

ADIRAMLED

VOL. III.

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NO. 11

¶ South Haven.

¶ By the Sea.

¶ Back again into God's country.

¶ Surprised? Well, so am I.

¶ But you must have learned already that I am a born mover.

¶ "A rolling stone gathers no moss," but it never gets moss-backed.

¶ I was afraid that if I stayed in New Jersey another year the birds would begin nesting in my whiskers.

¶ I mustn't say too much. Comparisons are odious—especially to a New Yorker, when Chicago is mentioned.

¶ But fax are fax. I've traveled East and West, North and South, have visited every section of the country, but all things considered, a more ideal location than this would be hard to find. That is to say, for free men and women, whose business does not tie them to any certain locality.

¶ I don't say it because I happen to be here, for I could just as well be anywhere else if I chose, but I am stopping here because I am perfectly charmed with the location and environment.

¶ South Haven is a lovely spot. As I was coming in about four o'clock in the afternoon, when about twelve miles out it began to rain very hard and continued until we were perhaps three miles from the town. Then it suddenly ceased and there appeared in the heavens, stretching over the distant spires which were just coming into view, a most beautiful rainbow. It is a sign, I said to myself—this is to be our Haven.

¶ And I had no sooner landed and taken a brisk walk of some five minutes to the Lake Shore, than I felt sure that my premonition was true and that the sign had not failed. It is the most charming site imaginable for a city. The present town lies on an elevated plateau overlooking Lake Michigan from many points. The lake is mostly hidden by the dense foliage that lines the shore at the entrance to the harbor, which is formed by the Black River joining the lake at this point.

¶ A few rides in the country have only served to strengthen my convictions. The entire country surrounding South Haven is a veritable garden. Located picturesquely along the Lake Shore Drive, winding in and out along the banks of the River, or spreading in every direction, as far as the eye

can reach, one sees orchard after orchard and vineyard after vineyard, literally bending to the ground under their loads of fruit.

¶ This is the very center of the most prolific and prosperous section of the country, and enjoys special advantage from the fact of its shore position, harbor and shipping facilities, and its nearness to good markets. Four elegant steamers, as fine as you will see in New York harbor, make daily trips to Chicago, a run of four hours, the round-trip fare being only one dollar. This makes South Haven practically a suburb of Chicago.

¶ The north Lake Shore is one continuous tow of hotels, cottages, resorts and places of amusement, many of which are very elegant. During the summer something like one hundred thousand people come here to spend the season, many of them remaining till December. They fill up every available house in the city and scatter out over the country for miles in every direction. It is a regular western Newport, but with a large per cent. of the sham and frivolity of society removed. The rich are only too glad to get out of the heat and dirt of the city and get over into this cool, clean, delightful land to spend the summer, living almost anywhere to get the benefit of the breezes, the quiet, the delicious fruits, milk, cream, butter, eggs—in fact, everything that cannot be procured in the large cities.

¶ A great many people are coming here from all parts of the country to buy land and locate. In fact, I met a man from California a day or two since who said that this section is ahead of anything he had seen even in California. It is some time since I have been in a town where the Real Estate business was as brisk as it is here, and everyone that comes, like myself, expresses himself as surprised and delighted at what he finds here. The city has taken a substantial boom during the last three years, and property is going up steadily all the time. I consider this boom only in its infancy, however, for it seems to me the possibilities of this country are only just dawning.

¶ One acre in this country judiciously set to fruit and well cultivated is sufficient to keep a small family, five acres make a good income, and ten acres may be handled so as to net a snug fortune to one. Ten acres are really all that one man can attend to right. There is comparatively little labor involved in fruit raising. It is light, clean, genteel and profitable. Every one should own a fruit farm.

I left East Orange on the twentieth of September, and have made an extended tour along the Western coast of Michigan, which is known as the Michigan fruit belt. I presume I do not need to state that this section of the country leads the world in the production of fine fruit. Every variety of fruit produced in the temperate zones, and much that is semi-tropical is grown here in great abundance and of finest quality. Nor is it fruit only that is raised. All kinds of vegetables are grown here of best quality and of enormous size. Everywhere and in everything there is an indication of thrift and enterprise. The small farmers are getting rich, and doing it easily. They are working away quietly, living on the very fat of the land, and laying up their bank accounts. The quantity of fruit, etc., raised in this country is simply enormous, and one only needs to take a trip through this section and see the tons of apples, plums and grapes still hanging on the trees and coming into market to fully realize the fact.

All this is due to the peculiar adaptability of the soil, and to the equability of the temperature. The Great Lakes temper the air and keep away frosts. There is abundant rainfall, which, together with the long season of sunshine, ripens and perfects the fruit. An admirable feature of this place is that for many miles the good land runs right up to the lake shore, whereas farther north, you have to get far away from the shore to strike the productive soil. Nature surely has done much for the environs of this place, and what she neglected the people are perfecting. Having both the lake and river frontage, it is peculiarly adapted for resort purposes, and this, together with the rich country behind it, and with easy transportation to one of the largest and best markets in the world, I see nothing in the way of its future prosperity and development.

The trouble with the East is, that there are too many people to the square foot. Only the fittest can survive decently, and these must suffer a thousand inconveniences which those in the open West know nothing of. And then, there is always practically a food famine in the East. Qualities are poor, prices are high, and all sorts of adulterations are foisted on the markets. Oh yes, I know a good many folks live down there, so they do in London and Peking. But think of the graveyards! In New York they have one right on Broadway, in the center of town, an object of historical interest. Let the dead bury the dead and remove the traces of death!

This is not to imply that New York is interested in dead people and things. The place is very much alive. In one way, too much so. Everyone inhales the commercial atmosphere that surrounds the metropolis, and forth with becomes seized with the Dollar Dementia. From that time forward he has only one thought, to "step lively" and make everyone

else do the same. Strenuosity is the ideal. It is a pace that kills. And yet there are more people in New York trying hard to live without work than in any other place I know of.

They have no use for you down there—only for your money, or service. The word hospitality exists there only in the dictionary—no one knows really what it means or how it is to be applied. How should they? It is a hundred years since it was practiced. In the West it is wholly different. The farther West you go, the more hospitable and whole-souled the people become. Here they have more room, and their minds broaden. Success depends here more upon legitimate industry and not upon plucking their fellows.

The brave men, the industrious men, the true-hearted men—these have ever been the pioneers. And the children of these have not wholly forgotten the example of their fathers. With the West I must include a large portion of the South; for there too, the people are born and bred to hospitality, and something more—gentility.

The East is the consumer; the West the producer. The cow which supplies the East feeds on the corn of the West. That is not saying that the inhabitants get the real product of the cow. What they do get comes largely from the Harlem river. One morning not two months ago, I set out on a journey to find some real, old-fashioned butter. I visited every market in Newark, N. J., and sampled the stuff they call "creamery," which was offered at 28 cents per pound. Finally I did find a place where the dealer had a few tiny wads of white looking grease, which he assured me was Philadelphia butter. The price was 28 cents per half pound!

Now all that cry down east about scarcity of food is false. It starts with the commission men, and is taken up by the retail dealer in order to hold the price up on the consumer. You would only have to come to Michigan one day to be convinced of this fact. There never was a more abundant crop of apples, nor finer fruit. You can buy a whole orchard out here at 70 cents per bushel, and there much inferior apples retail at 50 cents per peck. Peaches were only a half crop here, and yet you could in season buy the finest for \$1 per bushel, and a bushel at retail in East Orange would cost \$6.40. Tomatoes have been held there all summer at 15 cents per quart; here they were 25 cents per bushel and are now selling at 10 cents per peck. I have just purchased several barrels of the loveliest apples for 35 cents per bushel. And for dinner to-day we had strawberries, the second crop of the season, raised naturally out of doors. They were large and fine and not expensive. For one like myself, who lives much on fruit, this is a veritable paradise.

The best advertisement for South Haven is the fact that the State Commissioners have selected it

as the place for the State Experimental Gardens. These are located on the lake shore just south of the central part of town, and are highly attractive, aside from their great utility. Here they plant every known variety of fruit and test it under most favorable conditions. I will give a detailed description of the fruit culture carried on at these gardens at another time.

¶ I am not in the fruit business, but if any of my readers can figure out the transportation and find it profitable to themselves, I will secure them any desired quantity of apples at from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per barrel. We are thinking about a plan whereby our readers and others who wish to join us in the enterprise can get all they desire in the way of fruit and produce at the lowest wholesale market price.

¶ Many people who have lived in Detroit or Chicago get the impression that this is a frozen-up country. No greater mistake could be made. The eastern coast of this state or of Wisconsin—in fact any eastern coast—is bleak and cold, but the western coast, having a water frontage, is always equable and mild. Contrast Washington, Oregon and California with the eastern coast states. It is far more equable in Seattle than in New York, as every one knows. Here the same principle obtains. I am told that it rarely goes to two below zero here. The autumn is very late, the winter short and mild—all due to the protection afforded by the lake. They are more liable to suffer from frosts in Tennessee or Florida than here, as experience has shown. To my mind, this is the most ideal fruit-country in the world. It don't need long investigation to determine this fact—it shows for itself.

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COLOR MAGIC. V

ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOLISM

NO modern attempt on the part of scientists to explain the phenomena of life begins to compare in point of truth and comprehensiveness with the symbolism of the ancients, when this symbolism is interpreted as the ancients understood it.

The strongest evidence in favor of the truth of this symbolism, if evidence be required, lies in the fact of the persistence of the symbols themselves through unknown ages; during all which time they have formed the very basis of thought-development. For example, take the symbols of the zodiac. No one is able to tell when these symbols were first devised. They are more ancient than the oldest known language. To understand them properly, it is necessary to regard them as a part of the present language, and to revive the ancient method of their exoteric representation, which was through a system of myths called "gods and goddesses."

Through the expurgations and iconoclasm of religious zealots this beautiful symbolism has either passed out of vogue or been disfigured; but though

lost to ordinary observation, it still survives and forms in truth the foundation of all religious ceremonialism—a fact well known to all occult students.

When once the ISIS of the Ages is unveiled, it is shown that the whole world still worships Isis under the veil. In no period of the world's history has idolatry been really more prevalent than now, and at the present time as of old it is possible only rarely to come upon a shrine dedicated to THE UNKNOWN GOD.

This God is a symbol of the TRUTH we seek.

The ancient worship of the Sun, Moon and Stars, under various names, had a deeper meaning by far than is commonly supposed. To be sure, the masses of the ancient peoples were ignorant of this; just as the religionists today are ignorant of the meaning of their religion. But there were those living who did know, and these were known as prophets and priests who in ages past formed the Hierarchy of Wisdom. In the ancient Wisdom Religion, understood and practiced by the sages, the Sun and Moon were expressive of the two universal existences, exhibited as radiant and receptive. The oldest symbols of these are the straight line and the curve. As the straight line proceeds from a point, and the curve ends in a circle, we have the perfected symbol of a "Point within the Circle"—an expression of the Two in One, which is the ultimate ideal. This sign now stands as the astrological symbol of the sun.

The Curve, shown as the arc of a circle, represents the receptive principle in the Divine Duad, which stands as the symbol of the moon. The moon in this relation is to be understood as the Womb, or formative sphere—the arena of solar activity.

Whatever speculation the human mind may enter into regarding the nature or attributes of the original Cause of action and being, whether it be contemplated as one or more than one, it is evident that nothing definite can be known of it previous to the time of its manifestation. After this manifestation takes place, we may observe and reason upon the resultant phenomena.

The One (if one it be) exhibits the phenomena of self-division—the One becoming Two—and these two are in evidence throughout the entire period of its expression. On this fact are based all laws, as we have observed them, of sexation, of growth, of development, of consciousness even. The observed law of correspondence everywhere would, indeed, seem to verify the Hermetic statement that "As it is below, so it is above," thus plainly indicating the existence of two, eternal, over-ruling powers. These two potencies are represented now, as they have been from the foundation of the world, by the terms "Sun and Moon," which became the chief "gods" of all ancient religions.

These gods represent something far more than mythical deities, or even heavenly bodies. They are the ever present, ever active, vital principles of

the Universal Energy whose presence and operations are revealed throughout nature in visible form and color. Form may be considered as the result of the lunar, color of the solar activity.

An analysis of the various astrological symbols shows that, according to the ancient conception, all planetary results are formed by a cross (union) of the solar and lunar influences.

The planets (little planes) refer subjectively to mental states, but objectively they are expressed by colors. Color is thus the key to the solution of every natural mystery, the thought of the creator being outpictured as it were in color.

The Seven Colors are the seven gods of antiquity—"the seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth" (Rev. 5:6).

In the old system, we find representations of but five planets, the Sun and Moon being reckoned in as planets to make the seven. In recent times, two other distant planets have come into view, making up the true number of seven planets, which perfects the system; for the sun and moon are properly the rulers, or bi-une cause, of all influences operating through the planetary spheres.

But since all our symbols are based upon the ancient classification, and this in turn upon certain occult facts underlying the science of alchemy (which may be termed terrestrial astrology), we will, for the present at least, adhere to the older system, reckoning the planets, or heavenly influences, as follows:

Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, Moon, Sun.

Observe how this works out in order through the different months:

LUNAR

1. Jan. Aquarius—Saturn—black.
2. Feb. Pisces—Jupiter—blue.
3. Mar. Aries—Mars—red.
4. Apr. Taurus—Venus—green.
5. May. Gemini—Mercury—clear.
6. Jun. Cancer—Moon—silver.

SOLAR

7. Jul. Leo—Sun—golden.
8. Aug. Virgo—Mercury—clear.
9. Sep. Libra—Venus—green.
10. Oct. Scorpio—Mars—crimson.
11. Nov. Sagittarius—Jupiter—purple.
12. Dec. Capricorn—Saturn—multicolor.

To gain a general idea of the occult meaning of this arrangement, consider the first six months as the LUNAR or darker half of the sphere, and the last six months as the SOLAR or lighter half.

The same planet is seen to govern two signs, one in each half of the sphere. This gives rise to entirely different effects in color and consequent temperament of an object as Astrology shows.

Thus the color of Saturn in Aquarius is a deep black, a perfectly opaque, dead black, while in Cap-

ricorn it will appear living and luminous, and on close inspection will be found to radiate all the deepest hues; though the outward appearance is a brilliant black, like black diamond. Again the color of Jupiter in Pisces is an indigo blue, coming out of Aquarius it appears a blue-black, but in Sagittarius, when it has been developed under the light of the sun and passed through the refining influence of all other colors, it will be the most resplendent purple. And so with the other colors, as will be explained later. In the lunar sphere metals are developed; in the solar, gems are perfected.

The fact is, the Sun and Moon (understand, their energies) are eternally shining—commingling—passing through the sphere of MERCURY, as light through a prism, by and in which the colors are born, so to speak, in succession—blue, red, green. And being conceived (concentered within the sphere of the Moon), they pass again through the realm of Mercury—this time under the glow of the sun—by which they are transformed, reaching the highest spiritual brilliancy and perfection. This process is going on constantly everywhere in nature in all kingdoms both organic and inorganic.

MERCURY stands as the eternal medium for the reception and transmutation of the Lunar-Solar energy, which we have in another work very appropriately called SOL-LUNA. Mercury is thus the symbol of CHRIST—is the Christ, in fact, of every religion.

We begin with Saturn as with the most distant (exterior) plane. Observe that Saturn marks the beginning and end of the Great Work. We may think of the Lunar Saturn as being at the very base of life expression. It is chaos and darkness, and in metals it is lead.

From out this chaos a certain order is evolved and the color gradually lightens, becoming a greyish blue and marks the transmutation of lead into tin. This is Jupiter's first reign.

From this we pass naturally into red which denotes the change into iron through the influence of Mars. At this point in evolution form appears and consciousness is born, hence Aries is said to be the First Point—the origin. This is borne out in embryonic life. The foetus during gestation breathes through the liver (Jupiter), but the moment it is born the diaphragm (Mars) sets in operation an entirely new method of respiration. Life, as we know it, thus begins with the action of Mars.

Almost simultaneous with this is the birth of love, Venus, exhibited in metallic transmutation as green, and shows that the metal copper is being formed. Copper bears some resemblance to gold, just as the lower love does to the higher spiritual love. It is through Gemini, the twain, that the lower love—the natural affinization of Mars and Venus—is perfected, illumined. Mercury is the agent which transforms the tin into that state of purity called silver.

We have now run once through the gamut of colors, and we begin in Leo to repeat them in inverse order, culminating with the deep-dyed tincture of Saturn's final reign. While much of this explanation will be difficult to follow, save by one who has already traced out the natural correspondencies, yet the more that thought is applied to the subject, the more wonderful become the revelations regarding this synthetic science.

There is only one substance known to man which, like a sensitively attuned harp, responds to every slightest touch of the divine artist LIGHT. Once possess this instrument, and the music of the spheres with its ravishing melodies becomes audible, bringing with it to mundane minds a flood-tide of inspiration, weird and wonderful.

X X X
A SERMONETTE

“WHY art thou cast down, oh my soul? And why art thou disquieted in me? For I shall yet praise him for his presence is salvation.”

The ideal condition of the mind is quietude, repose. Why? Because the mind when in this condition can turn its forces within upon the construction of its own beautiful temple.

So long as it goes out into the noisy, objective world, getting into other people's business, it neglects its own inner world, which cries out in pain and dis-ease from sheer inattention, for it is the mind that builds and nourishes the body,

When the Master said “Consider the lilies, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin,” he did not mean to imply that they had quit work and were loafing in the sunshine, as appearances might indicate, but rather that they were ideal specimens of an organism that was attending strictly to business and growing beautiful.

Anyone who watches the cellular growth in plants will find therein a life of ceaseless activity not differing essentially from the growth of the human organism. This is the normal growth by unfoldment and not by accretion. It is the only real growth.

The false idea of man is to get outside and pile up things about him, rocks, timber, dirt, anything that is tangible material, and all this to the neglect of that inner building, “that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

Were it not that the mind is enchained in slumber for about half the time and made to give its energies to the upbuilding of its own dwelling place, that structure would fall to pieces in a few short days.

This constant and willful ignoring of the needs of the body is the cause of all suffering and ultimately of death.

But, you say, I do care for it. I feed it and wash it and clothe it. Would you put off any other human being that you love or respect, say a wife or child, with no more attention than this?

The body is more than a furnace which may be run by periodically shoveling fuel into it; more than a vehicle that needs to be scrubbed once a week; more than a vine that needs but an extra covering through the cold winter weather.

The body is the home of the mind, the expression of the soul.

Even when we believe we are educating the mind we are more often following the methods of pork-packers or brick-layers, piling up the perishable in structures to delight the taste or please the eye, and only—here is the kernel of the motive—*to tickle our own vanity!*

This is, in fact, the sum of human accomplishment when it goes outside of its own portals—vanity and vexation of spirit.

And this is why, oh, my soul, thou art cast down, and why in me thou art disquieted. The mind, I, thy only servant, have gone astray, gone out to glory in the smiles of a vain world, but I shall yet praise thee. The voice of my people within shall cry out with hunger and thirst and wretchedness, and I shall hear and I shall feel, for their woes are my woes and their joys are my joys.

I shall sin through neglect of my own, but I shall suffer and I shall return, and thou, oh, my soul, shall be quiet and at peace, for in thy presence alone is their salvation.

X X X
INDIVIDUALITY

“NATURE arms each man with such faculties as enable him to do some feat impossible to any other.” The great tendency of modern life, with its enormous combinations, its concentrations of interests and efforts, is to annihilate individuality; but the great duty each one owes to himself is to preserve and develop it. He must not allow his education, his employment or his environment to rob him of his distinctive personality, or efface the stamp placed upon him by the divine hand to distinguish him from all other men. It is his duty to preserve his individuality, as he would his character, for it is a part of himself.

Each one should say to himself: “I have no double. When nature made me she distinguished me from my fellow man. There is no one else like me in all the universe, no one else who can do quite as well the thing I was especially made to do, and I have some advantages over any other being ever born. These advantages I want to make the most of.”

The trouble with most of us is that we are content to be echoes, mere miniature copies of other people. Yet since no two human beings are made alike, no one can quite take the place of another, nor can he do quite as easily, or quite as well, the thing which the other was made to do. It is futile as well as disastrous to try to mould ourselves to a different pattern from what nature intended for us. It is better to be an original shoemaker than an imitation Congressman or a thumb-nail edition of some great lawyer. Whatever you are or whatever you do, be yourself.—“The Summer Girl,” South Haven.

FREEDOM

DO you know there are very few people who have any conception of the true significance of freedom?

We are said to live in a free country; that thought satisfies the majority and they go on, year after year, in the same old rut, not thinking that we need individual freedom as well as political—even granting that we have political freedom.

The individual variety is the one to which I wish to pay my present respects. Did you ever stop to think how we are all bound more or less, by custom, habit, and the imposition of the will of others upon us? How many are free from fashion's dictates? For instance, if a certain group of women wear street sweepers, do not the rest of them fall in line like sheep and help to sweep the streets, no matter how much their sense of cleanliness may rebel?

In eating, the same thing obtains. Most people follow the prevailing custom, and when one does wish to adopt a more wholesome, simple, hygienic diet, they must face a great wall of opposition from all friends and acquaintances not in sympathy with the effort; they are urged to eat this, that and the other thing as never before. For my part, I hold that no friend, however near and dear, has any right to insist that I eat what does not appeal to me; I resent all interference with my right to wear, eat, drink or think whatever my own reason dictates.

Art in dress consists in expressing individuality—character—not in copying a fashion plate.

True hospitality consists in leaving the guest free to partake or refuse—just as he likes. Here is the banquet table—you are welcome—frisch zu! That is enough—if welcome is in your tone and manner, there is no need to urge this delicacy or that—your guest will do honor to the occasion if left to himself.

Let us have freedom! Let us cease to try to influence anyone! The moment we try to impose our thought or our custom upon another, that moment a barrier arises that makes it impossible for perfect friendship to exist between us. The free spirit chafes at all kinds of bondage. Attempt to hold me and I hasten from you; set me free and I am yours. I repudiate all bonds—for myself and for you. I cannot be free unless I free you; you cannot be free unless you insist with equal vehemence that I also be free.

It is only in perfect freedom that perfect love can exist. Whatever holds or limits us in any way we cannot love. Let us be free—free from the bondage of clothes, free from the bondage of food, free from the bondage of opinions, free from the bondage of all conventionalities; then will we live at peace with our fellow beings, then will we be free to love; then will we pour forth such a wave of love and good will as will reconstruct the whole social and domestic world.

I demand for you the same freedom that I insist upon for myself; I ask nothing for myself that I do not ask for you. Whoever you are and wherever you are, stand up for your freedom—my freedom—our freedom, for there is only one freedom. With Whitman I repeat for us all:

From this hour I ordain myself loosed from limits and imaginary lines;

Going where I list, my own master, total and absolute.

Listening to others, considering well what they say,

Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will divesting myself of the holds that would hold me."

—Carrie L. Johnson, in Alliance.

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THE ONLY THING IN THE WORLD

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not Love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not Love, it profiteth me nothing."

x x x

THE IMPENDING CATAclySM

DR. GEORGE W. CAREY

The dry leaves whirl and swirl,
And seek a safe retreat,
As sudden gusts blow swift
Along the dusty road and street.
The frightened moon hides crescent horns
Behind the hurrying cloud,
And vapors dark, with border red,
Wrap Nature like a shroud.

The seed once sown by selfishness
Has blossomed in its bed.
The fruit is growing, ripening fast—
Its color crimson red.
The upas tree bears poisonous fruit,
Life withers 'neath its shade,
And those who plant and nourish it,
Beneath it shall be laid.

The storm has burst; the cannons roar;
The earth runs red with blood;
Is this thy peace, O optimist—
Thy dream of Brotherhood?
Shall competition, hate and strife,
And war's dread carnage
Forever write its autograph
On history's dark page?

Arise, O man! O woman greet!
And unity thy cry;
Unfulfilled co-operations' flag,
And let it wave on high;
And let the new earth onward wheel
Toward the blessed goal,
And let the new Heaven's choir chant
The "Triumph of the Soul."

Dr. Geo. W. Carey has just completed a very successful lecture tour of the eastern cities. His address is 906 Eighteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

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The Devil has no stauncher ally than want of perception.—Philip H. Wicksteed.

The soul of thy brother is a dark forest.—Russian.

SUCCESS!

HOW hard it is for you to receive the word Success! Complaints of discouragement, hard times, bad luck, bitter enemies, failure, sickness, and a thousand and one ills—all purely imaginary, come pouring in to me.

I deny it all! It is false! How can I make you understand this? You are exactly in the position of the schoolboy who is being thrashed for some misdemeanor, only with the difference that possibly you do not know what you are guilty of. Dry your eyes now and let us talk the matter over.

I will tell you your fault. It is in not recognizing the Truth of Life. How may one come into this recognition? Through Love. Love is the magic key which unlocks the portals of happiness leading to the broad fields of success. Begin at once to love. Love more and more abundantly. Love everyone and everything that comes in your path. Pile up the measure of your love full to overflowing. Do something good for everybody. It is a delusion that you have enemies. Love your enemies and they become your best friends.

Take the chip off your shoulder. Stop flaunting the red rag. Cease opposition. Non-resistance is the law of love. Don't be afraid to give, do not give grudgingly. Have you read about the widow's cruise of oil? It is no fable. Your well of love will never run dry, in fact you must keep dipping lively or it will run over. Fear not. Fear is the deadly night-shade. Nothing but the rankest weeds can grow near it. Fear keeps love in abeyance. Remove fear, and you remove a brood of evils, of which fear is the mother—doubt, envy, jealousy, hatred, parsimoniousness, want, wretchedness—in fact all unhappiness springs from fear, just as all joy springs from love.

The hardest point for you to realize, my dear, is that you have been getting just what you deserve. Dry your eyes some more and let us see how this is if we can. You have to realize that this is a divine law of justice, not one jot or tittle of which can pass till all be fulfilled. One day if you enter the path of Love all will be fulfilled and you will be superior to the law, for you will go with the law. Till then you will be bumped and knocked about in by-ways and hedges just to teach you to get in the middle of the road and follow it.

Man has dominion! Be a man and have dominion also! Now get the ravel end of this matter and follow it up and you shall work the problem out right. Do not hunt around for some society to join or some book to buy to learn the secret. Here is what one of the wisest of men, Walt Whitman, says to you:

"You are asking me questions, and I hear you; I answer that I cannot answer—you must find out for yourself."

But I am giving you the key to find out for yourself. Use this key and you will come into a quick understanding of how to vanquish all the "enemies" to your progress. You will become clean, gentle, kind, industrious, hopeful, generous, loving, happy. You will become a magnet to attract "your own" that which you desire and love, and your own cannot stay away.

X X X

Love must be attracted by beauty of mind and body. Ovid.



HEMENWAY

REAL ESTATE.

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