



"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending: the one who is, and the one who was, and the one who is coming the all powerful."

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

### MY LOVE IS COME

My heart is like a singing bird,  
Whose nest is in a watered shoot.  
My heart is like an apple tree,  
Whose boughs are bent with thick set fruit.  
My heart is like a rainbow shell,  
That paddles in a balcyon sea,  
My heart is gladder than all these,  
Because my love has come to me.  
Raise me a dias of silk and down,  
Hang it with fair and purple dyes,  
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with their hundred eyes,  
Work it in leaves and silver grapes,  
In gold and silver fleur-de-lys,  
Because the birthday of my life has come,  
Because, my love, my love has come to me.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

### MESSAGES FROM URANIA. V

[By an oversight last month the sign Taurus appeared before Aries. It should have been Levi-Aries.]

#### JUDAH-TAURUS

IT will be observed that my adaptation of the Sons of Israel to the Zodiacal Signs is quite original. Heretofore they have been arbitrarily taken to fit the signs from certain fancied correspondencies, so that many diverse arrangements have resulted. The Chaldean wisdom teaches that they are designed to be understood in the EXACT ORDER of their birth.

Leah, the first wife—the wife of Jacob's generation—gives birth successively to four sons, viz., Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah.

This is the first fruition, or seed-formative plane, preparatory to ushering in the plane of Israel's higher expression.

Judah means "Praise." He represents the finished work of nature—a fruit ready to be taken and transmuted.

In the blessing of father Jacob (Gen. 49:8-12) Judah is called the "Lion's whelp." In Revelations, also, he is referred to as the "Lion of the tribe of Judah." From "between his feet" the

sceptre shall not depart till the "coming of Shiloh" (a place of rest). The "feet" of Judah is a euphemism for that dual sphere of energy representing the interactive regenerative powers in man, and the "sceptre" is that NEW POWER resultant from these combined energies.

Judah is represented as bearing a "foal bound unto the vine." This is the *very colt* that Jesus subsequently rode into Jerusalem. This foal is a subject much enfolded in mystery. But the nature of Judah is clearly manifest in the fact that he "washes his garments in wine"—that is, in *blood*.

"His eyes shall be red with wine and his teeth white with milk" refers plainly to the transformation of *colors* seen in the great Magical Work. These are the "gifts" of *Myrrh* (red) and *Frankincense* (white) that are brought to the *babe* in Judea.

And being actually (by the calendar) brought forth in May,

We crown him as a tiny thing,  
Slumbering within the mossy bowers  
Amid a thousand petalled flowers,  
Messiah, Master, Lord and King.

### GOOD WORDS

THE leading article in April ADIRAMLED seemed to touch a responsive chord in many hearts, judging from the congratulations that have been pouring in. I should like to publish all of these letters, but have not the space. The few appended show the general trend of thought.

Through the courtesy of a friend who sent me a complimentary ticket, I attended a Paderewski recital given in Carnegie Hall which serves to explain the following letter:

"Mon cher Ami: This much I must say, that if the Paderewski concert and the Rhapsodie Hongroise helped you to 'bring forth' the truly inspired, yet perfectly logical and rational sentiments

so gloriously voiced in your April number, I am PROUD to have helped even indirectly in such an achievement. Every WORD is as your very humble friend along those lines would have uttered, COULD she have done so. LONG have I felt that TOO MUCH was being SAID—TOO LITTLE DONE. Demonstration is NOW a NECESSITY. Ideals are good, but we MUST make them REAL—~~for is not the ideal the real?~~ I cannot tell you how strongly I feel on this point. My whole soul rebels against the 'slip shod' way in which advanced thinkers live 'Be ye doers of the Word.' 'Well done' I say. A true man's two entire feet were upon the floor indeed—but the logic and the inspiration were from above—they cannot be gained."

"I have just received April ADIRAMLED. IT IS THE GREATEST I HAVE EVER READ. I have expected it all along. It is GRAND, MAGNIFICENT. I could not help writing you as soon as I received it, for I feel that I am with you heart and soul, and to show you that one at least appreciates you and your efforts. Your 'pearls' are appreciated at this house."

"I want to congratulate you on your 'Screw and Grease' article, for it only confirms in my mind what I have long suspected, for I am sure that you would never 'raise the limit' openly as you do unless you could show a 'royal straight' should they call your hand. I do not believe that you would ever write and publish an article like that unless you KNEW and were SURE of your ground. You have certainly fired a shot that will echo and re-echo down the ages. Let the 'Tournament' proceed!"

"In Acts XVII we read of Paul standing upon Mars Hill and declaring to the Athenians that he was teaching the facts regarding the unknown God. A parallel case is demonstrated in ADIRAMLED for April. Your attitude, your theme, your words are beyond all or anything that I have seen or heard since I entered upon my course of investigation seven years ago. And YOU ARE RIGHT. Deep in my heart, too deep for anything but truth to exist (for I am reckoning from the source of life), something rose as I read, and said, 'These words are Truth.' No jar, no harsh-edged censure, just the TRUTH which can afford to be, and always is, magnanimous. May blessings of all good things attend you forever."

"As usual I have many things to say, and don't know what to say first, but to start with, there's the April paper. Certainly when you speak there is a thrill of joyful joyfulness cavorts through one's spinal column. You ought to have added that novices must have a pure heart and clean socks and the price if they want further information, for you will be swamped with letters. I heard Elijah sung this week, and your article makes me think of one part: 'A mighty wind rent the mountains,' etc.—Mrs. Eddy; 'And after the wind an earthquake'—Mrs. Wilmaps; 'And after the earthquake there came a fire'—Shelton; 'And after the fire came a still small voice'—Adiramled."

"Please find enclosed one dollar for renewal. I think the last number is very good. I would not like to lose one copy of the Journal. I prize it the highest, above all the rest of my papers, and I take a number of them."

(2) "Dear Adiramled: Your Journal is grand and comes to the point on the truth of the creeds."

The "Screw Driver" seems to have put the whole machine in order and it has moved off at a tremendous rate.

We have received calls for this number from all over the world and subscriptions are fairly pouring in. Good! Keep it up, and one of these days we'll double the size of the paper. Every number of ADIRAMLED from date is worth anywhere from \$100 to \$10,000, according as you catch the drift of it. If you miss it, you've missed the greatest thing that is.

#### PROOF

*He that hath ears to hear, let him listen:*

Wisdom crieth aloud in the streets  
And her voice is ignored.  
Noah was hid in the Ark,  
Moses was hid in the Bulrushes,  
Jonah was hid in the Whale,  
Jesus was hid in the Earth,  
God is hidden in Man.

\* \* \*

The Two Olive Trees stand by the Lord,  
The Two Witnesses lie dead in the streets,  
*Eyes have ye but ye do not perceive.*  
Verily, verily; I say unto thee  
That no further signs need be given  
To the Child of Uranus.

\* \* \*

O DEATH, THY STING IS NO MORE!  
O GRAVE, THINE IS THE VICTORY!

Dear Adiramled:—April number of your Excellency at hand. "A Screw Driver" is the best sermon that has been given from the Mountain pulpit for lo these several years. Daddy Shelton has been looking for something that I believe is wrapped up in your words! Now, look here Sis, I to I—I want to talk to you right up out of the crater of a very personal, mental volcano. I am after the truth and the proof! Affairs on this planet must be tried, trimmed, and set in tune. This much I have to say: Woman holds the Keys to the Kingdom. I know this. All that I have learned has been revealed to me through Woman's Word. I don't know that I can explain just how I discerned this silent wisdom, only that there seems to come over me a consciousness of some deeply hidden Being within Woman that approves and recognizes the faintest ray of divine Light in man. I cannot say that it is a conscious recognition except in the few, yet from every woman, whether she be a mother, a sister, a daughter or a companion, I sense this recognition as I would recognize the relation of two centers sending out similar light!

Now, Little Woman, listen again, if you can patiently: Within my own mind I know that I Am the Christ. This word I have received from on high, but the proof of my Christhood is not a matter for my attention just now. When the time comes, this proof will be given as naturally as light shines, but first there must be growth. There is

another kind of proof which I must have first, and this proof is more of the very same substance which I have already discerned in Woman's power of recognition and response to the truth in man. Keep your I on the distinction between the I's that are talking. The personal recognition of which I speak is within my own individual life, and excludes the outer world. It is a recognition of the true Christ; not the Christ of the world in a personal sense, but the Christ of my self. Can you hear me? Now, as I have said, I am indifferent as to the movement of this consciousness. What I want is further knowledge of the wisdom which is hid within Woman. This knowledge or wisdom can alone enable man to bear the absolute proof of his divinity and Christ-hood. I am after the whole truth! I am tired of half men! A half man is no man at all. You have named the lost screw. I am ready for the proof. If you can advise me as to what book or books on Alchemy I should own, please do so. I am after the SUBSTANCE, and when you and Daddy Shelton disappear, you will find me right at your heels!

Lovingly, I am,

SILVESTER A. WEST.

Beloved, you have spoken a masterly Word. The proof you demand is not far to seek. If you are "from Miss-our-i" I don't see how it can miss-your-I. Missouri is a capital place to start a cyclone. You have the territory—all you need is the wind, and electricity. I will supply the electricity if you'll raise the wind. I've had my eye on you all along and have expected, whenever the text was announced, and Bro. Shelton had led in prayer, that you would start the hymn. That's all right. You have a good Voice. Lead out strong. I will take care of you on the accidentals and see that you don't get tangled in your tune.

That which you call recognition of Christ within is, indeed, an instinctive prompting of the Christ-principle—a ceaseless knocking of Something at the door of consciousness. But let me tell you, you will never come into the recognition of this something until you objectify it, making it real and personal in yourself.

You may tell me that this is all in Mind, that ideas are wholly subjective; that the painter, for example, sees the sky and landscape in Mind before he brings it to the canvas. Granted. But reflect, the painter first saw these objects pictured in Nature, *before* he acquired a mental concept of them. A blind man could never paint the picture.

And so it is with this Christ-principle. You must actually see it, or *sense* it, embodied in Substance, before you can have any definite idea of what it is or what it means. Thales, the ancient Greek philosopher, knew of the existence of electricity, but the vague knowledge he had of it was of no practical use to himself or to the world.

The Christ that is talked about in these days is likewise a metaphysical vagary, the knowledge of which leads nowhere and to nothing.

Now, the object that the mythical writers had

(3) in representing the gods as persons was to impress upon the mind the idea of their definite reality and form.

Not that they ever did or do appear actually in human shape, but they exist, nevertheless, in their relation to man as entities, perfectly cognizable by the human senses.

The patriarchs walked and talked familiarly with God. God laid his hand upon Moses, and Moses saw God's "back parts" as he passed by (Deut. 33:21-23).

What is the meaning of this? The Qabala represents this "rear view" of God as a shadow, or Microprosopus, it being the exact counterpart of Macroprosopus, or the Divine One.

And this is a true conception, but the error of modern thought lies in its inversion of the symbols.

Man is regarded as a small attachment of God; as it were, a mole-hill at the foot of a mountain.

From this small and obscure place, how can he ever hope to rise sufficiently to behold the Great God?

Reverse the thought. MAN IS THE MACROCOSM. He it is that is looking for that little microbe, Moses, functioning in his own body in order to lay hands upon him.

Hermes says, "If thou wilt not make thyself equal to God, thou canst not understand God."

Will the human consciousness ever open to the apprehension of this fact? Consciousness is the mere scum of us. Man is a million times more than he is conscious of. He embraces within himself all the experiences of all the lives beneath him. He is the sexed expression of the Elohist energies concentrated in him and consciously evolved to a definite plane.

Now, it all depends upon what he desires to unfold as to how he shall set about to unfold it.

Will he descend to those lower planes and examine the threads of the garment he has already woven? Indeed, this is the only way for him to become actually conscious of what he has been and now is. It is simply a voyage of discovery. There it all is, spread out before him. He needs only the lamp of Wisdom—the X-ray of Intuition—to guide him in this search.

As he now exists he is that unique offspring—the biune Virgin—embracing the lower feminine within himself.

This unfoldment, I say, is a re-discovery, a re-cognizing of things which he has previously known and forgotten.

But now then, if he desires to ascend to yet higher spheres, he is individually helpless. Here, at this point, the Woman of his present incarnation *must* appear and co-operate with him for advanced realization.

In this work, the Woman becomes a spiritual Matrix; reborn the Man, atom by atom, as she did in the beginning—by which she reflexively

receives a corresponding transformation. The two bodies become One Body in and through this effort.

It is not possible for me at this time and place to enter into the *rationale* of this process.

Understand clearly this one point: In relation to herself Woman is as much an individual as Man—each being bisexed and positive to all lower, or elemental, planes. Only in relation to each other, and to higher planes, are they uni-sexed.

But that which every one is blindly seeking, without knowing it, is the Mastery, not of higher powers, but of Elemental Powers, since by this mastery the upper Gates are thrown wider open for the inflooding of that Divine Light by which the individual is gradually transformed.

The higher powers control us. We control only the lower powers, called the powers of Nature. Just think of this egotistical little "wiggletail," Man, (to borrow Friend Shelton's expressive term) cocking up his eyebrows and assuming control of the Universe!

How does he propose to do it? Why, he has scarcely any control over the little putty-wad in which he functions—let alone the vast Universe.

He can wiggle his arms and legs, and waggle his head and jaws. He can do a few more things—but not many.

A voice within keeps calling: I am thy Light, I am thy Power, I am thy God, I am thy Christ. Learn *Thou* of Me. And still this little wig-wag wiggles all around the shore, across the continent and over the pond.

He puts his ear to the ground and dreams of a far-off sound. He listens at the mountain cave, up a hollow tree—everywhere but in the true place to find this voice.

Moses warned him of this tendency to scatteration four thousand years ago when he said to him (Deut. 30:11-14):

"This commandment (Word) is not hidden from thee neither is it far off. It is not in heaven neither is it beyond the sea. But THE WORD IS VERY NIGH UNTO THEE, IN THY MOUTH, THAT THOU MAYEST DO IT."

You call, my dear Brother, for *Substance*. Moses has come mighty near naming it; and, if you were not steadfastly contemplating the shadow, you would immediately perceive the substance. It lies in the very earth at your feet.

It is that which gives form, color, quality to the grass, to the flowers, to the tree—to every living thing.

Its potency is inestimable, its supply limitless as the sunshine or the air.

You say, you *know* Woman holds the keys to the Kingdom. How do you know this unless by these keys you have *possessed* the kingdom? When you enter *this place* you will know that Man holds the key just the same as Woman.

You say, you are ready for the proof. You

<sup>14</sup> mean you are waiting to prove it. Don't wait. You alone can prove it to yourself. It never can be proven to you by another. It must come as you say, by growth.

And right here I want to say a word about miracles and the proof of miracles. People are clamoring to get out and do the works that Jesus did in order to convince the world.

What is the motive in wanting to convince the world? The world does not want to be convinced, and one could not convince it—not even by doing all the things Jesus is reputed to have done.

These very "miracles" have been repeated and are repeated today and the world laughs on incredulously. You cannot convince the world and you don't want to try. Jesus, himself, made a stupendous failure of it. It cost him his life. It will cost you yours if you attempt a display of your works after you really know *how* to perform them.

The proof you seek you will obtain by withdrawing still further from all externality, letting your communication be *aye, aye* and *nay, nay*, and not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

The works that THE Christ did were never done in the outer world literally, *as* represented, because *this* Christ was before Abraham and still is, but never manifest as any particular person.

So long as you regard the emulation of these exterior works ascribed to Jesus, as the ideal, you will never come into the conscious recognition of *what* you really desire.

Many people consider me a skeptic and the church would ostracise and burn me for a heretic, because I will not admit the personal construction popularly put upon the Christ-legend.

The fact is, I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ more perhaps than any living person, for I am One who have seen IT face to face and know what IT is. Though IT is not and never was a person, yet every person who lives embodies IT in a more or less unfolded state. Not only every person, but every thing organic and inorganic.

Jesus (*Isis*) is the Vital Power of Generation. It slumbers in the Rock, where it is found in its most concrete and compact form. Out from the rock itself it issues in *living streams*, assuming every varied form and manifestation on earth. Hence the Rock (*Petra*) is the foundation of the true Church, or Jesus' natural embodiment. This very Rock becomes the material of every structure. The whole activity of life is occupied with the ceaseless sublimation of this Rock which is transmuted by the Spiritual Alchemist within into the forms of living things.

You will have attained the present ideal when you shall have raised this Rock, now organized as the body, yet higher, and woven it into a flexible tissue-shield of purest oxidized Carbon—the cellular

foundation of which you see already developing in the common skin.

You live in and by and through your skin. The renewal of skin means the renewal of life. Snakes, chameleons, and certain insects have already attained this to some degree in their development.

In all this I am, of course, only stating the external phenomena resulting from a most wonderful set of internal activities which must all be placed under perfect individual control in order to secure the Grand Result.

A little logical reflection will show us that the Works ascribed to Jesus Christ were by no means remarkable in the light of modern achievement, nor was his final demonstration ideal.

Take his healing works: Of what account was all this effort, save as a display of personal power for the time being? Did he confer upon those whom he healed immunity from future disease and accident? Did not these same people afterward get sick and die? The widow's son and the daughter of Jairus, did they gain immortality in the flesh by being once raised from the dead? And in his own case, Why did he suffer death at the hands of cruel executioners? Was there any demonstration of Mastery in dying such a death? Surely, it did not convince the Romans nor the Jews. The only ones who believed in the resurrection, any way, were a small handful of disciples.

Why did Jesus not simply go to sleep among his friends and awaken the third day, or whenever he chose?

THE PROOF OF HIS IMMORTALITY TO THE WORLD WOULD HAVE BEEN, NOT TO DIE ON THE CROSS WHEN PLACED THERE.

He should have shown himself absolutely invulnerable, and then the whole world would have been, and remained, at his feet.

And what was he when he arose from the grave? The same man, Jesus. No spirit, but a man of flesh and bones as he himself declared. How could he have ascended in that condition, and where did he go? No wonder modern reason balks and refuses to accept this story.

As a literality it is absolutely unreasonable, and yet it figures the sublimest Truth of which the human mind can possibly conceive.

I tell you, we have got to do greater Works than Jesus did to go on record in this age.

In a recent article in *Thee Word* you make use of this expression: "All this clawing over dead words is utter vanity." Rather say "all this rolling them over" is vanity, because their deadness is only a superficial appearance.

The moment you begin to "claw" into them you find them *alive*, and are astonished to find *how alive they are*. Take the word *Lazarus* for instance. If you claw that over sufficiently to find its *germ*, you will see that it is identical with *Nazareth*, and from this germ there runs a filament to the *root-ker* which actually may be made to unlock the door of Lazarus' tomb.

This mystery is so wonderful that when it once breaks upon your mind, instead of wanting to climb on the housetops to tell it, you feel more like hunting the deepest cavern in the forest in which to escape from the world and meditate on the grandeur of it.

A great hush falls over you. You are silent. Your lips are sealed. Your tongue cleaves to the

palate. You enter this place naked and alone—alone with God. Your soul, sensing at last the true nature of the immortal Ego, bows itself with awe in the Majestic Presence of the Divine One.

THEN, BELOVED, YOU HAVE THE PROOF.

#### PROPHETIC VISION

My soul unto itself a prophet is—  
Across my Inner vision  
Streams the light of future bliss,  
And happy dreams fulfilled.  
The day must follow dawn—  
The curtain of the night be drawn  
Aside by rosy fingered morn.  
Grave doubt, and awesome fear  
Give place to joy, new born  
Which Love, the white-winged Angel brings  
To those who in his service wait  
Through yearning years.  
I come, he sings,  
Though I come late.

—J. D. H. S.

#### SCIENCE OF THE SOUL. I

THE ancients from all accounts understood a process by which they were enabled to consciously unite the *psyche*, or sensitive soul, to the *pneuma*, or eternal spirit.

Modern psychological phenomena offer us but a suggestion of this transcendental state or condition which the ancient mystic was enabled to induce in himself.

Hypnotism, mesmerism, mediumship, are mere borderland glimpses into this realm. Eliphaz Levi says, "Magnetism between two individuals is undoubtedly a marvelous discovery, but to create in one's self lucidity, and to direct one's own clairvoyance, is the perfection of magical art."

Psychic powers are by no means abnormal. All mental power is psychic power of a kind. All it needs is augmentation, balance, focus, intensification—in a word, perfected *sexation*. In Greek mythology this is represented by the love and union of Cupid and Psyche—Cupid standing for Desire, and Psyche, its complement, Response.

To understand how to bring these lovers into harmonious relationship is to know the fundamental secret of psychic power.

The human body is, as you may say, a congealed mass of Desire—it is the sum of all Desire past and present—hence it is Cupid's body. The human mind, or consciousness, is the body of Psyche. Back of both Cupid and Psyche stands as a chaperone, Will. Will is the expression of Reason and Reason is God.

It is the work of the Will to reconcile to each other these amorous youths, Cupid and Psyche.

How is this to be accomplished? Certainly, not by sitting down and impaling a thought and watching it squirm as you would a fly on a pin.

That is enforcing a courtship between our lovers, with the old lady in the room. It won't work. Lovers must find their own ways of meeting, on the sly, when the stern old Will is asleep.

It is not a sure evidence because you are able to breathe deep and easy, that the spiritual *Pneuma* has "got you" and that forthwith all you have to do is to will, and you "sail through the air in a bamboo chair."

Just to wish a wish is no more than a flitting

leaf from the autumn tree. The power to gain is that *inner energy* that raises the sap, puts forth the leaf, paints the blossom, ripens the fruit and forms the seed.

The first mastery is one, not of external forces and things, but of internal potencies.

To gain this, we have to literally descend into ourselves and regain conscious control of all the sub-conscious activities—in a word, to re-collect ourselves.

How can one expect to remain peaceably in a house where every servant carries a free hand, subject to no jurisdiction whatever? Yet this is exactly what happens in our own houses, is it not?

Just to think of it: All this wonderful mechanism inside and we totally unconscious of its action! No wonder screws get loose, and the medical repair shops are full up to their capacity, running night and day.

My instruction along this line is going to be very simple—something like Naaman's bath in Jordan.

I trust that none of my pupils will think because I begin with what might be termed "physical exercises" that I am going to stop at hygiene.

We have to approach the involuntary organs through those of which we already have control.

According to the ancients, the various internal organs correspond to certain heavenly planes—they are, in fact, the real planets, little planes, in which are focalized the higher planes of spiritual energy.

The keystone of the physical arch is the Diaphragm, the large muscular membrane situated just beneath the lungs and dividing the body into two parts.

The Diaphragm is called MARS, the "God of War." And, indeed, if it be set free and encased in its whole armor, it will easily fight all our battles for us.

In our study we shall refer to the Diaphragm as Mars, for short. Mars has both a soul and a body. Of the latter, every one is more or less conscious in ordinary breathing, but only Singers and Mystics ever become conscious of the latter—the Soul of Mars.

Now, understand, all our training is to be effected through a study of sensations. Wherever the sensitive force may originate, it is felt in the organ, and there we must study it.

TO LOCATE THE REGION OF MARS.

*Exercise 1.* Draw in a quick, violent breath and note the sudden expansion at the ribs. That is caused by the *Body of Mars* forcing them out. Now, sip in a very slow, gentle breath, and note the soft pressure away inside the ribs. This we will call the *Soul of Mars*. By repeating this soft breathing in and out, the sensation becomes like a very gentle knocking with a velvet gloved hand. Diminish the action until it feels more like a caress, so soft, so still, you almost cease to breathe.

This practice should be frequent, but particularly at night as you lie down to sleep. It induces dreamless, refreshing slumber.

*Exercise 2.* TO WILL MAGNETISM FROM THE GREAT WAR CENTER. If you inhale a small breath at the waist, you hold in through Mars all the electro-magnetic force of that breath.

You can now do one of three things:

1. Let it silently escape as in ordinary breathing.
2. Let it result in tone emission.
3. Send it by the Will as a *flood of vitality* to any part of the body.

This human breath is a wonderful force. Used in the first way, it goes to vitalize the plant-life, with which it comes in contact. Did you know that you could breathe beauty and luxuriance into plants? Well, you certainly can. Take a flower, tend it constantly, love it, and it will out-do itself blossoming for you. The flowers, in a certain sense, are your offspring—you breathe them into existence.

Used in the second way, it goes to create that spiritual essence called Tone, which may be made to respond to the slightest impulse of the will.

Used in the last way—one little understood—it becomes a veritable savior, a healer and restorer of physical defects.

Imagine that the breath forms a whirl or circle that, starting at the point of the breast-bone, proceeds down to the lowest part of the abdomen during the *expiration*, and again is drawn up along the back-bone, back to the starting point during *inspiration*.

Of course, this is a pure fiction so far as the physical breath is concerned, as it never goes below the diaphragm, but what you sense in this exercise is the *magnetic current*, induced by the thought operating through Mars. Try it.

[To be continued.]

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."

"My Dear Adi:—What's that you say about elderly ladies? Well, Miss, if you are shooting at me I want you to understand, 44 isn't elderly, or if it is I haven't the sense to know it. Why, if you'd see me in a dim, religious light after I got my hair curled and my face powdered you wouldn't dream I was over 35! . . . I believe you can make a soul-mate description fit anybody you want to. I know a lovely boy of 23 . . . I'd love a "soul-mate" of 23, wouldn't you? Don't smile!

I know a woman of 50 who has just found hers and he is only 28! It is something sublimely beautiful, too. I get the vibrations even here and they affect me as a lovely sunset does."

My Dear Little Idealist:—You are innocent and I'll forgive you! 44 is not young if you have to resort to cosmetics to keep up an illusion. This is one of the New Thought whirligigs without the common-sense motor attachment that has got to going 'round and 'round in people's craniums.

"You aint got wrinkles, freckles, moles, squints, corns or rheumatics if you *think* you aint!

"You air a young gal if you only think you *air!*"  
Charming idealism!—and it counts—a little.

But which is better, to bask on in serene senility, ignoring facts, or face the facts and by brave action change them.

No. I'll not smile over your "soul-mate" proposition; I've smole my smile and am serious. I had seventeen years of this "slight disparagement" and warn you,—Don't do it! If the woman isn't so *very* old to start with she'll get to be, the young man will wake to the appalling realization, and

the vibrations will, indeed, be more like "sunset" than sunrise and at times they will resemble a Kansas cyclone.

'Tis better not, sweetheart, to dream  
That frozen skim milk is ice-cream.

—ADI.

Now, here is "Something New under the Sun"—a brand new BABY, born March 1, making its debut April 5. Up to date it has made two bows and showed itself to be a great little baby.

The Star of this babe has been hovering over the Capital City for some time, and I have had my telescope on it.

The prophets predicted long ago that this babe would be born in Aries. I have a recollection of holding this same baby on my knee prior to the Age of Pericles and it became the wonder of all Greece. Here it is again, just in the nick of time.

It is an all-round square baby, and like all good things has to be seen to be appreciated. It made up with me right away and seemed to remember me— isn't that funny!

I would attempt to describe it but it happens to be born with the unusual and happy faculty of describing itself. The only provoking thing about it is (and I suspect that is just a baby trick) it won't tell its name but insists on your guessing it.

For photograph and full description in twelve editions with Venusian Views from the recent home of this Wonder Babe, send only 25 cents to Carrie D. McLaughlin, 1325 12th St. N. W. Washington, D. C. Ask to see "The Baby."

Evelyn Arthur See, who edits the Higher Thought, Kalamazoo, Michigan, is arranging to give an imposing Symposium of thought on the question of Immortality in the Flesh. Such well-known writers as Wilmans, Hanish, Chainey, Wood, Dresser, Lloyd, etc., are to contribute their ideas. It, undoubtedly, will be a very interesting discussion. 50 cents a year. Three months 10 cents.

A pupil in closing the lesson course in The Divine Symbols, writes me as follows:

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And here is another equally appreciated:

Since coming in touch with you, I have learned more than I ever did before. I have gone to studying what Ideas words convey to one's self, and I have been surprised at what has been revealed to me. Life, as I see it now, is a continual revelation, and you cannot tell one what he is not ready to receive. Truths that you wrote me in your letters and the Lessons, which I did not at first comprehend, now appear plainly; yea, verily, one grasps intuitively what he may dig for mentally and never get. I found I had to let go some preconceived opinions, overcome some habits, and be still and let the truth unfold.

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A quantity of MSS. failed to find room in this issue as usual. One of the greatest crosses I have to bear is the constant trimming down of my voluminosity to fit these eight little pages; but I console myself by thinking that the boiling down probably improves the quality and saves overloading my readers' digestion.

The Voice Article was among others that had to wait out. Perhaps it will get in next time. The Spirit is running this paper so entirely that I shall not attempt to promise what is to happen next any more. Look out for surprises.

PLEASE don't write me long letters asking me what I mean. I mean what I say, and I have not time to write a manuscript book to explain every saying. Give me time and attention, and I will explain myself in print. Watch and pray! Get in telepathic conjunction with me, and listen at me think!

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Frank T. Allen has changed the name of his paper to *Abandonment*. He shows on the title page the world turned upside down by Uranian influence.

As Frank came straight here from Uranus, he is qualified to speak *ex cathedra*, and it will pay to listen to him. Here is the headline of his first article: "I Am Raising Hell!" Well, nothing needs raising worse, and Frank is doing it up brown.

Vicarious Salvation, another article, is splendid. The paper is 50 cents per year, published at 10 E. 14th Street, New York City.

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