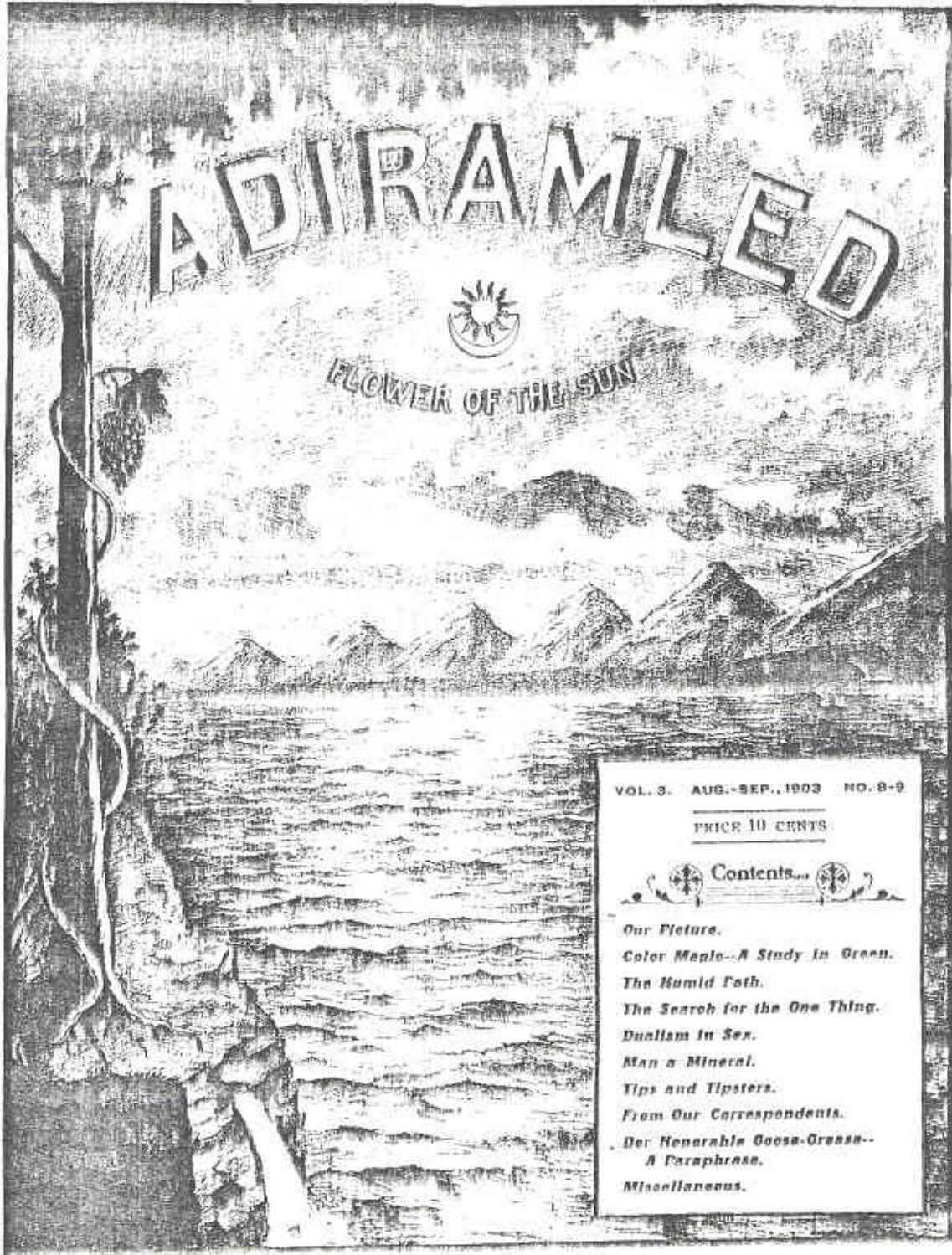


ADIRAMLED



FLOWER OF THE SUN



VOL. 3. AUG.-SEP., 1903 NO. 8-9

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ADIRAMLED

VOL. III.

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1903

NO. 8-9.

OUR PICTURE

The world is the canvass
On which the Divine Artist
Paints his masterpiece
In pigments of the soul.

Lights and shadows,
Tintings and tones,
Mountains, abysses,
Skys and plains—
These are life's experience.

Be sure that nothing is false,
Nothing is wrong or unseemly;
All is right and in place,
When viewed in true perspective.

But let us not forget,
'Tis our hand wields the brush.

* * *

ADIRAMLED.—This name is composed of three ancient, tri-literal roots, the first of which, ADI, is Sanskrit, and relates to that form of expression denoting Progress in the direction of the Ideal: *Apud Deorum Itinera*—NEAR THE PATHWAY OF THE GODS. The second syllable, RAM, is Egyptian and means the Sun, that is, the mystic solar influence in nature: *Regna Anima Mundi*, THE RULING SPIRIT OF THE WORLD. The final syllable, LED, is Persian, and is a symbol of Universal Substance, alchemically expressed as Lead, very heavy, most magnetic: *Lucis Expressio Divina*, THE DIVINE EXPRESSION OF LIGHT. This word is the synthesis of human wisdom. It is written upon the sky because the heavens reveal it.

SOL-LUNA, the Flower of the Sun.—This is that unique blossom which springs up invisibly wherever the sunlight kisses earth. It is formed and fashioned by the seminal potency of Light, within the womb of universal Substance. Like the night blooming Cereus, it has opened its petals but rarely during the darkness of ages past. It never becomes visible except at those times when the Sun and Moon come into close conjunction, and so remain for a definite period. Such an event happened before the birth of Jesus Christ, Buddha, Zoroaster, Paracelsus, and others that could be named. The hour is at hand for the recurrence of this phenomenon.

THE TREE OF LIFE.—This mythic tree is found interwoven in the traditions of every people. It was placed in the garden of Eden and called the

tree of knowledge of good and evil. It grew upon Mt. Meru in the Celestial Land as the tree Jambu. In Persia it was Homa, the tree of immortality. In Egypt it was the Palm, anciently called Phoenix, which from its red color was believed to be the embodiment of the divine fire. In the Norseland it was Yggdrasil, reaching from heaven to earth and filling the world.

THE VINE—"I am the Vine, ye are the branches." The vine symbolizes the higher spiritual principle in nature, springing from the same root as the tree, and depending upon it for natural support. Its convolutions reveal the movement of the universal life energy to be spiral, and thus we have in nature a living expression of the Great Serpent. The whole mystery is contained in the leaf and the ripened fruit, the former the medium and the latter the result of the transmutation of the lower into the higher.

THE ROCK—"Rock of Ages, cleft for me." The rock stands for matter itself—not any particular form or shape, but the universal substance of matter—that which eternally attracts the higher solar principle. In its pure extraction it is *Petra*, upon which the church of Christ, the living God, is founded, Christ being the White Stone cut from this Rock. The Dove of Peace hideth in the cleft of this rock. It is the theme of Moses' mystic song: "Of the rock that begat thee, thou art unmindful."

THE WATERS—"Moses smote the rock twice, and water came out abundantly." This water is from the spring Mimer, hidden beneath the tree Yggdrasil, and in the mystic Rock; it is eternal life to both tree and vine, and also, may become the Water of Life, which flows from the throne of God—this very Rock. These, as you behold them, are the bitter waters of Marah, but are sweetened by the roots of the tree above.

THE SEA—This is that mystic body of Water, supplied from the Rock, which is filled with plump and shining fishes, of every hue under the sun, to take which requires an expert fisherman with an exceedingly fine net. This is the fabled Sea of Galilee on which Christ walks and in which Peter sinks. Apollo, or Paul, makes many voyages there and converts myriads of the inhabitants.

THE DOVES—These are the Doves of Diana arising from the dark waters toward the lofty Mt. Solis on the right. One of these doves was in the ark with Noah and went forth to prove the abatement of the flood. The other descended upon Jesus at the baptism in Jordan. They represent the volatile principle in nature, symbolized by the wings on the heels of Mercury, and when properly harnessed they draw the chariot of Venus.

THE MOUNTAINS—There are seven of these, named from the planets, beginning on the right with the terrestrial Sun and Moon, followed by Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn—reckoned scientifically according to the Hebrew method from right to left.

THE PATH—"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." It lies behind this rock and along this narrow cliff, reaching to the mountains beyond. He who discovers this path and succeeds in reaching these mountains will gain Health and Wealth—length of days and great riches. SOL-LUNA shines through ADIRAMLED to illumine this path.

x x x

The mills of the god's grind slowly
But they grind exceeding fine.

x x x

COLOR MAGIC. III

A STUDY IN GREEN

MARS, the Red, is the son of Juno—the Moon—while Venus, the Green, is the daughter of Dione—the same moon in a different aspect. This "son and daughter" love each other and are always found together. Harmonia is the child of their union—a union in which is displayed the most beautiful blending of tints: orange, yellow, crimson and olive.

Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, is said to have arisen from the foam of the sea when Uranus (light) was wounded. Borne upon the surge she landed on a certain isle, and from thence passed into Cyprus like a dream, conquering all by her grace and loveliness.

At the touch of her feet the herbage quivered into flower. The Graces bound garlands for her that reflected the hues of the hyacinth, violet, lily and rose. She is the especial goddess of the rose, myrtle, and linden. Whatever manifests verdancy, growth, symmetry and beauty belong to her. She unites the virtues of the above and the below—hence the dove and the swan are alike sacred to her.

Under a thousand names in the myths of every land, Venus reappears; but, after all, she symbolizes only one thing, an element of the natural mystery, something exoterically before the gaze of all.

Plant a seed in the ground, and after germina-

tion it bursts, sending out a perfectly white shoot. This is drawn upward by some invisible force, and just the moment it meets the air and sunlight it begins to turn green—the bridal robe with which Nature adorns the Virgin Queen of earth throughout the celebration of the nuptial rite with the Shining King of heaven.

This phenomenon happens in every leaf, and is what makes the flower and fruit. Whether in the gorgeous plumage of tropical bird or feathery dust upon the summer butterfly; whether in the dark foliage of the forest, or the grassy carpet of the plain; whether in the ocean's rolling wave or hidden in the crystal depths—wherever green predominates, there you may know that life is most actively present.

This green is Venus, standing as mediator between heaven and earth—the planet between earth and sun. As Love, she lifts up the lower and unites it in harmony to the upper. You may never know her as body or substance, but in color she reveals herself resplendently. And if she be not thus revealed, then you lack the ideal realization which you seek. Affection and tenderness, gaiety and mirth are alike inspired by this union of the colors red and green. The former is impulse, the latter, desire; and earth's experience gives them point and purpose.

In the mineral realm Venus stands for copper. The body is Mars, which gives the outward color, is red, but in solution we find it green or blue. This is more markedly shown in some of the forms of copper. Take Bornite, called by the Cornish miners "horse-flesh ore" from its reddish-bronze luster, and which is a mixture of copper and iron (Venus and Mars). Upon exposure to the air it displays variegated peacock hues. Then, there is Copper Pyrites, or "fool's-gold," normally of a beautiful deep, brass-yellow copper color, but heated on charcoal it fuses into a black ball, very magnetic. Again, we have Malachite, a bright green carbonate of copper.

Color is better studied in minerals than elsewhere, since here we find every possible shade, and by observation and study may learn the laws upon which color changes depend.

As is well known, there is essentially no difference between the diamond and charcoal, though to make diamonds of charcoal artificially is a very difficult process, and is only accomplished by the aid of molten iron (Mars).

It is far easier to change Venus into Sun (green into gold), because all that is demanded in this case is a simple rearrangement of the atoms, and Mars will effect all without the imposition of hands. Three metals, Iron, Uranium, and Chromium in the reducing flame show green, proving that they contain the immortal principle. Altogether there are between thirty and forty different minerals that exhibit various shades of green, but the Emerald is considered superior to all, because

most transparent. Hermetes wrote his maxims on the Emerald Table. The power that animals have of voluntarily changing color, as, for example, the Chameleon, is truly wonderful and should be noted. Certain lepidopterae, for instance, the Green Silver Lines moth and the Gold Tail moth have the power of changing the color of their cocoons to match their surroundings.

Some animals change color for self-protection, and others again—insects, fishes, and birds—assume different colors during the period of love-making. In truth, Nature is so full of this wonderful exhibition of color variation that the investigation of it becomes very fascinating.

There is a certain peculiar Green Worm that is a perfect type of the Magnum Opus, or great work of philosophy. It feeds for some time on a certain plant on the under side of the leaf where it is a light green. When touched by the sun, it turns a very dark red and soon burrows in the ground forming a hard, nearly black chrysalis. After a long night of some ten or eleven months it comes forth as the Sphinx Moth that loves the Moon and does not fear the sun. It is the color of pure gold, and yet this transformation of a green crawling worm into this glorious insect is not thought so very wonderful.

EXERCISE 1. Meditate on the following texts: Gen. 30:37; Judges 16:8; 1 Kings 14:23; Esther 1:6; Job 8:16; Song 1:16; Jer. 11:16; Luke 23:31.

EXERCISE 2. Select a very perfect Green Leaf, one in which the veins are very distinct and lay it on the table before you. Study the ramifications of these veins very carefully. See in them the pattern on which your own body and other bodies are formed—the bones, the muscles, the nerves, the blood-vessels, all conforming to this type. This is the universal form of Harmonia, child of Venus and Mars. In the skeleton of the leaf, too, is written every mystery. Contemplating this you are brought in touch with the very architects of Nature, and may divine the secret of the builders.

Certain leaves are more potent than others to awaken these images. I prefer the grape or the oak leaf, though some prefer a small leaf like the willow. Each must find his own.

After looking at a certain leaf, persons have before now been able to see the location of hidden springs, mineral wells, and even precious metals. Nearly anyone by simply closing the eyes after looking at a leaf can see masses of the most brilliant gems, though they may not at first be able to locate them. Many too will see wonderful tropical foliage, and sometimes lovely landscapes will come to view.

EXERCISE 3. The Green Disk, No. 3, should be made as the others before. It should be placed on the East Wall to the south of the Red, and the two should be contemplated together. The physical location of Venus is the reins, and its office the

final purification of the blood. It is very easy to strengthen this part of the body and indirectly to gain control over it through the Diaphragm. Hold every part of the body still and breathe as it were with the small of the back and upward. Place your whole thought there and you will soon become conscious of a new sensation and a peculiar sensitiveness. This strengthens the optic nerve of the inner eye, so to speak.

x x x

**Physical courage is cheap—cheap and plentiful.
Moral courage is rare.**—N. Y. Journal.

x x x

THE HUMID PATH

BY EDWARD KELLY, THE ALCHEMIST (1776)

PLATO has justly defined philosophers as men who contemplate with wonder the marvelous works of Nature in all parts of the created universe; who study the size, properties, movements, courses and revolutions of the heavens and their flaming worlds, their rising, setting, priority, and posteriority of appearance, rate of progress, irregularities, stoppages, velocity, and the SEEDS and PRINCIPLES, dimensions and tendencies of all sublunar bodies. By their constant desire and thirst for knowledge they are impelled not only intellectually to apprehend the mysteries and great arcana of Nature, but also to imitate and even to improve upon them, as may be deduced with the greatest ease from so many hieroglyphical writings, magical and mathematical mysteries, and all the other marks of the antiquity of philosophy. Nay, it seems absurd that men highly distinguished in letters, and after filling the highest offices in the State, should retire from public life for the sake of a childish study, neglect the splendour of worldly fame, and the hope of riches—a course they would never have adopted if they had really regarded this Art as diametrically opposed to the laws of Nature. All these men firmly believed in the possibility of enjoying for many years a *sound mind in a sound body*, and this desirable result they considered as attainable **ONLY** by the **DISCOVERY** of the **CENTRAL SUBSTANCE** in which **ALL THE FORCES AND VIRTUES** of Nature meet, following the royal road and philosophical method. They knew, indeed, that the *mind* is the most celestial, divine, pure, subtle, immortal, omniscient part of man, being receptive of God. But they **ALSO KNEW** that the body, its dingy workshop of frail clay, **OBSCURES ITS MOVEMENTS, ENFEebles ITS POWERS, and PREVENTS it from EXPANDING in a way worthy of itself. THEY KNEW that SOME MEANS WAS NEEDED** whereby all superfluity might be curtailed, all imperfections matured, all **WEAK THINGS STRENGTHENED**, and all solid things confirmed, so that the whole structure might rejoice in an **ASSURED and CONTINUOUS PERFECTION**. But in order to attain this end, they knew they must have a minute and detailed acquaintance with the **ELEMENTS of the HUMAN BODY and the UNIVERSE generally**. Before they could discover the cause of **PERFECTION**, they must first study the nature of the elements. The Sages saw that the instrument toward the attainment of their purpose was a good

knowledge of physical arts and sciences. After having conceived in their minds a Divine idea, of the relations of the whole universe, they selected from among the rest a certain substance, from which they sought to elicit the elements, to separate and purify them, and then again put them together in a manner suggested by a keen and profound observation of Nature. Thus they obtained a body freed from all imperfections and impurities, which being disclosed by their careful operation and due regard to times and seasons, afforded not only HEALTH to their physical nature, but HIGHEST DELIGHT and INSTRUCTION to their minds. These FACTS were first brought out by Hermes Trismegistus in his famous Emerald Table, and the truth of this assertion is borne out by the unanimous testimony of antiquity, and the consensus of the most illustrious men of all ages. That the aspiration of our Art is no Utopian dream, is proved by the innumerable and stupendous metamorphoses which Nature daily exhibits on every side.

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Practice assiduously what you already know, and in course of time other things will become clear to you. The inspirations come only to the disciplined; the indolent wait for them in vain. - Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

X X X

"THE SEARCH FOR THE ONE THING"

UNDER the above caption appeared in one of the Hearst newspapers recently an article by Garrett P. Serviss, a well known writer. The ideas presented in this article as the author states were suggested by the reading of a little book recently issued by D. APPLETON & Co. entitled "The Story of Alchemy." He begins by saying, "It is pleasant, occasionally, to go back in imagination to the days when science was synonymous in popular understanding with soothsaying, magic, and the black arts generally." The little book mentioned "opens a modest door into that back garden of the human mind, where one can profitably spend an hour wandering among the quaint and forgotten things with which it is crowded."

"And yet," the writer goes on to say, "there is a startling sense of brotherhood with those old conceited, self-blinded seekers for the philosopher's stone which comes over one in spite of oneself when the real object of their vain search is comprehended.

"For they too, like us, were striving to reach the One Thing. Much as we are inclined to despise them and make fun of them, after all they justly rebuke our presumption in assuming, as we too often do, that the bases of scientific knowledge are altogether of modern construction."

The above remarks and more that follows along the same line well illustrate the attitude of the modern mind in reference to the knowledge of the ancients. You may find references to the alchemists in many modern scientific works usually in the prefaces—but you will observe that they are spoken of only with contempt by the more advanced (?) modern. You will usually find, also, if you could become conversant with the facts, that these

writers, like the author of the above sketch, have contented themselves with "spending an hour wandering amid the quaint things" of alchemy, and from that superficial investigation, place themselves on record as authority on the subject.

"The alchemists," says Mr. Muir, the author of the book referred to, "sought the stone of wisdom, for by gaining that they gained the control of wealth; they sought the universal panacea, for that would give them the power of enjoying wealth and life; they sought the soul of the world, for thereby they could hold communion with spiritual existences and enjoy the fruition of spiritual life. The alchemists of the nobler sort always made the first of these objects subsidiary to the other two. They gave us as their reason for desiring to make gold the hope that gold might become so common that it would cease to be sought after by mankind."

In this paragraph the author has surely succeeded in stating the matter correctly as set forth in alchemical literature, but he falls into the very trap cunningly set for him and all the rest of the "reading world" by the alchemists themselves.

Mr. Serviss catches the point here and aptly says, "Of course even this nobler object was also a vain fantasy. It is not gold but the power that lies behind gold, which captivates humanity, and if gold were made as common as dirt, then some other representative of the power behind would be found."

That is exactly true, and this is just what the alchemists knew, many of them having learned it by bitter experience, through persecution of greedy monarchs, which included incarceration, torture and exile. If they really *desired*, as they stated, "to make gold as common as dirt" why, then, did they not reveal their secret?

Before them was a choice of two things: one to reveal what they knew of the arcane laws of nature, which would have simply been equivalent to plunging the world into terrible strife, disrupting all forms of government, and ultimately adding to the already too oppressive power of tyrants; the other alternative was to enjoy in secret as best they might their wisdom and the fruits of it, to do all the good they possibly could during their natural lives—letting not the left hand know of the doings of the right—meanwhile writing the record of the truth in an enigmatical style that should appeal only to the born Sons of Wisdom and be unintelligible to all others, thus voluntarily forfeiting that reputation of posterity which only the ignorant and foolish covet.

And so it happens that even the learned and the intelligent of today, like the present author referred to, class the art of alchemy with "soothsaying, magic, and the black arts generally."

The extent to which an erroneous impression may become developed in the mind, unilluminated by truth, is shown in the following paragraph from the same article quoted:

"To imagine that the alchemists spent all their days and nights in the vain effort to trans-

mute base metals into gold is essentially to misunderstand them. They did try to make gold, it is true, and when they failed they endeavored to hoodwink mankind with cabalistic phrases, and by indirect means procured gold, which directly they could not fashion."

In the days of the alchemists there happened just what would happen today if anywhere an alchemist should arise. For every genuine adept there are a dozen pretenders. Many of these latter were what the true alchemists called in derision "bellows-alchemists," from the fact that they worked with fire being thus comparable to the chemists of today. These experimenters being pushed to extremities did turn out false products, and became known as regular charlatans. It is this class, finally, that has come down to us in general history, and to these the modern chemist refers with contempt. Of the *real* alchemist he knows nothing.

And this is just the error, or lack of wisdom, in not being able from the internal and *experimental* evidence to separate the true from the false. For surely the genuine adepts—there were a few such—*did* master the secret of metallic transmutation, and their efforts in this direction are assuredly not to be characterized as "vain efforts."

It is perfectly true that they couched their writings in cabalistic phrases for the obvious purpose of self protection as well as for the protection of the coming race. It is emphatically *not* true, however, that the *true* adept "procured gold by indirect means," *pretending* that it was of magical origin. The pseudo-class did this repeatedly. Naturally, it is not to be expected that Mr. Serviss in his "hour's ramble" with alchemical literature, or any other superficial investigator, should be aware of the existence of more than one class of alchemical practitioners.

But it is in the closing paragraph of Mr. Serviss' review that he gets upon his feet and gives expression to a really grand thought—the very thought that true alchemy substantiates; he says:

"Yes, we must respect the old alchemists, for their aim is still virtually our aim, and the magic they reached for is now falling almost unsought into our hands. Our superiority consists in *looking outward for facts* instead of *inward for dreams*. But *imagination* leads science now, as it has always done, and always will do." (The italics are mine.)

But note the contradiction in this statement: "Our superiority" is declared to consist in our "looking outward for facts," and yet in the next breath the writer declares that science is led by "imagination." Is imagination from without or from within?

I understand what the writer *means* to express, though he has not expressed it logically. He means to say that science is advanced by a contem-

plation of external phenomena, but that, after all, the imagination inspires the investigation and determines the result.

In a word, the writer actually declares against the metaphysical or abstract, and in favor of the physical or concrete conception of things. Which is to say virtually that he, like thousands of others in search for the ONE THING, has just arrived at the periphery of the sphere of alchemy and doesn't know it; for Alchemy is truly *the* one thing that brings the realization of the "ONE THING." If one will think on the subject deeply, taking the world just as it stands, realizing that as a mass it must remain much in the same condition as it is, morally and socially, he will be forced to admit that the acquisition of the Philosopher's Stone, imbued with all its accredited potency, is the only *possible* thing that could make an individual absolutely free in this world.

So long as people are educated to think that all men are created *equal*, and that the race must move as a mass together, they are a million miles from this higher conception which postulates the supremacy of the Individual. Their whole thought and effort on the lower plane will be given to the amelioration of race conditions, of society *en masse*. They dream of Golden Ages and Millenniums for the crowd, which, however, will never come.

And, while their effort at social reconstruction is not by any means wasted, it is like throwing handfuls of sand into the sea. If enough continue the work, and they work long enough, a bar is raised at last, and the dry land appears. But the freedom *they* live and labor for a thousand lives to gain, the adept gains at a bound; then why is not *this* the ideal—the ONE THING needful and desirable?

But if this ideal be within reach why is it necessary that these workers in life's vineyard should toil for thousands of years, with all the sufferings and calamities that life brings to each? I will ask another question: Why should the elements of gold, first infused into the earth from the sun, need to lie hidden there tens of thousands of years to develop into gold, if man can combine these elements magically and produce the same result in a few days in the laboratory?

The answer to both questions is essentially the same: It is Nature's primal method and there is no other way. All this labor and toil and waiting are necessary for man's development up to the point where he is *fit* for and *capable* of such possession and all that the possession implies.

Strike out today from the heart of the world the love of power, which is at the root of all dominance, selfishness and greed, and to-morrow the streets shall be paved in gold, and mankind shall dwell in houses of diamond, ruby and pearl.

But how can these things be while man, drunk

with lust of power, starves, tramples, imprisons and destroys his fellow-man, that he alone may rule and receive the servile homage of a race? What other motive, save selfish lust of power, can you find in all king-craft and priest-craft, or even in governments maintained by the machinery of war?

Think of the blood-thirsty Spaniards that put to the sword the noblest historic race that ever lived on American soil, the Aztecs, in order to seize and carry away their gold-images. O, that, you say, was a long, long time ago, away back in barbaric times; the world has been civilized and christianized since then. Has it, indeed? Whose swords, thirsting for conquest and territorial aggrandizement, slaughtered thousands of brave Boers in Africa recently, devastating their homes and robbing them of all their possessions and privileges?

Or, whose swords drank the blood of the Spaniards in Cuba three years ago and have since been turned ruthlessly against a defenseless people in the Philippines, although a noble philanthropist offered millions to the government bent on paternal "benevolent assimilation" to save all this bloodshed?

And when we consider that all this is done in direct opposition to the wish and sentiment of the intelligent minority, being instigated and executed at bottom by a confederation of stock-jobbing bandits who in their murderous schemes of exploitation have not the faintest vestige of regard for human life, human right or human liberty, we can understand that the world, as a world, is a long way from fitness to receive the commission of anything like absolute power from on high. And this is the reason and justification for the unfoldment of the INDIVIDUAL, who, when once he has demonstrated his divinity in becoming a HUMANE HUMAN, will find the door swung open to him and his search for "the one thing" ended.

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DUALISM

BY GEORGE BROWN

THINGS slimy, things lecherous and treacherous and things infinitely nasty are said and done in the name of free love, and yet I have never hesitated to announce myself a free lover. For I believe in the utmost freedom of intercourse between men and women, without any interference by either State, Church or Society. I do not believe in any law regulating or ceremony sanctifying it. It is for the parties themselves to decide both as to form and duration. This does not mean, however, that I have no opinion as to what form of intercourse is likely to give best results; indeed, my feelings in the matter are strong and deeply rooted. After much observation of life and much reading of books I have come to the conclusion that the highest ideal of sex life is the exclusive and life-long union of

one man with one woman. This is the ideal state toward which the race is tending, and this is the purpose underlying all marriage forms, even from the most primitive times of which tradition speaks. Sometimes the purpose is hard to trace, sometimes it is partial; it is mostly unconscious, but it can be shown to be there. To use a paraphrase, marriage exists for the purpose of producing the chaste woman; with her appearance it will cease to be. But it will be objected, has not marriage been a failure? And truth compels us to admit that it has not been an entire success, neither has it altogether failed. It has been a success in this, that within its bounds woman has attained a position almost equal to man, and has ceased to be the property of the man of wealth. No man has now a right to outrage any woman other than his wife, and I think few do this. On this account many a working man has had for wife a woman unfouled by either his or her masters. During long ages marriage was the only protection the poor had against the passions of the powerful. And within this protected circle many, many thousands of women have lived serene and happy lives as mothers and wives and have been loved and honored by husband and children. We all know some of these and are happy in the knowledge, for they are the promise of the future. It is of the nature of these happy unions that they are known only to the few, whose ill-matched, loose characters just as naturally seek the divorce courts and publicly parade their disgusting practices. The presence of these moral invertebrates is one of the chief causes of failure in marriage; and if we wish to form a just judgment we must allow for their; they would be failures anywhere, either in or out of marriage. In any given state of society the majority are always on a level, or but slightly above the level, of the conventional institutions, a great number are below them and a smaller number are above and ahead.

It is this smaller number and their attack which is to effect the all-important change from the old forms to freedom. And I wish to point out the error into which these otherwise sane and intelligent persons have fallen, and I do it with a full consciousness of their high character and aim. They have seen clearly the awful suffering of the victims of mistaken marriages, and this has unbalanced them to such an extent that they are unable to distinguish between the purpose and the methods used to achieve it. Not only, they say, is governmental interference wrong, but chastity itself is evil. Instead of the old virtues of constancy, fidelity and chastity they exalt inconstancy, infidelity and unchastity. Not content with discrediting marriage built on force and setting up freedom in its place, they offensively and aggressively assert that there is no freedom except what they euphemistically call varietism. Now, varietism looks to me like a kind of "scab" prostitution, and I object to the assertion that a woman cannot be at the same time free and chaste. This is the most grievous result of governmentalism that a thing good in itself becomes hateful to strong people when it is authorized and enforced for any length of time. A little patient thought will remedy the error. I recognize the real trouble as authority and force, the method, and not constancy, the thing sought. To me, to any sane person, there is nothing incompatible between freedom and chastity. Liberty does not spell obscenity. A free woman is under no obligation

to be a varietal nor to do any of the things proper to the scarlet lady.—*Lucifer*.

Elbert Hubbard in writing on Mormonism in the August Philistine, has this to say:

"Polygamy and prostitution are never found together. Prostitution and monogamy often go together. In the states where polygamy is taboo you have promiscuity, but the genius of a Parkhurst backed by the police and the power of Christianity are unable to suppress it. Herbert Spencer once wrote this line: 'Polygamy seems to be a variant of man's search for his mate,' but no writer ever dare say as much for prostitution.

"The man who finds his mate will want no other wife. His heart is full—his life is rounded by love—complete. Few men, perhaps, are worthy and able to appreciate a God-given mate who is at once a comrade, counsellor, friend and wife. For the man who has such a wife, polygamy would be repulsive, wicked, wrong—he would none of it.

"And yet why should this man worry himself about a man a thousand miles away who has two wives or three? If the wives are willing, whose business is it?

"We make laws against murder, because men object to being killed. We make laws against larceny because we do not care to have our property stolen. But love and marriage are private matters, and beyond providing that a man should not allow his wife and children to become public charges, the government should keep its coarse hands off."

Amen and amen! Selah!

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Man a Mineral A recent interesting article by M. A. L. Herrera in the *Revue Scientifique* entitled "The Preponderant Role of Mineral Substances in Biological Phenomenon," makes what may be to many the startling statement that "living beings are but aggregations of mineral substances," and furthermore, that "life is dependent on the mineral constituents of the body."

This is wholly in accord with the teachings of Hermetic Philosophy, and thus will be recognized by Hermetic students as no new truth or discovery. My readers will remember that not long since I made precisely the same statement, viz. that MAN IS MINERAL. This conclusion I arrived at independently through my own researches. It is interesting to note that all really progressive scientists of the modern schools are one by one verifying by discovery the truth that was already old in Moses' time.

M. Herrera observes that "altho substances from the organic kingdom are sufficient in themselves for the support of life, it is because they always contain a certain proportion of mineral matter."

True enough, and if we push this reasoning to its legitimate conclusion, we shall find that vitality increases just in proportion as organic substance, so-called, disappears. Organic substance implies previous organization, which in turn is subject to disorganization or death. Immortality—continuous

existence—implies a complete transmutation of the original inorganic into a higher form of inorganic, which first and last and evermore is the MINERAL or crystalline structure.

In the present human body the bones are most enduring because they most perfectly manifest the condition of this mineral metamorphosis, while the flesh is perishable because it has only partially acquired the essential crystalline cohesiveness, and consequent indestructibility. Viewed in this light, the saying of St. Paul assumes new and scientific interest:

"Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God . . . ; for the corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

Another deduction from the above is that bodies—all bodies, from the lowest polyp to man himself—are merely alchemical transmuting laboratories wherein this metallic crystalline potency is developed, and raised to states of higher perfection. This fact, once comprehended, forever settles the question of relative food-values, as to whether it is better to subsist on clay, vegetables, fruit, grain or meat. The more frequently this mineral potency has been digested, the more bodies it has passed through in its evolutionary march, the more presently serviceable it is in the organism utilizing it. But this cannot be apparent to those who reckon progression by pounds of fat or strength of muscle.

I grant you, when the secret of combining Sol and Luna direct from the earth and air is known, man will require neither meat nor grain, vegetables nor clay, in order to subsist. But until that is known, he must and should select that food which is most highly evolved, because this alone has power to develop his thinking capacity up to the solution of this greatest of all problems of human life. IMMORTALITY, prolongation of conscious existence in this world, is assuredly the ideal and the goal. It is attainable, and will be attained, but not by any of the many puerile processes, like fasting and prayer, advocated by so many enthusiasts, who in their gushes of good intention display more *bonhomie* than good common sense.

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WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

SEVERAL men of affairs were discussing, not long ago, what quality was rarest. One spoke for brains—but the others disputed him, and he admitted that there were plenty of fellows with brains enough and to spare. Another spoke for energy—and all agreed that the capacity to keep hard at it in season and out of season was hard to find. Then a third suggested judgment—the ability to know what to do and what not to do, when to do, when to refrain from doing. It was admitted, after some argument, that this was rarer. "I have not met half a dozen men in my life," said one who was President of a railroad, "who combined judgment with enthusiasm. I'm inclined to think

that enthusiasm, intelligent enthusiasm, is the rarest quality."

Last of all a financier whose name is known all over this country spoke up. "I should say that character is the rarest quality," said he. "Not honesty, for everybody is honest according to his lights. But the disposition and the courage to do right regardless of consequences and without trying to induce conscience to say that wrong is right or almost right."

After a silence the railway man said, "The world wouldn't move very fast if that quality were rarer than it is."

"It doesn't move very fast," replied the financier, "and that's the whole reason."—Saturday Evening Post.

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TIPS AND TIPSTERS

A MAN writes me for a tip on the stock exchange in which he is interested. Suppose I am able to give it to him, should I do so? Ninety-nine out of a hundred business men would exclaim in chorus, Why certainly! give it to him—why not?

And what does this reply indicate? Simply that the moral standard of the world, based as it is upon pure selfishness, remains unchanged from what it was a thousand or five thousand years ago. We are supposed to have progressed as a nation very much beyond the native African. Intellectually, we have, but ethically, we have not. We are still dominated by the same superstition, having only changed the fetish. There is the same lust for special power and privilege, and the same underhand methods taken to secure them. And, to ease what might be the pain from the prods of an awakening conscience, laws are enacted legitimatizing Rascality, which is trade-marked "Business," and entered according to an Act of Congress.

Everybody with but slightly developed sense of the logical knows that business speculation is only legalized robbery. If then I give a man a Tip whereby he may win advantage over his fellows, it is the same as if I pointed out to a foot-pad the time and place along which a wealthy citizen would pass, so that he might lay for the man. It is the same thing.

The only possible plausible justification for business as it stands is the chance upon which all issues rest. Thus, theoretically at least, all have an equal chance. It all depends on a turn of the dice, and those in the game have agreed to take their chances. But, gentlemen, there must be honor among rogues. You must not load the dice!

There is a certain very necessary development through competitive industry, IF it do involve the industry. But the moment you introduce the Sure Thing element, you thwart the very purpose of action and convert honor into knavery. And that today is the very curse of our competitive system as carried out in practice. The Trust is a device to throw the balance of power into the hands of a few men, who, by inhabiting a luxurious office for a

couple of hours or so each day, pulling a few wires and dictating a dozen orders to subordinates, can hold in chattel bonds and keep in perpetual poverty and toil a million men, women and children.

This, you say, is horrible. Horrible, but true. And yet, here is where the argument comes in. You, poor man, with a few paltry dollars, watching for pointers on the wheel of chance—the very wheel on which, like Ixion, a doomed humanity is being slowly broken today—you, I say, are morally the same as those who hold the mastery. The difference is only in the size of your gun and the amount of your ammunition. You think you would act differently if in power, but you would not. Presently, however, you are a fool, because the Wheel on which you lay your money is fixed every day in the week, and it is only a question of time if you continue to play, as in any gambling institution, that the bank will rake in your pile.

Honorable business is based purely upon an exchange of labor; when it gets to be anything else, it is not only dishonorable, but a curse to the world, a menace to the freedom and prosperity of nations. The common law recognizes this basic principle of equity in exchange, and therefore construes as fraud any attempt to get something for nothing. But we all know, who think, that the men who enact and administer this law, do not mean to interpret it themselves on any such basis. Rather, the law has become a national cloak for iniquity in high places.

The form of the farce is kept up by pinching the poor little fellow, caught in trivial violations of the code, while the great operators rob right and left on a scale that makes the medieval robber baron appear like a thirty-cent pick-pocket. A few years ago John Wanamaker cut a big notch on his Piety Stick by recommending certain Postal prohibitions, and this country was purified of a great pestilence by the governmental abolition of the Louisiana State Lottery, but what was this little lottery compared to the Board of Trade in which Wanamaker and all the rest of the pronounced purificationists are more or less financially interested?

The moral standard of honor in trade can never be elevated to any great extent in this country so long as the gambling den known as the Board of Trade exists as a legalized institution to corner markets, stop the natural flow of trade, paralyze industry and bankrupt business generally. What moral right or consistency is there in prosecuting such comparatively small gamblers as Canfield, and allowing this other gigantic swindle to exist?

And this brings us to consider another phase of tipping.

You go into a Pullman car for which you have paid an extra price, supposedly for extra accommodations; but if you do not also tip the reigning porter you are shabbily used. You say it is "customary." Why is it customary? Simply because the railroad

corporations, already rolling in a surfeit of wealth, wish to extort a little extra blood-money from their patrons, and so they underpay their porters and throw them for support upon the charity of a long-suffering public.

Think of the spectacle of John D. Rockefeller passing the hat through the car to pay the porter! And yet this is precisely what is done a thousand times a day.

Of course the porter need *not* accept the job. It is the one lovely alternative in a free country enslaved by autocracy that you can refuse a job if it doesn't please you. But these porters are human beings and object to starvation, so they enlist under J. D.'s Oily Standard and carry out his program. The public is virtually intimidated, insulted, and there is no recourse. It, too, can stay at home or buy an automobile if it doesn't like the other schedule!

The same system obtains in our hotels and restaurants, which are only smaller institutions conducted by persons given over mostly to greed and devoid of true gentility and moral discrimination. If I run a hotel, I would be ashamed to have my guests insulted or slighted by servants because I had underpaid them and put a premium on the abuse, and yet this is not considered any disgrace, but happens everywhere.

The whole tipping system is a menace to freedom and independence. It is really an importation of slunkiness, surviving from the effete monarchies and despotisms of other lands. It has no place in a free country. The very idea of tipping presupposes inferiority or dishonesty in the one tipped. A true minded person abhors the thought of trying to buy any special privilege that his neighbor may not also enjoy, and he is also ashamed when he thinks of bargaining with a fellow being to secure it; moreover, the custom of tipping is nothing short of a regular school of servility, sycophancy and toadyism for those compelled to make their living in this way.

I would make it a legal offense to give or take a tip—the same as a bribe in office. But here we come to the very place where nothing can be obtained without a bribe. These honorable men, all honorable men who woo the goddess of Justice simply because she is blind and they can finger her purse-strings, are known, almost without decent exception, to walk with one hand behind them. The highest tipper gets them, body and soul, and all they have to bestow, viz., legalization for special privilege, monthly bulletins of tip, etc., etc. And what becomes of the next behind in the lobby row, and the next, and the next? all who, in fact, are a bit shy on the tip?

Thomas Jefferson said in 1808:

"On coming into public office, I laid it down as a rule of my conduct, while I should continue in it, to accept no present of any sensible pecuniary value.

A pamphlet, a new book, or an article of new curiosity have produced no hesitation, because below suspicion. But things of sensible value, however innocently offered in the first examples, may grow at length into abuse, for which I wish not to furnish a precedent."

If the idea of tipping originated in pure generosity and goodwill, it would be far less reprehensible, but it rarely ever does. It proceeds in most cases from a purely selfish motive—to buy favoritism, to thwart competition, to pervert justice. It makes two sneaks where possibly there was only one before, demeaning and demoralizing both.

The erstwhile tipper who recognizes the truth of this principle should make a stand for reform and henceforth ignore the importunities of tipes on all occasions. If enough people would do this, the boycott would at last touch the pocket-nerve of the Bosses, so that they would be compelled to pay their help decently, thus stimulating courtesy and adding dignity to labor.

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FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

"AM getting a wee bit jealous of those fellows throwing you bouquets and five dollar 'gold pieces.' So, dear Adiramled, don't forget me."

The above letter contained a V, which has been placed to the credit of the ADIRAMLED SINKING FUND, which will enable it to keep in the swim for some time to come.

"How I approve with all my heart of the stand you have taken in the Journal. Not one of the 'New Thought' people is really 'teaching' anything new. The papers are mostly a diary of their lives, what they eat or don't eat, how they breathe and take their bath, what my wife's hat with the pom-pom cost, descriptions of curtains, carpet, and fixtures, of what Mary Anne and I saw on our carriage drive. To souls entering into the REALITY of LIFE, into the THROBBING, LIVING LOVE of ETERNITY this stuff is only chaff. You are the only one who is really *teaching*."

I enjoy the various issues of Adiramled better than I do my meals. It is always replete with knowledge, wisdom, and real helps—more so than anything that has ever fallen into my hands. The various 'New Thought Journals are as chaff to the wheat compared with it. By the way, I see your "case was called" and conviction entered on the records without any evidence being admitted. I never saw anything so ABSURD in all my business career. Anyone with a thimbleful of brains and never so little knowledge of the law, would know by reading your journal that it was for the instruction and interest of subscribers. I have wondered many times that you ignored yourself and your interests in it, as you practically were not represented. I can name a hundred periodicals and class-journals today, whose columns are filled with schemes of the owners, and there is no valid excuse for their existence so far as the people are concerned.

Well, a few cents will not deter you from giving your message to the world, and I believe every

patron of yours will gladly stand the postage. I am going to start, sending mine today. I hate hypocrisy, and I guess you do. I have had it all my life. I believe there is a great era just before us and that those who are ready to take advantage of its possibilities will be among the most fortunate of the earth. I am plodding along toward the goal, and trying to keep behind your banner. E. L.

BREAD UPON WATERS.

My Dearest Adiramled:—God's love is always in my heart for you. I feel it's glow and I know it is transforming me from an animal into manhood's glorious prime. Formerly I was swayed from the New Thought standpoint—from the intellectual and love of the strange and mysterious. All this is passing away and God's true love is taking possession of me. I will go to digging for the blessed unfoldment along Alchemical lines, after God has taught me to love, and whenever I get a little financial freedom. I must be free before I can do any real work along your lines. Your spirit in the meantime is teaching me to love, and after all, TO LOVE is my real work. I am in REAL EARNEST. Please do not feel disappointed with my slow progress. Your work is the most glorious thing that has ever come into my life. I would not exchange all the best things that have come into my life for it. In the name of God and in perfect freedom to yourself, please accept \$10.00 which I enclose, for which you will please send me one July ADIRAMLED. I have moved and lost my regular copy. I am your student, J.

Now this is what I call getting religion—the REAL THING. Here is an earnest young man, starting out to learn the meaning of love, and he is starting in the right way to learn through demonstration. Many make the mistake of courting Love for the favors she is expected to bestow. In the same way God is worshiped, if not to obtain special blessings here, then to win immunity from wrath hereafter. Nearly all pretended love is based on pure selfishness. It is the recognition of this fact that has established in every religion the rite of gifts to the gods. It must be apparent that the gods themselves do not need the gifts, only the god within the giver becomes free and comes into a true understanding of godliness through personal sacrifice.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

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The lateness in the appearance of this number of the Journal is due to delays incident upon our change of form. As we are considerably behind the Moon, we thought advisable to issue a double number. Hereafter, the Journal will appear in the present enlarged form, promptly with the Moon—God willing.

SELF-HYPNOTIC HEALING!

I HAVE made a late discovery that enables all to induce the hypnotic sleep in themselves instantly, awaken at any desired time, and thereby cure all known diseases and bad habits, control their dreams, read the minds of friends and enemies, visit any part of the earth, solve hard questions and problems in this sleep and remember all when awake. This so-called Mental-Vision Lesson will be sent to anyone for only 10 cents, silver. Sold on credit. Actually enabling you to do the above before any charge whatever. PROF. R. E. DUTTON, LINCOLN, NEB., U.S.A.

THE HONEST UNCTION

BY GEORGE E. BURNELL, IN "CHRISTIAN."

Let us have the honest unction,
Free from trance of concentration,
Free from fear and superstition,
Free from cant of words and thinking.
What we are, we ate forever;
Truth hath charge of that substantial.
Put away your molting silence,
Tinkering of thoughts tobasco.
Loose the lion of abandon
Midst opinion's sheepish nibbling.
Love the grand omnipotential,
That we must be what we are now.
Truth is not the fairy changeling
That can cater to the thinking.
Truth must stay just what it now is,
For its allness leaves no option,
Leaves it nothing to change into:
How then may the thinking change it?
Is it not an honest unction
That what is so must just stay so?
All the Truth may do for any
Is to hand him just what is so.
Were we bound then nothing for it
But the truth confirm our bondage.
Our new freedom's all the reason
Truth can ever prove our freedom.
Just what is so is the true word,
Free from mustard meditation.

Der Honorable Goose-Grease

A Free Translation into the Chelman
by Hans Lecherwitz

Kom oud mit der ungemixte Goose-grease,
Los mit aller Schwarmerei,
Los mit Teufels unt Donnerwetter,
Tink somedings fresh unt speak em oud vonce.
Vas ve bin ve shoost bin anyvay;
Troot's got vun fester cinch on der Butterbrod.
Put your kvietness in der Fedderbed,
Unt yer Toughts mit der Terbacker.
Smash der fences somedimes unter
Unt turn der Lion mit der Sheeps oud.
Luf der grosse Humptydoodle:
Ve got to shtay shoost as ve vas bin.
De Troot she is no Willywinkel
To dance us shoost ven ve pull der Shtring on;
She can't get away uf she vants to,
Denn she iss big like everydings, you bet.
Unt she can't vare no ilder feller's Cloz eeder.
Uf I dinks I vant to shange her, how will I vork
it, eh?
Denn iss it nit vun honorable Goose-grease,
Dot vill shtay right vere you pudden on?
Unt uf you holt de Troot mit den Hands up,
She got noddings aber vat you got plenty alretty.
Ve don't got to go der Shail to fur dot—nein!
It vas die Troot herselfst vich binds us los alle vile.
Ve can go by der Dutch picnic effery day.
Unt die Troot vill bring long das Bier mit.
Nun, shoost vat iss so, dot iss der vay it vas got to
bin,—yah!
So I vill put me some Mustard on mine Ice Cream,
uf I vant to.