vanished, too."

"Oh dear, oh dear, then I did do it," and Lucy burst once more into hysterical sobs.

Once again Dr. Richards ordered her to be quiet, so firmly that in a minute or two she calmed down and was able to resume her narrative.

"The car is now outside your door again," said Lucy, "that proves, doesn't it, that someone else was in my body? I have never driven a car in my life. I have no idea how to do it. Anyway, I followed this man who was now in my body, and I can tell you exactly what he did. He drove off in Dr. Crawford's car straight to the ever-open chemist, and went in to buy some strychnine. He signed the poison book in the name of J. Stevenson. He then drove out here again, and went to the 'Admiral Rodney,' the big public house just down the road. He went into the bar and ordered a drink. He took quite a long time to drink it, as if waiting for someone to come in. Then he saw the man he wanted. He was just finishing a game of darts with some of the others, and when the game ended the players came back to the bar and they all had drinks.

The man in my body finished up the little that was left of his drink, and when the man in whom he was interested was talking to someone else, he emptied the strychnine into the man's drink. Then he slipped away, and was gone before the poisoned drink had been touched.

"I stayed to see what happened, and I tried to warn the man whose drink had been poisoned, but of course, I could not make him hear me. After a minute or two he drank his beer up and then collapsed. There was great consternation in the bar, as you can imagine, but I did not stay to see any more. I followed the man in my body, who had just returned here. He was asking you, Dr. Richards to give him another dose of the anaesthetic, and he asked so urgently that after a little hesitation you called Dr. Crawford and gave it to him. As soon as he was released by the anaesthetic from my body he disappeared, and I returned when the anaesthetic had worn off. I was hoping that all that I have been telling you was only a very vivid dream. That was why I asked you the time, because you told me I should only be unconscious for five minutes. Now I am sure that a murder has been committed. I saw it being done, and it was my hand that put the poison in that man's drink, yet I swear that it was not I who did it, but someone else. I don't even know who the murdered man was. And to think that that creature should have dared to take my body into a public house and drink a glass of beer Oh, it's all horrible, horrible!"

Lucy broke down again, and once more Dr. Richards spoke to her sharply in an attempt to control her mounting hysteria. This time he was not successful. Lucy's sobs and cries rose in a dreadful crescendo, until with a wild shriek she leapt up and rushed at Jim Crawford, hitting him madly. Tom sprang to his friend's assistance, and seizing Lucy's arms from behind her, he held

her fast while the other doctor prepared and administered a potent sedative. As this took effect, the two men carried Lucy carefully to the settee and laid her on it.

"Jim, will you please go up to the 'Rodney' and find out if Miss Brown's story is true, while I make arrangements for her to be kept under observation. It looks as if her mind has been affected," Tom directed his friend.

After a short time, Jim returned, looking very grave.

"A murder has certainly been committed," he told Tom. "At least, a man collapsed suddenly in the bar, and was found to be dead. The police are there.



I did not hear whether foul play is suspected or not, but it certainly will be as soon as the inevitable post mortem has been completed. The dead man was Inspector McClelland, the man Mrs. Jones told us about the other evening.

"Now I can see it all," exclaimed Tom, after he had thought over the information just supplied by Jim. "Didn't Miss Brown say that the man using her body signed the book in the name of Stevenson? Don't you see that John Stevenson has succeeded at last in revenging himself on McClelland?"

"Yes, I suppose you are right," said Jim slowly. "It seems that there were a lot of people in the bar at the time. The police were taking their names and addresses when I got there."

"We shall have to make sure that no suspicion is attached to an innocent person. Fortunately I happen to know the

Chief Constable of Noster. I'll take you to see him tomorrow."

"You are not seriously suggesting that I tell Miss Brown's fantastic story to the police, are you?" asked the horrified Jim.

"I most certainly am. After all, it's your anaesthetic that is responsible for what has happened. By the time I have seen Miss Brown settled in hospital—I am waiting for the ambulance now—it will be too late to do it tonight."

Tom telephoned to police headquarters early next morning and made an appointment to see the Chief Constable. He startled that gentleman, who prided himself upon not being surprised by anything, when he said, having introduced Jim, "We have come to tell you how Inspector McClelland met his death."



"Good gracious," exclaimed the Chief Constable, "you don't mean to tell me that you were at the 'Rodney' last night?"

"No, I was not at the 'Rodney,'" replied Tom, "but I know that Inspector McClelland died because someone put strychnine in his beer. Have you heard the result of the post-mortem yet?"

"Yes, it came through a few minutes ago. You are right about the cause of death, but how did you know?"

Tom told the Chief Constable about the anaesthetic which Jim Crawford had discovered, and what had happened to Lucy Brown the previous evening.

"I saw Lucy Brown drive off in Jim Crawford's car last evening," he said, as he came to the end of his story, "and we called at the ever-open chemist's on our way here. I wanted a small quantity of some dangerous drug for one of my patients, so I got it and saw the signature 'J. Stevenson' in the poison

book. I know it sounds fantastic, but Jim and I are prepared to swear that Inspector McClelland was killed by a man who had already been hanged for another murder. Our purpose in coming to see you is to make sure that no innocent person is charged with Inspector McClelland's death."

The Chief Constable was silent for some time after Tom had finished speaking, evidently in deep thought.

"Very well," he said at length, "unless we can prove, and I mean prove beyond any shadow of doubt, that Inspector McClelland was murdered by someone other than a young woman answering to the description of this Lucy Brown, I think you can take it that there will be one more unsolved murder on the police records."

"Thank you, sir," said Jim, "then at least I shall not have an innocent person wrongly accused of murder on my conscience."

Tom noticed as they left police headquarters that Jim still looked depressed.

"Cheer up, Jim," he said, "remember that you have already helped several people with this anaesthetic of yours. On Sunday the vicar announced the first meeting of the church youth group, which Mr. and Mrs. Jones are going to run. You cannot measure the good such a club may do, and Mrs. Jones would never have taken this work up had you not tried your anaesthetic on her. I saw Sylvia Wellington and Betty Trent on Sunday, too, and the difference in them was most marked. Sylvia looked her old tranquil self again, and Betty was as radiant as she was when she was first married. The time you spent on this anaesthetic has most emphatically not been wasted, and as for the future—there are plenty of exciting things still waiting to be discovered."

Jim brightened perceptibly at these last words.

"Yes," he said, almost as if to himself, "there are plenty of exciting things waiting to be discovered."

MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE

Taken From His Writings

Teachings of an Initiate



TWENTY-FIRST INSTALLMENT

The Lesson of Easter

(Continued)

THIS mystery of the ages which produces the living creature is what we call life. Seeing that it cannot be cognized among the elements of the egg by even the most powerful microscope (though it must be there to bring about the changes which we note), it must be able to exist independently of matter. Thus we are taught by the sacred symbol of the egg that though life is able to mold matter, it does not depend upon it for its existence. It is self-existent, and having no beginning it can have no end. This is symbolized by the ovoid shape of the egg.

We are appalled at the carnage on the European battle fields, and rightly so because of the manner in which the victims are being taken out of physical life. But when we consider that the average human life is only fifty years or less, so that death reaps a harvest of fifteen hundred millions in half a century, or thirty millions per annum, or two and one-half millions every month, we see that the total has not been so greatly increased after all. And when we have the true knowledge con-

veyed by the egg symbol that life is uncreate, without beginning and without end, it enables us to take heart and realize that those who are now being taken out of physical existence are only passing through a cyclic journey similar to that of the cosmic Christ Life which enters the Earth in the fall and leaves it at Easter. Those who are killed are only going into the invisible realms, whence they will later take a new dip into physical matter, entering as all living things do the egg of the mother. After a period of gestation they will re-emerge into physical life to learn new lessons in the great school. Thus we see how the great law of analogy works in all phases and under all circumstances of life. What happens in the great world to a cosmic Christ will show itself also in the lives of those who are Christs-in-the-making; and this will enable us to look more cheerfully upon the present struggle than would otherwise be the case.

Furthermore, we must realize that death is a cosmic necessity under the present circumstances for if we were imprisoned in a body of the kind we now use and placed in an environment such as we find today, there to live forever, the infirmities of the body and the unsatisfactory nature of the environment would very soon make us so tired of life that we would cry for release. It would block all progress and make it

impossible for us to evolve to greater heights such as we may evolve to by re-embodiment in new vehicles and placement in new environments which give us new possibilities of growth. Thus we may thank God that so long as birth into a concrete body is necessary for our further development, release by death has been provided to free us from the outgrown instrument, while resurrection and a new birth under the smiling skies of a new environment furnish another chance to begin life with a clean slate and learn the lessons which we failed to master before. By this method we shall some time become perfect as is the risen Christ. He commanded it and He will aid us to achieve it.

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT

Part I. *Material Analogies*

While we were coming down by involution into concrete existence our line of progress lay entirely in material development; but since we have rounded the nadir of materiality and are beginning to rise above the concrete, spiritual unfoldment is becoming increasingly important as a necessary factor in our development, although we still have many great and important lessons to learn from the material phase of our existence. This applies to humanity in general but particularly, of course, to those who are already consciously beginning to aspire to live the higher life. It may therefore be expedient to review from another angle the Rosierucian teachings as to the scientific method of acquiring this spiritual unfoldment.

People of the older generations, particularly in Europe and the eastern states of America, will undoubtedly remember with pleasure their travels along quiet country lanes, and how time and

again they have passed by a rippling stream with an old rustie mill, its creaking water wheel laboriously turning the crude machinery within, using but a small fraction of the power stored in the running water, which was going uselessly to waste save for such partial use. But later on a new generation came and perceived the possibilities to be realized by a scientific use of this enormous energy. Engineers began to construct dams to keep the water from flowing in the former wasteful manner. They diverted the water from the storage reservoirs through pipes or flumes to the water wheels constructed upon scientific principles, and they husbanded the great energy which they had stored by letting in only enough water to turn the water wheels at a given speed and with a given load.

But while the scientifically constructed water wheel was a giant compared with its crude predecessor, it was subject to some of the same limitations; its enormous energy could only be used at the place where the power was located, and such places are usually many miles from the centers of civilization where power is most needed. By working with the laws of Nature, man had secured a servant of inexhaustible energy; but how to make it available where most needed, that was the question. To solve that problem, again the laws of Nature were invoked; electric generators were coupled to the water wheels, the water power was transformed into electrical energy and an endeavor made to send it from the sources of its development to the cities where it might be used. But this again required scientific methods of working with the laws of Nature, for it was found that different metals transmit electricity with varying facility, the best of them being copper and silver. Copper was therefore chosen as the less expensive of the two.

(To be continued)

Studies in the Cosmo-Conception

This department is devoted to a study of the Rosicrucian Philosophy by the Socratic Method, the material being taken from the Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception.

Religion, Art, and Science

Q. Is materialism a necessary factor in human evolution?

A. Just as day and night, summer and winter, ebb and flood, follow each other in unbroken sequence according to the law of alternating cycles, so also the appearance of a wave of spiritual awakening in any part of the world is followed by a period of material reaction so that our development may not become onesided.

Q. How important is Science?

A. Religion, Art, and Science are the three most important means of human education and they are a trinity in unity which cannot be separated without distorting our viewpoint of whatever we may investigate.

Q. How is Religion related to Science and Art?

A. *True Religion* embodies both Science and Art for it teaches a beautiful life in harmony with the laws of Nature.

Q. What does Science embody?

A. *True Science* is artistic and religious in the highest sense for it teaches us to reverence and conform to laws governing our well-being and explains why the religious life is conducive to health and beauty.

Q. What place does Art occupy?

A. *True Art* is as educational as Science and as uplifting in its influence as Religion. In architecture we have a most sublime presentation of cosmic lines of force in the universe. It fills the spiritual beholder with a powerful devotion and adoration born of an awe-inspiring conception of the overwhelming grandeur and majesty of Deity. Sculpture and painting, music and literature inspire us with a sense of transcendent loveliness of God, the immutable source

and goal of all this beautiful world.

Q. Why are these three subjects not taught as one?

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

Q. When was Religion the main teaching?

A. *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 Renaissance and *Art* came to the fore in all its branches. Religion was strong as yet, however, and Art was only too often prostituted in the service of Religion. Last came the wave of modern *Science* and with iron hand it has subjugated Religion.

Q. How did such subjugation affect the world?

A. 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* may vanish before *Materialism* and *Agnosticism*.

Q. What is the solution?

A. Such a state cannot continue. Reaction must set in. If it does not, anarchy will rend the Cosmos. To avert 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.

—Reference: *Cosmo-Conception*, pp. 516-517.

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

The Tares Among the Wheat

Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field:



But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also.

So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? From whence then hath it tares?

He said unto them, An enemy hath done this. The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up?

But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them.

Let both grow together until the harvest: and in the time of harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them: but gather the wheat into my barn.

—Matthew 13:24-30.

It is taught in the Western Wisdom Teachings that "Man is a threefold Spirit, possessing a mind by means of which he governs a threefold body, which he emanated from himself to gather experience. This threefold body he transmutes into a threefold soul, upon which he nourishes himself from impotence to omnipotence." Life after life, here on the Earth, each human being goes through the various activities and experiences provided for him as opportunities for learning the necessary lessons on the spiral ladder of progress or evolution.

Unfortunately, however, the Ego, or Higher Self, is not always in command, since the lower self, or personality has become very powerful in the great majority of mankind. Therefore, through-

out each life there are what may be termed both "good" and "bad" responses to the situations of life, the freewill of each individual making it possible for him to respond according to his own ability and desire. Thus the Ego, always acting wisely, sows "good seed," but when the Ego is not in command, "his enemy," the lower self, comes and sows "tares," or deeds contrary to God's laws. Day after day this goes on, both the "wheat" and the "tares" growing according to the food given them. The record of every deed performed is indelibly imprinted, by means of the breath, upon the ether of the vital body.

At the end of the Earth life, there comes the time of the "harvest." When the seed atom of the physical body in the apex of the heart is ruptured, the Ego spends approximately three and one-half days viewing a panorama of the life just passed. This panorama provides the basis for the experiences to come in the higher worlds.

First, there comes the purgatorial experience, during which the Ego suffers for all the evil he has done and is purged of his baser desires. (If he has repented, made restitution, and reformed, then he will not have to suffer, and will pass on more quickly.)

After the purgatorial experience is completed, the Ego proceeds into the First Heaven, "where the results of its sufferings are incorporated in the seed atom of the desire body, thus imparting to it the quality of right feeling." Then, as "the panorama of the past again unrolls itself backward . . . the good acts of life . . . are the basis of feeling."

Thus are the "tares" burned and the "wheat" gathered into our heavenly Father's "barn," the eternal part of the Spirit which is the real man.

TODAY'S SCIENCE

Automation

BASIC parts of our civilization are the mechanical devices which transform energy into motion, doing what once had to be done by muscular power alone. Motors of all sorts linked up to arrangement of levers, wheels, rods, gears, etc., can perform many of the functions of hands and feet. Radio, TV, X-ray, radar, and measuring devices of many kinds duplicate many of the functions of hearing, taste, touch, sight and smell. Electronic devices show an almost psychic sensitivity to faint impulses, while such things as tape recording machines demonstrate "memory" and the ability to release an orderly, predetermined series of directive impulses not unlike those of the nervous system.

All these things and many others make possible carefully controlled and purposeful activity on the part of machines which may equal or even far exceed what man does. That human-like mechanical, electrical, electronical, and radionic principles should eventually be incorporated into a single complicated machine, or a series of co-related and co-ordinated machines, was inevitable. The result is Automation.

Automation, a relatively new word, may be defined as a means whereby a thing, a process, a service, etc., is done by machines which, once set into motion, follow a routine and perform human-like labor without the continuous application of the will and intelligent direction of an operator. Self-acting, self-regulating, self-propelling, they carry out specific and often highly complicated tasks.

Benefits to be derived from Automation are many. Among others things, it may make possible what is beyond hu-

man achievement, release workers from monotonous, dangerous, expensive, or impossible tasks. By multiplying the number of units and the speed of manufacture, Automation lowers costs and brings within the reach of millions the so-called "good things of life."

We shall hear increasingly of Automation. As it becomes a more extensive part of our economy it will have a profound effect upon our civilization. In the past only the few, usually the rulers, lived in relative comfort and abundance. Only they possessed the wealth and power to obtain the servants or slaves who produced the things upon which a high standard of living rests. Obviously, things must first be produced before they can be possessed and used, a condition which always necessitates the expenditure of vast amounts of labor either by human beings or by machines. At present, the American people have a living standard backed by what amounts to 60 slaves behind every man, woman, and child. As progress and the right distribution of the world's goods bring abundance to all, as it surely will in time, it is conceivable that the equivalent of hundreds of slaves will stand behind every single human being. If many, in turn, are not to be tied down to operating machines, it is obvious that machines must be made to operate automatically. The making of such machines will give outlet to man's creative ability and will be regarded as such, rather than as the toil enforced by economic necessity. In one sense, this might be likened to an initiation for both labor and the mineral kingdom.

Interestingly, in this country at least,

(Continued on page 282)



Richard Wagner: Musical Titan

KATHERINE B. HOLBROOK

PART I

THE function of a genius is to create, on a great or small scale, in conformity with his evolved ability. The Creator of our Universe is the macrocosm; man is the microcosm, the reflection—"As above—so below." Thus the genius has taken the first steps in becoming a creator in this microcosmic world, and as such, he has risen above the path of ordinary humanity. In this capacity, his mission is no longer to live primarily for himself and his personal aggrandizement, but to serve humanity in some particular endeavor. Therefore, he and his personal welfare are aside from the issue of his manifestations in creating. This can be observed in the study of the great geniuses in music, art, literature, science, and so forth, for their lives, in a personal sense, were lived as a sacrifice to their creative expression. With very few exceptions, we know they have all had physical suffering and monetary deprivation in great measure, coupled with much mental anguish.

The life story of Richard Wagner conforms to this theory to such an overwhelming extent that he stands as a Titan for ability to endure vicissitudes in endeavoring to develop and externalize his musical creations. True, much of his

suffering was the result of his own actions, and this complexity in one man of great genius and character shortcomings forms the basis of this astrological study.

Richard Wagner was born May 22, 1813, at Leipzig, Germany. He was a quick-witted, merry, impressionable child, which is indicated by Sun in Gemini on the Ascendant, conjunct Venus, sextile Jupiter, and trine Mars. Very early in life he knew he wanted to compose above everything else, and set to work to accomplish this end. When fifteen he came under the influence of Beethoven's powerful music, and returned from a concert, where he had heard Beethoven's *Egmont*, so emotionally overwrought that he had an attack of fever, the reaction to a strongly aspected Mars. There is a strong Mars influence in Beethoven's music that found a kindred spirit in Wagner, and this remained with him throughout life. In fact, Beethoven was his guiding spirit.

Wagner ignored schooling, absconding from one school and neglecting his studies while at another, contracting debts even at this early age, wrote poetry, and cared about nothing else but composing music. His mother realized she had not the power to change his ideas, so permitted him to go his own way in satisfying this great desire. A wise de-

about his compositions. In fact, he was advised to write "pot-boilers."

When we listen to the musical compositions of this great genius, it is difficult to believe that his opera *Rienzi* was written while he had to beg, almost daily, for financial aid. One day he trudged the streets of Paris all day long in an endeavor to borrow five francs so that Minna could buy food for their dinner. He was even imprisoned for debt (Venus in the twelfth house opposing Uranus), but he went on composing, consumed with an overpowering desire to create, regardless of sacrifice, poverty, and using others to further his purposes. The ambition and determination to succeed of Saturn in Capricorn, highly elevated, carried him on. The sextile of Saturn in the house of the higher mind to Uranus in the fixed sign Scorpio and the sixth house, enabled him to concentrate on his work regardless of obstacles. Without this aspect he could never have created his great masterpieces, for this financial embarrass-

ment was to dog him through most of his life.

When Wagner returned to Germany *Rienzi* and *The Flying Dutchman* were produced. After such a long bitter struggle—two operas produced within a few months! This brought him fame, but not surcease from the monetary pressure. He continued to borrow, but as most of the loans went to pay pressing debts, he was forced to accept the position of Chief Court Kapellmeister to the King of Saxony. He chafed considerably under the royal yoke because he wanted to be free to compose, and his arbitrary nature, shown by the square of Mercury and Mars and the opposition of Sun to Uranus, made it difficult for him to obey commands.

Now he turned to writing the libretto for *Tannhauser*, and the music for that was written as he states "in a state of agonizing, uncontrollable excitement which kept my blood and nerves in a boiling fever" due to disappointments over unsatisfactory productions and criticisms of his operas. The premiere of *Tannhauser* took place in 1845, and then he turned to the task of writing *Lohengrin*. His affairs might have gone along more smoothly in the future if he had not been foolish enough to get mixed up in the revolution of 1848. Again the erratic, eccentric, negative impulse of Uranus! Progressed Moon was now in Taurus setting off the opposition of Venus to Uranus. Public disapproval compelled the cancelling of his opera productions. His subsequent participation in the Dresden uprising resulted in a warrant for his arrest. We see the loss of friends, prestige, and popularity in this opposition, and his response to the unfavorable influence of Venus in the twelfth house brought exile for many years.

Now the many begging letters to Franz Liszt began. Liszt was then and remained his best friend and benefactor. The many financial loans he gave Wagner were supplemented by his keen

Horoscopes for Subscribers' Children

Should you wish to avail yourself of a possible opportunity to have your child's HOROSCOPE delineated in this department, subscribe to this magazine for one year, and accompany your subscription with an application for a reading. RENEWALS count the same as a subscription. Readings are given for children up to 14 years of age. They include a general character, health, and vocational analysis.

ONE name only is drawn each month, but unless there is an unusually large number of applications, you may have more than one opportunity for a drawing.

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NOTE: We give horoscope readings ONLY in this magazine.

interest in Wagner's music, which resulted in many productions at Weimar where Liszt was located. Liszt never failed him, and by his generosity and understanding of Wagner's genius he removed many obstacles which would have seriously impeded the progress of the composer.

Wagner's amorous nature is indicated in his chart by Uranus in Scorpio opposed to Venus. He stated repeatedly that he "craved" for a woman who could truly understand him. But what he really desired was a woman who would place him on a pedestal and worship him (afflicted Venus), subjecting her life and endeavors to his career. His affairs of the heart transpired after he had received public recognition as a composer and the aura of glory surrounded him. Unlike Minna, who seems to have loved him for himself, these women were attracted by the glory of his genius, not by the man. Minna shared his poverty and humiliations, Cosima, his second wife, shared his triumphs. Minna is practically forgotten, while Cosima lived forty-seven years after Wagner in reflected glory of Bayreuth.

When Wagner met Mathilde Wesendonck she was about twenty-four and he forty. His previous indiscretions with women after his marriage to Minna, had been brief and superficial, but this romance was to play the important part of inspiring *Tristan* and *Isolde*. He found the charm of this intellectual woman, so young and impressionable, fascinating and inspiring. He called her "a sheet of white paper—and I am the man who is going to write upon it." He drew her easily into the orbit of his aura of glory, and she responded as he had expected. Through his music he made love to her, playing his inspiration of the day each evening for her, reading his libretto, and using her suggestions and ideas. The fact that he was borrowing large sums of money from her husband did not deter him in the slight-

est. The letters that passed between Wagner and Mathilde finally aroused the suspicion of Minna, and she intercepted one hidden in a manuscript. (That adversely aspected Mercury in the twelfth house!) She promptly confronted Mathilde with this evidence, for a love letter it was indeed! Mathilde, very smartly, told all this to her husband as though it was of no importance to her. Up to this point Wagner had not consummated his desires, and he stated that Mathilde was to be only "an ideal" to him. Whether this was true or he was afraid of losing the patronage of Mathilde's husband, we do not know, but there is trickiness in that opposition of Jupiter and Mars, and deception with Mercury squaring them from the twelfth house.

This affair caused one of the many separations of Minna and Wagner, and the close association with the Wesendonck's menage was broken. This did not deter Wagner from approaching Wesendonck again when monetary needs were pressing, and Wesendonck advanced him twenty-four thousand francs against copyrights of certain operas. Wagner again visited the Wesendoncks, and wrote to Hans von Bulow (whom he was to deceive later) that all was complacent now between husband and wife, stating "I take credit to myself for the development of this situation. The husband was genuinely glad to see me a visitor at his house. That is a good piece of work and I defy anyone to imitate me." The egotism and vanity of an afflicted Sun so strongly placed on the Ascendant!

(To be continued)

* * *

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute! What you can do, or dream you can, begin it; boldness has genius, power, and magic in it. Only engage, and then the mind grows heated. BEGIN, and then the work will be completed.—Goethe.

The Influence of Neptune

Let us for a moment look at the high points of Neptune's influence in mundane affairs in relation to the signs transited since his discovery in 1846:

In *Aquarius*, 1834-1848—the sign of inventions, idealism and brotherhood. The advent of socialism; also the dawning consciousness of women's rights, exemplified in the activities of the champion of female suffrage, Susan B. Anthony. The Morse telegraph is invented, revolutionizing intercommunication of the world.

In *Pisces*, 1848-1861—the sign of the wanderer, the dreamer, the restless mystic. The temperance society of Good Templars is formed, endeavoring to check the evils of drink. The discovery of gold in California; the trek of emigrants overland, the "Westward Ho" of the covered wagons.

In *Aries*, 1861-1874—the sign of pioneering, new beginnings. The clarion call of freedom for the Negro is sounded; the war of the North and the South; the abolition of slavery, embodying the humanitarian ideals of a martyred Lincoln.

In *Taurus*, 1874-1887—the fixed, possessive earth sign. Neptune expresses his illusive and chaotic propensities causing a struggle of the monied interests for supremacy; panics in banking institutions; the foundations of immense fortunes laid in wholesale land grabbing. On the other side, as a leaven in the hard lump of stark materialism, we note the influence of that immortal poet and essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose truly inspired and idealistic writings helped to inaugurate a new era. His oracular saying, "Who telleth one of my meanings is master of all I am," was like a prophecy of Neptune's subtle power. Birth of the Theosophical movement, which has spread all over the world.

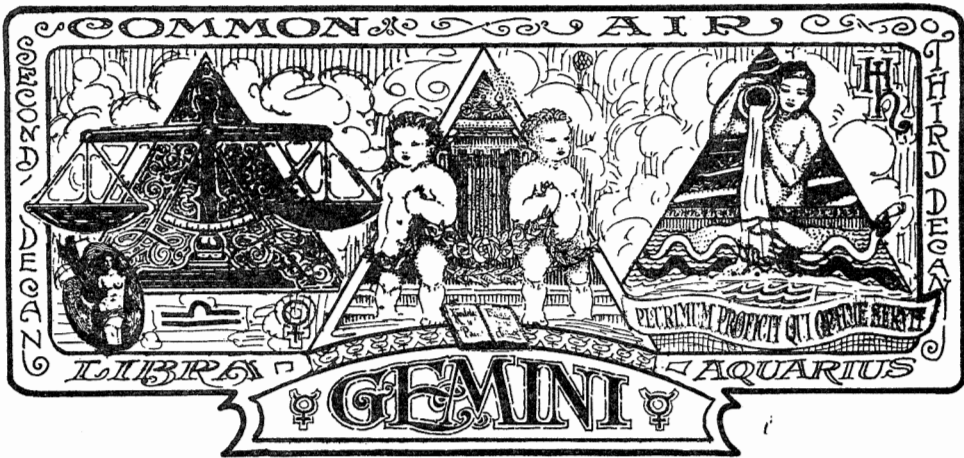
In *Gemini*, 1887-1901—the airy, flexible, scientific, and literary sign, ruled by Mercury. The real beginning of air-

craft; the birth of many present-day famous aviators. Science and popular education coming to the fore. The first wireless message across the Atlantic, stimulating international relations. The explosion of the battleship Maine in Havana harbor, resulting in our war with Spain; the insurrection in the Philippines.

In *Cancer*, 1901-1914—the moist, mystic sign inaugurating the cosmic drama of life and death; the home and mother sign. The rise of Theodore Roosevelt, the champion and staunch defender of home and family. The suffragists finally win the right to vote. The women's temperance societies wax strong. The inspirational Neptune is thoroughly in harmony with Cancer, so we find a great stimulus in the appreciation of music; many of our most promising young musicians were born with Neptune in Cancer. Teachers and leaders in occultism become known and recognized. The writing of that epoch-making book, *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, by Max Heindel, and the establishment of The Rosicrucian Fellowship Headquarters at Oceanside. The sinking of the Titanic in the north Atlantic.

In *Leo*, 1914-1928—the fixed, fiery, royal sign. Neptune enters Leo in an explosive, thunderous mood; he seems here to run the gamut of emotions, playing upon the heartstrings of humanity through all cadences from the blackest hate and anguish to the loftiest feelings of chivalry, generosity and devotion. All the demons of enmity, malevolence, and destruction are let loose; the Great War devastates the world, and kings and emperors are tumbled from their thrones. But through suffering and agony runs the promise of a new awakening; the spark of universal love is kindled in the peoples, for "in the crucible of pain great souls are born."

—Alfa Lindanger in RAYS FROM
THE ROSE CROSS, June, 1930.



The Children of Gemini, 1956

Birthdays: May 21 to June 21

NATIVES of the dual sign of the twins, Gemini, express their common-air (mental) nature by a variety of interests and activities. They enjoy doing more than one thing at a time, and would like to be in two places at the same time, were it possible! Traveling appeals to them, and they are apt to take many short journeys.

The people born under Gemini are usually studious and prolific, excelling in all mercurial activities. There is a liking for all the arts and sciences, but a tendency toward only surface study of them. Specialization and concentration may well be two of their goals.

Writing and speaking are natural to the Geminis. They prefer a vocation which permits expression of their dexterity in language, such as public speaking, publishing, writing, or teaching. Their talents tend more toward the gathering of information than toward thinking out and completing something original.

These people are usually adaptable and easy to get along with, but should not allow themselves to be unduly influenced by others. They are inclined

to be impersonal and not take things too seriously.

Since Gemini is ruled by Mercury, which controls the nervous system as well as the mind, these natives are subject to restlessness, impatience, and nervousness. They are very sensitive to the mental atmosphere about them and should seek quiet, peaceful surroundings, as they cultivate patience, faith, and inner stability.

Moderate exercise, particularly walking, in the open, fresh air will be found to be of great help in keeping these people healthy and fit for life's demands.

During all this solar month Saturn trines Uranus and squares Jupiter, Jupiter conjuncts Pluto and sextiles Neptune, and Uranus squares Neptune. The first of these aspects indicates some splendid characteristics: ambition, determination, executive ability, intuition, ingenuity of mind, an inspirational nature, and the probability of occult experiences. A public career in an official capacity is favored. The squares of Saturn to Jupiter and of Uranus to Neptune are warning signals to the parents of these children to stress a positive, decisive attitude of mind, along with complete honesty and trustfulness

of others, in their plastic years. Keeping them busy at some constructive activity should be a prime object in their training.

The Sun conjuncts Mercury from May 21 to 31, favoring the mentality and memory on the days when the orb of aspect is three degrees or more.

From May 21 to 28, the Sun squares Saturn, so that these children should be given special training in unselfishness, cheerfulness, tolerance, and kindness toward others. Regard for health should be manifested in wise eating and simple living.

During this same period the Sun sextiles Uranus, giving an original, intuitive, independent, and inventive nature. The ideals are high, many progressive friends are attracted, and the native will be one of the pioneers of humanity.

Saturn squares Mars from May 21 to June 10, an indication of the need for training in honesty, truthfulness, sympathy, and unselfishness in general.

From May 21 to June 6, Jupiter opposes Mars, another warning for parents of these children to begin at an early age to teach them honesty, self-restraint, and carefulness in eating. Regular exercises or massages to stimulate the circulation should be encouraged.

Mars trines Neptune from May 21 to June 9, intensifying the emotional nature and giving a leaning toward the study and practice of occultism and mysticism. This aspect also aids one in penetrating the invisible worlds in a conscious manner.

From May 24 to June 16, Mercury opposes Saturn, denoting the need for cultivating cheerfulness, trustfulness, and truthfulness. Unselfishness in attitude is also needed by these children.

Mercury sextiles Uranus from May 25, to June 20, bestowing an original, independent, and progressive mind. This is the insignia of the pioneer and inventive genius. Many friends are attracted and the nature is kindly and sympathetic.

From May 29 to June 21, Mercury squares Mars, giving a sharp and alert mind, but there is a tendency to use the mental faculties destructively. Truthfulness, control of temper, and kindness of manner should be stressed in bringing up these children.

Venus trines Mars from June 7 to 19, giving an ambitious, aspiring and adventurous nature, but a tendency toward excessive affection and extravagance in spending. Moderation in all things is an excellent maxim to teach these natives.

Mercury squares Jupiter from June 4 to 16, suggesting that these children be taught a positive, decisive attitude of mind, along with honesty and frankness.

The Sun sextiles Jupiter from June 8 to 21, a strong indication of health, wealth, and happiness. The nature is jovial, generous, and trustworthy.

From June 11 to 21, the Sun trines Neptune, intensifying the spiritual vibrations in the aura and thus favoring the development of the spiritual faculties.

Venus trines Neptune and sextiles Jupiter from June 17 to 21, a strong vibration for all the "good things" of life: health, wealth, a happy marriage, and a jovial, generous, inspirational, and liberal nature. There is also talent for music and a purity of nature.

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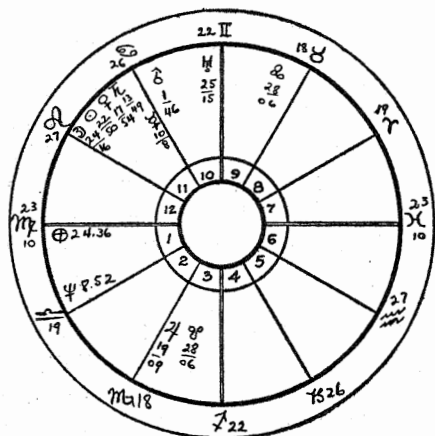
OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA

Reading for a Subscriber's Child

ROBERT L. R.

Born August 16, 1947, 7:40 A.M.

Latitude 42 N., Longitude 88 W.



A third time, in succession, we find a stellium the dominant factor of the chart for our reading. Here the Sun, Moon, and three planets are in Leo in the 11th house, a strong concentration in the fixed, fifth-house sign in the department of life having to do particularly with friends, hopes, wishes, and aspirations.

The conjunction of the Sun, Moon, and Venus, sextile Uranus in Gemini in the 10th and Mars in Cancer in the 10th, indicates a very masterful, ambitious, independent, and aggressive nature, with much will power. There is tremendous physical vitality, a very strong love nature, an unusual intuitive faculty, and talent for music. This configuration also gives a keen sense of honor, integrity, and high ideals and aspirations. Robert will have many friends of a high type to assist him in attaining his hopes, wishes, and aspirations.

However, there is another, less constructive, side to this child's nature, indicated by the square of Sun, Moon, Venus, and Saturn to Jupiter in Scorpio in the 3rd. Training in self-restraint, thrift, strict honesty, consideration of

others, and faithfulness in friendship and partnerships should be stressed by his parents and teachers so that he will be fortified in the battle within himself by the two strong opposing forces. Opportunities for soul growth will come largely through affairs governed by the third and 11th houses: brothers, sisters, neighbors, short journeys, friends, hopes, wishes, and aspirations.

Mercury in Leo conjuncts Saturn and sextiles Neptune in Libra in the 1st house. This gives an excellent mind, capable of concentration and clear reasoning, and fortunately one that is susceptible to spiritual truth. Although Mercury itself is not within orb of a square to Jupiter, its conjunction with Saturn draws it into the square to some extent, and thus suggests again that Robert be trained in simple tastes, truthfulness, and strict honesty.

The Mercury-ruled sign Virgo is on the Ascendant, and the ASC sextiles Jupiter and squares Uranus. This accentuates the mental faculties and also gives a degree of needed pliability. However, there may be a tendency to act impulsively at times, so that it would be well to cultivate deliberation in thought and action.

Uranus in conjunction with Mars tends toward a violent temper and resentment against restraint, but since these planets are both well aspected the tremendous mental power (Gemini) indicated by the conjunction can, with effort, be kept under control. Robert will take naturally to aviation, radio, telegraphy, and similar fields of endeavor, and may achieve high success in one or more of them through his inventive ability.

This boy is a strong soul and with wise parental guidance can not only make much soul growth for himself in this life, but can be of great help in ushering in the New Age of higher ideals and living conditions for all humanity. Guide him with firmness—and love.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

This page is a free service for readers. Since advice is based on the horoscope, we can give a reading ONLY if supplied with the following information: full name, sex,

place of birth, year, day of month, hour. No reading given except in this Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 14 to 40 YEARS OF AGE—EDITOR.

Secretary, Reporter

ROSS, H. M.—Born August 27, 1941, 6:53 A.M. Latitude 32 S., Longitude 117 E. Jupiter in Gemini in the 10th, sextile Mars in Aries in the 8th, trine Moon (10 degrees) in Libra in the 2nd, and square Mercury and Neptune (7 and 8 degrees) in Virgo in the 1st, chief vocational indicator in this chart, points toward a mercurial occupation. The Sun in Virgo in the 12th, conjunct Mercury in Virgo in the 1st, sextile the Moon, and square Saturn and Uranus, accentuates the mental side of the nature. Saturn in Taurus in the 9th conjunct Uranus, trines Neptune and the Dragon's Head in Virgo in the 1st. Common signs are on all the angles. As a secretary or assistant in a bank, religious institution, or law office this boy could make good use of his talents. He also has ability as a reporter or translator.

Statesman, Business Executive

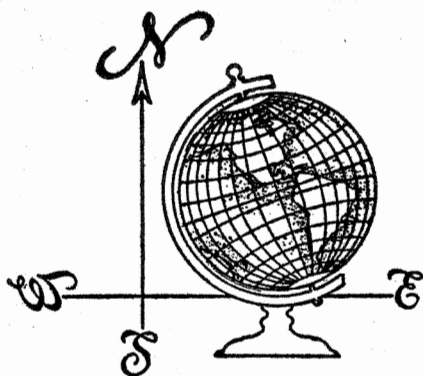
DAINIS P.—Born December 31, 1938, 12:05 P.M. Latitude 57 N., Longitude 24 E. Here we find the chief vocational indicator the Sun in Capricorn in the 10th, sextile Jupiter intercepted in Pisces in the 12th and Mars in Scorpio in the 7th, trine Uranus and the Dragon's Tail in Taurus in the 1st, and square Saturn in Aries in the 1st. The Moon is in Aries in the 1st, sextile Jupiter and distantly trine (10 degrees) Mercury in Sagittarius in the 9th. Mercury trines Saturn. Cardinal signs are on all the angles. This young man could give excellent service in government work, as well as in the business world, and is likely to rise to a high executive position in one of these fields.

Builder, Mfg. Chemist

CLARENCE O. B.—Born April 16, 1921, 11:45 P.M. Latitude 35 N., Longitude 81 W. In this chart we find Libra on the 10th house, with Venus, its ruler, in Taurus in the 4th, sextile Uranus in Pisces in the 2nd and Pluto in Cancer in the 7th, trine Jupiter in Virgo in the 8th, and square Neptune in Leo in the 8th. The Sun is in Aries in the 4th, in conjunction with the Dragon's Tail, and trine the Moon in Leo in the 8th. Mercury is in Aries in the 3rd, trine Neptune in Leo in the 8th. Sagittarius is on the Ascendant. This man should have considerable financial, artistic, and musical ability, and a mind that is naturally receptive to spiritual and occult truths. He could do well as a builder, organist, florist, bookbinder, or manufacturing chemist, particularly if connected with a religious organization or work.

Salesman, Animal Dealer

JAMES B. S.—Born March 23, 1933, 2:23 P.M. Latitude 34 N., Longitude 118 W. The fixed-earth sign Taurus is on the Midheaven of this horoscope, with its ruler, Venus, posited in Pisces in the 8th, in conjunction with Mercury and the Sun in Aries. The Moon is also in Pisces, in the 7th, in conjunction with the Dragon's Head and opposed to the Dragon's Tail, Mars, and Neptune in Virgo in the 1st. Uranus in Aries in the 9th sextiles Saturn in Aquarius in the 6th. Leo is on the Ascendant. This native could do well as a shoe salesman, a dealer in animals, or oil station operator. He also has ability as a sculptor and as an actor.



MONTHLY
News
 INTERPRETED

Understanding Each Other

Lew Ayres has an idea that understanding of each other's religions would help bring East and West together.

A man deeply interested in things of the spirit, Ayres has given his idea a boost by traveling around the world and making a series of nine documentary motion pictures of the great religions of the East.

These he is releasing in the United States.

Next, he wants to make a long picture—a full evening's fare—on Christianity, to be shown to the peoples of the East as well as those of this and other occidental countries.

"If these first documentaries do something to acquaint the people of the West with the motivations, the ideas and the ideals of the people of the East—bring about a little better understanding, serve as a means of getting acquainted—then they may help pave the way for peace," Ayres said in an interview.

A film luminary when America entered the second World War, Ayres achieved temporary notoriety by announcing he was a conscientious objector to military service, a man averse to killing in any form, who had embraced vegetarianism six years previously.

The draft board accepted his testimony. But he got into the Army as a noncombatant and saw a great deal of war as an assistant chaplain and technician with mobile evacuation hospital.

If the field of religious documentation in movies should prove a success, Ayres, at 47, says he feels he'd like to spend much of the rest of his life in it.

One thing he'd like to do on film is explore the developing of religion in the consciousness of the human race.

—*Oceanside Blade-Tribune*, Mar. 9, 1956.

One very good thing that is developing out of present world conditions is the realization of the necessity for getting to know our fellow beings better, especially those who are separated from us by differences of race, religion, and habits of life. Living as we do today surrounded by nuclear power that can easily destroy us, we cannot afford to let misunderstandings mount to the point where a disastrous explosion is touched off. With war too dangerous a method of settling differences, we are being forced to seek the more constructive way of reaching agreement with our neighbors through mutual understanding and sympathy. To meet this need, there are many constructive movements which approach the problem from different angles, but we need to do much more yet to substitute understanding for ignorance and sympathy for suspicion. So it is with much interest that we learn of this series of films on which Lew Ayres is working to help remove barriers of religious difference.

We find it so hard to understand others. As individuals we live in a little personal world of thoughts and emotions, shut off from our fellows by the hard shell of the outer personality. Between members of different races, religions, or cultures there are added barriers of training, preconceived ideas, and plain ignorance.

Christopher Cranch, in his poem *Gnosis*, compares this condition of hu-

man isolation to that of rain drops as they fall to earth. In the atmosphere the moisture is all one. It is only when, condensing around particles in the air, the moisture falls to earth, that separation into drops takes place. The rain drop has a separate existence for only a very brief period. Once it reaches the ground, the tendency is for the drops to run together again in trickles, streams, rivers, and ocean. All the time, also, the Sun by evaporation returns the moisture to the atmosphere and the former state of unity. So it is with human separation. Spiritually, all Life is One, but as the Spirit journeys downward into material conditions it becomes blinded by the dense form and the sense of unity is lost. This isolation exists for a comparatively short time, and for the particular purpose of developing the powers of the individual. When that purpose is achieved, the lost knowledge of Oneness will be recovered through the operation of Love, the great unifier. As the poet, Cranch, says, it is "only when the sun of love melts the scattered stars of thought," that

"We, like parted drops of rain
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one."

Our homeward journey has already begun, and we shall not go empty handed, but each bearing the fruits of individual experience, to enrich the consciousness of the whole.

Where East Meets West

For all his irritating contradictions, Jawaharlal Nehru is Asia's greatest statesman. For all its baffling anachronisms, his country, India—now soaking in the 100-degree heat of March, its caste untouchables still ostracized despite the modern laws protecting them, its sadhus still practicing their curious rites (a few including human sacrifice), its people prey to sudden

surges of riot and frenzy—is still the most powerful bulwark of democracy in Asia.

That this democracy stands aloof from the West in a moment of trial seems regrettable. It could even prove fatal. But in view of its history, its suffering, its newness, it is highly understandable. That India looks skeptically on the world outside Asia—free as well as Communist, is also understandable. Asia is India's geographical home.

Yet from the days when Alexander the Great marched his hoplites to the Indus, through the long modern influence of British thought and example, India has also been tied to the West. It has accepted the crowning political faith of the West as its heritage, and—in India's singular way—the heritage will be defended. "We want to hurry the democratic way," Nehru has said, "but we must hurry. Therefore it is important for the whole world that our country should succeed in the democratic way."

Historic words, perhaps—and a far cry from the brutal thinking of Jawaharlal's good Chinese friend Chou En-lai.

—*Newsweek*, Mar. 12, 1956.

It is indeed vital to the whole world that India shall succeed as a democracy, for this great land with its snowy peaks and sweltering plains, its treasures of spiritual riches preserved in the Ancient Wisdom, and its physical poverty and superstitions, the courage and devotion of its able leaders and the desperate need of its people—this land of contradictions—may be the link that will bring about a union of the best of the West with the best of the East in a balanced and sane way of life.

What is taking place in India today fires the imagination and touches the chords of sympathy in the heart. Here are 367 million people awaking from an age-long inertia, and trying in a short span of time to come abreast of the progress of the times. In some quarters there is a tendency to impatience with Prime Minister Nehru for not throwing in his lot entirely with the West. He has made it plain that he wants no part with Communism for his own land, but feels that the best way to meet its threat is by raising the level of living among

his own people. If, with so much to be done in such a short time, he has no time or energy to waste in simply denouncing the totalitarian regimes, he should not be condemned for that. What India needs is our encouragement and practical help, so that there may be between East and West not merely a political or military partnership, but a joining of the two ways of life, resulting from a blending of Eastern wisdom with the scientific mastery of the West. In the course of evolution some groups may lag for a while, and others forge ahead, but the gap must not become too wide. We are all One and our destiny is One. As a unit we must go forward to that day when a well-balanced, wise Humanity shall be masters of their fate and rulers of the Earth and their own destiny.

The Geophysical Year

The United States National Committee for the International Geophysical Year, 1957-1958, hopes "to accomplish in science what the United Nations has failed to do politically."

This was the assertion yesterday of Dr. Laurence M. Gould, president of Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., and chairman of the USNC-ICY Antarctic Committee, in an interview at the Statler.

"Science knows no boundaries and no barriers," said Dr. Gould. "We have sat at conference tables with Russian scientists in Paris and in Brussels and have found them most cooperative.

"They were eager to collaborate with all other nations, including the United States, in the assignment of bases of operations in the Antarctic for studies in a number of geophysical fields."

These fields, he said, include aurora, cosmic rays, geomagnetism, glaciology, ionospheric physics, meteorology, rocket exploration of the upper atmosphere, seismology, and gravity measurement.

Dr. Gould will leave for the South Pole area next November and will return the

following March. In his party will be 100 scientists representing 11 nations including Russia.

Forty nations will take part in an unprecedented examination of the earth, at stations dotting the globe, during the coming Geophysical Year, Dr. Gould disclosed.

—*Los Angeles Examiner*, April 1, 1956.

The plans outlined for research to take place during the Geophysical Year indicate a remarkable degree of cooperation among the world's scientists. Their willingness to work together as a team, and to share the knowledge so obtained for the good of the whole world, is worthy of admiration.

Science knows no barriers, says Dr. Gould. In the search for truth the mind is directed inward and upward to the Region of Abstract Thought, the realm of Ideas, which lies beyond the limitations of form and the confusion of the Desire World with its conflicting feelings. It is easier, therefore, for scientists to work in harmony than for politicians, who must always consider such diverse interests as power, prestige, and regional needs.

Many of the great teachers have recommended to their pupils exercises in abstract thought, as, for instance, the study of mathematics, to fit the mind to receive spiritual truth, and as a preparation for spiritual illumination. Beyond the Region of Abstract Thought lies the World of Life Spirit, the home of the Christ Love, and it is to this we must look for true unity. The knowledge gained by science may be misinterpreted by the concrete mind, or misused by selfishness, but Love has power to unify through the transformation of personalities.

Therefore, as the scientists join in gathering more information about the Earth on which we live, it would be well for us to work on our own personal worlds, and to re-dedicate our lives to the service of love for humanity. The world needs more love, that it may wisely use the power that scientific knowledge provides.

Readers' QUESTIONS

Dangers of Hypnotism

Question:

Will you please give a full explanation of hypnotism, telling particularly why, as you maintain, it is dangerous?

Answer:

To control others by the exercise of will power is mental assault, and is even more reprehensible than assault on the physical plane of action. It is this mental assault which is called "hypnotism," and it is graded in its effect just as physical assault is. A strong man may administer a playful slap to get another to do his bidding, or he may beat him to unconsciousness. The hypnotist salesman administers just enough force to make the customer buy something he does not want or cannot afford, and then deludes himself by calling it legitimate business.

Bad and widespread as this is, it is at least not attended by any of the after-effects incident to the practice of putting "subjects" into a hypnotic sleep. The enormity of this crime can only be appreciated when the effect upon the invisible bodies of the subject is noted.

It is characteristic of the invisible bodies of man that they are acted upon by *Will*. Every impulse to action that comes from *within* originates in the will of the man himself, while incentives to action arising from *outside* sources, commonly called "circumstances," *originate in the will of others*, and the difference between the man of strong character, good or bad, and the weak man, is that the former is impelled by his own will, acting from within, which enables him, regardless of circumstances, to make his

way as he determines. On the other hand the weakling who has no will is the helpless sport of the billows of circumstance, dominated by the will of others, driftwood on the shoreless seas of life.

No strong willed person can be dominated by a hypnotist to the extent of being put to sleep, and no one who keeps a positive mental attitude can be dominated. Hence the unsuspecting victim is first told to be perfectly negative and willing to be put to sleep. The passes of the hypnotist are then directed to the head and impinge upon the head of the vital body squeezing it through the physical head, so that it lies around the neck in thick rolls, something like the collar of a sweater.

Thus the connection between the ego and the dense body is severed, as in sleep, and the higher vehicles withdrawn. However, there is now a different condition than in sleep. The head of the vital body is not in its proper place, enveloping and permeating the dense physical head of the victim. That is now pervaded by ether from the vital body of the hypnotist, and thus he obtains power over his victim.

If we know what "wire-tapping" means, we have the key to the relation between the hypnotist and his victim, at least in a measure. If a man has a private telephone connection from his home to his office, and someone makes a connection in between, he will be able to intercept messages, impersonate the business man, issue orders, etc. The hypnotist does something like that. He taps the lines of communication between the ego and body of his victim by interposing part of himself in the line, and by virtue of that hold he may force the ego to go

out in the invisible world and get whatever information he desires as far as it is possible; or he may make the dense body do foolish or criminal acts according to his pleasure.

But even this is not the worst about hypnotism. By far the greatest danger to the victim arises from the fact that, once a part of the hypnotist's vital body has been introduced into his own, it cannot be entirely withdrawn at the awakening. A small part remains in the medulla oblongata and forms a nucleus by which the hypnotist may gain ingress and subdue his victim more easily next time, and each succeeding time something is added to this nucleus. Thus by degrees the poor victim becomes perfectly helpless, amenable to the will of his master, independent of distance, until the death of one or the other breaks the connection.

This remnant of the hypnotist's vital body is also the storehouse for commands to be carried out at a future time, involving the performance of a certain act, on a certain day, at a certain hour. When the time arrives the impulse is released like the spring of an alarm clock, and the victim must carry out the command, even to murder, yet has no idea that he is influenced by someone else. At the death of a hypnotist all his victims are released, and no suggestion for a subsequent date will compel them.

It is sometimes contended that hypnotism may be used benevolently for the cure of drunkenness and other vices, and it is readily admitted that, viewed solely from the material standpoint, that appears to be true. From the viewpoint of occult science, however, it is far otherwise. Like all other desires, the craving for liquor is in the desire body, and it is the duty of the Ego to master it by will power. That is why he is in the school of experience called life, and no man can do his moral growing for him, any more than he can digest another's dinner for him. Nature is not to be cheated. Each must solve his own problems, overcome his own faults by his own will. If, there-

fore, a hypnotist overpowers the desire body of a drunkard, the Ego in the drunkard will have to learn his lesson in a future life, if he dies before the hypnotist. If the hypnotist dies first the man will inevitably turn to drink again, for then the part of the hypnotist's vital body which held the evil desire in check gravitates back to its source, and the cure is nil. The only way to master a vice permanently is by one's own will.

The man who uses his mental powers unworthily is the worst as well as the most dangerous kind of criminal. . . . The most insidious of all wrong is that done upon the mental plane of action, where a man under the guise of perfect respectability, often under the cloak of benevolence, can blight the lives of others, bend their will to his own ends, yet seemingly remain irreproachable himself, and even be looked upon as a friend and benefactor by his victims. . . . His transgression is seldom punished in the same life in which committed, but often in later lives finds its expiation in congenital idiocy. The crime of the determined hypnotist is in fact a phase of what the Bible describes as "sin against the Holy Spirit," spiritual evil, and hypnotism may well be said to be the greatest crime on earth and the greatest danger to society.

Time Spent in Purgatory

Question:

Do some Egos stay for centuries in Purgatory?

Answer:

Yes, some do. They are the exceptions, however, being earthbound because of their selfish, evil lives. The usual length of time spent in Purgatory is one-third of the Earth life just prior to death.



Preventive Medicines: Harmful and Harmless

WE live in an age of so-called immunization, medically speaking, when huge sums of money are made out of vaccines, etc., on the curious assumption that one can prevent a thing which nobody is certain is bound to occur! These vaccines, as we know, are derived from animals which are cruelly exploited by man, who has little regard for the sufferings of his "younger brothers in evolution" as long as they can serve that branch of learning he calls and imagines to be Science. He ignores the fact that such vaccines, calculated to prevent one set of diseases, can and often do merely give rise to others as a result of polluting the blood-stream with morbid matter.

However, with the prevention of dirt-diseases such as smallpox and diphtheria we are not here concerned, but with preventive methods which, I submit, are both more humane and more truly scientific, for they do not pollute the body but supply those natural elements essential for the maintenance of health. I say advisedly natural, seeing that diseased substance derived from animals is most certainly not a natural constituent of the human body.

Now in view of the increased incidence of such serious afflictions as cancer, thrombosis, and also that unwholesome ailment, chronic constipation, the vital question is how can these afflictions be prevented?

According to the late Dr. Forbes Ross, who cured numerous cases of cancer, that dread disease occurs when there is a deficiency in the blood and tissues of potassium (potash). He maintained, incidentally though significantly, that the herbs used by herbalists for the treatment of growths were effective because those selected were especially rich in potash. As a protection against cancer he advised his patients to take every day a pinch of bicarbonate of potash in warm water or in any long drink. Moreover, the exponents of the Biochemic System of Medicine uphold Dr. Forbes Ross's contention that potassium-deficiency is the most frequent cause of morbid growths, and that to prevent such a deficiency is likewise to prevent cancer.

Nor should I omit to mention that somewhat recent discoveries have revealed that a few quite ordinary substances contain anti-cancerous properties. One of these is linseed oil, and another is crude black molasses. Indeed, when I wrote my simple booklet on the remarkable properties of the latter, I was able to give the case histories of two sufferers who had to thank molasses only for ridding them of inoperable growths of the bowels.

By dint of taking that aliment in a certain way, the growth had completely vanished in a matter of a very few months or even less. And that is not

all; since the booklet was first published, I have received scores of letters and reports showing that the aforementioned cases were by no means isolated ones. And why these seeming miracles? Simply because crude black molasses is especially rich in natural mineral salts, including potash.

And now as regards thrombosis: this occurs, so we learn from the Biochemic System of Medicine, when there is a deficiency of the two tissue-salts, silicea and chloride of potash. Here again, molasses has proved of great value. I can cite the case of a man who, after an attack of coronary thrombosis, was told by the specialist he consulted that he must resign himself to living the life of an invalid and give up all thought of doing any work again. He then resolved to try the crude black molasses treatment, which cured him entirely and so enabled him to resume his occupation. This case was reported to me by a doctor, and the inference to be drawn is that molasses also contains silicea and chloride of potash. Although doubtless there are herbs which are rich in these particular salts, I do not pretend to know their names.

Finally, something may be said about that troublesome and unwholesome complaint, chronic constipation; many wise physicians holding that it often leads eventually to a number of diseases, acute or chronic.

Recently I received a letter from a gentleman abroad, who told me that for twenty-one years his wife had suffered from the most obstinate constipation, for which she had been in the habit of taking large doses of purgatives of every sort. This resulted in bringing on frequent attacks of colitis as well as reducing her to a very poor state of health. Acting on the advice of an osteopath, she started taking molasses. Whereupon almost immediately her bowel actions became perfectly normal and her general health improved to such a degree that now she is a perfectly fit woman.

I mention this case in particular because it serves to illustrate the fact that what will cure will also prevent—that is, provided the preventive to be a natural and harmless one which supplies the body with those ingredients conducive to the general health. Had the good lady concerned taken molasses years ago she would have avoided all the suffering she had to endure.

Thus it may be said that there are, roughly speaking, two types of preventive medicines: the unnatural and the natural. And whether we agree or not that the former have served to reduce the extent of epidemics, the fact remains that they can neither cure nor prevent such diseases as are due to deficiencies and not to germs or a virus.

—Cyril Scott in *Health from Herbs*, January, 1956.

THE PAINTING IN THE COLOR ROOM OF THE SANITARIUM BUILDING AT MT. ECCLESIA

This painting was inspirationally designed and executed during 1936-37 at Mt. Ecclesia by one of the workers, Mary Hanscom. It depicts a symbolical representation of an Invisible Helper, the intention being to give the impression of an etheric or soul body, such as (according to the Rosicrucian Teachings) a daytime Visible Helper functions in at night while the physical body is in sleep. (Actually, to etheric vision the Invisible Helper appears clothed in garments worn during the day.)

The face painted into the picture is the result of an experience the artist had when she was nine years old. A face centered in a flood of light appeared to her, and made such an impression upon her that it remained in her consciousness.

The hands, open and extended, are symbolic of service.

The New Moon in the painting sig-

nifies a time when the aspirant can best advance into Invisible Helpership.

The birds are placed in the picture to show that the Invisible Helper functions on the Earth plane.

The cherubs are indicative of un-born Egos, and thus symbolize the Doctrine of Rebirth. Some of the faces were modeled on baby pictures of the secretaries in the Healing Department at that time.

The three primary colors—red, yellow, and blue, symbolical of the Triune God—were used in the painting. The colors were mixed copiously with white, which, as stated in *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception*, “is synthetic, containing all colors within itself, as God contains within Himself all things in the solar system.”

The white rose placed at the heart center illustrates the statement in the Temple Service: “The white rose is symbolical of the heart of the Invisible Helper.”

The peach-colored aura depicts an advanced Ego who has overcome to a great extent the lower nature, and has gained a measure of self-mastery through pure living and service to others.

• • •

PLASTICS

Prevention is against the use of plastic utensils for hot food . . . Some years ago in our tiltings against the plastic industry, while they admitted that some of the formaldehyde works itself out of the plastic into the liquid, they claimed that it isn't harmful to people. We questioned that statement. Formaldehyde is used in embalming fluids. Part of the same compound is the base for carbolic acid.

It is with interest, therefore, that I refer to the August 1, 1954, issue of the *New York Times*, which describes a new technique in ship operation by which

the life expectancy of every cockroach has gone down very close to the vanishing point. It is done with a paint that contains formaldehyde. A single application is good for two years. This compound is so poisonous that when a cockroach walks over the painted surface he becomes a dead duck immediately.

If you see plastic dishes in restaurants, ask for the manager and tell him about this new paint. Tell him that porcelain is so beautiful to see, and so pleasant to handle. The plastic eventually gets scratches and will look ugly.

Recently I was shocked, in reading the November, 1955, issue of *Food Technology*, to see an article in it entitled, “Increasing Shelf Life of Cereals with Phenolic Antioxidants.” The article says that this substance has already been used successfully in preventing spoilage of vegetable oils. Phenol is the chemical in plastics to which we object—phenol formaldehyde. Imagine mixing such a poison in food, even in tiny quantities! In the above-mentioned article the author mentions that the phenolic antioxidants have been used on potato chips, peanuts and peanut butter, lard, etc.

—J. I. Rodale in *Prevention*,
March, 1956.

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ROSICRUCIAN PRINCIPLES

The Rosicrucians advocate a vegetarian diet as superior, physically and spiritually, to a diet containing meat. They regard alcohol, tobacco, and stimulants as injurious to the body and a detriment to the Spirit. They believe in the power of prayer and the creative power of thought through concentration in bringing about the healing of mind and body. They hold, however, that physical means can often be used to advantage to supplement spiritual and mental means.



Discrimination in Astro-Diagnosis

ANYONE who has given the divine science of astrology a fair, unbiased study and trial cannot question its superiority over all other methods of diagnosing disease. However, its constructive use requires not only a thorough knowledge of the subject but also a high degree of discrimination in adhering to certain basic psychological principles.

First of all, as little as possible should be diagnosed directly to the patient, for it should always be remembered that the ill person is abnormal to some extent and apt to misunderstand or misinterpret what is said to him. It often happens that a person who knows of a certain negative aspect in his chart, or of a definite chronic condition in his body, forms a picture in his mind of the abnormality involved and thus may actually establish the condition more strongly. Such a mental and emotional fixation may become so strong that an attitude of hopelessness prevails. A shell of fear is formed about the person, and it becomes more difficult to give him assistance.

Thus we see why there should always be a strong emphasis placed on the positive aspects in the horoscope and the possibilities of using them to offset and overcome the mental and emotional patterns which have resulted in dis-

ease. Optimism and cheerfulness are primary factors in any effective method of healing.

Furthermore, the patient should be taught that the aspects in his chart are of his own making, and that they will affect him only so long as he continues the negative line of thought and feeling indicated. Continual emphasis should be placed on the ability of the indwelling Ego, or Spirit, to rule its stars, so that any degree of fatalism may be avoided. There is no limit to the power of an awakened Spirit.

* * * * *

Visible Helpers are just as necessary as Invisible Helpers, and our friends and patients may share in a high privilege, as well as add much to the power of liberated healing force, by joining us in prayer for the sick. Our Healing Service is held every evening in the Healing Temple at 6:30, and in the Pro-Ecclesia at 4:45 P.M. when the Moon is in a cardinal sign on the following dates:

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| May | 6—13—19—26 |
| June | 3—9—15—23—30 |
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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

AUTOMATION

(Continued from page 263)

organized labor tends to favor rather than resist the spread of Automation, an attitude far different from that in the earlier part of the industrial era. The reason is not hard to find, for the installation of labor-saving machinery has almost invariably lowered costs per unit, thus bringing the price within the reach of more people. The increased demand which followed made necessary more machines and more workers to make and run them, resulting also in shorter hours and better pay. Unions can see that in a decade or two there simply won't be enough workers available to operate the machines which provide for a world with an ever-improving living standard. Labor will therefore have to limit itself to building the machines which will operate automatically.

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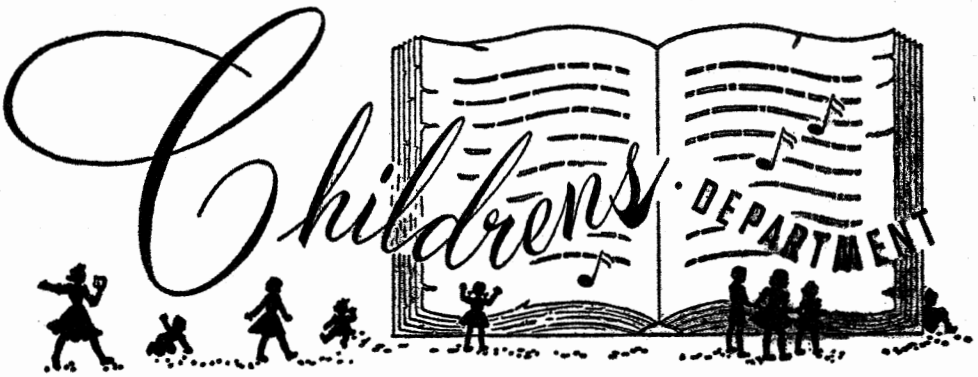
HAWTHORNE

(Continued from page 250)

scarlet letter, "A," for adultery. When she is released from prison, she does embroidery for ladies, and quietly performs good deeds among the strict Puritans who hate her. The father of her illegitimate child is the minister, Arthur Dimmesdale. The courageous woman loves him still, and shields him from sharing in her shame; he is too weak to come out and tell the truth. "To the untrue man the whole universe is false—it is impalpable—it shrinks to nothing within his grasp. And he himself, in so far as he shows himself in a false light, becomes a shadow, or, indeed, ceases to exist."

Arthur goes about with anguish in his soul, and falls victim to a psychosomatic illness. Roger Chillingworth becomes aware of his guilt, and does his worst as the minister's physician. His pre-Freudian probing for a psychoana-

(Continued on page 286)



Bessie's Hydrangea

BESSIE struggled bravely up the long hill towards home, every now and then stopping to wipe the perspiration from her face and catch her breath. She was not very big, but she carried a large hydrangea in a huge pot, which made her look smaller than ever.

It had been a lovely spring day. The wild flowers were springing into bloom in the woods back of Bessie's house. She had been thinking of them all afternoon, and was hurrying home to gather some when she saw Mrs. Allen come out of the house carrying the big hydrangea, which Bessie now held in her two small hands.

Mrs. Allen was about to throw the hydrangea into the garbage can when Bessie gave an exclamation which caused Mrs. Allen to look around. She smiled when she saw Bessie, and Bessie said, "What a beautiful big flower!"

"It was beautiful," said Mrs. Allen, "until my horrid old gas range spoiled it. You see it was a hothouse plant, and I brought it home for my Easter flower; but now see it! I have to throw it away."

Bessie's heart gave a great thump so that she was almost frightened; but she managed to say in a very small voice, "Mrs. Allen, would you mind—may I have it?"

"Why, of course you may have it, but

it's almost dead." Mrs. Allen knew that Bessie loved flowers, for the flowers in Mrs. Allen's front yard had got them acquainted. It had happened almost a year before when Mrs. Allen found Bessie standing on the sidewalk looking wistfully at her flowers. There were many beds of them: sweet-faced pansies, gay-colored petunias, bright asters, sweet Williams, primroses, and little sunbonnet babies called sweet peas. There were many others that Bessie learned to know later. So when Mrs. Allen saw her looking so wistfully at her flowers, she felt a kinship with the little girl and smiled understandingly.

Bessie had often wondered why her mother never planted flowers instead of vegetables in the back yard. Her mother never seemed to have time to plant flowers. She was always taking care of the vegetables and other things, and had often told Bessie that flowers were of no use and too much trouble.

When Bessie saw Mrs. Allen's smile, she thought that Mrs. Allen looked like a flower, so she said politely: "I think your flowers are pretty. I like flowers."

"So you like flowers, too," said Mrs. Allen kindly.

Bessie walked over to the pansy bed and knelt down.

"We haven't any flowers at home," she said. "Mother doesn't plant them.

I think pansies look like little girls, dont' you?"

Mrs. Allen nodded and began gathering a bouquet which she put in Bessie's hand. "Take them, dear. They like you because you love them."

Since that first meeting Bessie had carried many flowers home to put in her one small vase, where they adorned the table until Mother grew tired of the withered bouquets and threw them out. Bessie never had the heart to throw them away. So that was how Bessie and Mrs. Allen became fast friends.

Now on this spring day Bessie with her big bluish-lavender hydrangea



trudged happily up the long hill towards her home.

Reaching the house, she opened the door and breathlessly entered the cool, spotless living room, almost dropping the heavy pot as it slipped from her tired fingers.

"Is that you, Bessie? What are you doing?" came her mother's voice from the kitchen.

"Mother, come and see the beautiful hydrangea I've got," called Bessie, and her mother's footsteps sounded in the hall.

Now Bessie looked at the flower with eyes of love. To her it was quite beautiful, for she saw it as it should have been. But the expression on her mother's face as she stood in the doorway told an altogether different story.

"Why, Bessie! Of all things! It is

just as good as dead. You might as well throw it away. It makes the room look so mussy. What do you want it for, anyway?"

Bessie knew by her mother's tone and look that there was a battle ahead, so she tried to be brave. She smiled, but her heart seemed to be sinking within her.

"Mother, I *know* it will grow for me if you will only let me keep it. Just let me keep it tonight, Mother. Please may I?"

"Very well, then. Keep it tonight, but remember, tomorrow out it goes! Now, Bessie, change your dress," she said briskly, and departed for the kitchen.

Bessie forgot to gather wild flowers. She was very busy helping Mother and at the same time keeping an eye on her precious hydrangea. Every little while she would dart into the living room to caress with loving finger tips the wilted flower and breathe a little prayer.

That night she kissed Mother and Daddy good-night, and hopped into bed, where she lay thinking of the bluish-lavender hydrangea. She had put it on the back porch according to Mother's instruction. Presently she closed her eyes and whispered: "Dearest God, help me to be a good little girl, and please don't let my hydrangea die. Bless Mother and Daddy. Amen."

Bessie often dreamed of playing with the Nature Spirits. On this night she soon found herself frolicking about with them in a large meadow, where there were rare and wonderful flowers of the most exquisite colors imaginable. She was radiantly happy in these beautiful surroundings.

Suddenly she thought of the flower at home, and her face became sad. The Nature Spirits drew away from her a bit frightened.

"What is the matter?" they cried. "You frighten us with such dark looks." Bessie brightened, and answered

quickly: "Oh, I believe you can help me." Then she told them all about the hydrangea.

The Queen of the Sprites gathered her band and asked: "Who will go with Bessie to heal the sick?"

"I!" they all cried.

"Little Blue Twilla may go," said the Queen. "She has been very good today, and she carries a perfect color in her blue eyes for a bluish-lavender hydrangea."

Bessie started home with Little Blue Twilla beside her, who was very happy because she had been chosen for such a task. Almost in the twinkling of an eye they had reached the back porch. Little Blue Twilla mounted the sick flower and showered dew drops upon it. Tinkle, tinkle, they fell on the withered blossoms. Then she danced about, waving the life ether and calling gently to the hydrangea to lift her beautiful head and see the rising Sun.

Bessie sat bolt upright in her bed. The Sun was peeping through the window. She bounced out of bed and almost flew through the kitchen to the back porch. There in all the wonder of her dream stood the bluish-lavender hydrangea, lifting its head proudly towards the Sun.

—Matilda Fancher in RAYS FROM
THE ROSE CROSS, May, 1926.

* * *

A HUMMING BIRD

*A tiny bit of vibrant life darts past my
window pane,*

The body iridescent green.

*The ruby throat that's seldom seen when
sitting still,*

Seems like a jewel, veiled at will,

*And only shown in rapid flight, by light
reflected.*

The Nature Spirits must find joy,

*The while that they their time employ,
In tiny life perfected.*

E. G. MOORE.



ALBERT PIKE

I often saw him on the streets of Washington, his snow-white hair falling about his shoulders like the mane of a lion. His broad, expansive forehead, his serene countenance and his powerful frame awoke thoughts in me of some being of a far-off time. The conventional dress of an American citizen did not seem suited to such a splendid personality. The costume of an ancient Greek would have been more in keeping with such a face and figure—such a habit as Plato wore when he discoursed upon divine philosophy to his students among the groves of the Academy at Athens, beneath the brilliant sun of Greece. Who knows but what Albert Pike was a reincarnation of Plato, walking these 19th century streets of ours? Plato was so named, it is said, because of his broad shoulders. Plato was distinguished for manly beauty. He had been a soldier and always was a poet. "To creative imagination of the first order, Plato added logical, analytical and constructive powers. Above all, he was penetrated with the conviction of harmony in the universe of being, which led to the conception of a high ideal of life and supplied him with the strength of purpose to consistently maintain it." How like unto the famous Grecian was Albert Pike, philosopher and poet!—Henry Ridgely Evans, 33° (now deceased).

—*Scottish Rite News Bulletin*,
March, 1956.



HAWTHORNE

*(Continued from page 282)***You Are Invited to Attend****SERVICES AND CLASSES**

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lytic confession is his agency of diabolical revenge. Of course, Arthur is not cured by the revelation of his secret to Roger, who cunningly tortures the minister with the knowledge of his secret.

Arthur meets Hester in the forest. She informs him who his physician is, and he says to her: "That old man's revenge has been blacker than my sin. He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart. Thou and I, Hester, never did so!" She replies: "Never, never! What we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so!" They plan to flee together to the Old World.

But the sensitive man, who has been cowardly for so long, must resolve his fear of the broken law. Having preached his last sermon, he publicly confesses his hidden guilt to a world before which he is helpless. In doing so, he dies.

Hawthorne does not accept the Puritan view of sin. He seems to present Hester as a sacrifice offered on the altar of a too-severe moral code. She lives on without her lover, an angel of charity to her child and others in distress, the victim of a tragedy which has "sealed up the fountain of tears."

With the somber fidelity of a Greek tragedian, with unsentimental self-restraint, Hawthorne has written a powerful tragedy which one must be hard of heart to read without a shudder. It is a revealing commentary on the times that many pronounced *The Scarlet Letter* immoral when it first appeared.

Hawthorne and his family moved from Salem, and lived in various other places in Massachusetts during the next several years. His next book was *The House of the Seven Gables*. It deals with a family under a curse. "The wrongdoing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief."

In 1852, Hawthorne bought The Wayside at Concord, which thereafter would be his permanent American residence. In that year also he published *The Blithedale Romance*, based upon his experience at Brook Farm.

The great writer did a campaign biography of his old college friend Franklin Pierce, who as President of the United States appointed him to the consulship at Liverpool. From 1853 to 1857, he served as consul at Liverpool. From 1858 to 1860, he lived in England and Italy. Finally he would return to The Wayside at Concord for the last four years of his life.

It was during his summer at Florence that Hawthorne began *The Marble Faun*, a tale of Italy which deals effectively with the theme of sin and retribution. This romance is rich in symbolism. It reveals the inner consequences of sin. The faun-like Count Donatello first appears as a young man who has never experienced sin, sorrow, morality, or conscience. But then he falls in love with Miriam, a beautiful woman of the world who has committed a secret crime and is still haunted by the man who shares her guilt. She encourages him to kill this man, and at first the broken law gives them an illusory sense of freedom. But now they are bound together in the marriage of their mutual guilt, and doomed to agonizing sorrow. They belong to the world of sin; all Nature shrinks from them. The faun-like man is transformed. When he enters the forest, even the animals no longer trust him. Both Donatello and Miriam learn that a soul which is dead in sin cannot hold intercourse with an innocent living soul without violating a spiritual law. Yet, "while there is a single guilty person in the universe, each innocent one must feel his innocence tortured by that guilt. . . . *Every crime destroys more Edens than our own!*"

Nathaniel Hawthorne is both a mystical genius and a supreme literary artist.

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