

# The ALL-SEEING EYE

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## A RELIGIOUS QUESTIONNAIRE

### STRAW VOTE AS A RELIGIOUS TEST

As Considered by Manly P. Hall  
Reported by Harry S. Gerhart

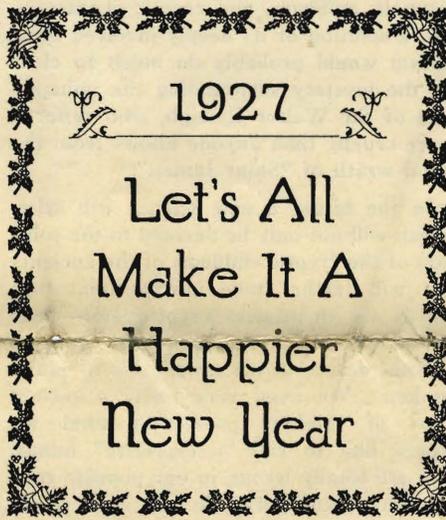
A straw vote is a poor way to test religion; the real test comes in the problems involving the life, health, liberty and intelligence of the people.

The World War was a real test of applied religion, and the modern instruction of military training, showing the proper methods of bayoneting and gouging the vulnerable points speaks volumes as to our religious awakening.

Sir Walter Raleigh's death sentence, "for treason", is another case in point of a religious test of a civilization. In the most terrible sentence ever passed in a Christian nation, he was to be hung, decapitated, quartered, and after forty-nine other things too revolting to mention, "may God have mercy on his soul". This was a greater atrocity than any perpetrated by the Hun.

In the twelve questions now circulated by the newspapers, every answer will be wrong according to somebody.

"Do you believe in God?" Before we can answer, we must know, Who He is, what He is, where He is, and how He is defined. Every one believes in a great overshadowing personality. Some Indians believe that their God is local and tribal; every materialist believes in a life, a force, an energy behind all things; only the



Let's All  
Make It A  
Happier  
New Year

egotist cannot believe in a universal creator, he himself being Supreme.

We cannot delegate God for others. In the future each will worship his individual concept, whether it be a polo god or a golfing god.

"Do you believe in immortality?" This is more involved than "God". Science dealing only in pedigreed and accepted theories can not accept this one because it can't prove it. But all nations, all religions, and all philosophical thinkers of all times have accepted it, and soon science will admit its reasonableness as an answer to life's many problems. Something in the individual takes no account of death, first because of the precedence of the belief of all time, and second because of his own inherent, internal realization of its falseness.

"Do you believe in prayer?" Still more complicated as it involves the whole relationship of God to Man. All mystical  
(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

## LANDMARKS IN BACONIAN CRYPTOGRAPHY

### LAST OF SERIES

By Manly P. Hall.

Besides the methods already described, several other very subtle processes were used to conceal from the many and yet reveal to the initiated few the presence of ciphers and emblematic enigmas in the writings of various authors contemporaneous with Sir Francis Bacon. The most important subterfuges may be listed as follows:

(1) All documents influenced by Baconian philosophy or intended to conceal Baconian cryptograms use certain conventional designs at the beginning and end of chapters. The ornamental scroll heading which accompanies this article—and which is a subtle proof of the presence of Baconian influence—is to be found in a great number of rare works. This ornamental head-piece adorns the great Shakespearean folio of 1623, Bacon's *Novum Organum*, 1620, the *St. James Bible*, 1611, *Spencer's Faerie Queene*, 1610, and *Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World*, 1614. It is undoubtedly also to be found in numerous other volumes as a reminder that somewhere within the book is a secret cryptic writing, to be read only by those capable of applying to the book certain secret rules of procedure which reveal the hidden message.

(2) A number of watermarks appear in volumes printed by Lord Bacon or under his direction. In the first edition of his *Advancement and Proficiency of Learning*, 1605, several Baconian watermarks are to be found. One of Bacon's cryptic watermarks is a bunch of grapes; another is a vase or urn with his own initials upon it. An interesting example of symbolic water-





old formula for the creation of life and forces her away to Monte Carlo where he uses his power to win fabulous sums at the gaming tables. This is on the eve of the wedding and the lover and her father search in vain for her. At last she is discovered at Monte Carlo, and is rescued while the Magician is preparing his rendezvous in a deserted tower in the mountains.

There, his furnaces, retorts, tubes and magical apparatus are ready for the experiment.

She is abducted again and carried to the tower and bound on the operating table. The lover and parent arrive in the nick of time. Wind and rain are whipping about the base of the old tower, with fearful lightnings. The rescuers trick

and overpower the attendant who comes down the winding stair of the tower with his lantern, and force the twisted gnome-like dwarf into a cupboard. Up the winding stairway dashes the lover in time to stay the knife of the Magician. A great struggle ensues, the Magician falls into his own furnace, chemicals are overturned, and the trio leave as the tower bursts into flames and it soon explodes destroying the villainy.

Harry S. Gerhart

TITLE PAGE OF 1614 EDITION—SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD



The great pyramid of Egypt is the center of the Hermetic school of occult philosophy and formed, in the days now numbered with the dead the great temple of initiation of the ancient Egyptian priestcraft. From it there poured out into the world the worship of the serpent of wisdom which has been perpetuated among the mound-builders of North America and the great ruins of the Maya's glory in Mexico and on the Peninsula of Yucatan. There are three grand rooms in the pyramid. The king's chamber represents the third degree of Masonry and is sacred to the Father representing the human mind and the brain; the queen's chamber the second degree, symbolizes the Christ principle or the human heart; the third chamber represents the power of Jehovah the Holy Spirit, the first degree of the blue lodge and the form building centers of human consciousness.

Here is a passage from a Wesleyan trustees minute book of 100 years ago in England:

"You are welcome to the use of the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in. But such things as railway roads and telegraphs are impossible and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them and if God had designed His intelligent creatures to travel at the frightful rate of speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam it would have been foretold by His Holy prophets. These are the devices of Satan to lead immortal souls to Hell."

In Egypt in days that are past a curse was placed upon the defilers of the dead and the sacker of tombs and as part of ancient burial service strange creatures of the other world were supposed to be invoked to remain guardians of the dead. Any one who is acquainted with the work of Egyptologists in recent years realizes the uncanny way in which the curse of the kings has descended upon the scientific grave-robbars of our age.

The Bible does not mention the brain once.

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### A RELIGIOUS QUESTIONNAIRE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

faiths require an indwelling principal, but Christianity emphasizes distance. Prayer is a medium for the human to contact the divine, it is the voice of the shadow, the unreal, beseeching power and life from the reality.

Work is the best substitute for prayer. —for years prayer has been used as a substitute for labor.

We seldom pray unless we want something and don't want to work for it or unless we are afraid to face our just deserts. Prayer often makes a messenger boy of the Divine when we don't wish to exert ourselves.

Word prayers are survivals of Idolatry, bowing before a great anthropomorphic being; BUT a Holy Silence is a great and living presence of Divine Proximity.

A universal form of prayer is the recognition of unity and harmony in all things, a link with Self, the ultimate.

“Do you believe that Jesus was divine as no other man was divine?” No one is composed of better “Stuff” than any other individual; no one is 18-carot God when someone else is 22-carot God.

The spirit and nature of all things is one; the God in You is as much, no better and no less than the God in anything else. All living things are Sons of God, this is as true of you, of stones, of plants, of reptiles, of the minutia in water, as of the suns in space and of celestial beings.

“Do you believe that Jesus was divine?” YES! and so are all other men and all creatures. The difference in Jesus and John Doe is not in Stuff but in Development.

Each age has its own revelation, thus later teachers may be of greater development than former ones. In the future all teachers will be blended completely in the teaching.

All things are on a pilgrimage toward Divinity.

“Do you regard the Bible as inspired as no other literature could be said to be inspired” What is a sacred book? What is Inspiration? A book brought in proximity with Self. A perception in man which brings the true relationship of things.

Never has a book been so martyred and mistranslated and mutilated so that we can say of our present Bible that never has book been “inspired” as this book.

Every book is inspired.

The Bible is part of a greater book which is the Book of Sacred Books of the World, the efforts of all time, the aspirations of all souls, the yearnings of hearts, of souls, of minds,—One Holy Bible, the Book of the Human Race.

“Are you an active member of any church? Active is the fatal adjective,—does activity consist of paying for pew and attending prayer meeting? People belong to organizations because they hate to go alone. They hope the leader knows where he is going, so are willing to take a chance.

Most organizations are a number of blind persons lead by another blind person.

The question is, not what are you a member of, but what do you DO.

An Organization is helpful socially but not religiously, for EACH must eventually work out his OWN destiny.

“Do you regularly attend any religious services?” A relative question depending entirely on when, where and what constitutes regular attendance. Once a day, a week, a month, or a year?

“Would you be willing to have your family grow up in a community in which there is no church?” This would depend upon why there wasn't a church there. It might be because there were no policemen and it might be because there were no lost souls, and therefore no need to save them.

A rather vital question is, “What does the Church teach that our children need?” When will it open its doors for the proper consideration of philosophic, moral, and sociological problems, divorced from the silliness of creeds. Creeds are not vital, these problems are and the church that gives due consideration to them will live forever.

“Do you regularly have ‘family worship’ in your home?” Here is another question of interest. Yes, we still find the Bible on some parlor tables and discord in every room.

Religion in the home, means harmony in the home, the co-operation of the various units for the good of the whole.

“Were you brought up in a religious home?”

We used to have Bible reading in the home and allow ten minutes for that and when that was finished we would have twenty-three hours and fifty minutes in which to “Raise Cain.”

Religious worship in the home in the last generation produced the greatest group of agnostics of all time. Dogma and theology were mistaken for religion.

Fellowship in the Human Trinity, Father, Mother and Child, constitutes the real religious service in the Home.

“Do you send your children to any school of religious instruction?” Every child should be sent, even though the school does not meet the requirements of the parent. Proper instruction in vital matters used to be given in the home, but then the head of that home, was at once, scientist, philosopher, and priest. But now the home has lost its true significance and the children must seek elsewhere for proper instruction.

“Do you think religion in some form is a necessary element of life for the individual and for the community?” YES, Religion in any form, but Theology in none. Religion is the basis of all relationships. If we would take the 10 points of the Ten Commandments, the two commandments of the New Testament and the Golden Rule, we would have 13 points of religious and moral conduct that would rise superior to any theology that was ever concocted.

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# THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

## An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued)

"In this way have written my saints," he muttered, "that the greatest virtue is in truthfulness and that the greatest sin is in breaking the heart of the faithful. Great is this man's sin that he has bowed the head of my blossom. But I am strong and can stand the hate of her who has loved me always. That this man should come between a father and his child is great enough."

A thin line of tears trickled from under the bone rimmed glasses. The old man leaned over, his hands reached out in tenderness to gather in his little child. Taking the slender body in his arms he held her close to his heart, remembering the days gone by when he had tried to give her not only a father's love but a mother's care.

"Poor, pretty blossom," he murmured, "this is the world. My heart has been broken like yours. But I shall shield yours."

A voice weak and broken came from the figure huddled in his arms.

"Father, my father, I love him!"

The aged Chinaman straightened and his face grew as hard as flint.

"I hate him!" he answered, his fingers clenching and unclenching. "I hate him! Because he comes to steal the fragrance of my flower and then to cast it away. But he shall not. By the gods, he shall not! It is the law, the law of ancient China. You shall not disgrace your house or break your own heart. This is but a gentle frost to the snows that would be if the arm of your father did not stand between. Let him come and take you, let him dare—he shall do it only over my dead body, only in the face of my curse, and no man upon whose head descended the curse of Ming Quong, has ever lived."

### CHAPTER THREE

Every one knows where Murphy's saloon is, Pink Wilson among the rest. It is one of those peculiar bars where everything is strictly soda pop and gingerale. But from this come some terrible reactions, such as the one which made Pink Wilson, the dubious host that he was, when the Chinaman called upon him. It had a little back room where many kinds of people gathered, most of them of similar caliber. A couple of long haired artists, three or four prize fighting magnates, the leading light of two or three lotteries, a poker shark, a broken down race-horse financier and several members of the gas house gang constituted the main, permanent features of patronage.

Pink Wilson sat at a table in the little back room talking to another individual who was apparently a gentleman that had seen better days.

"Yes," Pink was saying, "I can get her all right. She's to meet me tonight and I'll bring her here. I want you to have a closed car ready and we'll shoot her out of the state before anybody gets wise. See? There's a fellow up in—you know where—who is promising me four thousand dollars for the deal. There's a rich old Chinese codger up there who wants her. I'll go fifty-fifty with you if you wantta get in on the game. Whattaya say?"

The stranger looked for several seconds into Pink's face, then answered. "Who did you say she was?"

"The daughter of Ming Quong," answered Pink.

"Not Ming Quong the great rice importer?" exclaimed the other in amazement.

"Sure! the same," answered Pink, "do you know him?"

"Do I know him? Well, I should say so. You say its his daughter?"

"Yes," drawled Pink, "and as pretty a China-girl as ever lived."

"Well, pardner, you can count me out," answered the other, pulling his Fedora over his eye. "If she belongs to that Chinaman, he can keep her as far as I'm concerned."

"Whattaya mean?" asked Pink in amazement.

"Well, I'll tell you what I mean and its this. I had a pal once—you've heard of hatpin Jake? He was the smartest yegg South of Fourteenth street. He found out about Ming Quong's havin' a nice little box of stones down in his home under that rich shop—I've heard tell there's a hundred thousand dollars worth of diamonds alone. Well, Hatpin thought he'd take a chance at it. He crept down one night loaded for bear—

I never saw a man in all my life that could pick locks with a hatpin like Jake could—Well, he got in all right and he found the box—you know Jake always had a great sense in him for findin' where stuff was hidden. Well, just as he was tryin' to open it that Chinaman Ming Quong comes in and catches him. Jake says it scared him nearly to death just to see that Chink. He didn't say much—just pointed to the door. And to save his life Jake couldn't do nothin'. When they got to the door, Quong says to him, he says, 'You are never going to tell where these stone are hidden because you are going to be dead before you get a chance.' Well, pardner, Jake left that house so fast that you'd a thought all hell was after him. I seen him the next day—Jake couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep and he kept having pains all over him. Two or three days later he went into convulsions. He tried to tell me where them stones was and every time he spoke his heart would stop beatin' and he'd gasp for breath. Well sir, it was just six days from the day he went into that cellar to the day they picked him out of the river. There wasn't a mark on him—he'd just died of stark fear, that's all. And let me tell you, I don't want nothin' to do with it! That Chinaman's a devil if you ever get him started. I know two other people that tried to do him harm and they both went the same way. He curses 'em, that's what he does—he gets a lot of yellow devils to haunt 'em day and night until they just naturally kill themselves tryin' to get away from 'em."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Pink, "he can't scare me with stuff like that. I've seen that kind of stuff when I had a good dose of hop in me."

"Jake thought he was a big man, too," answered his companion, "but if you'd seen him the day after you wouldn't be laffin' either. That demon just witched him to death."

"Well, that aint the problem," answered Pink, "what I wantta know is—will you, or will you not have a closed automobile here to help me get that girl out of the state?"

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)

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Jan. 2nd—The Balance Sheet of 1926.

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Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

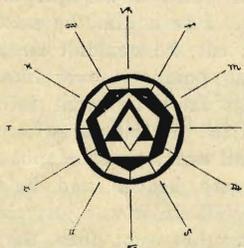
Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life.

Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.

# INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)

After many years of labor he takes his little lamp and silently slips away into the Unknown. No one knows what he has done or the discoveries that he has made, but he, with his little lamp, still explores the mysteries of the universe. As the close of the fifteenth century enshrouded him with mystery, so the dawn of the twentieth is crowning him with the glory of his just reward, for the world is beginning to realize the truths he knew and to marvel at the understanding which his years of labor had earned for him.



Man has been an alchemist from the time when first he raised himself and with his long latent powers pronounced himself as human. Experiences are the chemicals of life with which the philosopher experiments. Nature is the great book whose secrets he seeks to understand through her own wondrous symbolism. His own Spiritual Flame is the lamp by which he reads and without which the printed pages mean nothing to him. His own body is the furnace in which he prepares the Philosopher's Stone, his senses and organs are the test tubes, and incentive is the flame from the burner. Salt, sulphur and mercury are the chemicals of his craft. According to the ancient philosophers, salt was of the earth earthy, sulphur was a fire which was spiritual, while mercury was only a messenger, like the winged Hermes of the Greeks. His color is purple, which is the blending of the red and the blue—the blue of the spirit and the red of the body.

The alchemist realizes that he himself is the Philosopher's Stone, and that this stone is made diamond-like when the salt and the sulphur (the spirit and the body) are united through mercury (the link of mind.) Man is the incarnated principle of mind as the animal is the incarnated principle of emotion. Man stands with one foot on the heavens and the other on the earth. His higher being is

## "No Place Like Holmes"

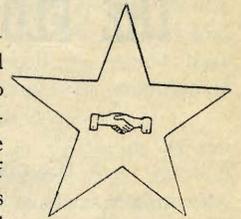
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lifted to the celestial spheres. but the lower ties him to terrestrial matter. Now, the philosopher builds his Sacred Stone by harmonizing his spirit and his body. The hard knocks of life chip the stone away and facet it until it reflects light from a million different angles. The ultimate achievement is the Philosopher's Stone.

The Elixir of Life is likewise the Spirit Fire (rather, the fuel which nourishes that fire) and the changing of the base metals into gold is accomplished when he transmutes the base elements of the lower man into spiritual gold. This he does by study and love. Thus he is building within himself the lost panacea for the world's woe. The changing of base metals into gold can be called a literal fact, for the same chemical combination which produces spiritual gold will also produce physical gold. It is known that many of the ancient alchemists really did create the precious metal out of lead, alloy, etc. This was upon the principle that all things contain some part of everything else; in other words, every grain of sand or drop of water contains, in some proportion, every other element of the universe therein. Therefore, the alchemist did not try to make something from out of nothing but rather to extract and build that which already was, and this the student knows is the only possible course of procedure.

Man can create nothing from nothing. He does, however, contain within himself, in potential energy, all things and, like the alchemist with his metals, he is simply working with that which he already has. The living Philosopher's Stone is a very beautiful thing. Indeed, like the fire opal, it shines with a million different hues, ever changing with the mood of the wearer. The transmuting process whereby the Spiritual Fire passing through the furnace of purification radiates from the body as the soul-body of gold and blue is a very beautiful one.

The Masons have among their symbols a five-pointed star with two clasped hands within it, and in that we have the mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. The clasped hands represent the united man in which the higher and the lower are working for their mutual betterment by a co-operative rather than a competitive system. The five-pointed star is the soul-body, born of this co-operation; it is the living Philosopher's Stone, more precious than all the jewels on earth. From it pour the rivers of life spoken of in the Bible; it is the Star of the Morning that heralds the dawn of Mastery and the reward of those who follow in the footsteps of the ancient alchemist.



It is well for the student to realize that the alchemy of life produces in natural sequence all the states of progression explained in the writings of the alchemist, until finally the sun and the moon are united as described in the Hermetic Marriage, which is, in truth, the marriage of the body and the spirit for their mutual development. We are the alchemists who centuries ago carried on in secret our studies of the soul. We still have not only the same opportunity that we had then, but even more, for now we can state our opinions with little danger of personal injury. The modern alchemist thus has an opportunity that his ancient brother never had. On a busy street corner he daily sees nature's experiments carried on; he sees the fusing of metals, and from the every-day book of life, through the process of analogy, he may study Divinity. By the flame of life's experience the steel of his spirit is tempered. As the moon in the zodiac touches off like

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

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(Continued from Page 6, Col. 3)

a fuse the happenings of life, so his own desires and wishes touch off the powers of his soul, and these experiences may be transmuted into soul qualities when he has developed the eye which enables him to read the simplest of all books—every-day life.

The alchemist of today does not study alone hidden in caves and cellars, but as he pursues his work it is seen that walls are built around him, for while (like the master of old) he is in the world, he is not of it. As he progresses further in his work, the light of other people's advice and outside help grows weaker and weaker, until finally he stands alone in darkness. Then comes the time that he must use his own lamp and the various experiments which he has theretofore carried on must be his only guide. He must take the Elixir of Life which he has developed and with it fill the lamp of his Spiritual Consciousness. Holding that above his head, he must walk into the Unknown where, if he has been a good and faithful servant, he will learn of the alchemy of Divinity. Where now test tubes and bottles are his implements, then he will study worlds and globes and as a silent watcher learn from that Divine One—the Great Alchemist of all the universe—the greatest alchemy of all: the creation of life, the maintenance of form, and the building of worlds.

(To be Continued)

**Edison Believes Inventions Not Dangerous  
But Will Lead to Ultimate Peace**

On the birthday of the Electric Light, recently celebrated by Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor declared that contrary to the belief of many critics, that inventions in general have not lead to war, but have produced a reasoning and questioning age. People are becoming, he believes, more intelligent, and will not permit themselves to be exploited by emperors and kings and societies.

He advised a young man to turn unhesitatingly to the field of electricity, electric light, heat and chemical reactions, if he has imagination and the will to work. More remains to be done in the electrical field than has already been done.

"The helium atom has been broken into atoms of hydrogen," he said. "It is a theoretical step at present, but it has great possibilities. How great, no man can tell. You remember when Faraday discovered a means of getting electricity from induced magnetism and was asked what good his discovery was, he replied: 'What good is a baby?'"

(Continued from Page 5, Col. 3)

"No. sir!" answered the one with the Fedora hat, "I will not. That's the second time. How many times do you want me to tellya? Anything that belongs to that Chinaman has hands off signs on it to me."

"Well, then," answered Pink rising, "I'll have to pull it alone. But if you ever squeal a word of it to anybody, I'll kill ya."

"I'm not afraid of what you'll do to me after you've done anything to that Chinaman!" laughed the other, dragging his hat down over his eye. "Will you have lilies of the valley or wistaria on your coffin?" And with a hitch of his belt the slouchy companion disappeared into the front room where he ordered an alcohol ginger ale.

Pink rose from his chair and followed him out, leaving the back room deserted, for it was too early in the day for the usual crowd to gather.

Suddenly there was a squeak and the old piano upon which a well known finger artist perpetrated various crimes during the evening, moved slowly across the room as though pushed by unseen hands and a door was revealed behind it. This opened and into the back room stepped Ming Quong.

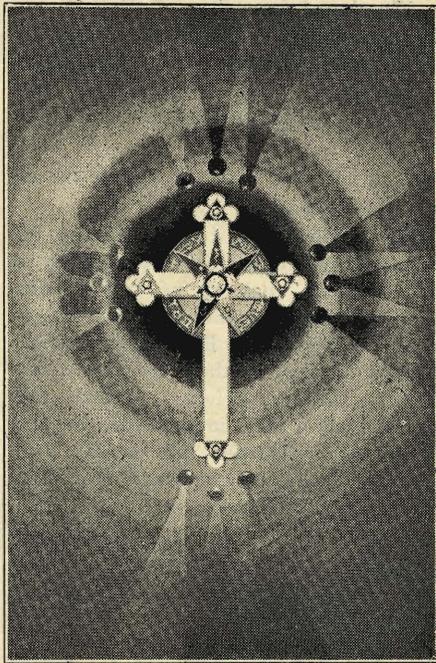
"It is not that a Chinese gentleman should eavesdrop," he murmured to himself, "but the thinness of these walls is really sufficient to excuse me for hearing what is said. My good friend, Mr. Wilson, has a delightful plan—really in keeping with his most excellent record, but he has not enjoyed the curse of Ming Quong as much as his companion has. I believe that the ten thousand beatitudes will rest upon that gentleman with the Fedora this night, while an equal number of calamities will rest upon my friend Mr. Wilson."

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

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**A SYNTHETIC  
EMBLEMATIC CROSS**

Reproduced from an oil painting by the well-known Armenian artist, Mihran K. Serailian. Copyrighted 1926, by Manly P. Hall.

The theme of this painting is a symbolic cross designed by Mr. Hall in the early summer of 1923. The cross represents a composite of the emblems and figures of the various Mystery Schools gathered to form one harmonious pattern, thus signifying the unification of all religious and philosophic doctrines into one perfect and beautiful unit—a condition which must first come to pass before the ideals of Universal Brotherhood can be realized. The original design has not been altered in any way, but in the oil painting two additions have been made. The first addition is the radiating spectrum behind the cross and the second is the chain of twelve globes, the latter signifying the zodiacal constellations in their appropriate colors. Soon after the design was completed, the cross was reproduced in diamonds, platinum, gold and enamel, and presented to Mr. Hall by his Los Angeles congregation.

Must be seen in true colors to be appreciated.

This painting, 9x13, beautifully reproduced in four colors. is one of three especially painted for Manly P. Hall, to accompany his newest book, "An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism". This book complete, \$4.00. Picture on matboard ready for framing \$1.00.

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Los Angeles, California.

(Continued from Page 7, Col. 2)

He passed over to the door and looked out. Pink had climbed up the cellar steps and vanished. The proprietor of the drinking house stepped up to the Chinaman.

"We need some hop," he announced in an under tone.

"How much?" asked Ming Quong, "I am making my rounds this morning. It is most excellent that all of our friends should be joined together by these underground passageways. But really, I think the walls of some of them are almost too thin for proper privacy." And the Oriental blew a little incense into the air and fanned it that the soft drowsy perfume might relieve his nostrils from the pungent smell of bad liquor.

"I admire you Americans in many ways, but somehow,—if you will permit it, honorable bartender, I would say that you are crude in many things."

The Chinaman passed behind the piano which rolled back into place behind him and after winding in and out amid the maze of underground passageways, finally came to his own underground palace.

Here he opened, very carefully, a locked door and entered a tiny room, not more than six or eight feet square, but lined with wondrous precious draperies. A teak chair and table stood in the room, also a number of strange instruments and a little stove. The Oriental busied himself for a time and took a small kettle from the shelf and filled it with flaked wax. This he placed on the hot stove, while he took from the shelf a number of small books and a mold of brass. These he laid out before him and sat down with considerable complacency.

His hand suddenly stopped in mid air as he was about to pick up the mold. From somewhere came the soft wail of a stringed instrument, and a voice was singing, singing a sad Chinese love song in pathetic melancholy key. Tears came to the old man's eyes.

"Poor little blossom," he muttered to himself, 'she shall never know.'

With a thin chopstick he stirred the melting wax. Little by little the lumps dissolved until it became a golden liquid, nearly transparent. This he poured back and forth into little kettles until it gleamed like a thread of spun gold. Then he replaced it on the stove and slowly and carefully drew the golden cap from his long forefinger. Extracting with a tiny pair of tweezers three reddish gray hairs, he laid them upon the table, and slipped the finger tip back into place. Picking up one hair he gazed at it for several seconds.

"This for breaking the heart of one who trusted, and who, if you had your way, would be tomorrow one of the many

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lost to the light of the world." He laid the hair carefully in the mold and picked up the second. "This, for the heart of the father that is broken by the tears of the child who has turned against him because of you." And the second hair was laid across the first. With the fine tweezers he raised the third hair and gazed at it. "This for the hearts in the world you have broken, for the lives you have crushed. With this one shall civilization be avenged for the blight you have cast upon it." And he laid this hair across the other two, forming of them a six pointed star.

He then closed the mold and with the ladle took from the kettle the boiling wax and poured it into the single opening of the mold. About two and a half cupfuls were poured in and then it reached the top. He left the mold standing upon the table and with care and precision put back each tool and utensil from where he had taken it.

Then drawing a long-stemmed pipe from the shelf nearby, he lighted it and sat down facing the mold.

Several minutes passed. The strange subtle odor of expensive Chinese tobacco filled the room, and still Ming Quong gazed steadily at the brass block before him.

"Three hairs," he murmured. "Is it not well there should be three? One for my child, one for myself, and one for my world! Many a man has died by a rope made of a single hair. Yes, it is well."

The pipe went out and Ming Quong returned it to the shelf. He touched the mold but it was still too warm. He sat down again and taking up a book with strange characters of the words of Confucius he read page after page, turning the silken leaves with his long gilded fingers.

The silence was broken only by the notes of the soft sad song that drifted in through the wall, and the wail of the plaintive instrument. The Prince of the House of Ming was in his mediation. The family shrine stood open before him and he gazed upon its gods in peace, for the thing that he was doing was well. His soul told him.

At last the Chinaman leaned over again and finding the mold to his satisfaction, pressed the tiny catch on the side and lifted off the upper side, very carefully, very gently. He then turned it over and shook it slightly. Into his hand fell an

object of cast wax about the size of a pear, and not unlike one in shape. In six places in the surfact of the wax tiny points of hair protruded. With a fine knife Ming Quong cut these off and held the object to the light.

What the Chinaman had molded was a human heart, perfect in every detail. All the valves and arteries showed out in natural proportion and the mouth of the aorta hung in natural position from the side of the organ.

"Yes," murmured the Prince of Ming, "it is as hard as his heart but perchance I have made it larger. This heart is of wax, his is of stone. God, forgive me for overestimating him. Had I lead I would mold it of that. It is a good heart," and he turned it over, "far better than his. And the wax is cleaner than the stuff that his is made of. Again, this heart has done no man ill, while his has blackened many lives. Again, a false comparison. Alas, what can the fingers of man fashion as hateful as the deeds of his heart?" The Chinaman listened to the playing of the wailing instrument. "That used to play the flower songs and the lily tunes of sweet Nan Shung where the little pine trees waved against the sky, and the little bridges crossed the running streams. The song of the boatman as his thatched craft floats down the river to the sea—those are the tunes she once played. But now she plays the Wail of the Dead. Ah! honorable Mr. Wilson, she plays your death knell and does not know it. This heart is heavy—God! that your's were! This heart is cold now, so shall yours be."

The Chinaman reached over and took from the wall a little case of ebony. It was lined with plush and satin and in this soft resting place he laid the heart of wax, in it the three hairs from the head of Wilson.

(To Be Continued)

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