

ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

Vol XVII

APRIL, 1939

No. 3

An Enchanting Court of Treasure Island (Frontispiece)	81
Thought of the Month: The Restlessness of Man	84
Our Primitive and Infantile Urges	86
The Romance of Love	89
The Trial Bay Organ: Part II	92
Killing With Kindness	97
A Trail Up the Ages	99
A Name to Conjure With	103
Cathedral Contacts: Music of the Spheres	105
The Bandar-Log	106
Questions of the Times: Are Private Morals on the Decline?"	107
Parents and a New Civilization	108
Nobility Through Beauty	110
X, the Unknown Quantity	112
Sanctum Musings: First the Seed—Then the Blade	114
Death Dealing Light (Illustration)	117

Subscription to The Rosicrucian Digest, Three Dollars per year. Single copies twenty-five cents each.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at San Jose, California, under the Act of August 24th, 1912.

Changes of address must reach us by the tenth of the month preceding date of issue.

Statements made in this publication are not the official expressions of the organization or its officers unless stated to be official communications.

Published Monthly by the Supreme Council of
THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER—AMORC

ROSICRUCIAN PARK

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

THE RESTLESSNESS OF MAN

By THE EMPEROR



WE constantly hear comments being made these days in the newspapers, magazines, and over the radio to the effect that a very large portion of the world and a majority of the nations and peoples of the world are in a more restless mental and

physical state than they have been for centuries, and that this poor old world of ours is practically in a topsy turvy mental state, and that this means unhappiness and misery and the slowing up of progress.

Now all such statements as the foregoing, particularly that the unrest means a slowing up of progress, indicate a poor and erroneous analysis of the situation. Man's restlessness in every sense—physically, mentally, spiritually and otherwise—has been and still is the largest contributing factor making for the progress and development of civilization. If man had not been restless and uneasy and annoyed and disappointed with conditions when he was in his primitive state, the chances are we would all still be sleeping on the boughs of trees or living in mud huts scattered along the banks of rivers. It is the fact that man was not satisfied with conditions, and either believed he could have something better or determined that he could make something better, that brought about the building of homes, the developing of communities, the making of clothing, and the creating of all the patented,

manufactured devices of today which have improved our living. And there is no healthier sign indicating real progress for the future than intense restlessness throughout the world today. It is true that while we are restless and seeking something better and trying to find and create something better, we upset the peaceful, tranquil tenor of our lives and we disturb business somewhat, and we make ourselves appear to be a wild, roving nation — or world — of people, just as the busy little ants that are evacuating a flooded nest underground, and are leaving their homes and carrying their wherewithal along with them in a stream across the lawn or going in various directions looking for a new place to settle.

At the present moment the restlessness throughout the world in the spiritual, religious, political and financial matters is disturbing in many ways but it is a constructive disturbance, just the same as when you decide to move from your own home into a new home, and during the moving everything is packed in cases or crates or barrels, and you have no comfortable place to sleep for a day or two, and no place for comfortable eating, and your home looks more like a camper's outfit than a home. But nevertheless you know and I know that despite the fact that your quiet, happy, comfortable home and fireside are all torn asunder, and nothing is in its proper place, and the regularity of your meals and your going and coming is upset, still there is a day not far distant when all of this will be adjusted again and in a better way than it has been. And that is what is true of the world today. Nations may be quarreling with each other

and demanding this, that, and the other thing, many of which will not be conceded to them, but in the agitation, in the quarrels, in the contests, in the restlessness, will be born many better and constructive things that may not be manifest for another hundred years.

There is nothing so retrograding, so destructive to the advancement of man individually and collectively, as an attitude of complete contentment. It may be a beautiful thing to look at "contented cows" out in a green pasture, cows such as those from which we derive the famous milk that is advertised over the radio, but to look upon a nation or city or group of people who are perfectly contented and think that everything they have and everything they have acquired and everything they know or use or look at is perfectly satisfactory and cannot be improved, means we are looking at a group or nation of people who are about to disappear through self-annihilation.

Usually it is the ignorant, bigoted, prejudiced, biased individual men and

women who say that they have acquired sufficient knowledge, do not want to know anything more, do not want to live any better than they are living, and feel that they have everything life has to offer. We know that such persons soon retrograde to the lowest level.

If you are restless mentally and physically, and feel that nothing is quite satisfactory that you have in your life, that you want to know more, see more, and learn and experience more, and improve the conditions around you, you are on the upward road toward higher and better evolution, because your nature is expressing itself in a natural way. But beware of the attitude that nothing new is worthwhile, and that you are just ready to sit down and remain fixed and contented with what you have. You are sure to go backward mentally, spiritually and physically with that attitude, and you will eventually become more unhappy than the most restless being on earth.

FOR STUDY AND PLEASURE IN EQUAL MEASURE ATTEND THE ROSICRUCIAN CONVENTION

THESE VALUABLE PRIZES OFFERED

For the winning manuscripts in a Mystical Play Writing Contest opened the first of February and scheduled to close June 30th.

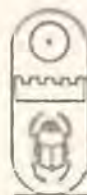
For Plays:

- First prize: Credit for one year's dues.
- Second prize: Credit for nine months' dues.
- Third prize: Credit for six months' dues.
- Fourth prize: Credit for three months' dues.
- Fifth prize: One complete sanctum set.

For Dramatic Readings:

- First prize: Credit for six months' dues.
- Second prize: Credit for three months' dues.
- Third prize: Choice of any two of the Rosicrucian Library books.
- Fourth prize: Choice of one Rosicrucian Library book.
- Fifth prize: One year's subscription to the "Rosicrucian Forum."

If you have not yet entered this contest, we urge you to do so and try out your writing talent. You will also be aiding in supplying an urgent need, since there seems to be a lack of mystical, dramatic literature. Write for details to the Minister of the Extension Department, San Jose, California.





Our Primitive and Infantile Urges and Temptations

By M. W. KAPP, M. D.



WILL the human family ever grow up? Can we ever expect the human race to throw off its primitive and infantile traits? You may think it a harsh arraignment to call the races of men infantile or primitive, but that is just what I mean.

In a short talk or paper like this we can only outline the primitive urges and their possible control through our educational methods. Educators of the past have not been able to cope with the subject, very evidently, or we would not have so many racketeers, so many men in prison, so many suicides, so many murders, so many life failures.

Studying all the old philosophies and early sacred writings we find four temptations (the four great temptations) which science has translated into the four great primitive urges.

The first one of the primitive urges is the urge or desire for POWER. It becomes manifest with the infant's very first action as: lifting its head, holding or gripping things in its hands, climbing out of its crib, walking, running, excelling in play, excelling in social activities, ever trying to have more power than its companions, and on into adulthood where the struggle of life really is, and

here it is an everlasting and hectic struggle for ever more power. Faster and more powerful autos, aeroplanes, speed boats, greater political control, more control over men, more powerful estates—more control and power even though it kills the ones that are seeking such increasing power.

The second primitive urge or temptation is the urge for POSSESSIONS. The infant wants every thing it can get its hands upon. It will not naturally share any of its possessions willingly with another child, but it can be taught to do so. This desire for possession runs all through life. With Americans it is the everlasting struggle and story of getting gold and ever more gold even until it becomes a burden and cloy all the finer senses of mankind. Our financial depression came from the infantile trait of making more gold and speculating and making wars so many millions more could be amassed, no matter how many men were destroyed. The primitive lust for killing and possession was rampant. The struggle for gold and property goes merrily on crushing the altruistic spirit within man that should no longer be infantile but be cognizant of the brotherhood of man and our mutual uplift. Wars are infantile. Our financial warfare is infantile.

The third primitive urge is the SEX or SOCIAL and HOME urge. This is the most compelling or impelling force of the four. This urge has a greater influence on the mental, moral, emotional

and physical health of the body than any of the other urges or temptations. Its urge determines the future race development and most of the uplifting forces within man. Sex is the differentiating power and individualizing force within the race. Sex is present in the infant but does not become dominant until adolescence. The normally sexed person will look upon life in a normal helpful way. The perverted and undersexed person will seek to gain what he has not by racketeering, by trying forcibly to take from those that have what he has not and wants. He is underdeveloped mentally and spiritually. The greatest cruelties in history have been done through sex and power perversions.

The fourth urge or temptation we call the **SPIRITUAL** or **RELIGIOUS** urge. It is the cognizance of the unseen forces about us and the need of guidance and higher or greater power of imaging and understanding. It is the urge to reach out for higher and better power and possessions. It helps to sanctify the home. This urge, perverted and not understood, leads to superstition and recessional characteristics. Children have this urge of imagination and are known to play with unseen persons and even hold conversations for which they are often called liars and punished and are thus started on recessional traits when their imaginations could have been stimulated and directed to good use. The spiritual urge leads men to moral and poetic heights and the love of the Creative Force and the love and respect for humanity.

These primitive urges are not separate entities or states but are always interrelated and must be treated as such. Also, we must understand that these urges are God-given (if you are a Christian or Deist), or are mechanistic within the cell activities (if you are an atheist and mechanistic scientist) and cannot be merely brushed aside for they are as fundamental as life activities of any kind.

These urges are necessary for man's evolvment and development, but we must learn to control them and direct them helpfully. Science has learned that our urges come through our endocrine gland system and great strides are being made in medical centers in educating

adults, but in the schools where the foundations of self control should be laid we find still a great lack of fundamental truths existing. We need schooling for teachers in the most fundamental subjects of life. One of the troubles in advancing the knowledge to teachers and pupils is that these subjects as treated by professional men are so often, and most often, treated in so profoundly scientific a manner that the subject cannot be understood by the teacher and so cannot be transmitted to pupils. On the other hand we have many books written by men and women that are so highly spiritual and imaginative that they do not reach the real vital truths that pupils need to understand with conviction. Children and grown-ups driven by the powerful urges within themselves will not be controlled by mere "shushing" or saying "No, no, naughty, naughty," or by any inane methods of correcting. The Cosmic law of cause and effect or action and reaction must be made a part of the mind, infantile or adult, in order to become a real help to the developing consciousness.

I am trying to show that infantilism or non-development of the finer side of man's innate urges is at the bottom of vandalism, racketeering, hates—like nationalism—and all recessional and destructive activities. One often hears the statement that "Youth must have its fling." But any "Fling" that breaks a cosmic law brings dire results. The cosmic laws do not favor ignorance. The fire will burn a hand thrust into it, be it done by one that does not know the consequences or by one that knows all the laws of fire. I glory in the exuberance of youth, but youth needs to know how to use the exuberance without self destruction.

How shall we teach humanity, infant and adult, to use the wonderful forces within correctly? Life is action and man, like all other kinds of life, is ever trying to express life more and more. Action and more action.

Again we turn to the old philosophies which we verify by scientific findings. There are three great periods of man's evolvment: The first is preparation for life through the parents and the establishing of qualifications needed for birth and learning of the truths of funda-



mental principles of life. This period extends from preparation for birth or heredity to adolescence or puberty. The child that does not learn truth in its most fundamental aspect up to adolescence will ever stay infantile and unstable. The Catholic church postulates an absolute fundamental truth which is that if the church can have the child's shaping up to adolescence its later life, no matter where, will never change its teachings. I claim our public schools are missing a great opportunity of moulding the future lives of our American youths. We are not building character as we might. We are not looking to birth preparation for life as we should. We do not study sufficiently the urges within youth and treat them frankly and constructively. Primitive urges have no conscience. They just drive regardless of results. That is why youth must learn the cosmic laws and the driving forces within the endocrine system, where the driving forces originate. Parents are not qualified to teach the laws of the urges and temptations and our only hope is the school teachers.

The second period of man's evolution is the period from adolescence to mature age or old age. During this

time man should ever be getting knowledge. Education does not stop when leaving school or college if it is to be real education. I have learned more in the last twenty years of my life that I did in the first fifty years. Here comes a time for adult education. If the primitive urges have been properly used then education will come easily.

The third period of man's evolution is the attaining of wisdom. An old man, if he has lived normally, will have a fine mind and power of judgment and discretion that will be the source of comfort and happiness. A normal old man will retain all his primitive urges and still find joy in all of them. Man's primitive urges will manifest all through man's periods of life, and old age is for weaving the experiences of life into useful helpfulness to others.

Our hope lies in teachers becoming conscious of their possibilities and their power of teaching truth to the children of America.

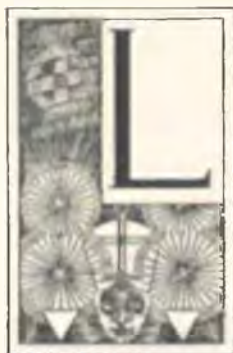
Our racketeers, our vandals, our sex perverts, our criminals, our prisons, our murders, our suicides, all are an insult to our intelligence.

Teachers and parents, it is up to you.



Ocean of Life

By SOROR PHOEBE C. ORMSBY, F. R. C.



IFE is like the ocean. We come into this body as the tide comes in, —reaching the full then ebbing back into the great force from which we sprang only to come again in due season when the time is right.

On the waves of thought we progress from one stage of growth to another. Like the roaring breaker we do something for world acclaim, but find—after dashing against

the rocks of material gain — that we have nothing but the froth of endeavor. So we have to flow quietly out again to be renewed by the great creative depth in us. And finally we learn that in the peace and meditation of the still bay of our souls we can progress most rapidly.

Here we are a part of the wonderful ocean of Life yet away from the disturbing breakers of physical force. Here the waves of thought come from deep within a High Source and express in quiet ripples of Peace and Joy and Protection to those who are content to let their souls expand and seek the Infinite Source without the empty shouts of the crowd which lives on display.

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
April
1939*



The Romance of Love

By THOR KIIMALEHTO, Sovereign Grand Master



SOMETIMES life appears so tragic that only the lamentations of a Jeremiah or the despair of a Job can adequately express its woe. As the poet Shelley cried: "I fall upon the thorns of life. I bleed." Let us lift our eyes from the thorns to the

rose of life. Let us drink in its intoxicating perfume, its glorious beauty and color. The sorrows of life may be the thorns, but love is the beauteous rose, the pearl of great price, the magic elixir.

Love is more than doing kind deeds, being harmless, and exercising compassion. These qualities, as we know, are indispensable to a noble character. There is a love, however, that is akin to ecstasy, that is positive and creative, that wraps the whole soul in flame and that makes one feel as God must have felt in the hour that He created the world. This love that lifts one to the stars, that makes the night radiant with beauty, that makes the feet long to dance and the voice to sing, lies slumbering in the heart of every human being. This unconditioned love mother and child feel for each other. Boys and girls in their first rapture experience it. A few great souls have felt it in their hearts for that great orphan *Humanity*. Wars and kings and victories are com-

pletely forgotten, but the great lovers of the world are famed in song and story.

The fundamental impulses of the human being cannot be permanently suppressed. They seek outlets when legitimate channels are denied. The more strenuous the suppression, the more violent will be the final eruption. Sublimation is possible but difficult. Therefore let us take to heart the ancient injunction to know ourselves. Let us regard ourselves calmly and objectively. Let us tear off the mask of convention and tradition, and let us seek the child of God who lives for love and beauty, who is at home in all the world, who is on friendly terms with birds and beasts and flowers, who is radiant with joy, who has pierced the veil of worldly illusion.

All the world loves a lover. Romance never loses its appeal. The most popular songs are the love songs. The most popular pictures are sweetheart stories. Who really cares for a love story that does not have a happy ending? Who can resist the impulse to glance at the last page first to see whether difficulties are adjusted? Then one gains courage to read the rest. People who maintain that tragedies are realistic and romances are but fairy tales and avenues of escape, have succumbed to a defeatist outlook upon life. Pity the prosaic individual who has only an indulgent smile for romance. He is old before his time. He has not caught the spirit of eternal youth. A man should be in love with life till the very last hour and even beyond. There is no reason for a man to grow old before he has even begun to



live. The fact that old age is decrepit is an accusation against our civilization and our entire outlook upon life. Old age should be a second blossoming, gay and cheerful. It is said that Ninon de L'Enclos fascinated men even at the age of ninety. Such an old age is truly admirable — a perpetual youth, enriched with all the wisdom and all the experiences garnered from the years, very understanding and tolerant, yet with a divine humor and the heart of a child.

Where can we find this beautiful love that is immortalized in song and story? Why do we seek romance in moving pictures, in novels and in popular songs? Why are we reluctant about seeking its response in human beings? Human relationships are marred by maladjustment, misunderstanding, and strain. Universities give courses on how to get along with people and on how to improve marital relationships. Churches have opened psychiatric clinics. Questionnaires are distributed to discover what factors make for happiness and unhappiness in marriage. Elaborate statistics are drawn up tabulating results. In one of these surveys it was discovered that a happy temperament that does not take offense easily is of prime importance. This factor proved more essential than social background, income, and religious affiliations. Many people are of the opinion that happiness is impossible without freedom from financial difficulties. Yet no one will deny that people who have economic security become despondent, suffer from melancholia and even commit suicide.

What is the cause? Many factors are involved, no doubt, but the chief one is the lack of love and faith. There are organizations for women alone and for men alone. There are very few ways in the average city for men and women to become acquainted with each other. Many men think it time enough to marry when they reach middle-age. Then they marry girls young enough to be their daughters. The strength of youth has been squandered. The ebbing life is given to their wives and their children. A girl is cautioned that a man must be able to provide for her. He must come from the right family and belong to the right church. In the meanwhile, the years slip by, and if neur-

asthenia does not result, the emotions grow cold.

To enter marriage in this cool, practical, calculating spirit is a travesty. To ignore utterly the call of the heart is unnatural. If marriage turns into a weary squirrel-cage existence, if one dreary year follows another, if frustration and disillusionment creep in, it is evident that genuine love was lacking. Innumerable difficulties in modern social life would disappear if men and women sought their happiness in each other and cherished genuine love for each other. The eternal triangle is still the best—husband, wife, and child. These divinely instituted relationships are the most satisfying, the most soul fulfilling, the sources of perpetual joy, and the fountain of eternal youth. Even the stern puritan poet, John Milton, said that Paradise was the love of husband and wife when clasped in each other's arms. The most beautiful gifts in the world may be had for the asking; nay, are won by giving.

The atmosphere of the average household would be completely changed if the spirit of romance were permitted to enter. Romeo and Juliet need not be immured on the cold printed page nor relegated to the stage of make-believe. They can symbolize married love as well as love's young dream. Christina Rossetti expressed the sentiment in a charming couplet:

"If I were a queen, what would I do?
I would make you my king and wait on you."

The spirit of romance can glorify the humblest home, lift to the stars the humblest couple, transform the most sordid environment. The spirit of romance is very precious. Like the morning glory it opens its heart only to the sun. It must be nourished with daily acts and words of love. Love never wearies of loving. It must seek the welfare of the beloved. A place must be made for it in your life. You must be ready to devote time and energy to keep the lamp of love burning. A man will immerse himself wholly in business, reserving no time for companionship with wife and children. A woman will plan a whole program of activities with no consideration for her husband's needs and preferences.

The home is as important as the office. The love of wife and child should be cherished as devotedly as the goodwill of the employer. A man has no right to enter into marriage in a wholly utilitarian spirit, promptly relegating home, wife, and child to second or even the last place in his life. The same criticism holds true for the wife, of course. It is wrong for her to enter into marriage solely for the purpose of having a home in which to entertain her friends, to show the world that she, too, can win a husband, or to have a father for her child. Most marriages with mutual effort can grow into a warm, harmonious relationship. It is possible to salvage a marriage if even one makes a supreme effort and sacrifice, studying the nature of the unresponsive mate and using every lure to awaken the dormant emotions. If you maintain unweariedly the emotional tone that you desire, you will find eventually that your whole environment responds. The surrounding vibrations at last harmonize with yours. This consummation may take many years, I admit. To the one to whom cut-and-dried relationships are unendurable, it is a prize worth striving for.

True love is recognition of soul beauty. True love is unaffected by time or circumstance or outward pomp. True love knows no weariness, nor sad satiety. To true love the face of one's mate is ever dear and beautiful. To true love the beloved is ever desirable. True love means companionship. True love means gentle speech, consideration, and attention to the little things that delight a lover's heart. True love turns the humblest meal into a sacrament and a sacred communion. True love makes the humblest life as precious and as valuable as the gold and ivory and the precious stones that the Queen of Sheba brought to the great King Solomon. True love is not ashamed to utter loving words that warm the beloved's heart, to

smile even when affairs are pressing heavily, and tragedy itself is in the offing.

That woman is blessed whose throne is her husband's heart. That man is blessed who sees in his wife the girl of his dreams. That couple is blessed to whom home is a haven of peace and affection, a refuge to which they naturally and instinctively turn. Such a marriage, such a home, preach a sermon more powerful than words. The young people look at such a couple and are inspired to marry and to marry young. They learn in the most beautiful and most natural way in the world what true happiness and love are. The warmth of such love radiates through an entire community. Riches may disappear, youth may fade, and power may vanish, but love that is an attribute of God Himself exists forever.

True love does not play with hearts. True love is not selfish and brutal. True love is natural, wholesome, sincere, and uplifting. The touch of true love elevates. It never degrades, nor disparages, nor humiliates. Let us embrace the joys that God bestowed. Let us rekindle the ardor of love. Let us summon the spirit of romance to our aid. Let us see Heaven once more in our beloved's eyes, let us thrill once more at our beloved's touch. Let us forget the years and be young once more.

The swiftest and the surest path to God is the path of Love. When love reigns supreme, service and devotion are a joy and given unpremeditatedly. Love raises the vibrations, love awakens the intuitions. Love unlocks the secrets of nature. Love rescues the sheep that are gone astray. Love creates worlds in its own image of beauty and delight. Love makes every day a Song of Songs. O hungry hearts of the world, fill your souls with love of beauty, love of life, love of your fellow men, and love of God.



Men are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart with divine love in it beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes. —O. W. Holmes.





The Trial Bay Organ

A PRODUCT OF WIT AND INGENUITY

By CARL VON COSEL

PART II



AS I mentioned before, during the evenings, we were shut up again behind the walls of the prison until the next morning. Most of this time within the walls I spent in the "Eastern University." This was the sanctuary of the Indian priests where a

small number of selected men gathered together in a cell of the prison of my friend, Nyanatiloka Thero. There he was generally at his Underwood typewriter busily translating ancient scripts of Pali language into German and English. While a German Heidelberg professor was eagerly learning the Pali language, I was trying to learn and translate from the Sanskrit the Vedas of the Brahmans. Somebody else was intently engaged in learning Ancient Greek, while another studied higher functions of electricity. It used to be a very great exchange of science. However, when a Shubert evening, or Wagner or a Brahms concert was going on in our theatre, it used to dissolve our congregation, for nobody would like to miss the good music.

But at 10 o'clock the lights had to be put out and all had to go to rest, or to roost, as someone expressed himself. (Because there were no real beds for us to sleep on, each one of us had to rig up for himself something that looked like a bed from a distance. It consisted of sticks fastened together and bags nailed over it, not unlike a chicken roost.) During the evenings, I did only designing for the organ, thinking out details of the mechanics and planning out the ornamental carvings. Some details could not, for some reasons, be carried out and the ideas for carvings generally crystallized spontaneously as the work was progressing. I believe this was the natural way, because I found a certain design at the end might be impossible on account of lack of sufficient material.

So it was when I was figuring out the windpumps and wind reservoir. I had no leather except from old boots. This, however, did not discourage me as I had some almost airtight English trousers, which I thought of using instead of leather. The flat surfaces of the pumps had to be made from boards on account of the high air pressure I was going to use. But the folds of the bellows only needed some leather. It was my friend, Nyanatiloka, who at once helped me out of the trouble and gave me his prayer carpet, one big sheet of leather, and my

Vappo of course sacrificed his carpet also for this purpose, although his was smaller in size.

I was happy once more, but in figuring out the needed size of the bellows I found that it hardly sufficed. But of course I made it go as far as possible and patched the rest with the old trousers. For weighting down of the bellows, I used old iron plates found among the stones.

There was another difficulty to consider. When the organ became bigger and it would have to be moved inside a cell or barrack of the prison, it might not be possible to pass even the center body through the doors. Consequently, I resolved to make the keyboards to slide into the body of the organ so as to close it up when moving. And in this closed condition to have it just the width of the door openings. This relates mainly to the middle body, which contains the play desk with keyboards and bellows with windchest and valvechest attached, it being one rigid structure, like a big box, showing on top a flat surface with many rows of holes, and resting on the bottom on four legs which constituted, with its pumping mechanism, the under-structure.

The top of this chest with its many holes formed the base or foundation surface on which stand the pipes. The front rows of holes contain the largest pipes and are so arranged that the tallest ones stand towards the right and left corners, and become smaller towards the middle of the organ. As, however, the middle pipes were too short in comparison with the ones on the side, I had to mount them on a higher level, resting on a base above the music desk. In this way the smaller pipes in the center above the music sheets were just high enough to clear the books. The base of the pipes I made purposely as low as possible, so as to give the most possible room above for the long pipes and to make the organ fit in any room of a house with average height of ceiling.

The box above the music desk fitted in the holes on top of the chest and had tubes penetrating it to its upper surface, so that the pipes would fit in holes on top of it again in the same rotation as in the lower level of the windchest. On the front face of this box I fixed a thick

panel of cedar wood in which I was going to carve the figure of an angel or spirit floating in the waters or ether and whispering so as to guide his voice and message towards the player of the organ. But as there was not sufficient wood in the panel to bring out the shape, I had to change the figure so that her arms were not in front of her face, but on either side of her body. In the one hand I gave her a trumpet and the other arm and hand stretched out pointing toward another world. When the Indian priest saw the figure first, he said quite seriously: "I notice that you have carved the goddess Kali above your organ." I answered, "Does it look to you like the Kali? It was not my intention to have Kali crown my organ—the figure is supposed to be the spirit from my house. You have to imagine the form as being of white color instead of brown." "O yes," he replied, "that would make all the difference."

As to shape and expression, I had in mind that it should be the lovely spirit which I mentioned before as appearing in my house in Sydney during a storm, and whom I never could forget. After her I had christened my torpedo-boat "Aeyesha." But as I am not an artist and carving has never been my profession, as well as not having tools an expert would use, the sculpture-work of mine may lack the life and beauty it should have. But to me the most important matter was to have the work as complete as possible since we did not know how long the internement would last. I thought I could improve on the detailed parts of the organ any time later, but in reality I have never yet found time for it.

On the corners to the right and left I placed massive columns of cedar in each of which I carved a dolphin heaving its tail up against the pillar, its head down and its mouth opened toward the player, as if trying to accompany the music with his voice. These solid columns had another duty to perform—i. e. to hold up the pipe rack which keeps the prospect pipes in position. In the back of these pipes there are placed two swell boxes, a large one for the bass and a smaller one for the discant pipes. On each front panel of these boxes are windows with movable shutters. Each box



has separate movements for its shutters which were carried through the chests and operated by a knee swell on the left for the bass pipes and a knee swell on the right for the discant pipes. This could easily be managed this way as I had no pedal-keys and for the present it would have made the organ too big.

Above the manuals on either side of the music holder, I carved two small seahorses and, centered below the keyboards, one big seashell opened and placed upright. This finished the carving work, although I had intended to have some more on it if the war had lasted longer. I had collected quite a number of beautiful things from the sea and coral gardens, which I intended to use as models for panels and other details of ornament. At the same time I was not going to over-crowd the instrument with artistic work, as the musical qualities should be the principal factor. Therefore the musical part was to be finished first, leaving the ornaments for any spare time I should find.

The most important parts were the pipes, and these I put together from cigar-box wood, cutting grooves in the edges and inserting a thin tong inside to render them airtight.

These grooves I cut with a sort of a saw made from a table knife on the back of which I had filed teeth. In this way I joined together long narrow boards of cedarwood. When dry and hard, I trimmed the edges nice and straight and cemented four even, long boards together to form a square tube. To make them hold together I nailed the edges right along with pins of copper wire. These pins I made by hammering some of that copper wire which I had found in the water—filing a point on one end and hammering a head on the other.

To make sure the pipes were tight, I poured some dissolved cement along the corners. The cement, as told before, I had made from the gum of an Australian tree which looked like a child of a curious pre-historic ancestor. As this gum would only dissolve in alcohol, we had to obtain that blessed stuff at any cost, and finally somebody with a commercial tendency rigged up a plant and I had plenty for my solution. It made excellent polish, too, for the pipes and all my

woodwork. I also painted the inside of the valve chest, windboxes, etc. with it so as to make them moisture-proof.

And it was soon put to the test when one morning after a gale at night with exceptionally high seas, I found my castle invaded, broken and smashed by the breaking sea. Its roof lay down on a heap of stones, with organ pipes and boxes buried in wet sand and pumice, and the wave tops still breaking over it occasionally. My sea wall of three feet thickness of hard stones had given way and the stones had been hurled right inside the chamber at the back of the terrace.

Nothing could be done until the sea calmed down, so I sat on a kind of balcony a story or so higher up on the rocks. Here I found my two pets, Australian wild cats, which had retreated into this high abode together with two large families of rats to seek shelter from the surging waters. I was painfully concerned when I saw these animals retreating to that high place for safety, as it used to be my watch tower of the castle.

These pets were the guardians and sole inhabitants of my secret subterranean chambers and passageways, where I had built and stored away a small two masted sailing boat, with hand propeller and navigation instruments, charts and provisions. Everything would now be soaked with seawater. Well, I knew it would have had its soaking later, when out at sea, but I didn't like the idea of its getting drowned boxed up in a bag without being able at least to make a fight for its life.

The thought of all that endless labor being lost troubled me, but thinking of all that I had to leave behind in Sydney—my boats, my beautiful instruments, organs, etc., which perhaps I never would see again—consoled me a little. I was of one mind again with my Indian friends that all earthly goods are made to come and go and are continuously in a process of change and transformation, the spirit being the only lasting power.

As soon as the sea moderated the day after, I cleared away the wreckage and laid out all pipes and organ parts to dry again and rebuilt my castle once more, because there was not likely to be such

an exceptionally high sea again for a long time to come.

As we had a general scarcity of fresh water in the prison above, I decided to leave all the parts out in the rain, so that the salt water would be washed out completely, and then let them thoroughly dry again before I would use them. In the meantime, I made a fireplace and clay form in which later I cast a plate of silvermetal from a remnant in my possession for grinding into a mirror for a telescope when I found time for it. About this time a large blue whale got stranded on our bathing beach and there was a great crowd assembled (our men right on top of it.), while he occasionally made room among the pestering mites by beating his mighty tail. Luckily nobody was hurt, but soon some idle folk started butchering the great animal until the whole beach was turned into an evil smelling mess. There was, however, nothing that would be of use for building my organ, and besides the thought was distasteful.

As the organ was getting far enough to be assembled, I decided to remove the main parts up inside the prison into a barracks for the officers, for it was already too precious a piece to be left outside the walls. I kept working at the smaller parts down by the seaside until they were finished and so kept on completing the parts.

As I was replacing some stoneplates on the underground ways, I met with an accident when a heavy stone crushed my foot. My friend Vappo had to take me to the hospital, where a little operation by Dr. Herts put my toes in shape again; but the worst of all was that I was kept a patient for over three months. To do nothing for three months was like inferno to me.

In the meantime the war terminated, truce was signed, and we were all taken away to another camp near Sydney-Liverpool. My friend Broeg from Nuremberg took over the packing and looked after the transporting of my goods (only the organ and parts, with my treasured tools from the other camp), while I was being transported with the hospital staff.

At last came the longed for day when I could walk out of the hospital into the camp and work again on my organ. To

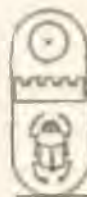
my distress I noticed that the principal part of it had suffered to such an extent during transportation that I had to take it all to pieces once more and repair it. It was twisted all out of shape from the fact that it had been shipped without a case. After straightening again, I strengthened it with brass screws and rivets of strand brass wire and put it up in the barrack alongside my bed, with the parts and pipes cleaned and re-polished so it looked quite an ornament. The pipes just cleared the rafters and iron roofing.

Now I found time to finish the carvings as month after month passed while the peace parley was being conducted abroad. Now and then I tuned some pipes, but still only roughly, as the clean tuning to even temper scale could only be done when the organ would have its permanent place.

It happened then that one of our fellow prisoners, a dispensing chemist, came to me begging me to play the organ for him once more. He had been accidentally suffocated and was just recovering life again. While death-like he told that he heard me play the organ so beautifully that his only wish was to hear it again. I told him that I had not up to this time been able to play the instrument at all, but had only been tuning pipes, and it would take a long time before the organ could be played properly.

Also, day after day the English Major came to see how I was progressing with my work. He said his lady wished to see it and play it when it was finished. Fearing he might detain the organ for her, I thought it better to delay the work as long as possible and, in addition, to engrave on the music-desk the words "Dedicated to My Mother." This I thought would be an effective preventative against detaining the instrument when we were going to be released, as the war was practically lost to us and we were almost at the mercy of our captors.

At last the long expected time for our release was approaching and everyone was packing and making ready for the journey to the home country, as nobody was permitted to stay in Australia. By chance I obtained an old piano case which I converted into a case for the



organ and pipes, and found that by taking everything apart it would fit in well, but six men would have to handle it on account of its weight.

Everything was ready when there arose another difficulty — getting it on board at all, as there was a limited space at our disposal; but thanks to the action of Consul de Haas and another gentleman, Mr. Taufert, it was loaded on board the ship despite a lot of protest of our men in fear some of our cigar cases might have to stay on land. Anyway, the organ was on board and the cigar cases could not be loaded for some reason—someone said because the soldiers on shore kept those cases as they discovered the contents were of a very acceptable nature. These cases had been presents of wealthy merchants of Java to us prisoners of war. I was glad my organ had been put deep in the ship's hold because our men felt inclined to throw it overboard when they discovered the loss of those cases of cigars. Surely it was only a matter of luck that they preferred the cigars to my organ or else they would have kept it also — it was simply a matter of preference.

Once under way it was soon forgotten, when rounding Cape Lewin everyone on board became seasick and a grippe-patient, and our ship was turned into a floating hospital. On the way across the Indian Ocean we lost one life every day and twenty-four men were buried at sea. The worst of it was that every dead body had to be carried

through our dining room rather than being cast overboard on the aft deck close to the hospital, as this was the women's and children's quarter.

All that time we had very bad seas, lasting the whole distance to Durban, South Africa, and the ship had been badly knocked about. I thought that when the ship sank I would look for my organ case, as the great many air-boxes would maintain a very good floating capacity. It certainly would make an ideal life raft on account of its flat shape and its many hollow organ pipes, which would take a long time to fill with water as each one singly had been securely wrapped in paper, and besides, Australian cedarwood possesses a very great floating capacity.

However, the weather cleared up at Durban and we had a fine trip the remaining four weeks while rounding the Cape of Africa and going north through the Atlantic to Plymouth, Dover and Rotterdam in Holland. From there, we and our luggage were transferred by rail into Germany.

After some time, however, this organ was again put in its case and transhipped to U. S. A. and is at present in Florida, where after a while it may perhaps be sailing again across the Pacific ocean to complete its trip around the world. And, perhaps, fate may will that its voice shall yet resound in the room in which the spirit appeared whose image is carved in its breast.

ROSICRUCIAN NEWSETTES

The following are but a few of the many activities and improvements taking place at Rosicrucian Park:

- The addition of 10,000 square feet of park, landscaped with special shrubs, trees, ornamental walks, tiled flower beds, and lotus pools.
- The receipt of a rare collection of antiquities, from two world-renowned Egyptian archeologists, which are now added to the unusual collection of the Rosicrucian Egyptian, Oriental Museum. Two of the outstanding objects are:
 - (a) An Apis bull—head of a sacred mummied bull of the XIX Dynasty, 3500 years ago.
 - (b) A Babylonian cuneiform cone, proclaiming the restoration of the ancient city of Babylon.
- Engaging of two new members for the faculty of the Rose-Croix University, who will lend their special training and wide experience to this summer's term of the Rose-Croix University.



Killing With Kindness

By SOROR RUTH GONZER F. R. C.



HERE are many well-meaning people, who, being very sorry for an afflicted person, very anxious to ease his burden, make the mistake of being so kind as to deprive him of his rights as a human being. Stagnation is death.

I want to illustrate this by telling of a person whom I will call Elsie. She is about twenty-six years old now, and in a critical condition. Here is her story.

Elsie, having had infantile paralysis, was obliged to wear a steel brace on one leg, and use one crutch. This is sad and shocking to people not used to seeing it, but I want to state right here that afflicted children are not the depressed souls that sympathetic old ladies who pat their heads saying: "Poor little thing!" and who ask curious, embarrassing questions, would like them to be. They are normal, fun-loving children, eager for activities, both mental and physical. They want to do the things whole children do, not isolated from them, or given unnecessary special privileges. They resent being thought different from other people. When they fall down, if they can possibly manage it, *they want to pick themselves up*. With proper encouragement, they would maintain this attitude throughout life. They would face their limitations and find compensations. Of course, they

would always need *some* help, but they would not be helpless. There are plenty of jobs they could hold down, if only given a chance.

Well, to get back to Elsie, at sixteen she was a strong, plump little girl, and pretty too, with black bobbed hair, merry brown eyes, and cheery smile. She went to an ordinary high school, and had a fine scholastic record. She also showed talent for music and writing, possibly art, and was quite ambitious. Also, like any other girl her age, she was interested in friends, pretty clothes, and boys. She had a very close girl-friend, Norma who had also been left lame from infantile paralysis. They were always whispering and giggling together, planning little escapades.

Unfortunately, Elsie had a family that loved her not wisely but too well. Her mother worried about Elsie continually, reluctant to let her out of sight. Elsie liked to walk about, but mother frowned on this. She feared Elsie might strain her heart. She feared Elsie might fall down. She feared someone might hurt Elsie. Poor Elsie wanted to go places with Norma, who braved rude stares, misguided sympathy, and fatigue, to go where she pleased, even on street cars. Norma fell down again and again, yes, and in public! The exercise strengthened her muscles. She laughed at cruelly skinned knees and arms, where they grazed the pavement. She had no mother to say her nay, as Elsie's did.

After she graduated, Elsie took a post-graduate course, because she dreaded to drop out of things. When



this ended, though, she had nothing to do. Her mother kept her at home, and gradually removed more and more of her self-reliance. Elsie was not permitted to work about the house. Her mother wanted her to sit and read all day. If Elsie wanted a drink of water, mother wanted to bring it to her. Elsie rarely went any place. On such occasions she was almost lifted into an automobile by her brother, and out again afterwards, much like an invalid. Norma visited her often, and noted Elsie's growing boredom. Norma actually had a beau once in a while to tell Elsie about! Poor Elsie couldn't get a beau just sitting at home, but if she had, her mother would never have permitted such a thing.

Elsie tried to hold on to her music, her writing. She won honorable mention — or was it second place? — in a Radio Contest which promised the winner a forty-dollar-a-week writing job. Elsie, however, was treated so much like an invalid, that she began to think she was. Her mental attitude subtly changed from ambition to "Oh, what's the use." Her mother did not want her out of that chair, and in time even assisted her to the bath room.

Norma, through urgent need, was seeking employment. She envied Elsie her pampering, her new dresses, her spending money. Human nature being what it is, no one wants to hire a crippled person. Elsie's mother would never have considered letting Elsie humiliate herself by asking for jobs, only to be turned down. I wonder if she would even have let Elsie accept a job? But Norma had two nurse-maid jobs and then a sitting-down job in a beauty-parlor, for six months. She got it all by herself, too. It paid only six dollars a week, full time, but isn't that better than

sitting idle and bored? Norma has made so many contacts gadding about here and there, that she could never be bored. People enjoy her cheerful company, tell her their troubles.

Now through all the years these girls have been friends, and from Norma I learned from time to time of Elsie's changing condition. She gradually became more and more helpless and dependent. As her *mind* gave up hoping, so her body did.

I had a letter from Norma the other day. Elsie is very ill indeed. She has been to a celebrated hospital, but "the doctors say they can't figure out what is wrong with her." How can they, when the mind and spirit are the source? *She has lost the will to live.* "She cannot use her arms and hands at all, they shake so violently, except when lying down." That shaking is self-pity. She feels she must have a genuine excuse for not doing things for herself, instead of letting her mother do them, and her subconscious mind has conveniently provided it. "She lies down most of the time, for her back will not hold her up." Why should it hold her up, when there is nothing to do anyway? Why not give up entirely? "Her bladder will not function for days." Why let it, when it causes her mother extra work? Why not die, and cease to be a burden?

I have little doubt but that Elsie realized the truth long ago, but could not so deeply hurt her family as to tell them that it was their love which is destroying her. If anyone else told them, they would not believe and would be affronted, but if they ever do wake up, their remorse will be tragic.

I wonder how many more Elsie's there are in this world?

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW

All transportation companies during the spring and summer of 1939—steamship, railroad, air, and bus lines—are offering exceptionally reduced rates because of the two World's Fairs in the United States. The magnificent World's Fair on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay, just a few miles from San Jose, now makes it possible for you to visit that spectacle and the *Rosicrucian Convention*, beginning July 9th, at the lowest possible travel costs. You can have the benefit of both events, with no added expense—an opportunity which may never present itself again. *Have you made your plans?* For particulars write to the Rosicrucian Convention Secretary, Rosicrucian Park, and full details of travel and accommodation information will be provided you without cost or obligation. At the Rosicrucian Convention you mingle with thinkers from every part of the world.



A Trail Up the Ages

By CHARLES BRADFORD ELWOOD

(Editor's Note: The following excerpts are taken from the author's unpublished book manuscript entitled, "Thy Goal, O Man!")



HENCE do we come? Where do we go? And why? In an unsettled and unsettling era how these questions hammer at us!

Modernist, "fundamentalist," atheist! Who is on the right trail? Is there a trail? Does it lead anywhere?

Our Christian religion — is it a vain thing? Or is it still ahead of us—a light to lead us through the gloom?

As we look back we find that Science too has looked back. And it has not looked back to a race of grinning apes and said, as all too many otherwise intelligent folk still imagine, "These are your forebears!" Instead it has visioned and largely proved that, through perhaps millions of years, our ancestors really followed a trail, a most wonderful trail, up the ages. That trail, it is true, has been more often than not a trail through seeming chaos, through obscuring darkness—a trail of blood and savagery. What else could be expected of animals imbued primarily with the "me first!" instinct—the instinct in them so essential, the instinct at all costs for survival? Undoubtedly it was the will to live and its relative strength that determined where the highest evolution had

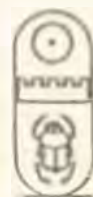
been accomplished — that determined what forms of life were best fitted to carry on toward a higher destiny. In forms so primitive we can readily forgive the harshness of life and feel a glow of pride in an ancestry strong enough to be always climbing — always struggling on, surging upward.

There are many books, good and bad, on that evolution which led to man and no doubt the most of us haven't read any of them. Our knowledge, if such it can be called, is the result of rumors, falsehoods, gossipings and ignorant preachments and, in the clamor, it has quite missed the inspiration and the thrill of the reality.

We cannot, in this brief writing, study exhaustively and in detail so vast a subject. We can, however, perhaps express in simple terms what it means and what it meant. Primarily the word "Evolution" means an unfolding or, more simply, GROWTH!

The geologist who, through study of records found in rock layers, has excavated evolution's very trail up those ages, the biologist and the medical scientist who have studied the before-birth development of animal and man and the strange "step-by-step" progress thus revealed, have proven the fundamentals of evolution beyond all doubt.

What is this "terrible menace" which so many well-meaning persons still believe will "destroy religion" and "wreck the human soul"? Be assured of this—



if the real facts can do this, then is your religion but a weak shadow—your faith a wavering wisp of smoke. Rather will they build up faith and give you a religion built on a rock so strong that no wave of skepticism can chisel away one tiny essential embodied in it.

If your God be a wizard, a magician, who — with magic wand and fit hocus pocus — produces an inhabited universe in a mere week of twenty-four hour days, why, wizard-like, seen in the new light he will vanish quite away. But in his place you will find *I*, the Builder, He the Eternal One who so permeates His universe that He cannot be banished anywhere—save from the heart of man.

If your religion die because you learn that a talking snake or a whale who swallows men without digesting them are in fact rich parables and not physical realities, your religion must needs be born again—in spirit and in truth.

What carpenter who loved his work could you picture crying to a pile of lumber, while he waved some magic hammer, "Boards become a house!"? You know how much more joy he'd find in seeing it grow up, step by step, under his efforts, a true expression of his toil and talents!

How absurd to picture a true artist waving a brush of many colors before a covered canvas and crying, "Abracadabra! Landscape appear!" You know he would soon tire of such a picture. You should see him some day at sunset, sitting at his easel in some quiet river valley and watch the glow on his face as he coaxes the light through the pictured trees or see how his eyes light up over the reflections he is painting into his gleaming winding river!

In God's image, it is said, we were created — the image, of course, of His spiritual reality. He has no body. If that be so, how dare we picture Him as spiritually our inferior. If we were to give Him his most fitting name we would spell it thus: "Creator." What Creator would you find going about doing tricks with piles of dust and detached ribs? No, a creator *builds*, step by step: he plans, he makes him tools, he joys in work and earns his glory.

The Mind that designed the universe, as we have seen, first created forces and from forces more forces. Such were His

tools, the tools which developed a universe—a very wonderful universe but a very material one. It was vastly interesting but vastly empty. There was no comradeship in it. Active it was indeed but all too unconscious. *I* was still alone. Eons had passed, the foundation was finished, the foundation was sound.

An environment was being made ready—but for what? *I* saw the need for consciousness and made tiny cells—bubbles we might almost term them—tangible bits of the active force He had created. And in them He planted a touch of His very life and lo, of their own accord they commenced to grow and then, dividing, began to multiply.

From them, bit by bit, in the waters and, later, on the earth, was all plant life developed. And to each plant was given the green blessing of *chlorophyl* which enabled it to draw energy from the sunlight and to manufacture food from earth and air and water. It had few problems, it needed no activity, no intelligence of its own to live its life and to fulfill its destiny.

In the *amoeba*, also a single cell, the more conscious, the more active, life took birth. And the amoeba multiplied immensely and, in varying material environments, colonies of cells were built into higher forms of still more conscious life. These creatures, unlike the plants, possessed no problem-solving chlorophyl. They had to go forth and seek their food. Their life called for energy and initiative. So they fed on the plants or else on other plant-fed creatures less powerful than they. They were selfish in a primitive way but, through their very selfishness, they had started on the development of a very crude type of elemental *individualism*.

Thus, in the single-celled Amoeba, back in the world's dim dawn, our First Ancestor embarked on his round of simple but fruitful activity. The evolution toward man had begun!

Belief in organic evolution was not new in Darwin's day. His own grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, passed on to him his own enthusiasm for it.

Back as far as 430 B. C. Greek philosophy presented the fundamentals of the theory. References to it are found in the teachings of both Empedocles and Aris-

totle, the former taking a materialistic view which Aristotle scorned, holding that there was "always a purpose in things that are produced by and exist from nature."

Saint Augustine (354-430 A.D.), probably the greatest of the early Christian fathers, found it convincing as an explanation of the realities of creation though his times were unripe for the emphasis of its truth among his followers.

Later centuries found many famous adherents for a philosophy so fascinatingly plausible. Among them were Francis Bacon, the great English philosopher (1561-1626). Rene Descartes, a noted Roman Catholic thinker (1596-1650), Leibnitz (1646-1716), Spinoza (1632-1677), Pascal (1623-1662) and Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727). A complete list would be long indeed.

Jean Lamarck (1774-1829) explored the subject deeply and Goethe, the great German poet and scientist (1749-1832) held strong evolutionary opinions.

Charles Darwin (1809-1882) who was probably the largest contributor to a full elaboration of the theory inclined toward a rather materialistic view. But a great contemporary — Alfred Russell Wallace (1823-1913), naturalist and explorer—took quite the opposite view, perceiving clear purpose in it all. It is well to note that the studies and explorations of Wallace led him to the development of theories almost parallel with Darwin's and to him should go much of the credit. But, as a friend of Darwin and a man of great personal modesty and high-mindedness, he made no effort to claim a share in it.

Long, long indeed, had been the climb up the ages—a trail of cruel and terrible struggles for material survival. Savage-ly wild creature preyed on wild creature, rising from the remains of devoured bodies to grapple with new and ever new contenders. Their inarticulate cry meant but one thing—"Me first!", always "Me first!"

Man in crude forms evolved. That too was his cry! He had greater capacities, a more flexible being. Despite everything he survived. But through the thousands upon thousands of years of his life on earth he had so far remained crude and groping, showing no imagina-

tion, no real instinct for fellowship, almost no ability to create.

I, the Builder, had wrought marvelously. The wonders of His universe were great indeed! Complex had they been made and — fascinating. Man, the greatest of them all, was a source of thrilling interest. Self-centered, daring, he was in truth. But in no real, no finer sense had he become a *person*. In the higher sense *I*, the Builder, was still alone in His universe. Thus far His quest had been in vain. There *was* no companionship!

But man's physical evolution was essentially complete. He had not developed personality but he was ready for it. From something very simple had he been "formed" — conscious beings were veritable cooperative commonwealths of tiny cells. On this earth these everywhere performed their functions—myriads upon myriads of them! In parable well-called "the dust of the ground"—yet much more active.

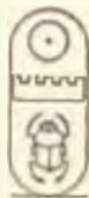
Yes, of such, veritably, had man been "formed." But something, we know to-day, was lacking. What was the missing Ingredient? Where, O where, could it be found?

So *I*, the Builder—He, in truth, the great Creator—sought and found it—in Himself! A wonderful new element in life was ready for nativity. Maker of Worlds but still all alone, he now saw plainly on Life's horizon a faint flush of glowing color — a dawning promise of realization for His age-long quest!

He looked on the perfect body of His created child and He "breathed into his nostrils *the breath of life* and man became a living soul." Never before—but now, *for the first time*, "in *His own image*" after the very "*likeness*" of His own Creative Spirit!

Thus was man born—modern creative man. He faced life with a new outlook. He found himself with wonderful new powers — a new and more enduring supremacy.

But with it all he was sore troubled. He felt forces within himself which pulled and tugged one against the other. His was a veritable "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" existence: a truly dual personality now had him in charge. There was the old "Hyde" in him which still raged powerfully, voicing his ages-old war



cry, "Me first!" — and keeping at it! And there was the new "Jekyll," the *I* feeling. This feeling was an urge towards a finer, a newer and entirely *different* life. It was in reality but a large portion of the very Soul of *I*, the Builder, *divided up*. In individual men it was necessarily *incomplete*. It impelled them toward love and brotherhood. It cried out for unity and cooperation between all men. Its clarion call, but little understood, was "With *unity* we possess *divinity*!"

In man, of course, the "Hyde" of self-preservation was by far the older. It had dominated and preserved the material self all the way up the ages. It was millions of years old.

The urge of the new Intuition was powerful indeed. Now and then were moments when it dominated. But they were very few. Most of the time the old selfishness ruled. And because it had combined with it the new powers, the new creativeness, it used and *abused* them.

For this abuse folk of later ages were to have a new name—a name which all too many of them wholly misunderstood. That name was "original sin."

The animal and the animal-man were creatures of instinct. They did seemingly terrible things but they did them in innocence. No conscience troubled

them—to them their actions were right.

But birth of the new Soul within them brought a searchlight to reveal a better path. They were impelled to follow it but the inner struggle was bitter and, in ignorance, they turned aside.

In a way this delinquency was tragic —saddening to the Maker of Worlds who had given them so much. But it could scarcely have been otherwise.

Had *I* so willed the urge of the new Soul must have dominated. But He did *not* so will. He wanted no blindly obedient puppets. He wanted free individuals — potential companions for himself.

These creatures had grown through myriads of years to man's—material man's—estate. Now, almost suddenly, they were creatures of body and—Soul. They remained selfish. They *had* to. They must be individuals—with freedom of thought and action. And their inherent selfishness — undesirable as it may have seemed — alone made that possible.

At rare intervals came finer moments —all too brief flashes of love for their fellow men, all too scattered touches of cooperative effort.

And these faint social gropings spelled nothing if not a new beginning. Material evolution was practically complete. A new *spiritual* evolution had begun!



FOR STUDY AND PLEASURE IN EQUAL MEASURE ATTEND THE
ROSICRUCIAN CONVENTION

TO THE SPONSORS OF THE ROSE-CROIX CLINIC

The hundreds of members of the higher degrees who have sponsored the foundation and establishment of the Rose-Croix Research Institute and Clinic will be glad to know that the Clinic has been in operation now for about four weeks, that a number of patients have been received, and although it was estimated that it would require about six weeks thoroughly to alter their conditions, we find at the end of four weeks that they are ready for dismissal, and they themselves are highly enthusiastic about the results that have been obtained.

Unusual cases of tuberculosis, ulcers, tumors and types of arthritis have been very successfully treated. Many medical men and scientists have visited the Clinic and say that it is one of the most completely and beautifully equipped institutes of its kind on the Pacific Coast, and we are having applications for admission to the Clinic coming in by the score every month until it is evident that the institute is to become a marvelous success.

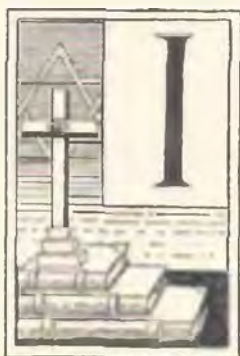
—THE IMPERATOR.

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
April
1939*



A Name To Conjure With

By THE PENCIL



HEARD a startling statement the other day that gave me much food for thought. A group of us had been listening to a very fine lecture about "White Light." We felt that we had indeed heard a great voice. There was both joy and won-

der in our hearts; but one of our number, having discernment, said, "If the people of this city knew who was walking down their streets they would put a fence around him and charge admission." Thus does one soul recognize another on the plane of Cosmic Consciousness.

We all long to have that "sight" which opens the door to past, present, and future, but of what good would it be to us if we did not also have the understanding of the Great Plan? In our search for truth let us be very sure we have a correct concept of values. If we are studying reincarnation, the lesson to be learned (both personally and universally) is not about who was who, but rather *why* did this or that personality come so many times in so many different forms of expression. We are inclined to look at names and achievements and miss the soul's purpose. We look for greatness, as the world accounts it, to follow after greatness; wealth to

follow wealth; genius to follow genius; and so on. Such a series of incarnations would never fulfill the law of progress, so we must delve deeper into the mysterious past if we would solve the riddle of our being. Any name, especially an illustrious name shining down through the pages of history, is an incentive to mental conjuring. To understand the development of one soul through a few thousand years will bring you very near to the heart of God.

Here is a suggestion that was offered to me, and I pass it on in hope that you too will be intrigued. Get your histomap and find Moses, —Pythagoras, —Alexander the Great, —Augustus Caesar, —Hung Wu. Names to conjure with indeed. Find the thread and weave a pattern. In so doing, something within you will come to life and much that you have desired to know will be revealed. History becomes a drama written by the Creator, staged upon His footstool, with Time for a back-drop, and all the heavenly hosts providing lights and music.

In our limited vision we seem to see a Julius Caesar or a Napoleon living again in a Mussolini. That is error. If you stop to consider you will have to admit that would not spell soul development. Is it not more likely that Mussolini was an arrogant Roman with little power at that time, but with a burning ambition and determination to gain a position of power, which ambition he is now finding the opportunity to realize? Would we find Napoleon now among the mighty ones of Europe? I believe



not. Look for the purpose of his life, "to establish the principles of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality to the ends of the earth." Consider also his own consciousness of his destiny and you get a clearer picture. Read his own words in which he speaks of a "Great Work which everybody does not discern." Wilhelm Van Loon expresses this whole idea far better than I can. He says, "You must get the *feel* of history. If you want an explanation of Napoleon's strange career, go to hear a good artist sing the song called "The Two Grenadiers." The words were written by Heine and the music was composed by Schumann, two men who had every reason to hate the Emperor. Hear it, then you will understand what a thousand volumes could not possibly tell you." It is that sort of feeling, that intuitive perception, that can "see" the pattern of a life. If you are looking for Napoleon today do not expect to find him in military uniform or at the head of a nation. Look for a man who speaks only truth; a man fully conscious of a Great Work to be done; a man to whom the "grenadiers" proudly give their utmost in loyalty and devotion; a man who has learned peace through bitter experience; and who knows that not by might nor by power, but by *spirit* will the LAW be established.

Into such fields of thought does the mystic conjurer lead us. What of myself, and of you, and of the innumerable other souls taking part in the drama? The stage is set. The curtain is drawn. Are we ready and waiting for our cue so that we may walk on and speak our few lines at the proper moment? There was a certain centurian who had just one line to speak in the great act of his day. He spoke it so clearly that it is recorded to his eternal credit in the Great Book. What part is he playing now? Who can say? Surely, having spoken one line well, he is given a bigger part in the next scene.

There is much to be done before the final curtain. There must be an end to every play. This one, for this cycle, draws to a close. That there will be another one to follow I have no doubt, but

this one must end in order that we may have that "New heaven and new earth" for which we have hoped, for our next stage setting. Outside, in the wings and behind the scenes, it is all confusion, noise, strife, and distress. The Hand that guides our destinies is steady. The drama moves serenely on as the theme unfolds. Those who are chosen for the leading parts must be *conscious* of what they are doing and *conscientious* in every detail of their performance. How else can they give correct expression to their lines?

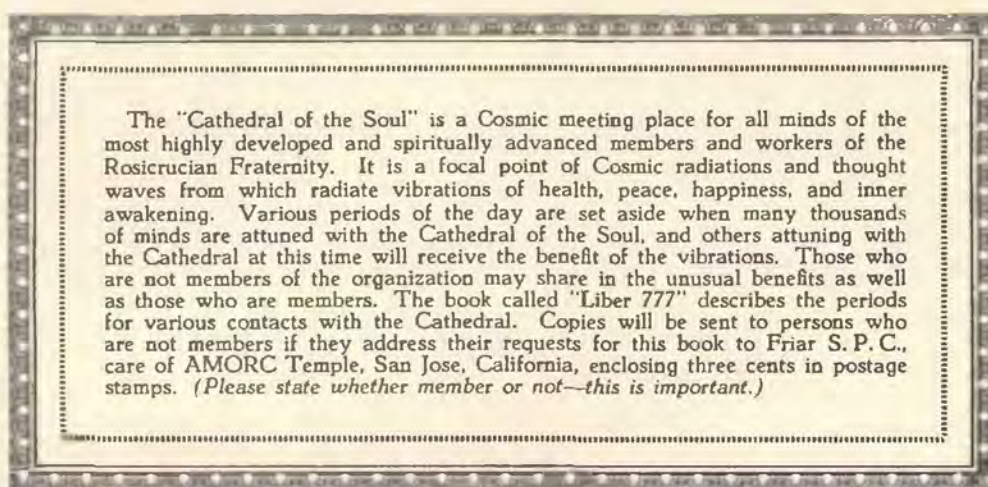
To gain that consciousness is one of the paramount aims of our work. This "art of mental conjury" may open a door. Think of people in terms of their hopes and of the dominant principles in their lives; not as good or bad, rich or poor, mighty or humble, successful or frustrated. Observe the facts, then as you are guided by the spirit of truth, knowledge becomes the lamp of wisdom for your inner consciousness. When you look upon your own past, think not of position or glory or achievement, but of debts that must be paid, of habits and characteristics to be completely overcome and truly outlived, of physical ailments to be eradicated as soon as we understand their source. These things make a study of reincarnation a practical help in making progress along the Path. There is so very much to be done it behooves us all to be constantly at work.

To the awakened ones there can be no race hatred, no personal inharmonies, no petty contempt of any person, no arrogant pride: for who can say that this one or that one is to be despised or humiliated on account of creed or color or condition? He may be one of the truly great learning his lesson of humility; or he may be a true seeker after knowledge just starting on the Path. That which we hate, we may have been. That for which we express contempt we may have to be. That which we admire we may become.

Listen! O heart of mine, for my cue! Let me act well the part assigned to me so that, in the next play I may have a "New Name."



Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him. —Channing.



MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

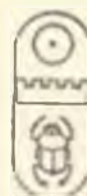


LONG ago the ancient philosophers wrote about the "Music of the Spheres," referring to the Cosmic rhythmic motion of all the things that are in action in the universe and which must produce some sounds that are practically inaudible to the human ear.

But there is a spiritual music that one may sense in the heavens by attuning with the Cathedral of the Soul. It is a music that is sweet and harmonious and rhythmic. It seems to harmonize with

the soul within man, and its rhythm is in keeping with the rhythm within the body. This spiritual Cosmic music fascinates and intrigues the mind and soul which are attuned to it. If you want this peace and happiness which is like a tonic to the tired body and mind and gives inspiration and spiritual food for thought, attune yourself with the Cathedral of the Soul.

You will find this spiritual edifice, that does not exist on the surface of the earth at all, fully explained in the little booklet called *Liber 777*, which we will be glad to send without cost or obligation to any inquirer requesting it. Thousands and thousands of individuals throughout the United States, Canada, and all parts of the Western World are attuning with this Cathedral daily at



different hours when they are tired or worried or perplexed. Then they find through this momentary attunement in these few minutes of meditation a marvelous illumination and inspiration, and they realize that they have been in closer touch with God and the Cosmic

Hosts than they have ever been before, affording them an opportunity to pray and commune with God and to allow their souls that same degree of expression which they daily allow their minds and bodies in all of the activities of life.



The Bandar-Log

By PETER WOLFE



WHEN we read the ever-delightful *Mowgli* we learn that when the monkeys assemble to discuss matters of grave import, they never do anything about the matter on hand, for the simple reason that, in an assembly of monkeys, every mon-

key chatters at the top of his voice, and no one listens. The grave, quiet and silent animals despise the chattering monkeys; and they call them contemptuously the Bandar-Log.

It is the opinion of this writer that there is a parable of wisdom hidden away here as in many pages of *Mowgli*. Speech is man's greatest gift; the chatterer misuses speech; therefore in a sense he spoils something; he is unaware that there is a hidden side to speech; there is Listening. No one who does not listen can be wise. At least that is the belief of traveled men everywhere; and silence is the practice of most of the animals. Even the Lion, that King of Beasts, gives voice only at times.

But the chatterer is always at it. From morn to night a stream of words pours from his mouth; he is like a leaky faucet; maybe he will end up in emptiness.

All great and beautiful people however, while they are not silent all the time, know how to be quiet and when to talk. When not talking, they are listening. If they had not learned to listen they would never have become truly

human; they would have belonged to the assembly of the Bandar-Log.

Kipling who wrote the *Mowgli* stories was asked where he got his detail, his knowledge of the content of his stories. He answered in substance: "Wherever I go I listen to the Old Guides."

There is an inner listening too, and this is closed to the chatterer. So the world today is plagued with chatterers and Peeping Toms, and people who rush in where angels fear to tread. For such persons a season in Scotland is indicated. There among dour, wise and uncommunicative people, who like Carlyle think one word enough for a long talk with a friend, they would learn to listen, to think, and maybe really to use speech, not jabber.

The American Indians were really quite a joyous race; they gained a reputation for reticence merely because they were silent in the presence of meddling and dangerous white folk, who came to pry, but often went away to cry slander upon their red hosts.

Suppose we take a leaf from the book of these first Americans, who certainly could speak with eloquence and beauty; who named and aptly named our rivers and hills. They taught their children the danger of being chatterers. A boy who chattered received not an honorable and potent name such as Hawk or Bear, but the derisive title of Bluejay, that chatterer of the woods, that noisy fellow!

Every boy and every girl should be trained to walk often in silence; for then they can listen, and when they listen, they will hear. Hearing, they can report, and thereby know the beautiful and difficult art of speaking truth. They will not be Bandar-Log.

The
Rosicrucian
Digest
April
1939



Each month a paramount question of the day which engages the thoughts of millions of intelligent people throughout the world will be considered in this department. Each question will be answered by two different Rosicrucian members. The answers to the questions are not to be regarded as official statements of opinion of the editor of this publication, or of the officers of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC.

ARE PRIVATE MORALS ON THE DECLINE?

Reverend Henry A. Meyer, Methodist-Episcopal clergyman, gives a theologian's answer to this vital question of the day in a very interesting manner.

Mrs. Mildred Lee Rytter is a trained nurse and author whose profession has qualified her to express an opinion on this subject.

I DO not think that private morals are on the decline. Such a statement assumes that there is "One Code of Morals" for the whole world and for all time—a norm or standard of behavior, if you please—and this is not quite true. Morality is more truly a standard accepted by a group at a particular time, under certain conditions and to cover certain needs. However, when we compare older periods with today, there seems to be definite improvement. More publicity is given to immoral acts, to crimes and to unsocial behaviour, but this very publicity is a power for good. There will always be some whose trend toward the good life will be motivated by fear; but so very many living the relatively free life of today, as compared with the hedged-in, Hell-dominated Victorian era, have chosen the high standard rather than the low that I am encouraged.

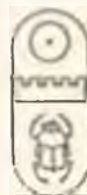
There are many today whose religious thinking makes necessary a feeling that the world must become increasingly

(Concluded on page 109, col. 1)

AS A nurse I have had an opportunity to review the private morals of women of all types, and those of men through their connections with women. While the comparative equality which woman enjoys today may appear to have contributed to moral laxity, I do not believe that it has — there is more frankness, not less morality.

First, there are the women who fill the charity wards of our large hospitals and maternity homes; unwed mothers who often learn through humiliation and suffering a spiritual greatness which makes them self-sacrificing as mothers, and the most faithful of wives. For they do often have a chance to marry, now that the double standard is on the wane. Then there is the "average" young woman who may take a fling at modernism just to see if it is what she desires. When trouble comes she realizes the enormity of her error and has her conscience to deal with, learning through her experience never again to endanger her moral character — even though her secret is never brought to light and her

(Concluded on page 109, col. 2)





Parents and A New Civilization

By SOROR FLOID W. CAIN



HIGH is mostly responsible for the advancement of future civilization — Parent or School?

For generations there have been four sources of education for children: home, church, school and the theater, but this generation

has another source added, that of the radio. At times it seems that the majority of them are getting more information at the movies and from the radio than anywhere else, because there is a lack of elevating home environment, and this adds to the task of the teacher.

Unfortunately we have a class of people in our rich land who have no home life, are not interested in church, and go to school only when they are forced to do so. For them the movies are the only source of decent education. The itinerant worker is one of these. He goes from one district to another to follow the crops. His condition is heart-rending. The majority of these are undernourished families, with not a thought in the world but how to get the next meal by fair means or foul. What are they adding to civilization? Nothing but a burden for the thinking throng.

Next we find a group of citizens who are a step above the former. They are the hardworking people who are self supporting but have no money for

luxuries. They really are the backbone of America. To them children are a luxury which they must provide for, and they do so to the best of their ability. They manage to supply the necessities of life with an occasional luxury. The children from this class of home are as a whole well behaved, intelligent and cooperative. There are many of this class of children who will be the leaders of tomorrow because of the home training which has included all of the sources of education available to them and the economic necessity to assist and think for themselves.

Then we have a group whose standard of living is much higher from a monetary standpoint. They are the Professionals and the moneyed class. I group them together as their children are raised in practically the same manner. The average professional home today is kept to the standard of the wealthy because many of this class depend upon the patronage of the wealthy to live, and, to them, appearances mean existence. From this group often comes the "problem child," because of over-indulgence and the neglect of home training. To many of them, children are a biological accident which can't be cured so must be endured. They give their children access to all the advantages which the world affords, consequently the child appreciates nothing. There is not much home life in this group. The father is so busy supplying the money for the luxuries in the professional class and enjoying himself in the wealthy that he has no time for his

children. The mother is so busy keeping up appearances in the professional class, and enjoying herself in the wealth, that the children are only a care until they are of an age to be of assistance to her socially, then she wonders why they are not interested in her views and she does not understand them.

Again this class is perpetrating another problem; that of the divided home — of course that is not a problem of the upper class alone, but they seem to lead in numbers at present. This is a very sad condition because the children involved have a wrong conception of what a home is. In most cases the court requires that they live half of the year with each parent. Each one of the parents vies with the other for the affection of the child, thereby incurring the aversion of it in many cases, and giving a good chance of petty blackmail in others. This, however, is not true in all homes from this group as many wealthy and professional people are capable and loving parents.

The effect of the church upon civilization is too huge for me to discuss here.

Through all these class distinctions there are three elements of education which are contacted alike in greater or less degree, the movies, radio, and teachers. I honestly believe that they

are all three responsible in the same proportion for the advancement of civilization. The radio is very particular about diction and perfect grammar, which has improved the conversation of students far more than a teacher can do, because at school, grammar is just one more thing to learn, while if a child hears good grammar often enough, he will absorb more. This also holds good for the historical and geographical features. Many a home which is failing in other respects is giving free access to the education of the radio.

The moving picture standards have been raised by censorship until if the parent is guiding a child at all in his choice they are in many ways an educational feature.

The school has a place all its own. A good, conscientious teacher not only teaches the three "R's" but must also teach morals and sportsmanship. Many of them are filling the gap left by the indifferent parent. The parent-teacher association has accomplished much in its endeavor to establish a bond between parent and school.

In conclusion I cannot say that any of the "educators" mentioned above are doing more than the others. They are all combining to make a generation of thinkers.



QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

(Concluded from page 107)

By Reverend Henry A. Meyer

depraved. There are others whose failing memories picture "good old days" denuded of many of the bad practices that old records portray. But even a hurried reading of the histories of older days leaves us aghast at the brutalities and the multiple standards of class and sex. The freedom of today would have been impossible. We are getting better, and will continue to do so. Thus will the "Kingdom of God," the Christian's ideal of the good life, be established on earth.

By Mildred Lee Rytter

reputation suffers no loss. Thirdly, there is the intelligent older woman who knows that women of today are better than those of her day who — through fear of disgrace — may not have had the same experiences, but desired them just the same.

For hundreds of years men made the moral laws and broke them; women paid the penalties. But "off with the old and on with the new" is less simple now that women have less fear of being made outcasts by public opinion, for the deserted mother may use the weapon of exposure — formerly reserved for the males — and thus force a man to support his offspring. Now that the man may have to "pay" too there is less philandering.

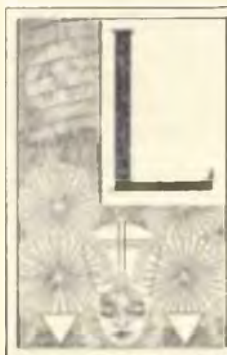




Nobility Through Beauty

By SOROR HAZEL J. FOWLER, F. R. C.

"To regard the beautiful means to improve."—Plato.



LIFE is beautiful. I suspect however, it was with regard to *living* that Plato wrote. Fraught as it has been and is with such catastrophes as flood and famine, storm and quake, Life—Nature that is—has retained its primal state of beauty. As with the "macro," so with the "micro"—Man does remain beautiful despite all the human limitations of sordidness and chaos about him.

His is ever the privilege of regarding Beauty, therefore he should be always in a state of improvement whatever experiences come to him. For Beauty is spread round about him in all forms—its inspiration is one of life's richest blessings. He is empty indeed who cannot respond to it.

First there is the Beauty of the earth itself. Lakes and rivers, canyons and waterfalls, add a majesty to one who beholds them. More soothing than any opiate, the moss-cool banks of a mountain stream, or incessant roll of silver surf upon the sand. The eloquence of snow-capped peaks begets an elevation of the mind; and every pine-crested horizon reflects a vaster circle to the eye. Behold the glory of a summer garden and in another instant its rain-

bow tints have been transported to your own dream-plot. Mayhap your reds and blues, your golds and pinks are banked upon another print—the essence of color has distilled its primal Beauty, and however or wherever used, it will pulse to the original rhythm. For distilled Beauty, caught from a summer garden or a winter landscape, may be transmuted into painting, literature or music with sudden and equal facility. Beauty sets the creative faculties into motion—when you feel yourself quicken to an aspect of Beauty, be sure your divine self-hood has put on stature. Any one phase of Beauty calls up another. A rose placed in a hand, and instantly the exquisite revelation of some long-lost friendship, a poem, book, or craggy pine-swept ridge, has been recalled, and for that brief time the Past is a joy projected from the Temple of Memory. We can never assume or enjoy our largest destiny until we have learned to use all the Powers at our command. We grow out of our Pasts, so that each moment means expansion. and any constructive agency, Beauty or otherwise, that can bestir the unused Power of Consciousness is a wise asset to the noble evolution of living.

No Near, no Far contemplated, but the mental horizon has extended to meet it, and cast its wonderment beyond. We are essentially Mystics; we wonder ever about the Unseen and the Unknown. And so it is that much of the Beauty of the universe is lost to many of us be-

cause it is invisible to most. We must learn to change our own tempo, to vibrate and attune ourselves to the Most High if we would become sharers in the Unseen. We cannot see the nacreous color of a ray of light until we use the spectrum. So much we make ourselves Instruments of Beauty by intensifying our lives to that which lies beyond our normal sight and hearing and understanding. Beauty is retro-radiant — it gives back itself in whatever form — its rhythm will always vibrate to the elemental glory. By making ourselves the prism, the instrument, we can reflect the beyond in all its beauteous aspects. By the application of Natural Laws we can learn to contact the glory of the FIRST LOGOS.

I like to think that people are Nature, only God-endowed, more-so. After Confucius, Buddha, Lao Tse and Jesus, we are poor indeed, who are not richer. The Beauty of such souls is also retro-radiant. How the Light of Jesus, measureless and vital, still projects its first glory! Witness the limitless return of those other retro-radiant attributes — faith, trust, charity, friendship, kindness and love. Shed them like Light from our own hearts, and we suddenly have an elevated self. It is impossible to contemplate Beauty in any form without becoming richer. And it is equally impossible to become richer with the riches of the Spirit (for we are speaking in

terms of the Ideal) without improving ourselves.

We are fortunate if we can look back upon the years as a continuous experience of self-improvement through the Mysticism of Beauty. The mystic finds upon the Path Beauty of such grandeur and scope as to be almost unbelievable. Can you see a soul shine forth its aura or soul-light and remain your static self? Can some more advanced student — or teacher — heal your mental, physical and spiritual wounds with a Power at the command of all, and you not demand of yourself the same Divinity? Thus, Mind widens its horizons; Heart quickens its response to the problems of living; Consciousness learns the art of projecting into the Unseen; and at last Beauty, which is Truth in all its radiance, stands at the door of Illumination and behold, a Soul commands the Immortal Energy!

Such advancement means the earnest study and continuous contemplation and application of Natural Law until, from our own elevation, we feel our own majesty radiating back upon us. We see how others are lifted up as it were by our changed natures. Ourselves — retro-radiant! Beauty is a Condition of Consciousness wherein we see all about us in Harmony. Through Beauty we attune ourselves to the loftier principles of Living and are made reverent. It is such Beauty that gives Nobility to Living!

NO INTERNATIONAL CONFEDERATION OF ROSICRUCIANS

A TIMELY WARNING

All members of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, whether of the countries of the North and South American Jurisdiction, or of the countries of other jurisdictions of the world, are hereby warned to put no credence in statements or claims verbally made, or written by individuals, to the effect that they represent or are associated with or attended a meeting of an *International Conference of the Rosicrucian Order of Europe*. Such a Conference, if it has an existence in Europe, is clandestine; that is, it is not recognized by the Federation Universelle des Ordres et Societes Initiatiques ("FUDOSI"), which is a federation of the oldest mystical and occult organizations of the world, with which the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, throughout the world is associated. Therefore, such a Confederation as mentioned above has no historical or Rosicrucian standing in Europe or elsewhere.

The fact that some individuals who study or read books purporting to be Rosicrucian, or some individuals who claim to be officers of small Rosicrucian groups in America, decide to unite and assign themselves the title of International Confederation does not dignify their little group with legality, authenticity, or recognition where the true Rosicrucian Lodges of the world jurisdictions are concerned. Unless, therefore, the initials, "A. M. O. R. C.", or "FUDOSI," are associated with the announcement of a European Conclave of the Rosicrucian Order, you will know that it is not a genuine Rosicrucian conclave, and that it has no standing with or recognition by the Rosicrucian Lodges in Europe or throughout the world.





X, The Unknown Quantity

By SOROR EDITH N. SMITH, F. R. C.



WHEN the budding intellect of a child begins to question, "Where did I come from?" "Out of the everywhere into the here," hardly suffices, for the child immediately queries, "Ma', where is everywhere?"

Many a mother has practically shipwrecked her imagination trying to explain to her offspring the origin of its being, and perhaps many a mother has gained a hold upon Eternity in the process.

When the budding soul of man begins to question, "Who and what is God? Did He consciously create man? Is He a personality? Does He care?" What then?

Man in his evolutionary progress yearns for an All Protecting Power and thus confesses his dependence. That this Power is of a creative nature is undeniable. By giving this Force the name of God and by saying, "God does not wish this or that," we personify Him in our consciousness.

Early in life a minority of human beings find that there is no Santa Claus. They recover from this shock and are doing as well as can be expected, then they hear of The Christ Consciousness and look askance at the impious ones who question His "Divinity." They mull over this irreligious thought for awhile

then, fearing that they are in imminent danger of becoming Godless derelicts upon the uncharted sea of Eternity, they loudly proclaim that henceforth they will forswear all "Isms," and return to the simple faith of the Pilgrim Fathers. After due investigation on their part, they find that this faith was far from simple, and in addition was about as hard as the rock upon which the Pilgrims are supposed to have landed.

In our bumptious youth we were denounced as a very inept mathematician. It was suggested that Algebra in small doses might be an aid. To this we cheerfully consented, but when we found that we must first take X as the unknown quantity we rebelled. To start from nothing to find something, seemed the height of folly and a wanton waste of time as well. The instructor was either too busy or too disgusted to explain that very accurate results could be obtained by this process, and so we were allowed to remain in happy ignorance of the subject. But as we go through life, we find that we must take many things for granted if we would know peace and happiness, and that if we would know God we must take Him for granted.

Now let us take X or God for the Unknown Quantity. That we do not know what this Unknown Quantity is does not presuppose its non-existence. We do not see the force back of a flash of lightning, but we do have ample proof of its existence.

We know that Cosmic Consciousness is of a vibratory nature. We know also

that the material organization of man is of the earth earthly, and that there is an immaterial essence in man which is termed, "Soul." This we are told emanates from God and is God.

All this is within us which aspires to higher attributes — the loving thought which prompts a kindly deed, the fortitude with which we brave sorrow and peril, the courage to endure despite apparent defeat, the love that never falters, the sincerity that is the shining armor of truth, all these are of the soul. They are immaterial in nature and therefore are enduring.

Let us suppose that God, the Over-soul, is undergoing an evolutionary process of growth as are we, His creations, and that we were and are cells in the Cosmic Body of God — untried cells, cells lacking in experience and knowing naught of the stress of earthly existence, of the trials, the temptations, the degeneration, regeneration and final redemption of the soul of man.

It has been said that to find our soul we must first lose it.

To create consciously and wisely and to rule lovingly and justly, one must know every phase of earthly existence as well as of Divine, and so I wonder if our individualized souls, when they have passed through the purification of many earth lives, do not return to the Source and are one with God. Knowing the law of cell production, is it unreasonable to suppose that these individualized cells composing the Universal Body of God will not liberate us and yet remain as parent cells in Universal Consciousness?

Does God consciously create? Does

He care? On first thought it would seem not, otherwise it would break the heart of a Creator to hear the prayers and the anguished cries of the beings He fashioned, and to see the pitiful human wrecks that are cast upon the shore of life.

Under God we also are creators. We too, take infinite pains with the things we fashion, but if they do not reach the standard of perfection which we have created for them in our consciousness, we think nothing of taking them apart and then reconstructing them nearer to our heart's desire.

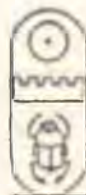
It would seem that God does not see us as individuals, but as a part of Himself which is undergoing a necessary process of change.

If we were to see God, if He were to become an actuality, we could not agree upon His Likeness, because no two individuals' realizations of an actuality are the same. He would doubtless seem a many faceted Being. It is plain that God cannot be seen through mortal eyes, but must be sensed through the eyes of the spirit. Our interpretation of Him seems a matter of character and soul growth. As we grow in grace so does God grow in our consciousness, until He becomes to us a real and sentient Being and we enshrine Him in our hearts, for He is the God our hearts have fashioned and our intellects have sanctioned.

So if we would know happiness and peace, let us accept Him as The Unknown Quantity, knowing that all is well and fearing neither life nor transition.

EXPLORE THE UNIVERSE

Investigate that which Aristotle said "moves but is unmoved itself"; namely, the great system of natural law of the universe. Attend the Rose-Croix University, with its pleasant surroundings, beautiful grounds, modern class rooms and laboratories. Enjoy the companionship of genteel, cultured men and women from throughout the world. Satisfy that yearning to know. Listen to simple and forcefully presented instructions by capable teachers. Make this summer term of the Rose-Croix University one long to be remembered for its pleasant hours and direct benefit. Immediately following the University term, the Rosicrucian Convention begins, and you have the opportunity of also attending the World-famous Golden Gate International Fair in San Francisco, just a few miles distant from San Jose. Tuition fees are exceedingly economical, and living costs for the term very reasonable—write today for a free copy of "The Story of Learning," which contains the curriculum of the courses of study and other information. Prepare now to enroll. Address Rose-Croix University, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U. S. A.





SANCTUM MUSINGS

FIRST THE SEED — THEN THE BLADE

By RICHARD D. AMES, F. R. C.



Y ADVISING: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise" — an ancient wise man pointed out the usefulness of a study of nature in the practical application of any code of ethics to our daily lives.

The meaning was changed only slightly centuries later when Jesus said, in substance, "Go to the cornfield, thou ignorant one; study carefully what thou seest—and grow in wisdom and stature as does the ear of corn."

While the thought is applicable in every walk of life—and applies equally to the laborer and theologian—still, because of the very nature of the things they have attempted, students of mysticism are more certain to feel its influence than any other single group of people.

The working of this great law will be apparent to the laboring man as, in the erection of a new building, he takes the seed (architect's plan), works upon that plan until the development of the blade (foundation and framework)—and then takes up another job of building as the ear of corn (occupancy of the building) is accomplished. His entire duty from

the first day to the last is with the cultivation of the blade or stalk.

In a similar manner, the busy industrial leader will see the law unfold itself before his eyes as the seed (original idea) takes definite form (is launched on the market) and finally bears fruit (returns dividends in public approval and profits from sales).

No comment need be made on the direct application of the law to the work of the farmer who plants the seed, cultivates the blade and reaps the harvest of grain.

In the cases mentioned, any casual student of human nature can point out with ease every step of the law's unfoldment—as indeed he may in most of the objective affairs of the lives of men. But it is in the more subjective matters of religion and mysticism that the student must make it a point to keep the law always before himself while paying a minimum of heed to the advice of those about him, as he travels the lonely path. No one can point definitely to the difficulty for the student—he is compelled by one of the tenets of the law itself to find it ALONE. In fact, it is nearly always true that the so-called friends and advisors will fall in line with the "way of the world" and point out the difficulty, not as a function of the problem of growth, but as positive proof that the student has started with the wrong premise and has reached a dead-end street.

The religious devotee will carefully plant his seed by uniting with one of the great world religions and will immediately throw himself wholeheartedly into the work of preparing for the particular field of activity he has chosen for himself. His enthusiasm will carry him far—then one day he will take inventory of his achievements carefully, and finding them far fewer than he had anticipated, he will stop short for self-examination. Had there not been a promise that fruit would be born a hundred-fold? What has been the fault with his work? He has had faith in abundance, enthusiasm in a superlative degree, and ability unquestioned. He has planted the seed—where now are the hundred ears of corn?

That is precisely where the religious devotee needs help—and where he seldom if ever gets it. With the help of friends he will set about to re-form his code—may even decide to change his field of effort, or at least his technique. But the changes are all in vain! A second and a third start are made and all end the same way. What is the matter?

He has forgotten the law! First the seed, then the blade, then the ear of corn! Each time he has planted the seed carefully, and he has taken pains to cultivate the soil about the tender blade—twice, or maybe even three times—before he begins to look for a harvest. The farmer must work the ground a season before the harvest. The builder must watch every detail for many weeks before the structure is completed. The industrialist must battle with a thousand adversities before his product has any chance of becoming successful. The farmer, the builder, the industrialist, may dream daily of the completion of their tasks—but the harvest cannot be reaped, the building cannot be occupied, the dividends cannot be declared until the *time of harvest* is at hand. The religious devotee, too, may dream—but he must understand that he is dreaming and must continue to cultivate the soil about his ideal until *time for the harvest*. Has he any right to expect results not in keeping with the experience of people in every other walk of life?

In the field of mysticism, it is particularly in the western world that the student needs help—for by his birthright he has inherited a generous share of the

hustle and worry of this age of speed, and would leap at once by the very force of his enthusiasm from the seed to the ear of corn.

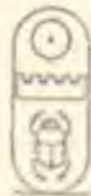
In the East, where monthly payments, credit bureaus and high rents are thousands of miles away, and where overnight fortunes are unthought of and stock market crashes are unknown, it is a comparatively easy matter for the mystical student to spend years of time in advancing one small step on the path. All about him other things are moving at an equally slow pace, and his environment thus will tend to assure him that the years have been well spent. His one achievement becomes a crown of glory to his life and he will look upon the entire lifetime as a success even if no further advance is possible.

But such is not the case in the Western world.

When a neophyte is identified with the work of some such organization as AMORC he will have successfully planted the seed. A few months of enthusiastic study will follow, during which the Master Within, long lying dormant, will figuratively "try his wings." The manifestation will cause the enthusiasm of the student to rise to new heights as unquestionable demonstrations of occult powers undreamed of before will appear.

Still in the early degrees, the neophyte will visualize himself as becoming in, let us say, five years, a Master of All He Surveys. In his imagination, industrial leaders will be seeking his counsel, political leaders will make long journeys to get his aid on great problems of State, and thousands of more humble people will be besieging him with earnest letters of inquiry concerning his "Great Secret."

But the five years will pass, and unless the student has been an unusual one, he will be having fewer actual demonstrations of "magical powers" than he had in the very first degrees. An industrial leader may have actually discharged *him* from his services because he was becoming insubordinate and offering advice where it was not wanted. Because no political leaders came to him for his aid, he may have decided to run for office, and have suffered a humiliating defeat at the hands of an admittedly inferior man. Many in



his own community may still be almost totally unaware of his existence.

What will the student do now that he faces this crucial test? A large percentage of them actually fail at this point, and, utterly forgetful of the fact that the new foundation must be built upon their accumulated Karma, will hurl terrible charges against their teachers, and abandon the Path at the very point where it was about to turn into the avenue of achievement they so much desired.

Fellow student on the path, forget not that there is a season for every development. If yours is a slow one—rail not against it. But, rather than, by your very protest, force the Master within to retire until a more auspicious time, will you not patiently continue to cultivate the blade that is slowly but surely growing to sufficient size to bear you a real harvest?

Remembering this great law of personal development, and the need for patience as we go the "Middle Path" let us examine the lives of two of the world's greatest religious leaders. When the Buddha left his Princely estate he planted the seed of his life achievement. As he wandered the lonely way in search of enlightenment, do you think he would have advanced or retarded his great experience under the Tree, by becoming impatient with the many failures and few successes of his life?

Any student who has taken as much as one step on the Path knows he would not have made it more difficult — He would have made it *impossible*!

When Jesus was born in a Carpenter's home, a Great Soul became incarnate in the world—the Christ seed was sown. Suppose that at the age of twelve when the Christ Master "tried its wings" and cried out "I must be about

my Father's business," Jesus had decided to become a child prodigy and establish a new religion in spite of his tender years! Don't you suppose that the young man Jesus, realizing his great possibilities, often resented the 18-year period of waiting and preparing for the Great Day?

What would have happened to the great world-religion called Christianity, if Jesus had decided to try to become Great before he was ready to become Christ? Surely the religion founded upon His name has borne sufficient fruit to warrant the 18 years of cultivation Jesus gave to the fragile soul-cry, "I must be about my Father's Business!"

If you would be a credit to your Order, and to the Master within you—patiently cultivate the soil of your life's environment with an assured knowledge that as surely as Nirvana sought Gautama, as surely as the Christhood sought the young carpenter Jesus — so surely will the Master within you reveal himself: First the seed, then the blade, then the ear of corn.

The Neophyte will have advanced far on the path when he will be able to say (and prove by his life that he is doing it too) the words of John Burroughs:

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder
height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

DO YOU TRAVEL BY AUTO?

Does your car bear the dignified, attractive auto emblem which signifies to all who know that you are a fellow-member of the world-wide Rosicrucian Order (AMORC)? With a Rosicrucian Auto Emblem you make a friend and find a fellow member on every highway and in every city. With it you will never be a stranger wherever you drive—cold formalities will be replaced with genial hospitality wherever the Rosicrucian Auto Emblem makes its appearance. Made to be simply attached to the radiator of your car, it is of hand-hammered art brass, small in size and in the form of a triangle surmounted by an Egyptian cross, with a metal red rose in the center. It will be a small but handsome addition to your car. It may be ordered from the Rosicrucian Supply Bureau at \$1.30 each, which price includes postage.



DEATH DEALING LIGHT

Science continues its relentless war on microbes. Above is shown Dr. Harry C. Rentschler, of the Westinghouse Laboratories, with the "microbe death ray" that he and Robert F. James, fellow-research worker at the laboratories, developed after years of research. The concentrated ultra violet radiations given off by the specially developed lamp are effective in attacking such diseases as influenza, pneumonia, and the common cold. Dr. Rentschler is seen holding a special photo-electric cell designed to measure the exposures of the ray.

(Acme Photo)



COME WITH ME ON AN

Adventure into the Mental World

There is a lure to tales of embarking on a journey to strange lands, or setting out in search of a place whose known location is but a crude tracing on a time-worn parchment map. One can also easily imagine the crackling of underbrush as it is trampled beneath the cautious feet of intrepid explorers as they wend their way through Nature's living barrier—the jungle. A cold chill can be felt as one reads of gurgling water rising over a daring diver as he slowly sinks to the inky bottom of an inlet in search of pirate loot aboard a galleon now

embedded in the shifting sands of the sea. But none of these challenges the imagination, quickens the breath, or causes the pulse to pound quite like an adventure into the unknown—the mental world.

SOME MYSTICAL ADVENTURES

Come with me to seek out what the eyes cannot see, the ears hear, or the senses perceive. There lies more to be conquered, more to be mastered than all the expeditions of the world have brought to light. You who are adventurous may, in the security of your home, travel through space and time in search of mysteries far greater than those which lurk in the jungle or frozen Arctic.

THE READERS' RESEARCH ACADEMY offers to you a supplementary series of enticing and instructive lectures entitled, "Some Mystical Adventures." They are concerned with such questions as the strange influences which are cast over human life and what lies behind the veil of the commonplace. You may obtain two of these most interesting lectures a month for the cost of only 50c per month. Just write to the Readers' Research Academy and state that you would like to receive these lectures and enclose a remittance of 50c for one month, or for as many months as you wish. You may discontinue at will. These lectures will bring the mental world to your fireside with all its fascination. The number of this particular series is 196. Address:

READERS' RESEARCH ACADEMY
(AMORC)

ROSICRUCIAN PARK • SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA



Member of
"FUDOSI"
(Federation Uni-
verselle des
Ordres et
Societes
Initiatiques)

THE PURPOSES OF THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a non-sectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness and peace. The Order is internationally known as "AMORC" (an abbreviation) and the AMORC in America and all other lands constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body for a representation in the international federation. The AMORC does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members, together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian association, write a letter to the address below, and ask for the free book "The Secret Heritage." Address Scribe S. P. C., in care of

AMORC TEMPLE
Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U. S. A.
(Cable Address: "AMORCO")

Supreme Executive for the North and South American Jurisdiction
H. SPENCER LEWIS, F. R. C., Ph. D. --- Imperator

DIRECTORY

PRINCIPAL AMERICAN BRANCHES OF THE A. M. O. R. C.

The following are the principal chartered Rosicrucian Lodges and Chapters in the United States, its territories and possessions. The names and addresses of other American branches will be given upon written request.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles:

Hermes Lodge, AMORC Temple. Mr. Lorenz Ernst, Master. Reading room and Inquiry office open daily except Sundays: 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. and 8 to 8 p.m.; Saturdays, 12 noon to 4 p.m. 148 No. Gramercy Place.

Oakland:

Oakland East Bay Chapter, Geo. R. Russell, Master; Ruth Bernison, Secretary, Phone Berkeley 5381. Convocations 1st and 3rd Sundays, Pythian Castle, 12th and Alice Streets.

Sacramento:

Clement Le Brun Chapter, Mr. Joseph C. Le Valley, Master. Meetings 1st and 3rd Fridays at 8:00 p.m. Friendship Hall, Odd Fellows Building, 9th and K Streets.

San Francisco:

Francis Bacon Lodge, 1655 Polk St.; Mr. Frank C. Parker, Master. Mystical convocations for all members every 2nd and 4th Monday 8 p.m. Office and reading room open Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, 7 to 9 p.m.

COLORADO

Denver:

Chapter Master, Mr. Walter Taylor, 844 St. Paul Street. Secretary, Margaret Furrell, 637 E. 8th Avenue.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Thomas Jefferson Chapter, Mrs. Nellie G. Hardy, Master. Meetings Confederate Memorial Hall, 1822 Vermont Ave. N.W., every Friday evening 8:00 p.m. Secretary, Mrs. Evelyn Paxton, 5357 Broad Branch Rd., N.W.

ILLINOIS

Chicago:

Chicago Chapter No. 9, Mr. C. F. Haupt, Master. Mrs. Sue Lister Westlund, Secretary. Telephone Randolph 9848. Reading room open afternoons and evenings, Sundays 2 to 5 only, Ingleview Bldg., 116 S. Michigan Ave., Rooms 408-9-10. Lecture sessions for ALL members every Tuesday night 8 p.m.

Chicago (Colored) Chapter No. 10, Mrs. Lulu Ford, Master. Mr. Robert S. Breckenridge, Secretary. Inquirers call Cedarcrest 5508 and Hyde Park 5776. Meetings every Friday night at 8:00, 12 W. Garfield Blvd. Hall B.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston:

The Marie Clemens Lodge, Walter Fitch, Secretary. Temple and Reading rooms, 729 Boylston St. Telephone Kenmore 5388.

INDIANA

Indianapolis:

Mr. Wade L. Lushbaugh, Master, 2956 No. Talbot St. Meetings every Tuesday, Antlers Hotel, 8:00 p.m.

MICHIGAN

Detroit:

Theses Chapter No. 336, Mr. William Hitchman, Master; Mr. Ernest Cheyne, Secretary. Meetings at the Detroit Federation of Women's Clubs, 4811 2nd Avenue every Tuesday, 8 p.m. Inquirers call Tyler 4-8535.

MISSOURI

St. Louis:

St. Louis Chapter, Mr. Hubert C. Smith, Master. Melbourne Hotel, Grand Avenue and Lindell Blvd. Meetings first and third Tuesday of each month, 8 p.m.

NEW JERSEY

Newark:

H. Spencer Lewis Chapter, Mr. George F. Hirschfeld, Master. Meeting every Monday, 8:15 p.m. 37 Washington St.

NEW YORK

Buffalo:

Chapter Master, Mrs. George Marion; Secretary, Eleanor K. Redner, 88 William St., Tonawanda. Meetings every Thursday at 8 p.m. Parlor C, Hotel Lafayette, Washington and Clinton Streets.

New York City:

New York Chapter, 250 W. 57th St., Mr. Carl H. Johnson, Master; Martha L. Mullins, Secretary. Mystical convocations each Wednesday evening 8:00 p.m., for all grades. Inquiry and reading rooms open week days and Sundays, 1 to 8 p.m. Rocker T. Washington Chapter, Mr. James M. Richards, Master, 159 W. 121st Street, New York City; Ida F. Johnson, Secretary, 286 McDonough St., New York City. Meetings every second and fourth Sunday at 8 p.m. Y. M. C. A. Chapel, 180 W. 185th Street. Inquirers call Prospect 5-1079.

OHIO

Toledo:

Chapter Master, Mrs. Ira Daniel, 1646 Shady Dr., West Toledo, Ohio, Telephone Tawanda 8525. Convocations for all grades each Friday 8:15 p.m. at Fort Meigs Hotel, Room 219.

Cleveland:

Mr. Sidney Reed, Master, Mrs. Karl Hev, Secretary, 2054 W. 88th St. Meetings every Friday at 8 p.m. Hotel Carter.

FLORIDA

Miami:

Chapter Master, Mr. Charles Merrick, 411 Sunset Drive, South Miami.

(Directory Continued on Next Page)

OREGON

Portland:

Portland Rose Chapter meets every Thursday, 8:00 p. m. at 714 S. W. 11th Ave. Robert G. Stone, Master, 1126 S. E. 50th Ave. Information by appointment week days 9 to 5 at 405 Orpheum Bldg.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia:

Benjamin Franklin Chapter of AMORC; Mr. Daniel K. Betts, Master. Meetings for all members every second and fourth Sunday, 7:30 p. m. at 1821 Ransstead St.

Pittsburgh:

Penn. First Lodge, Mr. Ernest Jeffries, Master, 610 Arch Street.

Readings:

Reading Chapter, Mr. R. K. Gumpf, Master, Mr. Lincoln Stalgerwall, Secretary. Meetings every 1st and 3rd Friday, 8:00 p. m., Washington Hall, 904 Washington Street.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee:

Willwaukee Chapter, Mr. Fred C. Bond, Master; Miss Ellen Brown, Secretary. Meetings every Monday at 8 p. m. at 2431 W. Lishon Avenue.

PUERTO RICO

San Juan:

Nefertiti Chapter of AMORC, Alice Brown, Master, Candina Street, Condado, Santurce, Puerto Rico. Mr. Guillermo Gonzalez, Secretary. Meetings 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

TEXAS

Dallas:

Mrs. Lillian M. West, Master, Mrs. Mayda Crews, Heller, Secretary, 2605 Maple Avenue, Telephone 2-2349. Meeting at Jefferson Hotel, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 8:00 p. m.

Fort Worth:

Susa C. Bailey Chapter, Mrs. A. C. Twining, Master; Mrs. Ruth Page, Secretary, 1116 S. Lake St. Meetings every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at Mrs. W. J. Bailey's, White Settlement Road.

WASHINGTON

Seattle:

AMORC Chapter 586, Mr. George A. Peterson, Master, Hemlock 1451; Mrs. Emma L. Holden, Secretary, 615 Terminal Sales Bldg., First Ave. and Virginia St. Reading room open week days 12 noon to 4 p. m. Visitors welcome. Chapter meetings each Monday, 8:00 p. m.

Principal Canadian Branches and Foreign Jurisdictions

The addresses of other foreign Grand Lodges, or the names and addresses of their representatives will be given upon request.

CANADA

Toronto, Ontario:

Mr. Joseph Benson, Master. Sessions 1st and 3rd Sundays of the month, 7:00 p. m. No. 10 Lansdowne Avenue.

Vancouver, British Columbia:

Canadian Grand Lodge, AMORC, Dr. Kenneth R. Casselman, Master; Mr. Arthur V. Pightling, Secretary, AMORC Temple, 828 Hornby Street.

Victoria, British Columbia:

Victoria Lodge, Mr. J. V. Kent Fawkes, Master. Inquiry office and reading room, 725 Courtney St.; Librarian, Mrs. C. Raugh Allen. Phone E6839.

Winnipeg, Manitoba:

Charles Dana Dean Chapter, 122a Phoenix Bldg. John Meara, Master, 635 Valour Road. Sessions for all members on Tuesday at 7:45 p. m. from May through September. Other months at 2:45 p. m. on Sundays.

AUSTRALIA

Sydney, N. S. W.:

Sydney Chapter, Mr. S. Riches, Secretary; P. O. Box 1103 H. G. P. O. Martin Place.

AFRICA

Accra:

The Grand Lodge of the Gold Coast, AMORC, Mr. William Okai, Grand Master, P. O. Box 424, Accra, Gold Coast, West Africa.

CHINA

Shanghai:

The United Grand Lodge of China, P. O. Box 513, Shanghai, China.

DENMARK

Copenhagen:

The AMORC Grand Lodge of Denmark, Mr. Arthur Sundstrup, Grand Master; Carl Andersen, S. R. C., Grand Secretary, Manegade 13th Strand.

DUTCH and EAST INDIES

Java:

Dr. W. Th. van Stokkum, Grand Master; W. J. Visser, Secretary-General, Gombel 23, Senarang.

ENGLAND

The AMORC Grand Lodge of Great Britain, Mr. Raymond Andrea, F. R. C., Grand Master, 34 Baywater Ave., Westbury Park, Bristol 6.

EGYPT

Cairo:

Cairo Information Bureau de la Rose Croix, J. Sapporta, Secretary, 27 Rue Salmon Pacha.

Hellagalla:

The Grand Orient of AMORC, House of the Temple, M. A. Ramayvelim, F. R. C., Grand Secretary, % Mr. Levy, 50 Rue Stefane.

FRANCE

Dr. Hans Gruter, Grand Master, Corresponding Secretary, Mlle. Jeanne Guesdon, 56 Rue Gambetta, Villeneuve Saint Georges (Seine & Oise).

HOLLAND

Amsterdam:

De Rozebruissers Orde; Groot-Loge der Nederlanden, J. Coops, Gr. Sect., Hunzestraat 141.

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland:

Auckland Chapter, AMORC, Mr. W. T. Hampson, Master, 317 Victoria Arcade Bldg., Shortland St. Inquiries, Phone 45-868.

SWEDEN

Grand Lodge "Rosenkorset", Anton Svanlund, F. R. C., Grand Master, Vastergatan 55, Malmo.

SWITZERLAND

AMORC, Grand Lodge, 21 Ave. Dapples, Lausanne, Dr. Ed. Bertholet, F. R. C., Grand Master, 6 Blvd. Chamblandes,ully Lausanne; Pierre Genillard, Grand Secty., Surlet R. Mont Chail, Lausanne.

Spanish-American Division

Armando Font De La Jara, F. R. C., Deputy Grand Master; Cecil A. Pante, F. R. C., Secy. General.

Direct inquiries regarding this division to the Secretary of the Spanish American Division, Rosieruelan Park, San Jose, California, U. S. A.

JUNIOR ORDER OF TORCH BEARERS

A children's organization sponsored by the AMORC.

For complete information as to its aims and benefits, address Secretary General, Junior Order, Rosieruelan Park, San Jose, California.



FUNERAL FEAST

Elements of many of our present day rituals are to be found existing in customs practiced by primitive peoples for centuries. The Taradjas in Pangli Compound near the Village of Rantapao, in the Celebes Islands, Dutch East Indies, gather around a platform built in a tree where buffalo meat is cut up and distributed to the guests attending a feast to the dead. The ceremonial feast, accompanied by wailing and other signs of bereavement, is conducted for several days prior to the burial of the corpse.

(Wide World Photo.)



A NEW LIFE

Within Your Grasp!

RESHAPE YOUR FUTURE

WHAT would you give for a chance to begin life anew—not in a hereafter, but here on earth—with all of the advantages of your past experiences and with all of your mistakes behind you?

This is not a fantastic claim, or a bombastic statement—it is *reality*! The body you have today is not the one you were born with—each cell, tissue and fibre of your being has been reborn thousands of times—nature has seen to that—she has given your body many opportunities for growth and health. *But what of the you?* Are you following the same old routine of living of ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago? Can you see nothing in the tomorrow but the same uncertainties, sorrows, and hopes of today? If life is not what you would like it to be, it is because you do not know how to create the change.

Every animate thing lives—there is nothing unique about that—but living intelligently, knowingly, directing the course of your life—avoiding mistakes, converting opportunities into advantages—that is distinctly a human privilege. Let the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) show you how you can accomplish this. For centuries this worldwide organization has taught the wisdom of the sages, those secrets of nature, those little-understood laws of life which when properly used make man a *master of living*.

Let This FREE Book Point The Way

If you are sincere, and willing to make an effort to create a new life for yourself, use the coupon below and write for "The Secret Heritage." This book tells how you may share the wisdom taught for centuries by the Rosicrucians.

SCRIBE: S P C
The Rosicrucians (AMORC),
San Jose, California

Please send free copy of "The Secret Heritage," and I shall read it as directed.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

THE ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)—Not a Religious Organization