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JUNE, 1907

No. 6

THE OCCULT

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

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PSYCHIC RESEARCH

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EDITED BY

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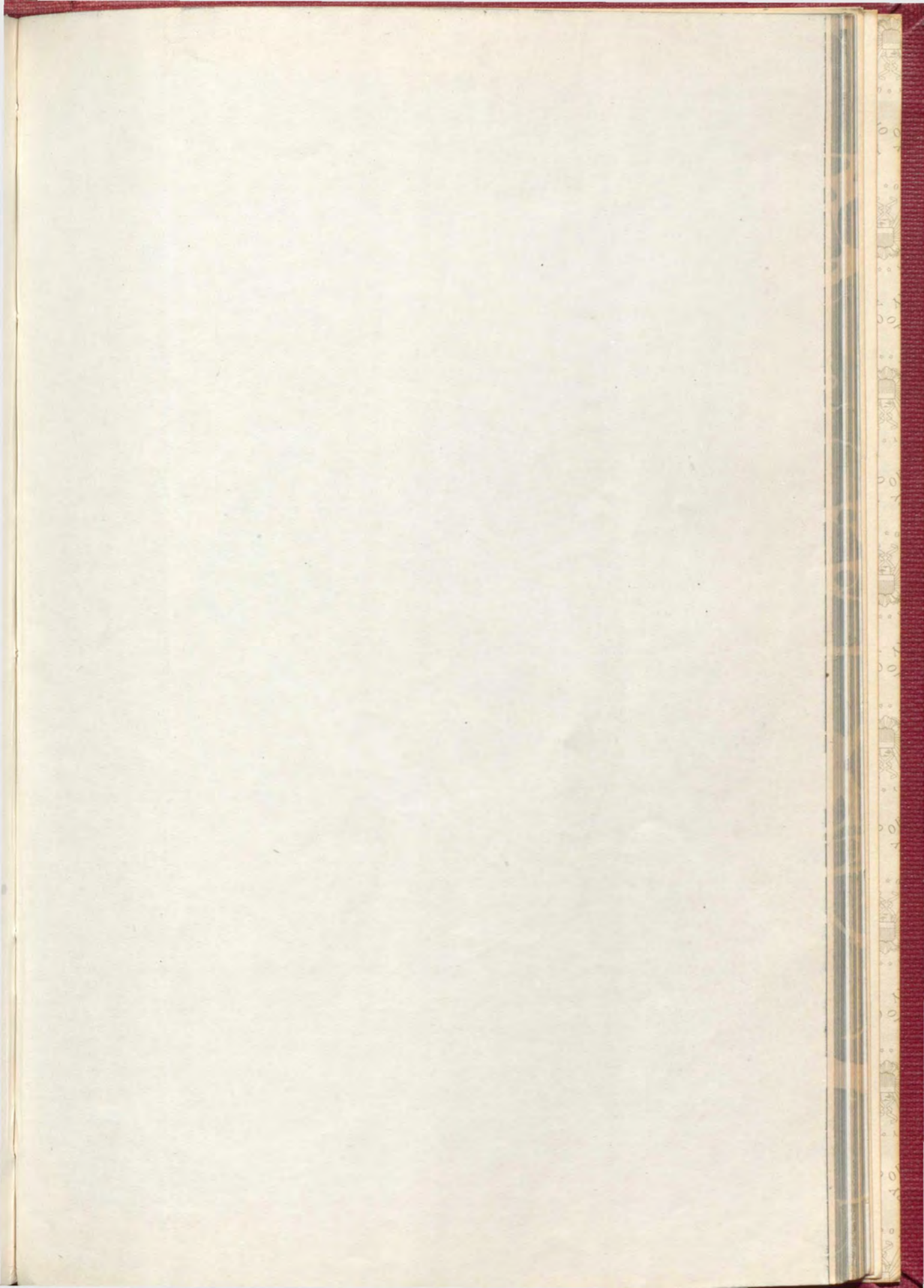
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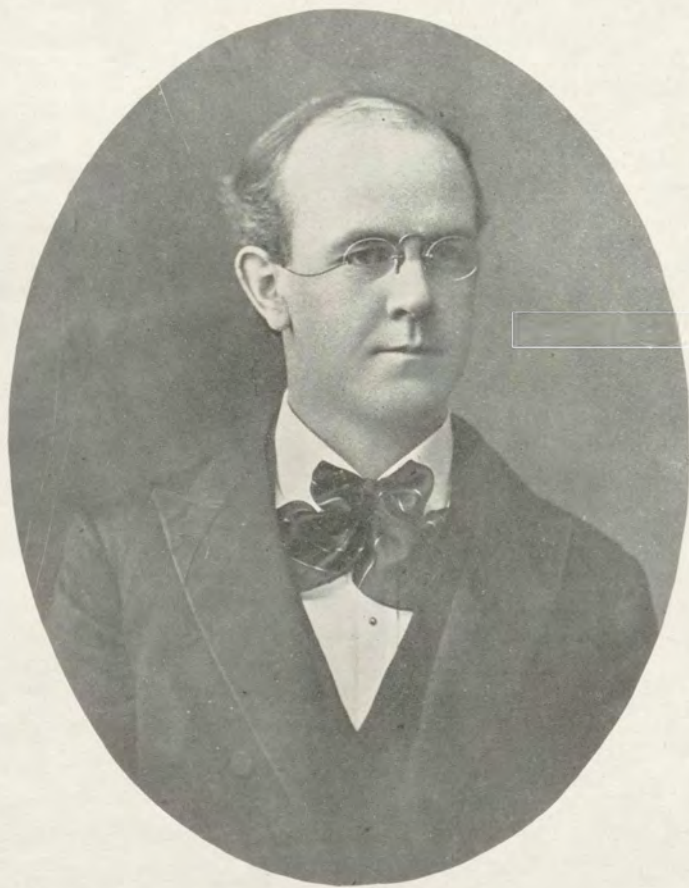
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Entered as Second-Class matter, February 4th, 1907, at the Postoffice at
Detroit, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3d, 1879.

OVER THE TEA CUPS.

LISTEN friends while I tell you the good news. The subscriptions are pouring in by the hundred, subscriptions are what counts for the success of "The Occult." Now dear ones in order that "The Occult" may continue to climb the ladder of fame and stand out an "ideal" in the hearts of its readers, we must all work together. We who work so hard to produce the very best each month cannot succeed alone, but "in union there is strength."

The Occult is not sold on the news-stands, so you will readily see how important it is that you should help us if only a wee bit. Just send in one subscription this month; remember this is your last chance to get The Occult for 75 cents. With the July issue the price goes up to \$1.00. We are anxious everyone should have a chance. All sending us their subscription **now** will receive four back numbers free, as long as they last, making sixteen months for 75 cents **now**. Thanking you in advance for your help, and praying we may all do our best—the editor included—I will ask you to just read our fine

TIPS FOR JULY.

"The Future Religion," by B. F. Austin. The suggestive title and the talented author is enough to warrant its being of interest to all our readers.

"Women of Alaska," by May Kellogg Sullivan, with many fine illustrations. Mrs. Sullivan has done her best to tell us of the life of our American women in that far away land of ice and snow.

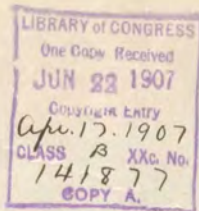
"In The Realm of Thought, No. 6," by Will J. Erwood.

"From Corpuscular Space to the Soul of Man," by O. L. La Boyteaux, continued from June.

"Thoughts," by "Retza."

"Law of Investiture and Disinvestiture," by G. Gringhuis (Uniist.)

"The New Theology," by Wm. Strong, and several beautiful poems are a few of the many good things in store for our July readers.



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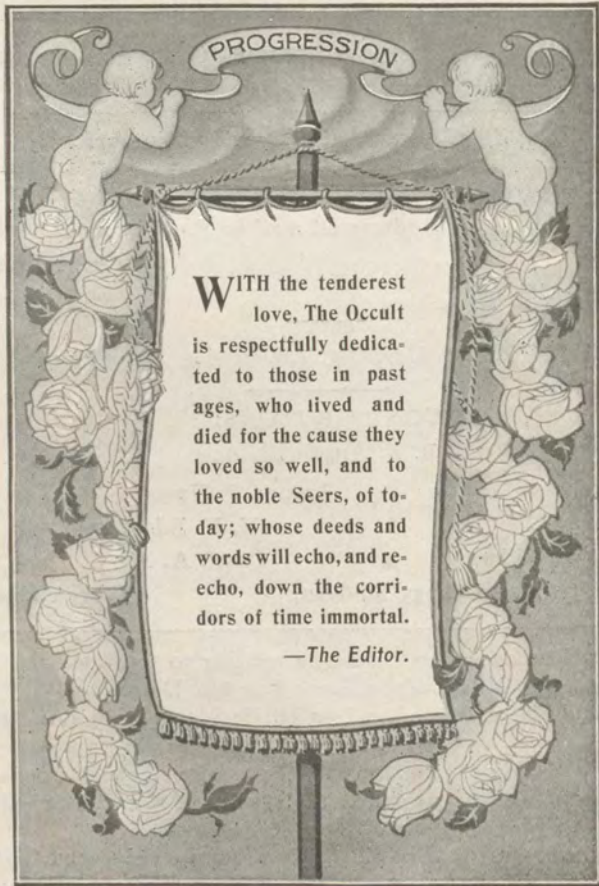
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THE OCCULT



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God helps him who helps himself.

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“WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?”

—
By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.
—

“What Shall I Do to Be Saved?” is a question which has been asked thousands upon thousands of times, in the countless ages of the past, and will be asked thousands upon thousands of times in the centuries to come.

“What Shall I Do to Be Saved?” is a theme so broad, so deep and yet so misunderstood by the masses of today, that I hesitate, with my limited knowledge of its meaning, when I think of my attempting to answer a question of so vital an importance, not only to one or two of God’s children, but to all humanity.

“What Shall I Do to Be Saved?” is a problem the priest and pagan alike have been trying to solve ever since man first became a thinking, reasoning being. Each one has, in his or her own idea of “What Shall I Do to Be Saved?” been struggling to answer this all important question, and now after countless numbers of the wisest of earth’s children have made the attempt to answer this question, it falls upon the shoulders of poor, weak, incompetent me to try, to the best of my ability, to at least give a glimpse of what I may do to be saved. In answering this question, I shall in my feeble

way try to shed a little sunlight along life's rugged way, and may it be the means of lifting the heavy burden of some lonely wayfarer, may it send a ray of hope to some poor downtrodden sister or brother, whose heart is almost broken by its weight of sorrow and pain. May the sweet spirit of love cast its mantle over those whose past is darkened, whose life is one long night of crime and shame, whose star of hope has long since sank beyond life's horizon, down deep into utter oblivion. In each man's heart, no matter how low he may have fallen, there lies a little spark, that, when kindled into a flame, will burn and burn, ever sending its warming glow into the hearts of his fellow man.

Although I may not succeed in telling **you** what **you** have to do to be saved, oh, may I be permitted to at least awaken that little spark of Divine love, which lays dormant within the soul of each and every one of God's creatures.

Oh, may you, dear one, after reading my answer to the all important question, send a thought of love, out across the intervening miles of space, to the one who has done her best, to the one whose heart bleeds for your sorrow.

"What Shall I Do to Be Saved?" I do not think I can do better than to quote the words of that whole soul man, Will J. Erwood, who says: "'Tis not to a saint I crave; 'tis just to be a man; it means so much to be a man." Oh, how true are these words, "What Shall I Do to Be Saved?" "just be a man;" just be a woman, true to the God principle within, called manhood and womanhood, that is all. Oh, "how much it means to be a man," how much it means to be a woman.

What do we understand by these words, "just be a man?" Do we understand for you, brother, to go home after a night of debauchery and abuse your wife and little ones? Does it mean for you to spend your earnings for drink, while she whom you have sworn to love, suffers for the very necessities of life? Does it mean for you to pass every moment of your spare time at the side of the beautiful siren while the faithful wife burns the midnight oil patiently awaiting your return? Does it mean for you to install into your little ones these same degrading principles, by the examples you are setting? No, no, my brother I cannot see it that way. I seem to hear your reply: "I am no worse than others." Granted, you are no worse than others, but, how will you answer for the mistakes of the other fellow, who is always in the wrong. Again I hear you say, "I am my own master, I have none to answer to, for the life I live here, but myself. I earn my own money and I have a right to spend

it as I choose. I provide for my wife and family, am a kind and loving husband and father, what more can be asked of me?"

Right you are my friend, but, did you ever go to the fountain of all good and ask your own heart what you have to say about it? Did you ever look into the wine cups' sparkling depths and see whose eyes are gazing wistfully into yours, silently pleading for the erring loved one? Did you ever look into the eyes of your unholy love and see another pair of tenderest light, gazing into yours with a look of silent reproach? Have you ever felt the sting of that little voice called conscience, that in words of thunder tells you **you are not a man?** Oh, my brother what means it to be a man? Did you ever ask yourself the questions, What have I to say about it? Am I a man, am I doing by others as I would have others do by me? Am I doing as I would wish my loved ones to do? for no man when he crosses the border of deception can deny the same privilege to the wife and mother of his children, to his son or daughter, to the dear old mother who has loved him through all; to the little sister he has so tenderly guarded, without a thought of pity for the "other fellow's" sister he may have helped to ruin. Oh, in the name of humanity, be a man, shake from your soul the shackles of slavery and be free. Go out into this great beautiful world with the solemn vow in your heart, "I will try to be a man, true to my own manhood. I will try to become worthy of the love and respect of my fellow men. I will go forth from today with the hand of good fellowship extended to all I come in contact with. I will search for the God light in every face I meet upon life's highway; in fact, I will save myself by being of use to man. I will be a faithful friend to myself, then I will never have cause to ask that oft repeated question, old as time itself: 'What shall I do to be saved?'"

Dear sister, the same principle of right living will apply to you the same as to the brother. Oh, in the name of all there is or ever will be, let us not point the finger of scorn at or pull our skirts from that poor sister, whose path may not have been strewn with roses, for, only think, it may have been your husband or my husband, your father or my father, your brother or my brother, your sweetheart or my sweetheart, whose ruthless hand crushed beneath the heel of shame the roses of life, which would have made her an honorable woman, the same as the husband of **Mrs. Sanford White** crushed the sweetest flower of youth and beauty. God alone can tell who is responsible for the downfall of the poor sister, whose garments would contaminate your soul.

Oh, let us ever look to the highest there is, ever turning the

searchlight of truth within, to be sure there is no blemish upon our own souls. Always remembering we have but one thing on earth or in heaven to defend: Our honor. When we humiliate our honor we humiliate and drag in the dust our womanhood, which, to me, is the most sacred thing here or hereafter.

Oh, let us live with this beautiful thought ever uppermost—I will be honorable. You may take from me my wealth, my home, my husband and children, my all. You may torture and condemn, you may cast me into the deepest, darkest dungeon, but, by the eternal God of nature **you cannot take from me my honor, that is mine**, sacred to my womanhood, sacred to my wifehood, sacred to my motherhood.

Let us print upon the page of life, in letters of gold, that can never be erased, the motto, "I am and will always be an honorable woman," which means the grandest and noblest of God's creatures, With this principle stamped upon our souls, we will have no cause to ask, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Let us instill this one thought into the tender minds of our little ones, let us ask them what they think about it, let us send the thought broadcast out into this vast universe, that it may be received by the countless thousands now groping in darkness and despair. Oh, let us be just men and women, that is all we have to be to be saved.





SWING YOUR CRAFT INTO NATURE'S CURRENTS.

By B. F. Austin, B. A.

Written for THE OCCULT.

Every intelligent student of life and of the universe must recognize with Spencer the one eternal energy ever at work in nature, and the constant current of events in the natural world and in human life tending toward progress and unfoldment.

Man's highest duty and privilege in life is to discover the lines along which this energy works, the course which leads onward and upward in growth and enlargement of being, and to come into conscious harmony and co-operation therewith.

Ingersoll said and wrote many noble things, but nothing more potent, far-reaching and valuable than this:

"We must find out the laws of nature and conform to them."

These laws are the channels through which the untiring energy of nature works, and through which the streams of progress flow.

In the channel and with right direction one's craft is ever veering onward. Outside the channel, or, vainly trying to force one's way against the current, progress is impeded and one finds himself

at odds with nature which is another way of saying "at war with God."

It matters not what name we give to this energy—God, Nature, Spirit, Over Soul, or some of the personal deific names—no one with open mind fails to recognize its unceasing operations.

The new conception of God is that of a life and energy and intelligence working in and through the material as well as spiritual—imminent in every object and creature—and carrying on ceaselessly the work of creation and remolding of the universe, lifting all things to higher expressions of life and beauty. This is the "power that makes for righteousness."

And thus power works ever and always through law. Thus we all recognize nature as **uniform**, since from the beginning (as far as human thought can judge) and till the end, this power has been and will be ever the same and its energies flow through the same channels.

This fact makes a natural basis for ethics and leaves but little doubt or uncertainty in the human mind as to the proper course for human conduct so far as Nature's plans can be discovered.

Nature has but one commandment to men: **Follow me.**

The practical question for every man in his life work is this: Am I in the current of divine power and energy, or am I, in ignorance and folly, stemming the current? All real success in life comes from being in tune with the ever-flowing streams of energy that lead to progress and power.

Life's happiness comes also from harmony with this power. Life's discords are the purring vibrations which tell us we are out of harmony with Nature's universal anthem. Harmony with nature is, therefore, the key to power and progress to happiness and heaven.

A man must not forget that he is a part of this great energy, and that through his being the life forces of the infinite are flowing. If he would be in harmony with Nature, therefore, he must learn to be at peace with himself. Very much of life's friction, of its weakness, worry and failure, originates just here in man's failure to harmonize the forces that are within himself.

Nature has a plan upon which every man's life should be organized. It is indicated infallibly in the position of the various sets of organs of the brain. In man's brain the organs representing the animal propensities are in the rear base of the skull. Those pertain-

ing to the intellectual man are in the front and upper parts of the skull. While those pertaining to the spiritual and moral nature are the coronal organs and represent the sovereign powers in human nature when it is developed and unperverted.

Here, then, is Nature's plan of organizing the life: The animal man in an inferior and subject condition to the higher nature, and reason and conscience as the directing and controlling forces of the life. Here is the plan—the only plan—upon which man may be permanently at peace with himself. For a time, it is true, a man may make his lower nature dominant and seem content. But this is only till the higher nature unfolds and manifests itself in the life. Then and forever after there can be no peace to a man's nature until his life activities are organized and regulated on the plan of Nature's ordination.

A man who would win success must also recognize in other men the manifestations of this One Unceasing Energy of the Universe, and come into harmonic relations with his fellows. The man who knows these facts and can follow them out to their legitimate conclusions will learn how to become a leader of men. In nearly all lives success is gained by intelligent co-operation with other men. To co-operate with others, and especially to lead others, requires an ability to recognize the powers and virtues of other men that are latent and undeveloped and to inspire and call them into action. He who knows what is in man, his ruling appetites and desires, and that the trend of human nature is slowly but surely onward and upward, will know how in dealing with his fellows to *work with* rather than *against* the course and trend of human progress.

Again a man may bring his life into such close touch with the lines of the great and the good and the true that he shall catch the vibrations of their being, glide into the current of their thought and action, and become filled and inspired with the same character and purpose.

The study and contemplation of great characters, especially of all who have united goodness with greatness, and nobility of soul with talent or genius, is of unspeakable value—especially to the young.

The study of a life, the coming—even in thought—into touch with the scenes and incidents of a great man's career, the reading of his speeches, the sympathetic entering into his joys and sorrows, all infect us with the same spirit which animated him and bring us measurably into the current through which his life forces flowed.

"Lives of great men" thus studied not only remind us of the possibilities which are ours, but actually seem to inoculate our spiritual being with their characteristics. If it be true—as some hold—that the vibrations created by our thoughts and deeds never die and that kindred vibrations have a tendency to unite into mightier vibrations of the same character and roll on and on through infinite space, may it not be that the great and good of this life—all heroic souls and truly divine men—create a vast current of high thought and spirituality into which by sympathetic thought, desire and volition we may each launch our life craft and feel the mighty current carrying us with increasing momentum?

Again, if inspiration be a fact, as most men believe, if the departed have knowledge of and ministry over those still in the mists and shadows of the earth life, may it not be that from the spirit realms of life there is flowing into the brain and heart of humanity a mighty and increasing tide of those vibrations that represent the noblest thought, the loftiest wisdom and the most advanced spirituality. And with this current of inspiration we may join forces, receiving its mighty impulse and in time imparting it to others and realizing every day and hour that he who thinks a good thought speaks a kind word, performs an unselfish action, is in close touch and fellowship with all good souls of every sphere and age.

IN THE REALM OF THOUGHT. V.

THE MASTER MIND.

By Will J. Erwood.

"Ye are Masters of your own destiny
In the realm of souls ye are Kings.
For God in His wisdom has made you free
That ye reach unto nobler things."

—Anon.

Written for THE OCCULT.

I AM wondering how many who read the above lines will fully comprehend their meaning; also, how many will have the courage to make their truth manifest in daily life to the extent that what seems, at first glance, merely a poetic fiction will be recognized as a fact in nature, too self evident to admit of denial.

"Poetic fancy; impossible vagaries of the mind; distorted imaginings," and similar assertions are the ones with which every hint of the fuller possibilities of the human is met. First we ridicule, then we dispute, then we condemn in toto, and finally capitulate and say: "I told you so." When we have gone through these several stages of growth, and become reasonably calm, we wonder why we have

not observed the truth before.

This is the history of nearly, if not quite, every step taken in advance. And why? Simply because **we cannot accept truth until we have grown to its level.** Truth does not come down to us; we rise to it; and in rising we come face to face with laws which have always been in operation, but which **we have been too blind to see.**

And this is why much that has been said along the lines of individual reconstruction through right mental action has been met with scorn, and the promulgator of the thought looked upon as being "not a little out of mental balance." The humorist takes his fling and the "unco guid" raise their sanctified hands (?) and cry "sedition, sacrilege and blasphemy;" but the **thinker** says little, brings the searchlight of reason and analysis to bear upon the subject, and—behold! there is growth, and truth stands vindicated.

At first thought the idea contained in the quotation above seems little short of appalling, especially to that one who has been trained to look upon man as a helpless victim of chance. But, after careful analysis it seems not so fearsome, and we are ready to cast away the feeling that we have been eternally subjugated and enslaved.

To speak of a "Master Mind" will suggest to many a dimly evolved concept of an evanescent something somewhere; a superlative Deific Individual situated in some remote point in the Universe, so remote from us that we hardly dare attempt to hold any tangible concept thereof.

But this is not the thing of which I speak; I mean rather the **ever present, imminent, constructive, controlling mental energy** with which we are actively endowed. I mean the "Master Mind" of such an one as has assumed full control of his several attributes to such an extent that he is molding destiny—to so great a degree as to reconstruct his entire physical economy until every pulsation, every act, is in conformity with the law of being.

I mean that "Master Mind" that is evident in the man or woman who has taken time to become acquainted with self, and thus taken full charge of his, or her, own affairs to such an extent as to have acquired **freedom.**

The old thought of the mind is, first, "that it is a product of the physical convolutions of the brain; second, that with the dissolution of the brain—the physical brain—the mind ceases to be an activity."

The newer thought is, **that the mind is something transcendent to the brain;** that the brain is merely the "machine" through which the mind manifests. That by right mental action we may recon-

struct the brain structure—in fact that we may reorganize the entire physical economy of man. To illustrate: Elmer Gates, one of the keenest students along psychological lines in the present age, says: "Every time a man's mind takes up a new line of thought it **adds a new convolution to the brain.** Significant of the "Master Mind" is it not? Note—the **new line of thought is added**—or taken up—first, **then comes the convolution.**

As the mind develops—as it becomes more actively engaged in its legitimate field of operation, it reorganizes the instrument through which it expresses itself. When the child is born the brain is not complete; in fact there often seems to be a deficiency in "gray matter," which deficiency is not corrected until the mentality begins to operate. This at least, is the conclusion of the writer, after closely watching a number of infants during the last seven or eight years. At birth, and sometimes after, the appearance of the head was such as to be almost the despair of the fond mother and father. But wait! As soon as the mind began to operate and the child began to take notice, to strive to do things, attempt to articulate, etc., that brain began to fill up until the formation of the head was such as to satisfy parents and friends.

Added to this comes the statement of Prof. Gates: "Every mental activity creates a definite chemical change and a definite anatomical structure in the animal which exercises the mental activity. "The mind of the human organism can, by an effort of the will properly directed, produce **measurable changes of the chemistry of the secretions and excretions.**

"If mind activities create chemical and anatomical changes in the cells and tissues of the animal body, **it follows that all physiological processes of health are psychologic processes, and that the only way to inhibit, accelerate or change these processes is to resort to methods properly altering the psychologic or mental processes.**"

In his experiments with mental conditions Mr. Gates found that each mental state produced chemical compositions in which obtained various energies, poisonous and otherwise. This was done by causing individuals to breathe through a tube cooled with ice. The volatile constituents were condensed, and a colorless liquid, or a sediment was precipitated, some of which was so deadly—according to the passion it represented—as to cause the death of a guinea pig into whose veins the substance was injected, the pig dying a few minutes after the injection of the substance.

This is also very significant. It is not a very far cry from the contention that mental activities may create poisonous chemical

compounds, to the one which says that the mental energy may be employed to arouse in the system **corrective, non-poisonous and constructive chemical compounds**. And thus may we regenerate ourselves. Thus may we evolve **The Master Mind**.

To still further illustrate the action of the mental energy upon the physical structure, I wish to call attention to another experiment made by Mr. Gates in the Laboratory of Psychology in Washington. Placing his forearm in a jar filled with water to the point of overflowing, and keeping his position without moving, he directed his thought to the arm. The blood soon entered the arm in such quantities as to **enlarge** it, and cause the water in the jar to overflow. By directing his thought to his arm for a certain length of time daily for many days he permanently increased its size and strength."

All this in view it becomes comparatively easy for us to accept the statement: "Ye are masters of your own destiny," and comparatively easy to put its principle into effect. What is needed is to get acquainted with self.

Of course I know many will say they **know themselves**, but I deny it just the same. Not one person in a thousand has the full understanding of the selfhood that each person ought to have. We are a bunch of cells—physical and mental—and if we knew ourselves we would be dominant in our own personality. But instead of this most of us are bundles of atomic inconsistencies. These atoms, these cells must be rounded into a harmonious whole and kept there. There must be a general raising of the vibratory activities until we are at a normal concert pitch, and ready to respond to, and harmonize with, the constructive instruments of mentality.

Listen! As we intensify the mental current which we send coursing through the physical being we raise or lower the rate of vibration of the whole economy, and become magnets for the different, constituents with which we harmonize—for the elements around us are filled with chemical forces—and these elements, as well as the compounds which we generate within, come rushing in upon us to take up their abode among the numerous cells and atoms of our being, and we build or destroy according to the nature of our attraction.

Touch the strings of a musical instrument, and the sound waves radiate outward until they find another instrument attuned to the same pitch, and from which they call forth a response. Send out an intense thought wave and it will radiate until it comes in contact, with minds, forces, elements attuned to the same pitch and which it

draws to itself.

Have you ever noticed a swiftly moving train? If you have you have observed how the momentum has created a something which serves to draw various bodies—often ponderable bodies—and substances within its grasp. Just so with the mind intensely concentrated; active, determined to accomplish legitimate results. It too creates a something, which draws to itself that with which it harmonizes.

Take the lesson taught by the experiments of Prof. Elmer Gates and profit thereby to the extent that you realize how much it lies in your power to utilize all of the energy with which you have been endowed, and unfold the destiny which is best suited to your needs.

Now, listen! The "Master Mind"—that's you and me when we have learned to know ourselves—systematically and analytically examines the physical machine through which it operates, and seeks out the weak points, it immediately begins the careful upbuilding of that point until it corresponds in strength to every other part of the physical economy. Then it shapes newer ideals—it is never satisfied, but is always desirous of a more perfect instrument—and proceeds to build them to its taste, to its desire.

If there is anywhere an obstruction to the free passage of the mental force that obstruction must be removed, until at last the bodily organism has been literally made over to suit the requirements. This means work, it means application, but it also means success and power.

"Ye are masters of your own destiny;" why not? If it be true that we can have such wonderful effect upon the physical body by rationalistic thinking—if we can reconstruct brain and tissue—why not so thoroughly control ourselves as to vibrate in harmony with the high ideals and make them literally true? Once we can get close to the realization that the "causative realm" is in the realm of thought, we can proceed to evolve things.

"In the realm of souls ye are Kings." This should be absolutely true, and **it will be** when we have become familiar with our selfhood. This does not mean that we shall be the "king" over others; that were a small matter indeed. A popularity which carries away men's reason, and captures their votes; a force of circumstances which brings the individual flaming in the public eye, and the thing is done. No! it does not mean that. It means a **King in the domain of your own consciousness!** A king in the realm of your own soulship, the dominator of your own thought energy. In short it means "**Mastery,**" spelled with a large "M." It means that you

are you, and not a travesty on someone else.

I like the ring of the words: "For God in his wisdom has made you free," for they bespeak the larger mental growth which is so very essential to all progress. To be sure I realize what may be said of environment, heredity, and the many different influences which are brought to bear upon individuals, but, the **extent** of their influence is just as great as we allow it to be, and no more so.

If each sought to develop the **Master Mind** of which I speak they would soon ferret out the discrepancies caused by the above mentioned influences and would at once remedy the defect. The great bugbear is the **fear of heredity, environment, and of what someone else says**. That fear eliminated, half the battle would be over.

We have the freedom to grow, to think, to unfold and to live a natural, normal life, with every faculty and attribute functioning on its legitimate plane, if we will become large enough to use that freedom. Each mental state produces its own peculiar results; changes the glandular and visceral activities until they truly indicate the propensities of the mental state which caused the change.

We know this, it is being demonstrated daily, not only by such scientific observers as Prof. Gates, Aaron M. Crane, Professor Morage, of the Sorbonne, and other men of note, but also by numerous students in private life who have been analyzing the action of thought, and studying the atomic relationship in the body, etc.

Yes! the Master Mind will recognize the inherent **freedom** of the human, and in recognizing it will evolve it into an active, external principle. Mental Freedom first—then freedom in its reality will be pounding at our door for admission, nor will it be frightened away by political "big sticks," by theocratic mis-rule, nor yet by blatant blare of capitalistic demagogues.

"That ye reach unto nobler things," this is the lilt of the "Master Mind" just pushing its way consciously to the front. The whole object of this study of the possibilities of the mental man is "to reach unto nobler things." Who dare say that there is a limit to what man may attain—to the achievements that may grace the lives of mankind? I feel that we are just beginning to dream of a few of the realities. Listen! I believe there will come a time when man will be **all brain**, i. e., the entire physical man will be so thoroughly developed as to have each and every atom of his being composed of such refined material as to be a perfect transmitter of mental energy; in other words, entirely under the dominion of the mind.

It is only necessary that we learn to use the mental attributes to the extent that they are never abused. The work of the scientific

investigators quoted above is merely in the direction of the recognition of the law of use. Every thing—every force—is beneficial if rationally **used** instead of abused.

There is no limit to the possibilities of self-control; we are just awakening, and each day's progress is giving the lie to a statement, made, in a daily paper, by a writer who claimed to be a scientist. He said: "We have gone as far as we can go in the study of the mind; hence scientific men having reached the limit have set down two ciphers (oo) to indicate that there is no use of trying to go further in that direction."

Such a statement is irrational at this stage of the movement. The study of the mental man is just in its infancy and the day dawns when we will discuss the mind with as much certitude as we now discuss mathematics.

We will dissect the mental man—by analysis and logic—as truly as we now dissect the physical man. Each emotion, each thought will pass under review, and be recorded in no uncertain manner. Our criminals and incorrigibles will be made whole by proper attention to the mental forces.

The Master Mind dwells in every individual; it simply waits expression, or conscious recognition. And when we have cultivated its acquaintance we shall know what regeneration means. Yes! we will build, such a noble structure of character, of mental power and perfect poise that we will take up the song of winsome Peter Pan, and join with him in singing:

"I am youth, eternal youth. I'm the sun rising; I'm the poets
singing, I am joy! joy! Joy!" And we
will join the poet in singing: "I
am Master of my own destiny
for I am a Master
MIND!"

The Voices.

By Mrs. Dan M. Davidson.

Little voice of tenderest sweetness,
Whispering softly in my ear;
As the gentle zephyrs say them,
Words which tell me they are near.

Sometimes I hear them softly saying,
When the storm king's on the wing;
"Fear not, dear one, we are with thee,
Sweetest messages we'll bring."

And again, when all is silent
At the midnight's lonely hour,
I can hear them singing sweetly
Words which thrill me o'er and o'er.

And in sunlight to they'er with me,
When I least expect to hear,
The little voice of loving kindness,
Often tells me they are near.

So they come when I am lonely,
All bowed down with grief and pain,
I can hear them softly whispering
Words which bring me hope again.

Oh, let us listen for the voices,
Of our loved ones gone before;
Who are standing at the gateway,
Waiting, watching, at the door.



THE ALASKAN ESKIMOS.

By May Kellogg Sullivan.

Written for THE OCCULT.

The Eskimos of the Seward Peninsula are a much neglected people. Mild of temper and docile of disposition, they make no complaint or resistance, but take whatever treatment from the white man he sees fit to give them. Though mild and docile, they are not lacking in intelligence, and let no man suppose that because his ill treatment of them is not resented that it is entirely unnoted. A person of few words, the Eskimo, even in his most primitive state, thinks just the same. His grey matter is not atrophied. But he is kind-hearted in the extreme, and retaliation does not enter into his catalogue of sins. Though the miners and settlers have entered his domains unbidden, and without compensation have claimed his lands and waters, driving away the animal life upon which he subsisted; still he treats with marked kindness the intruders, and often risks his own life to assist and save them.

A few years ago four prospectors sailed in an open boat down

the Kotzeful. Night overtook them, accompanied by a heavy storm. The surrounding country was new to them, the surf ran high upon the rocky beaches, and by straining their eyes to the utmost they failed to discover a cove or spot for landing. Unless the latter could soon be effected they would all be drowned, as no small craft could live through the night in such peril. The gale increased, and inky blackness surrounded them. With no word, but with hope slowly dying in his breast, each man crouched in the bottom of the boat.



AN ESKIMO MAN.

Presently above the storm they heard a faint shout. It was an Eskimo call, and at the same time there flashed out from the shore side a light—a flaming torch, appearing and disappearing as their craft rose and fell upon the angry waters.

Instantly hope sprang again in their hearts. A gale from the east was blowing them swiftly along to the westward, and the torch rapidly moved in the latter direction. Surely some one had seen them and was striving to direct them to safety.

Painfully the men strained their eyes to follow the beacon which now meant escape from death for them. For miles they watched it, while still being blown westward, and then a camp fire appeared

upon the beach. Losing no time, the men now bent all their energies to the oars and rowed for the shore. Running into a sheltered cove they landed at the big camp fire built by the friendly Eskimo, who, though a stranger to them, had saved their lives. From the shore he had discovered them, then ran with a lighted torch along the beach for miles as a guide to the first spot upon which they could make a landing.

After a hasty meal, the wet, weary and almost exhausted prospectors slept around the fire, thinking their guide would remain



AN ESKIMO WOMAN AND BABY.

until daylight. When they awoke he was gone. He had waited neither for food, money nor gratitude.

Numberless are the instances of this kind, and few are they who have lived on the Seward Peninsula who have not, at one time or another, been befriended by the Eskimo.

He is also inherently honest. He is no thief. Some may contend that his ideas of civilization are so limited, his wants so few, and his understanding so small regarding the value of money, that he is not tempted to do thieving. Some truth there may be in this, but the lifelong habits of ancestry and a mind naturally free from covetousness are more charitable reasons.

It is often stated that the Eskimo is the filthiest human creature in existence. If this is true, there are reasons for it. He undoubtedly has come, perhaps centuries ago, from Japan, and probably was not always so filthy, but long residence among the snows of Alaska, and the necessity of living most of the year underground while clothing himself in the skins of wild animals has made him what he is. Under similar circumstances, I doubt if others would have done better.



AN ESKIMO BOY.

Where these natives are brought into contact with the cleanliness and kindness of civilization and philanthropy, they are as wholesome as other races, but so far, this kindly civilization has been to them almost a closed book. Very few white men comparatively have gone to their northland with any desire to ameliorate the condition of the Eskimo, and most of these, though possessing great hearts, also possessed small purses.

If the Nome native has acquired a propensity towards keenness in bargaining, as is sometimes stated, he has but copied his superiors, the white men, especially as it became the direst necessity with him. He found he must make money or starve. When the muddied

streams of the miners drove the fish from the rivers, and his ocean craft frightened away their larger game, the newcomers gave absolutely nothing in their stead. At the same time, the climate did not lessen its severity, neither was hunger more easily appeased. It was a strenuous proposition, but the Eskimo, sitting stoically, cross-legged, at his ivory-carving in his igloo, solved the problem, or has partially done so, and by the sale of his trinkets and by other small transactions he manages in the very poorest manner to subsist. In summer he lives with his family in tents on the sandy beach, or makes little excursions away in an effort to find good fishing grounds. In certain seasons wild berries are plentiful, and the women and children are then busy picking and selling these to the white people. The Nome railroad officials are kind enough to allow all natives to ride upon their trains free of charge, as they should do. But for the



ESKIMOS ON THE NOME BEACH.

most part, traders and tourists spend much time in crying down the wares of the Eskimo and little in assisting him.

Greater wrongs than any of these mentioned have been done the Eskimos by the white men. Their morals have been corrupted, and their wives and daughters have been led astray. Liquor, tobacco and other poisons have been foisted upon them, and the substitution of white flour for oils and fat meats brings disease and death to them. As a consequence, this gentle and picturesque race is fast disappearing, and will soon become simply a matter of tradition.



AN ESKIMO GRAVE.



Why?

By Chart A. Pitt.

Written for THE OCCULT.
 Why are the winds always sobbing,
 As they steal through the storm and the night?
 Why like heart-beats, the breakers are throbbing;
 Out where the billows run white?
 Of what are the lone gulls complaining;
 As they mourn o'er the griefs of the sea?
 When the hosts of the night god are reigning,
 And the shadow-guards wander free.

Why are the bells always ringing,
 For some warrior who fell in the fray?
 For the victors no praises they're singing;
 Unnoticed they pass on their way.
 Why are some hearts always breaking,
 To bring forth the fast falling tear,
 And grief from her grave awaking.
 When the skies have grown dark and drear?

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.

WHEN I read from a page of the past, and find the thoughts of great minds which have formed themselves into "ideals," and with the power of tongue or pen (which, by the way, is the strongest power on earth to wield for good or bad), have cut a trail through the jungle of life which will remain green through all eternity, along which the roses will forever bloom, and over which the sunlight of memory will forever shine, I feel like asking: Why must we stand quiet, and let the winds of fate drift our bark, frail though it may seem, hither and yon? Why can we not one and all find in this life an "aim," an "object," an "ideal," and when we have found that "ideal" hold fast to it, watch it, cling to it, guard it, defend it, walk with it, sleep with it, live with it every moment of our lives and when death's mantle covers all, let us feel our deeds and words will echo and re-echo on the sounding board of time, as the following words of one of our greatest orators comes floating down the corridors of the past. May our words and acts live and bloom as will his through all the countless centuries of time.—The Editor.

Robert G. Ingersoll, at the grave of a friend.—From the Phister Scrap Book:

My friends, I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

Why should we fear that which will come to all that is? We can not tell, we do not know, which is the greater blessing—life or death. We can not say death is not good. We do not know whether the

grave is the end of this life, or the door of another, or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate—the child dying in its mother's arms, before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch.

Every cradle asks us "whence" and every coffin "whither." The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man, standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave, has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth of life. If those we press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. Maybe this common fate treads from the path between our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate, and I had rather live and love where death is king, than have eternal life, where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The larger and nobler faith in all that is and is to be tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace, almost a joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear. We are all children of the same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religions and it is this: **Help for the living—hope for the dead.**

Truth, Love and Liberty.

By "Retza."

Written for THE OCCULT.

Truth, like Mother Nature's golden sunbeams,
Illuminates the face through which it gleams,
Lighting the eyes with an expressive glow,
Through which the soul its character doth show.
Thou art a shield and armor worn by all,
Who into doubt or error would not fall;
Thy mission is sent from the realms above,
Borne on the white wings of wisdom and love,
To lay life's foundation, giving it power
To beautify self, as nature, the flower.
Whence comes a treasure more sublime,
Than truth, the greatest principle divine?

Love, like sparkling diamonds set in pure gold,
Thrills the soul, thus affection to unfold;
It finds its way into the heaving breast,
Enters the heart as a divine bequest;
There in that mysterious garnet case,
Rests God's greatest gift to the human race.
What tear so hot that burns and blurs, the cheek,
Cannot be cooled and cleared if love can speak?
What station in life be it high, or low,
May not thy everlasting value know?
All earth this great God principle hath blessed,
In heaven it is the most welcomed guest.

Liberty, came to light and free the world,
Through Nature, its banner was first unfurled.
The stars fixed in the deep blue vaulted sky,
The white, and crimson tinted clouds that fly;
Were impressive symbols so grand and true,
They led to our banner, red, white, and blue.
Truth, love, and Liberty tri-um-vi-rate,
As divine principles co-operate,
To free mankind from his mental bondage,
Thus blessing him with wisdom and knowledge,
To teach him the good of pure affection,
In contrast with his material passion;
And the power that comes from guided freedom,
To rule his life, an empire, or kingdom.

WILL J. ERWOOD.

Will J. Erwood, whose portrait appears as a frontispiece in this magazine, was born in Chicago, Ill., May 2, 1874. For the first twenty years of his life he was a member of the Catholic Church, which church was left when his attention was drawn to Occult and Spiritual truths.

Mr. Erwood began life as a factory boy at the age of twelve years, and has been before the public almost the entire period since that time. His early associations brought forcibly to his attention the inequalities existing in the labor world, and he soon began to voice his sentiments thereon, filling several offices in labor organizations. At the age of eighteen, he, with his parents, moved to Los Angeles, Calif., at which point several years after, he made the acquaintance of numerous spiritualists and liberals. This philosophy was soon espoused, and he became in time a trance speaker.

From this he unfolded into an inspirational, conscious lecturer, and for upwards of twelve years he has been ever ready to say a word for progress, and the past six years have found him actively engaged in the lecture field.

Mr. Erwood is one of the younger speakers on the rostrum today, thus his future holds the promise of much development, as there is no system of thought too broad for him to investigate, and no reform for the good of humanity that fails to interest him. He is essentially an optimist and seeks to bring the bright side of things before the people everywhere.

Mr. Erwood is greatly opposed to child labor (for experience is a bitter lesson), and everything which stupifies the mind and prevents the growth of mankind.

His writings along the New Thought lines have become very popular; he is the author of "The Object of Living" and "Chips from the Rock of Truth," which are sold at 25c. each.—The Editor.



IMMORTALITY.

By G. Gringhuis.

Written for THE OCCULT.

To the experience of the mortal eye today, all things seem to be mortal except space. Out of this so-called space or seeming nothingness all visible matter came forth. If this be true then space must be or contain something not visible to mortal eye. It might be as solid as pure glass, even, and yet be invisible.

The same thing holds true of universal illimitable space, and without force or motion it would always remain one endless sea of invisible space. Now, what force produces those innumerable worlds we behold revolving through space? Mind or thought force held of the ideals desired, in the universal mind, held vibrating until it formed into objects, as naturally as the rolling of the waters from the shores.

This force operates the same throughout all space, except upon each planet when the individuals inhabiting them rule their planet to a certain extent, by their thought force unisticly or dualisticly as they choose to have it, for a number of cycles, when eventually they must return to the universal or unistic condition of the universal force, as a hypnotic person when awakening from the hypnotic spell or sleep, returns to his normal condition.

This mind force creates or destroys as man sees or desires, for it is the universal force within itself by which all things come into

tangible form, and so is mind the individual force, for without mind not a thing that now is made would have been made, or created, thus the Law of Ideals Investiture and Disinvestiture or to build and to remove is the law of laws.

I will here prove that man makes and destroys himself by this same said law of ideals he investes through life. As life is changeless, yet the organism is changeable and changes to the ideas each individual holds, therefore, some pass away when young, and others when they see themselves old.

The thinking principle in man is the individual, and he makes his own body. While being in fathers and mothers environment, he creates for himself a body in consonance with fathers and mothers nature. The atoms being of fathers and mothers make up from their point of thought and belief as bodily life should or think it exist in them, perfect or imperfect, diseased or undiseased, as they may see or know themselves to be. With those conditions the individual finds himself upon this planet, in objective life, in order to obtain the individual experiences.

Upon this planet there are two classes of atoms, so to speak, good and evil, one by our teaching, takes on or works for good ideals, where the other takes on the shape of evil ideas, those that are good are under the direct control of the individual, but those that are called evil, and as the opportunity affords them, as they are not in harmony with the others, and thus make discord or disturbance in the body, for they are abnormal atoms, and rule or try to rule when they get into power by conditions affording them.

Our teaching through the ages has made race ideals of sin, sickness, pain, time and death, etc., etc., which must be erased from the mind by refusing to recognize them, by seeing and holding only the one great life principle that manifests itself abundantly everywhere, as one universal force, like the electricity upon a charged wire with one force, but many stations adding to that force, thus with man one force, but many individuals augmenting the force by thought, which acts upon the imprints made upon the Plastic Corpus or Soul. As the rolling of the waters shape the islands in the sea, and as the constant drops wear away the hardest rock, so in like manner this force makes up the atoms of the body, good or evil, as the mind formed the ideals as a thing in mind.

These good and evil imprints are made upon the Plastic Corpus or Soul by making an ideal or thing of what we see, think and hear. Therefore, make good ideals of all that is, for your own welfare; for as *Dualism makes objective the hideous forms it images*, just as *Uuiism makes objective only the highest ideal forms*.

Look Upward.

By Dr. C. E. Patterson.

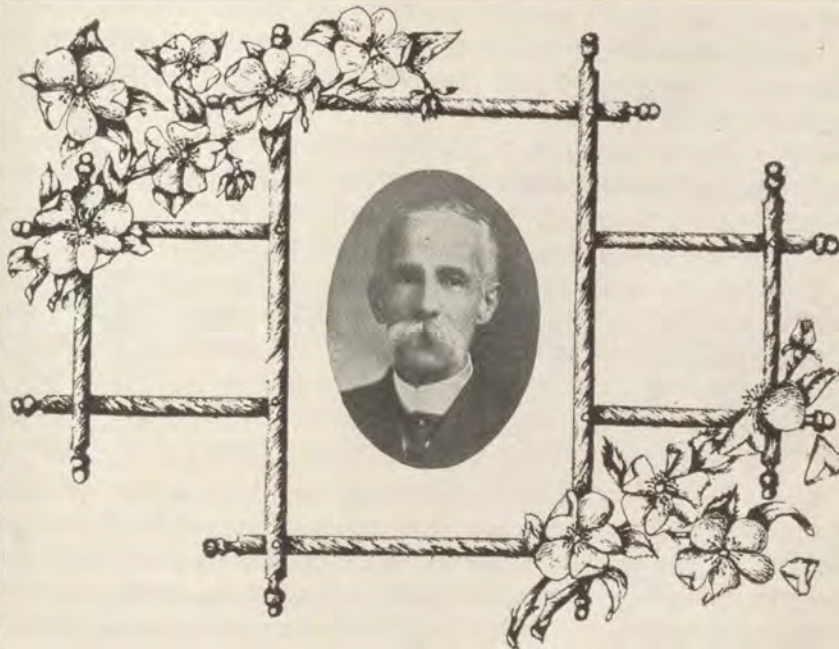
Written for THE OCCULT.

Look upward, my brother,
Not continually down;
See nature with smiles
And not with a frown;
For nature's from God
The ruler o'er all,
And the loss of this knowledge,
The cause of man's fall.

Look upward, my brother,
Learn the laws that are high,
Designed by a power
Whose realm is the sky,
Look upward to one
Who does rule everything,
And in depth of your heart
True comfort 'twill bring.

Look upward, my brother,
Let go things of earth,
And then you'll fulfill
The requirements of birth,
Conquer all earth temptations
That stir your emotion,
Then you're entering the realm
Of true God devotion.

For conquer you must
Either sooner or later,
Then with trifles of earth
Let the soul cease to cater,
Else you'll fail for to pass
On the great judgment day,
And then you will know
What's the price you must pay.



DEMONSTRATED FACTS.

By N. H. Eddy.

Written for THE OCCULT.

Demonstrated facts and what are they? To my mind they are that which applies so palpably to our esenses, as to be a reality, and in all ages, ancient and modern, there are and have been things transpiring which are steadily leading every thinking and investigating mind into broader fields of knowledge, and each fact having its bearing and worth, helping humanity to a better understanding of those things pertaining to their material welfare; and also there are facts being demonstrated to our senses that interest us in that which is beyond the material, called the realms of spirit, for as all things that are visible here to our senses, seemingly fade and pass away, where do they go? The materialist that is the last, and upon what authority does he make such an assertion? For demonstrated facts have proven that what is called death does not end all.

We are living, intelligent entities here upon this sphere, having an organism through which we can express that intelligence one to another, and occasionally transpires that intelligence is given here two mortals that is only known to them; and as passes away leaving only living, intelligent entity occupying the human organism, who was in possession of said intelligence, would ask under what other

hypothesis can that knowledge be gained by another mortal, except in and through spirit communion, and such information gained proves a continued existence of that intelligent entity, once in the human organism on this sphere of existence, but who has passed to the realms of spirit, according to natural laws, and has the ability to make known to another loved one on earth that which was only known to themselves and the one in earth life between whom this fact or experience co-existed or was known. And that fact was what transpired between my father and mother just before she passed to spirit life, and he said, no one knew what that was but himself and her, who is my mother. And the last time I saw her in earth life was about six weeks previous to her transition, and I have that knowledge given me by my mother in spirit life. I have a letter from my father acknowledging the correctness of the same.

This is only one of many facts that have been given me from the realms of spirit, demonstrating to my senses beyond a doubt the reality of a continued existence and that loved ones and others can come to us bearing messages of cheer and advice to help us in our struggle through life. Another fact, was the receiving of a message between two closed slates from my mother through the mediumship of an entire stranger. I held the slates firmly in my grasp, the medium also holding the edge of the slates. I could hear the writing going on and the conditions such that only some unseen intelligence could accomplish that which was produced through these closed slates, the message containing that which pertained to my mother's family and a statement that has since been verified. Another fact was this, upon showing these slates and message to a medium many miles from where it was obtained, the statement was made to me that the next time I had a sitting with that medium that I would get a message from my daughter and a flower, which was fully verified to me some three weeks later and in broad daylight, between the hours of 9 and 10 A. M., being the next sitting I had with the same medium. The message from my daughter being in fine handwriting, and on the other slate a message in coarse hand writing with Charles Foster's name signed.

The question arises, how did that medium miles away know that I would get a message from my daughter unless she was told so by her, who had passed to the realm of spirit. At another seance given by the controlling intelligences of a reputable medium, three names were given me of those who had passed on to another life which I understood and recognized, also the controlling intelligence said there was the form of a young lady standing back of me with

arms around my neck and gave the name of Nettie, which was the name of my daughter. The medium did not to my knowledge know her name and the expression of arms around my neck was the last greeting and expression that she gave me while she was in the physical sphere of existence of earth life. The medium did not know of himself that this was the last expression my daughter gave me.

Another fact, demonstrating the intelligence of an individual entity who had passed to the realms of the great beyond, was at the instance, awhile ago, when I was invited into a seance in an acquaintance's home, and when I entered the seance room the medium, a gentleman, was under the entrancement of an intelligence and when same was through, then my mother gave expression to me through the mediumship of the gentleman, proven to me as my mother's individuality by the demonstration presented to me and which was absolutely correct as given to me by my mother in her last farewell expression to me the last time I saw her in the physical form, no one in the room knowing the facts of the case but myself and my mother in spirit, such are demonstrated facts to me, they may not be fully realized by others, yet each one in life may gain the fruitage of equally correct demonstration if they will but give the time and opportunity for the intelligences to manifest and make known their identity. There are many facts which I could relate, but time and space does not permit.

These facts are conclusive to me, but not as real to others as their own individual experiences would be; but through honest investigation they can for themselves "seek and ye shall find," "knock and the door of truth shall be opened"; to you will be revealed the knowledge which cannot be gainsaid, if you will be honest in your investigation and seek for the truth, like attracting like.

Open the window of your soul and let the eternal truths be demonstrated to you, that continuity of life is a fact and a part of nature's law of universal force in the existence of each individual entity, and to each one who grasps a realization of these great truths, there will follow in due course of things, results which will bring the possibilities of home, happiness and heaven.



FROM CORPUSCULAR SPACE TO THE SOUL OF MAN.

By O. V. LaBoyteaux.

Written for THE OCCULT.

I often wonder as I gaze out into the starry mists of the heavens what per cent of the human family give even a passing thought to the magnitude of the universe or realize the wonderful harmony that permeates it all, to say nothing of a silent longing to know **why** it all is and **how** it came to be as it now is.

For centuries the race has had the teachings of its superstitious forebears handed down to it with the injunction "God rules all, and it is not in the province of man to inquire into the reason nor question the purpose." But we of this thinking age are glad to note the rapidity with which this dogma is being buried in the cemetery of antiquities.

Theology says "In the beginning God created the earth. * * Thus the heavens and the earth were finished and all the hosts of them."

In the first place, hard as it is to comprehend, I must strike out the word "beginning." It has no more place in the vocabulary of the student of the wonders of the universe than have the words "miracle" and "supernatural." All things are **natural** and the result

of natural law or the law of evolution. Man has been so used to limitations in his creeds and dogmas that it is small wonder that he does not hold a very comprehensive mental picture of the real extent of time, yet this question of time is no more perplexing than is the extent of space. Outside of the realm of mankind these two conditions have no place in the great plan of the universe, and with man they are only dealt with relatively. How can anything be measured which has neither beginning nor end?

Come with me, dear reader, let us take a little voyage of discovery. Close your eyes and imagine yourself floating out through space to the most distant star that has been discovered by our most powerful telescope. What would you there find? You would be in a maze of starry heavens just as grand and beautiful as the one we are gazing upon from this point in the constellations; now repeat this trip again and again, and again in the same direction and the panorama will ever be the same in grandeur, and the most wonderful part of it is that you can never get away from "the center of the universe." In this way you may get an idea of the extent of space and also of what a small figure this little ball of clay formerly designated "God's Footstool" really cuts in it all. One of our leading astronomers tells us the new name of the earth is "cosmical corpuscle" comparatively speaking, and that a trillion miles is but an astronomer's yardstick in measuring the distances brought within his view by the telescope.

In a district school the other day the lesson in physical geography run something like this: "Of what does the universe consist? Suns, planets, moons, stars and ether. What is ether? Gasses that fills the intervening space between the planets. How long has it been since the earth was created? About 6,000 years. How was it created? By the solidification of a gaseous mass." The question of whence came this gaseous mass was studiously avoided. Theology does tell us of the "creation" being about 6,000 years ago, and the same pupil in school was asked the following Sunday in the Bible class how long it took God to create the earth, and he very piously answered "six days." Another very generally accepted theory of the earth's formation is that it was a ball of molten matter thrown off by the sun by the rapidity of its rotations, as were also all other planets of our solar system, the moons in turn being crumbings from the planets in their cooling process; and so it was with the universe full of suns and their attending planets. But nothing was said about whence came the molten matter of the various suns, or why they should be hot to begin with, or being hot why there should be any occasion for any cooling process to take place. Does it not stand

to reason that the conditions that made them hot in the first place would keep them hot forever, or that the cooling conditions of ether were as potent before the assembling of the sun masses as it was after their formation?

Many theories are advanced along the line of planetary formation and I have yet to hear one that did not have an opening at one end or the other that left something unexplained as to whence came the gross matter of their composition, or the process of its assembling. This has been a theory cursed world, so therefore I apologize in advance for making this knife thrust into Nature's much wounded sides in a vain attempt to bring forth the blood of truth, and I ask you to weigh it well on the balance with reason before casting it into oblivion's junk heap.

Let us first be agreed that all things have an affinity for each other that tends toward concentration or centralization of kind. We have but to look around us in everyday life to observe the truth of this centralizing force evident in every condition of nature. Man attracts man until settlements, villages and cities are the result; and in these cities sin attracts sin and virtue its kind until each caste has its district. Wealth attracts wealth and poverty breeds destitution, until one of the greatest battles of the social world today is along this line. Jesus Christ is given credit for warning humanity of this law of attraction in nature. Listen to his language in Matt. 25:29: "For unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have in abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." We are beginning to realize the awfulness of this assertion. It was not a threat nor a curse from an angry god, but a plain statement of law.

Prof. Edgar L. Larkin lays stress on the fact that nothing exists, but corpuscles, the mass of one of which, he asserts, is perhaps one-thirty-thousandth of the average mass of an atom of gross or ordinary matter. I heartily endorse all the worthy brother says along this line, and still go him one better. If he will give me a name for a division of yet the corpuscle into a million parts I will gladly use the term. But for want of a technical phrase I will assert that corpuscles are finite formations of an infinite number of electrons.

Now let us forget time for the space of a few million years and imagine ourselves in that period before the formation of any of the planets, suns or moons, and we find ourselves floating through ethereal space filled with electrons. To more clearly illustrate this, let us in imagination place in the center of each of the globes of the

universe and discharge sufficient nitro-glycerine to reduce them to the electron state again. These electrons have no place to fall or settle for there is neither up nor down, east nor west, north nor south to universal space. Then what is the result? It is now we begin to see the workings of this law of concentration or centralization. The universe is a vast sea of electrons each of which has an affinity for its kind that will eventually bring them together. They may be vested with the attribute of "directivity," but I am not willing at this time to concede that point for, as I see it, if such were the case the planetary formation would have been practically spontaneous. But directivity is a theory for free thought, and I am open to conviction upon a practical theoretical demonstration of the matter. In the course of time through this law of attraction these electrons have formed a nebulous dust, every particle of which is polarized by this electrical force which is the potential energy of the universe.

Positive and negatively charged atoms of this vast field of dust began slowly attracting and repelling each other until soon tiny marbles were floating hither and yon gathering strata after strata of their peculiar atoms from the sea of nebulae. It was not long, comparatively speaking, until these marbles had gained such proportions that their affinity for each other began manifesting itself and thus began the formation or rather the assembling of the solar systems. Each system being a perfectly adjusted, polarized magnet in itself, the attracting and repelling power of whose positive sun center extends just to the outer circle of its system.

Planets hold their relative position in their respective systems; solar systems hold their relative positions in the constellations; constellation revolves around constellation—all is motion, all is harmonious, and all works with a seemingly unity of purpose—the clarification of nebulous ether.

(Continued.)

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

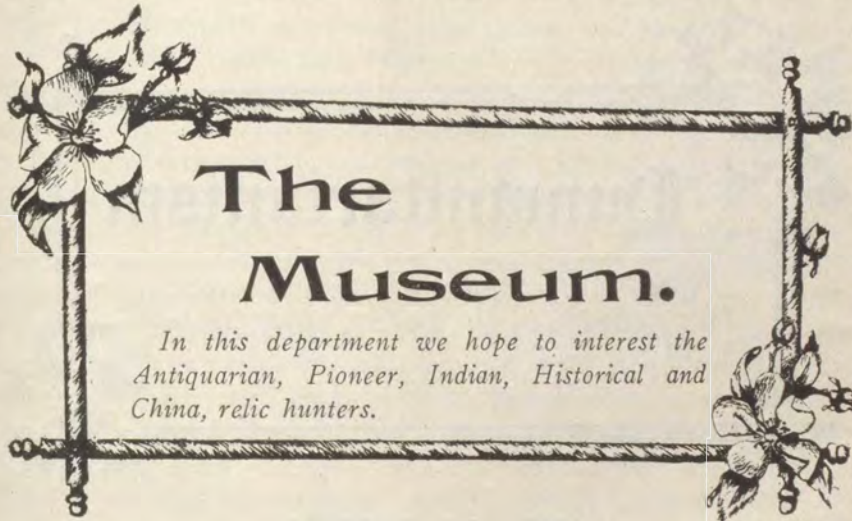
"Bible Review" is the suggestive title of a monthly magazine. Edited by Hiram E. Butler. "The Esoteric Fraternity." Applegate, Calif. Price, \$2.50 per year; 15c. per copy.

"Spiritual Law in the Natural World," by Eleve, is a book of 200 pages, published by Purdy Publishing Co., 80 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. We have no hesitancy in saying, "It will cheer and inspire all who read its pages." Paper cover, 50c.; cloth bound, \$1.00.

"Concentration. The Road to Success," by Henry Harrison Brown. In this book the author has made everything so simple and the road to success so plain that it is a pleasure to read and understand the one great power which makes for success. The book is nicely bound in either red or green, finest art vellum cloth, stamped in gold, containing 128 pages. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50c. Sent post free on receipt of price. For sale by "The Occult," Lock Box 522, Detroit, Mich.

"What Should I Do That I Would Be What the Almighty Designed" is the suggestive title of a work just published, consisting of a series of three lectures: "Candidates for Initiation"; "Man's Duty"; "Why Should I Preserve My Body, and How May I," delivered before a class in Advanced Thought, by the well-known author and teacher, Charles Edwin Patterson, M.D., D.S. We are delighted to receive this beautiful volume of 100 pages, printed on the finest of paper, bound in blue and gold, and bearing upon the front cover a beautiful symble very suggestive of the thoughts expressed within and also contains a fine half-tone of the author. Price, \$1.00.

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WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS.

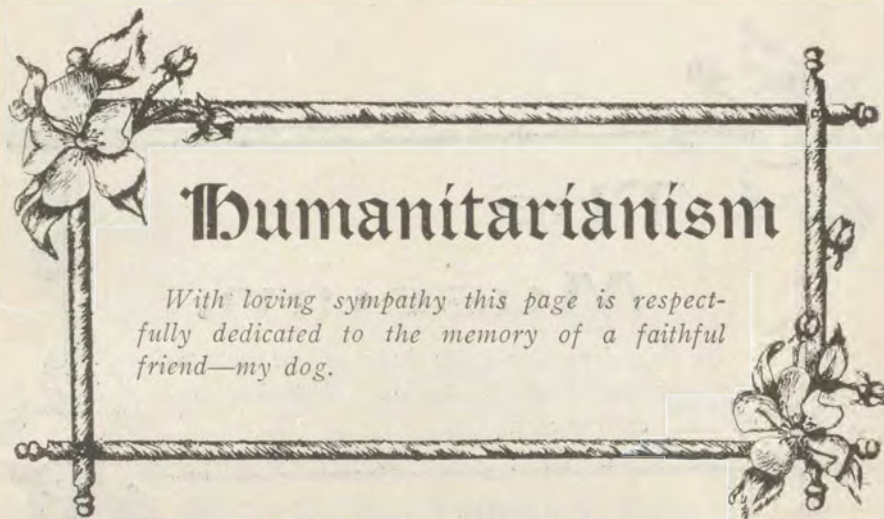
From the Baldwin Scrap Book.

The neighborhood of Palermo, Italy, has yielded three remarkable human skeletons—one in 1410, one in 1516, and the last in 1550. The first was twenty-one, the second thirty and the third thirty-four feet in length.

RELICS OF A LOST TRIBE IN RUSSIA.

(From the Baldwin Scrap Book.)

A valuable archaeological find has just been made near the ancient town of Novgorod, on the banks of Lake Ilmen. The articles found include hundreds of flint arrowheads, spearheads, axheads of slate, flint fishhooks and an enormous mass of crockery and similar fragments, ornamented in the same style as those found previously in other parts of the same province. Archaeologists consider the discovery proof of the existence in the neighborhood of Lake Ilmen of a numerous population during the stone age. The articles found are all of one class and date, indicating the existence of a considerable tribe, which must have either been wiped out or have migrated to other regions before attaining any higher stage of culture than that of the stone age.



ANIMALS' RIGHTS.

By Lyman C. Howe.

Written for THE OCCULT.

Among savage and half-civilized people animals are regarded as the legitimate prey of man. He not only kills to gratify appetite, but for the "sport" he finds in the chase; the exultation when a fleeing hare or deer is overtaken and helpless in the hunter's power, struggles for freedom and for life. No compassion is thought of. "Animals have no souls," and why should we pity their pain? They were made for man to rule over and use for food, or to bear his burdens. Man alone has the right to the earth, and to rule over it. God created the animals for his use. But according to the Book animals were made before man, and thus, by priority, was the rightful possessor of earth. Paul gives this as a reason why woman should "learn in silence with all subjection": "For Adam was first formed, then Eve." (First Timothy 2, 13.) But dependent as we are upon the animal kingdom, we persist in drawing a line of infinite distinction between man and all other creatures. In many climes and countries woman is denied the right to live except at the mercy and will of man. She is not allowed to have a soul, and therefore no future existence. She is thus counted with the brutes as the servant of man, and subject to any cruelty he may care to inflict. But when all men shall rise in the dignity of noble manhood, and realize that woman is in all respects his equal and natural partner in the joys and sorrows of life, and that there is a certain unity in all life, and that the "dumb brutes" have feelings that man is by nature

bound to respect; that they enjoy and suffer in a way that is closely allied to our human experience, then reason will compel a recognition of animal's rights, and demand kindly treatment at our hands. But this recognition alone is not sufficient to secure justice, kindness or sympathy toward a conquered subject. It will be a long step in the right direction; but as long as men are ruled by selfishness, grasping ambition and passion, there will be abuses, cruelty, wars with all their horrors, and the dumb brutes will fare no worse than men and women who are the unfortunate victims of the savage instinct in even Christian civilized countries. Children are usually cruel until they are taught; and, unfortunately, many are never taught the lessons of love and kindness that so elevate the character of children and men. Leckey, in his "History of European Morals," tells of a Cardinal who allowed vermin to bite him without hindrance, because, he said, "We shall have heaven to reward us for our sufferings; but these poor creatures have nothing but the enjoyment of this present life." That is a generous application of a belief. Is it to be credited to his religion? Or to innate kindness of spirit? It would seem that if it were the direct influence of his faith, then all others who have the same faith should illustrate it by the same self-sacrificing of personal pleasure for the happiness of "vermin"! But that is rather overdoing the consideration of animal rights. The superior humanitarianism inculcated by the Gospel of Spiritualism, meritably leads to a practical recognition of all rights of animals and human beings, and inspires helpfulness, love, justice and practical kindness toward all sentient beings, and especially for the weak, helpless and suffering of all ages, both sexes, and every condition in life.

WITH THE CHEF.

THE CORN MEAL GRIEVANCE AND SOME RECIPES.

By Henrietta Sackett.

Written for THE OCCULT.

Of all our food grievances today, that touching corn meal is perhaps the gravest, and also the most far-reaching, since rich and poor are equally wronged. To appreciate the wealth of nutritive gifts in corn we have to only look at a healthy pig, in market condition. Why do we not ourselves receive greater physical benefit from the same source? The answer is very simple—it is commercially profitable to devitalize corn meal, as by so doing keeping qualities are developed not possessed by the pure produce. Corn instead of being dried by slow, natural methods is put into kilns and dried in a few hours by heat so intense that its natural characteristic qualities of flavor, muscle builder and brain feeder are entirely lost. There are two methods of grinding corn meal in the country mill. First, the old-time burr process (that is, crushing the grain between two huge stones); second, the “roller process” whereby the grain is finely cut. Of these two processes, the first gives the more desirable meal, but the “burr” mills are few and far between, and, fortunately, the newer process gives satisfactory results. There are still country mills where the good, old-fashioned meal may be bought, but in spite of this fact small town people quite universally buy the grocery store product brought from commercial centers. All classes of society are missing a world of table enjoyment and physical profit in the substitution of a devitalized product for natural corn meal. One who has never tasted dishes made of such meal cannot imagine what they are like, how well they are worth the strongest gastronomic plea. Public sentiment is being brought to bear upon all these food subjects. Woman is taking the initiative, since it is she who makes the final disposition of all food supplies. If housewives should demand that soft, fragrant, nourishing, fattening, muscle-building, sweet and delicious corn meal of a decade or more ago, REFUSING TO PURCHASE ANY OTHER, every grocery store, large and small, in city and town, would be able to fill an order for it in a short time. Fresh corn meal would be found quite as practicable to keep on hand as fresh vegetables, fruit, oysters and poultry. The keeping qualities of true corn meal are really very good. It will keep in prime condition a couple of months (in a cool place) in winter, and for two weeks in hot weather; longer in a very dry

climate. In the New England states corn meal is used exclusively, the white meal being counted flavorless. In the south, the region of the best corn meal dishes in the world, the colored cook holds yellow meal in utter contempt. Now the truth is, the yellow meal of New England is the equivalent of the white meal of the south, owing to the difference of soil and climate. The stony soil of New England does not produce rank growth like that of the west and south, but has its wonderful qualities for imparting sweetness and delicate flavors to everything it produces. Corn meal that is kiln-dried needs flour to give it sponginess, and sugar to make it sweet. In the hope that some who read this may be incited to send to a country mill, I will give some recipes for simple corn meal dishes made both ways, with and without flour and sugar.

Mush.—Mush-making takes time, but the result justifies the effort. Have a large porcelain lined iron pot and a wooden spoon for stirring. An average rule would be four quarts of water, one of meal and two tablespoonsful of salt. Water must be fresh, fiercely boiling, and all the meal, as it is deftly sprinkled in, must encounter the same high temperature, that the starch cells may burst. Stir with one hand while sprinkling in the meal with the other. When the meal is all in pot it should be covered and stood back on stove where it will bubble for an hour or more. Mush so made, served with cream and sugar, is a royal supper or breakfast in itself; with the addition of fruit it makes a good dessert.

Fried Mush.—Make as above only thicker, need not cook as long, poured into tins with straight sides. When cold cut into half-inch slices and fried in a spider in fat a quarter of an inch deep. Be sure the fat is hot when the mush is put in that there may be no grease soaking. Fry to a rich, even brown. Served with syrup.

Corn Cakes.—Put a pint of corn meal in a bowl, mix through it a teaspoonful of salt and pour over it enough boiling water to moisten; cover for a few minutes as convenient. Beat three eggs separately, add a cup of buttermilk and pour over the scalded meal; mix well, add a teaspoonful of soda and beaten whites of eggs; some flour makes them easier to turn; grease griddle freely, pour on batter size needed, will be hard to turn, which must not be done until they are a rich brown all over. Put only three cakes on a plate, as they are too tender to separate at the table. Can be made same with sweet milk and baking powder.

Hoecakes.—Not the real southern hoecake, but a delicious refinement of them for breakfast. Into one cupful of meal and one-third cupful of flour, mix level teaspoonful of salt and soda. Beat yolks

of two eggs, add a cupful of buttermilk and pour over the meal, beat hard, then add beaten whites. Put tablespoonful of lard in a spider, when hot drop in batter, making cakes size of spider, cook slow, brown both sides, serve hot, breaking into pieces. Can use sweet milk and baking powder.

Fairy Corn Bread.—A cup and a half of corn meal, half a cup of white flour, two teaspoonsful of baking powder, half a teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of sugar, one egg, two tablespoons of melted butter and a generous half cup of milk. Can be made with buttermilk and soda, one cup of buttermilk, one-half teaspoon of soda.

Boston Brown Bread.—Take cup and a half of corn meal, mix through it teaspoonful salt, pour over it enough boiling water just to moisten the mass, add two tablepoonsful butter to melt, stand aside until cool; add cup and a half of wheat flour, two and a half teaspoonsful of soda, one cup of cold water, three-fourths of a cupful of molasses, a few raisins. Beat, turn into a mould and steam four hours, or into baking powder cans and bake an hour.

Indian Pudding.—Heat a quart of milk with one teaspoonful of salt, stir in a cupful of corn meal smoothly, remove from fire, add an ounce of butter and cool; stir in one cupful of molasses, two eggs beaten, a teaspoonful of ginger and a quart of cold milk. Butter a baking dish, pour in mixture and bake three hours in a moderate oven. Serve with cream. Have made this without eggs. Delicious and nutty. Without the quart of cold milk can be steamed or boiled in mould.

Polenta.—Boil one pint of corn meal in three pints of water with one tablespoon of butter, one-half hour. Place in layers in a baking dish alternating with one cup each of gravy and tomato sauce. Cover with grated cheese, bake forty minutes in a moderate oven.

SWEETHEARTS, if you have any nice recipes for cooking without meat, send them to The Occult, so all your friends will get a taste.

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