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

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

WOMAN TO MAN

"Woman is man's enemy, rival and competitor."

JOHN F. ISRAELIS.

You do but jest, sir, and you jest not well
How could the hand be enemy of the arm,
Or seed and soil be rivals? How could light
Feel jealousy of heat, plant of the leaf,
Or competition dwell 'twixt lip and smile?
Are we not part and parcel of ourselves?
Like strands in one great braid we intertwine
And make the perfect whole. You could not be
Unless we gave you birth; we are the soil
From which you sprang, yet sterile were that soil
Save as you planted. Though in the book we read
The woman bore a child with no man's aid,
We find no record of a man-child born
Without the aid of woman! Fatherhood
Is but a small achievement of the best,
While motherhood is heaven and hell!
This ever-growing argument of sex
Is most unscientific, and devoid of sense,
Why waste more time in controversy, when
There is not time enough for all of love,
Our rightful occupation in this life?
Why prate of our defects--of where we fall
When just the story of our worth would need
Eternity for telling; and our best
Development comes ever through your praise.
As through our praise you reach your highest self:
Oh! had you not been miser of your praise
And let our virtues be their own reward,
The old established order of the world
Would never have been changed. Small blame is ours
For this unsewing of ourselves, and worse
Effeminizing of the male. We were
Content, sir, till you starved us heart and brain,
All we have done, or wise or otherwise,
Traced to the root, was done for love of you,
Let us labour all vain comparisons,
And go forth as God meant us, hand in hand,
Companionous, mates and comrades evermore;
Two parts of one divinely ordered whole.

THE WRITER WRITES, in Cosmopolitan

Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort.-- Emerson.

I should like to say, if I could hope to do so without being misunderstood, that the sex question is the most interesting in the world. Mary Manning (Mrs. J. K. Hackett), in an interview.

VIRGO

O, Virgin fair, with golden hair,
From thy honied lips the knowing bee sips
His yearly store.
Thou'rt hidden away from the light of day
Yet plainly in view, as the rose and dew
Or open door.
O, Virgin bright, I see thy light
As a brilliant star, so near yet so far
No need to soar.
Thou'rt known by thy glance, like a shimmering lance
The gross separating and new life creating
Forever more.

DISTINGUISHED VIRGOS - Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bret Hart, Queen Wilhelmina, Count Tolstoi, Louis Kossuth, Faraday, Meyerbeer, La Fayette, Mahomet.

A PROBLEM OF THE VIRGIN

"My name contains five and fifty, and yet hath only eight letters; the third is the third part of the fifth, which added to the sixth will produce a number whose root shall exceed the third of itself by just the first, and it is the half of the fourth. Now, the fifth and seventh are equal, the last and first also equal, and make with the second as much as the sixth hath, which contains four more than the third tripled. Now tell me, my Lord, what I am called."--Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz.

Yes, your own comes to you. But why do you keep straining after 'your own,' as if what has come were *not* yours? You overlook what has come, and is now yours - you make nothing of it, and therefore postpone the day when other of 'your own' shall appear. Let go and know that what is your own can't get away from you. Know also that what *is* yours now--yours to transform and vitalize by *loving attention*; yours to make the best of, that you may be ready for something better as it comes. Know that the more you make of what is yours now, the more quickly will you draw to you what you claim as yours. For the *loving attention*, or 'concentration,' which you let this circumstance develop in you, *is the power needed to draw the next and better thing.*--Elizabeth Towne.

HISTORICAL MYTHS. II

ADAM

No story has probably ever attained such universal celebrity as the story of Adam. The tale, though ever substantially the same, is variously told in the legends of different peoples.

It makes little difference to us how the idea is expressed, but it is of great interest to know how it first originated. It is an idea that exists in human consciousness, and if it had never received verbal formulation, it would exist all the same and find other expression. Adam is to metaphysics what the atom is to physics—the postulate upon which all subsequent reasoning rests.

A personal, or historical, interpretation of the Adam-story as cited in Genesis is childish and quite unworthy the intelligence of this age.

The clergy thus expound it, but they do not really believe it; the laity listen deferentially, but they simply swallow it to save time, as they have other more serious employment than dissecting a fairy-tale, six thousand years old.

The dogmatic efforts of religionists to force acceptance of such literal interpretation has brought upon the whole religious institution the contempt of millions of agnostics, who pity the puerility of an intellect that accepts as fact the statement that God made the first man out of mud and then breathed into him a living soul.

Cutting loose from the ancient surface moorings of faith and credulity, the schoolmen have sailed out into the open sea of investigation, seeking deeper harbors in which to fasten their cables.

Many are the divers who have searched and are still searching among the protozoa at the bottom of the life-sea to find the reality for which Adam stands as the symbol, viz. the Beginning of Life.

In 1755 Rossel discovered a certain primary vital substance which is described in his account of the Proteus-animalcule, or *amebia*. This substance was named by Dujardin in 1835, *sarcodé* (flesh-like). In 1846, Mohl gave the name *protoplast* to the "tough, slimy, granular, semi-fluid" portion of the contents of the vegetable cell. Later, in 1861, Schultze established the fact conclusively that the animal *sarcodé* and the vegetable *protoplast* are one and the same thing, since which time the term *protoplast* alone has been used by scientists to express that living, first matter from which all living things are formed and developed.

Adam means, literally, Earth, and Eve means Living, God, the antecedent and ever-existing cause, imbues the Earth with Living Potency—result, protoplasm. Thus Science has at last found a basis. It has rediscovered and renamed the Old Adam. But in doing so, it has mightily raised the old conception; for whereas, according to the orthodox version, we regard Adam as a defunct human be-

ing, whose only possible interest to us lies in the fact that he was father to Seth and several others, in the scientific explanation we behold Adam as a *living fact* before us in Nature.

Therefore, while Evolution is an undoubted fact, it will not, however, be necessary to establish the Darwinian theory of descent in order to disprove the existence of Adam, because as a human character he certainly never existed. As a principle, nevertheless, he has always existed—the character, itself, being, in truth, but the personification of the principle.

The individual, whoever he was, that wrote the allegory of Adam, did it, no doubt, with much the same purpose as I am writing this present article, viz. To emphasize the thought that mind and matter are inseparable.

There is ever a tendency in mind, which is the centrifugal energy, to fly off in a tangent to the sphere of its normal being and expression, and to imagine itself functioning in some unknown and unknowable condition or place.

Right at the present time, there is a constant wandering from truth noticeable in nearly all metaphysical investigation, because it is assumed that principles are intangible, imperceptible, mysterious, supra-natural.

This is, after all, but a modern form of superstition. All that man desires to know it is possible for him to ascertain, and he does not need to go outside of himself to find what he seeks. In fact, what there is discoverable right within the human body far transcends the wildest flights of the present imagination.

Scribner's magazine of June 1877, says, "In the protoplasmic jelly, called *sarcodé*, resides the mysterious, vital power, whatever that may prove to be."

The visible substance, itself, is ever the expression of something invisible. It is the Adam-earth, containing the Eve-life. It is really not so great a metaphorical stretch to say that "Adam is a man," for the protoplasm is destined to become a man. There is, moreover, no special miracle in Eve's being taken out of Adam's side. This is but the segmentation of the protoplasmic cell, which goes on ceaselessly today the same as it did a hundred million years ago. It is, in fact, the preparation at the very base of formal life for the dual manifestation called Sex.

Adam-Eve are the *Elohim*, the male and female gods of creation, *formally expressed*: We are those gods. But after all this exoteric explication of the myth, there lies a still deeper, esoteric truth, which is of most vital importance to us.

There is, in this connection, a well-known text which, in common with other Biblical texts, has been applied to exterior conditions, when it refers solely to inner states. It is what Adam says, after he beholds Eve. "And Adam said, This is now

bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman (*Isha*) because she was taken out of Man (*Ish*). Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh."

Does anyone today believe that the ordinary marriage ceremony accomplishes this miracle of making a man and woman *one flesh*? And yet the *true* marriage of man and woman does accomplish this very thing.

Man, created man as he now exists, is the temple of the indwelling gods, the Elohim, who occupy the potential centers of every atom of the human body. These atoms are bi-une, dual, and are constantly giving birth to spiritual seed. I say spiritual, because all life is spiritual, but by no means imperceptible. This seed would be invisible but for the fact that it is concealed in a visible fluid; and we may say we see it just as much as we may say that we see a man. We do not see the real man, we see the body, and so do we see the body of this seed. This fluidic body permeates the entire human system, being the active principle of all secretions; through which the seed itself becomes matured, and is finally collected within a hidden recess of the human body that corresponds to the seed-calyx of the plant.

All seed is virginal, that is to say, every seed is both male and female. Take wheat for example: one grain is not male producing one thing, and another female producing another, but each seed produces exactly the same kind of growth; so, likewise, these human expression-seed of the Elohim do the same. "And God called *their* name, Adam." As they exist in man their name is *Atom* and each includes his *Eve*; and this bi-une seed, the offspring of this atomic pair, is the highest product of protoplasm—Living Earth. Understand, this is perfected, ripened as seed, within the body of man. What, then, of the body of Woman? It is the New Earth in which this divine masculine seed is implanted that it may spring upward into a New Heaven, which is Life Everlasting.

At the moment when this Living Substance, or Seed, is transported, it is like the soul of the Egyptian being ferried over the dark river by the boatman Charon. It sleeps, but it will waken in paradise. At a subsequent moment, the Living Feminine Principle separates from the embrace of Adam. This is death. But after all, the separation is an illusion, like all death. Attracted by the powerful magnet of Love, hidden within the Feminine sphere, this ascending Eve will draw to herself the most vital and enduring element of her consort Adam, and together they will merge into a new expression, of which Eve may be said to be the interior, animating cause.

You see an illustration of this in watching the growth of an ordinary seed. The life-germ is at first invisible. This we may call "Eve," the ker-

(3) nel, itself, being "Adam." Let the seed be planted. In a few days remove the soil and you see Eve literally arising out of the side of Adam. The old Adam dies, but his spirit passes into Eve and they are united forever in the New Manifestation.

Christ implies the cross—the sex-cross, and the mystery of Christ is solved alone in the arcana of Sex. Through this cross our subtle Adamic protoplasm is made alive and by virtue of this inherits eternal life. That is to say, the spiritual-mother-principle, coming into the natural mother-sphere, will spring up into new life and produce new phenomena, unknown and unheard of in the present development of the race.

In Hebrew, the name of Jehovah is IEVE, a sacred name, not to be pronounced save by priests. To get at the fundamental meaning of this word, we divide it thus I-EVE, and pronounce it *Yod-chova* (*ch*, guttural as in German). *Yod* stands for God, the eternal being, or the Divine Masculine Principle, MAN. *Chova* stands for goddess, the eternal manifestation, the Divine Feminine Expression, WOMAN.

Of the two E's in EVE, the first refers to this active, feminine principle, the offspring of the bioplasmic forces in Man, while the latter symbolizes the reflection of the same in Woman, herself.

The V between the two "mothers" is that Masculine Entity, that Wonderful Christ Child, the Son of Man and God, created and formed by this encompassing maternal activity.

Analytically, we may say that the initial IE represent the Supernal Father and Mother, while VE are their reflections in Son and Daughter, the natural Man and Woman.

This subject will perhaps appear much clearer to the majority of readers if we do not go into molecular investigations, but make our interpretation more in line with visible phenomena.

Let us, then, assume man as we see and know him, to be Adam. Is it not a matter of common experience in ordinary generation that Eve, or the Life of the Child, is taken from man's side, being brought to him subsequently as a fully developed Woman?

Furthermore, if we understand that the principle (rib) out of which the woman was made is hidden in a subtle fluid, knowing that water in mythical writing means Woman, the whole allegory is seen to be applicable and true in general experience.

From the beginning the Creative Spirit has ever moved upon Water to create. Take the cabalistic meaning of the word ADM, which is the Hebrew writing of Adam. A means the Air, M the Water and D the Door, Womb, or developing media of Nature—all co-operating to express ADAM.

Paul says, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." What does this mean? Has the World any idea what it means? Religion-

ists have tried for twenty centuries to explain it, and the proof of their failure is apparent in the fact that all men continue to "die in Adam." Again Paul says, "The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit."

The philosophers declare a seed to be congealed air. The scriptures affirm the seed of the Divine-Human to be "in many waters." The *first* Adam is incarnate Man as he is born into the world, the last Adam is this inherent, spiritual Seed which when "quickened" by the magic sunshine and dew of love becomes the "Lord from Heaven," the Christ which raises the living from the dead. Thus, do we "bear the image of the heavenly," since within us we have that divine energy that transmutes the corruptible into the incorruptible.

The same act that sows this Adamic-seed as a "natural body" must also raise it as a "spiritual body." Does this seem such a marvel? Not at all. You see it every day of your lives in the conversion of liquids to gas, a common example being the boiling of water. The gas is the incorruptible state. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." The Air is the spiritualized *Adam*. Water, the material *Eve*. *Earth* (man's body), the meeting ground where this miracle is worked out.

Regeneration is but a higher form of generation. The "Daughter of the *Elohim*," seen and recognized as a subtle, fluidic emanation—a vital, human essence, is the bond that re-unites the long separated Man and Woman, making the twain actually, literally, one flesh.

The worm eats the leaf, sleeps, and comes forth a butterfly to sip the honey of the flower.

You may imagine, O metaphysicians, that you have undergone or are undergoing mental metamorphosis, but I know if you are still *catting leaves*, you have not yet awakened to the real meaning of Regeneration.

SOUL TO SOUL SPEAKS

I don't suppose any of you are forgetting how to breathe. The absence of breathing lessons is not due to the fact that we haven't any in the shop, because we have barrels of them, but rather to the fact that the Spirit has directed otherwise for the present.

The breathing lessons already given have embraced all the principles of breathing for artistic tone production, as given by the leading teachers of this country and Europe.

This reminds me to state that I have on hand forty or fifty copies of a work which I designed and executed with a pen and the aid of a duplicator just prior to my beginning the publication of *ADIRAM-LED*. It was my intention to have this work engraved and put it upon the market. The copies I have were very laboriously executed, and, judged

by the time spent on them, should be worth about \$5 apiece, but I will close them out to my musical friends at 50 cents each. It is called "The Mento-Musical Method" (Souvenir Edition). I have one for piano-forte and one for voice. There are ten lessons in each, neatly bound, "hand illuminated" and full of unique breathing exercises, with copious and original musical illustrations. State which you wish, either Piano-forte or Voice, and don't all speak at once.

x

Densie—that's my *Elevator Girl*—writes to congratulate me on my remarks in last number about divesting the healing business of its commercialism, saying, that is just what she has believed in and advocated for years, but she don't quite see how it's to be done.

I suppose she means, How are we who live by healing alone to hold down our rate of vibration so as to remain terrestrially visible, unless we abstract from the inhabitants some of that wampum which we are obliged to give in exchange for beefsteak and potatoes?

There is another side, sweetheart, to this healing subject that insures our safety, precarious though our prospects may seem at times.

The Jewish priests understood it and tithed the people accordingly. It is not to be imagined that the few priests in the temple could eat all the oxen, sheep, goats and turtle doves that the Hebrew people sacrificed every few days, but the priests knew how to enforce a cure for cupidity and avarice, and they did it. They understood then, what is just as true today, that the person who attempts to get something from God and give nothing in return, fails. The sick person who is not willing to give all he possesses for health, is apt to remain sick, and, if some good samaritan does gratuitously lift up the wounded robber and he goes on his way to rob the next man he meets, he will surely find himself prostrated by the wayside in a worse condition, ere long. Why, sickness is nothing in the world but Nature's coercive method to bring man to his senses, and one of the first senses or sentiments designed to be awakened in the human heart is Humanity, and this means a display of Sympathy and Love.

The true healer should, nay, *will*, sit in royal robes and receive the homage and devotion of the erring World. A new priesthood is being born, and they are those of the house of Levi—united in the Gemini—whose Word, spoken in the sexed-thought shall heal the Nations.

x

"Oh, if I could only see you and have a long talk with you, I could tell you so much more about my troubles than I can write."

This is a sample of numerous requests I receive for personal interviews. I realize that such a desire is perfectly natural, and still if you subject it to careful analysis you may easily see that it is one

impossible to be granted. I have been a personal teacher all my life, and I just barely escaped twelve months ago with life and strength enough to begin editing this journal.

A friend of mine, well-known and celebrated the world over as a healer, has been lying sick for months in California, just worn out with exhaustion from personal contact with people.

Another in Denver, equally well known by her accepting the free-will offerings of her patients, succumbed not long ago, to the wear and tear of the strenuous life of the personal healer, and laid her down to die.

It cannot, ought not, *must* not be done. Thomas J. Shelton is right, and every healer who thinks differently will live to prove for himself that he has got to get into the Silence to be a Success.

I could not courteously receive you and have a "long talk" in much less than an hour. During that time I could treat twenty patients and feel refreshed, whereas the chances are "your troubles" would wear me clean out, and I would need to go to bed for another half hour to recuperate.

I don't *want* to know all your troubles. I only want to know if you are in trouble, then I shall at once speak the Word to bring you out of it.

What do I care, what do *you* care, about the details of trouble? Why, those are the very first things to forget. Don't you know if you harp on them, and recapitulate them, bitter as they are, they soon begin to taste deliciously, and you hold on to them as a tobacco chewer to his quid? Remember the prayer of the Pharisee: "Lord be merciful to me a sinner." Don't reflect on the sin but consider the sinner.

Now, here is another bad feature of the personal interview. Take Shelton and me for example. You read our papers and see us at our best. You idealize us, in fact you meet the real part of us that you *should* meet, the part which does you *good*. Suppose you are allowed to come into our presence. You have imagined an Apollo Belvedere or a Venus Aphrodite. But there we are -- a plain human being, red-headed or bald-headed, spectacled or with a compound squint, perhaps even knock-kneed or bow-legged. Do you mean to tell me your idealism could stand any such a disillusioning shock? Certainly not. You would stare at us and exclaim: "Mr. Footman, will you *please* show in the God?" -- and with a sense of humiliation we have to confess that we are *tr*.

Moral: *Let us put ourselves on paper and keep the counterfeits out of sight.*

AMONG OUR STUDENTS

My dear Adiramled: -- Your last letter and the lesson accompanying are, together, the most inspiring things I have ever perused. My heart has thrilled as I read the glowing numbers of masters

in poesy, and my whole being has been moved many a time by the eloquent expressions of stately writers in prose, but the *letters* and the *lessons* will sing in my heart evermore. Why? Because they are alive with light for which I have longed, replete with food for which I have hungered; piquant with the flavor of immortal truth, and redolent with the exquisite perfume of beauty. This does not half express it. Words stagger and stumble in their effort to say what my heart feels. But the whole microcosmic being responds, and in its sky the star of hope brightens into an effulgence if never before reached. The mountain side of progress seems abloom with flowers and alive with thirst-quenching springs. Ah! the desire to climb, inhale and drink!

Your idea of our past associations finds an echoing response deep down in my consciousness. Some day, some day of days, we'll know, and then, with feet on higher planes, we will find others who *then* helped make life worth the living. Then, too, by joined and loving effort we shall point the way to fairer modes of life, until the world shall grow sweet with balm of love and peace and health.

Tomorrow I shall begin to closely study the lesson HE. I am eager to advance to VAV. Surely, surely, your work must bear magnificent fruit.

Let me say here that I cannot find words to express my gratitude in being permitted to be one of the few who seem destined to rehabilitate the time with the garb of Truth. But, I shall look to you as my commander upon this line, and be governed according to your more advanced position.

I can see how and why the old sages were compelled to enshrine the truth in allegory and veil it in mystery. I am glad, oh! so glad, to be an Entered Apprentice once more upon *this higher plane*.

x

The progress of students in the occult classes is something wonderful and altogether pleasing to me. I have now the Eighth Lesson ready at this writing, and will try to prepare the ninth before the close of the month. A number of splendid new pupils were added last month. Send name and address with One Dollar, and the first lesson will be forwarded, explaining method of pursuing the study.

DIVORCE

NEW YORK, Aug. 13. -- Helen Potts Hall, who claims the entire estate of the late George Francis Gilman, the millionaire tea merchant, today obtained from Justice MacLean, in the Supreme Court, a decree of absolute divorce from her husband, Blakely Hall, the well-known publisher.

The case was tried in secret before a referee, whose name is not disclosed by the legal papers. By order of Justice MacLean the pleadings, the testimony and referee's report were sealed.

Justice MacLean set forth that the allegations made by the plaintiff had been proved and that he confirmed the findings and report of the referee. The decree authorized Mrs. Hall to resume her maiden name of Helen Potts.

It provided that she could marry, as though the defendant were actually dead, and it said that Hall must not marry during the life of the plaintiff. The decree contained a provision authorizing Mrs. Hall at some future time to make an application for alimony should she choose to do so. Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

If there is one thing more than another that incites in the human heart a feeling of Anarchy and contempt of Law, it is to be made aware that the Law is an inexorable and irrevokable power, exercised over him by other men in authority to deprive him of his liberty.

Paul says, "The strength of sin is the law," and surely such law as this, recognized and enforced, is but an impetus to sin, and culminates in a subtle defiance of the Law.

But it may be shown very easily, that such a ruling is not Law in any sense, but rather a flagrant misinterpretation and unjust exercise of personal prerogative.

And I say this openly, without fear of controversy, that the divorce law as now administered is a failure and a farce.

It is presumed to be a remedy for the mistakes and errors, which people under the prevailing social system are pretty sure to make in entering the marital state.

It has for its ostensible object the purification and elevation of social conditions. Is the remedy efficacious? Is the object fulfilled? By no means. And why? Because at one gate of the Kirmess, there is an open entrance without guard, guide, or restriction, save the clerical gate-keeper on the one side, and the J. P. on the other, between whom it is a saw-off as to which abstracts the larger share of the perquisites--this depending somewhat on their Graft. Some swains have been able to bribe their way in with a bushel of beans, or a load of onions, but mostly they are forced to put up a V-- and upwards. This barrier passed, the adventurers are *in it*. But suppose for any or or many, reasons they desire to get out?—Ah, that is a different affair. At most shows there is a free passage out, but not so this one. At the exit-gate, you find the Geese-Pickers, otherwise designated ATTYS, and it depends on your feathers how badly you are plucked in getting out. Even this, too, is common practice and, considered to be in good form, viz. When one has escaped with pin-feathers, and these are subsequently discovered to have grown, he can be recalled and replucked.

This is no joke. I am telling you what I know. There is no free nor honorable passage out of this pallsided market-place.

It is guarded by a barbed-wire fence, a ditch, a wall—and the "geese-pickers," all along the line. On one side is a Court of Justice, and on the other a Court of Scandal. You pay your money and you take—not your choice, but both.

A certain distinguished lawyer of the New York bar said recently, "No honest man and woman can go before the courts and obtain an honorable separation, if they be mutually agreed upon it. One of them must malign the character of the other in order to get even a hearing before this bar."

It makes no difference how strained the marital relation may be, it makes no difference how much misery one or both suffer daily. Incompati-

bility doesn't count in the eyes of the law. There must be "statutory grounds," the principal one of which shows that, according to the august conception of the Law, matrimony exists *solely* for the purpose of maintaining uninterrupted and exclusive sexual relationship.

I admit that the underlying principle of the law here is true and right, but in the wretched manner in which the law is administered, the principle is more often violated than sustained.

Think now of this man, the defendant in the case cited at the head of this paragraph, being deprived of the right to remarry during the life of the plaintiff. And he has no appeal, it is the Supreme Court decision. I am not saying that this distinguished body of legislators has not precedents and law on which to base their action; certainly they must have, but think of such a law in a free land! What has this man done to deprive him of social liberty? It does not appear. I care not what he has done. He cannot have done anything heinous enough to bar him from decent, humane privileges and still remain at large. Is he a dangerous man? Incarcerate him. Such a ruling as this offers a premium on possible acts to send any man to the penitentiary.

The law should set a man free, not enslave him. It should protect him, not expose him to danger and temptation.

What bondage is so great as fear, and what temptation so overmastering as repressed passion?

The trend of administration should be toward establishing Love and idealizing Justice.

The popular error back of all this lies in the presumption that the bond of matrimony is divinely ordained, and that it is indissolubly fixed by a promise or religious ceremony. Any other contract can be dissolved as readily as it can be entered into, but not so this. It is true, the bond is a sacred one, but only so when men and women are united by natural laws of affinity. If this condition does not exist (and there should be intelligent ways of ascertaining), then matrimony should never be committed, for it is a direct violation of the seventh commandment.

Let us make marriage more sincere, more solemn, more sublime. Let us consider divorce in the light of a confession, a turning from error.

O! the sham of the thing and the shame of it, that we enact laws to meet the requirements of a sickly, hypocritical conventionalism; basing each enactment upon some past and dead precedent, when there is an immutable and infallible ethical standard of Justice, ever living, present, and apparent to all.

Back of all unjust legislation you find passion to warp justice and prejudice to pervert decision. So that the general practice of Law has degenerated into a study of how best to evade the law—and that inevitably so, because of the law's very inconsistency.

If marriage be an institution to come under the surveillance of the State, reverse the statute: *Place the Court at the front gate and let the Priest stand at the last gate.*

P. S. Pension the J. P.

I have been asked by a middle-aged lady of spiritual culture and refinement to say that she will answer calls to travel and take charge of an elderly person as companion or nurse at their home or abroad. Direct Box 101, Bellevue, Mich.

EVOLUTION, THE TRUE REFORMER

Let reformers take note that God is managing the reformation of this race more rapidly and effectively than any one man or set of men can do it.

In a time like the present when the feelings of the people are worked up to the highest pitch over a national tragedy, the moralist has a chance to feel the public pulse, and compare the conditions of the body politic, with those of the past.

While the nation is draped in mourning in recognition of the evil that has befallen it, yet the expression of the people as voiced by the press and elsewhere almost unanimously is that out of this evil great good shall arise.

This spirit of hopefulness and trust is but the outgrowth and fruition of a Love-Seed implanted in the heart of the race thousands of years ago, and which no amount of denial or neglect has succeeded in destroying. Steadily, through all these ages of man's inhumanity, through war and bloodshed, pestilence and death, it has grown on.

Formulated verbally in the Christian doctrine, by Christians ignored and trampled upon, yet the tiny seed has grown into a beautiful bay tree under which the Nation, all nations, in fact, are coming to sit together in harmony and peace. Mind, I say, *are* coming.

In the time of Rome, the assassination of an Emperor would have meant a long proscription. Day after day, crowds of pale-faced men would have passed that fatal post, and reading their doom, would have passed on to their death.

Two hundred or less years ago, under similar conditions, every available gibbet in England would have swung a dangling corpse, and Newgate been crammed with suspects. Today one solitary human being expiates the crime, and we who know the law, that this soul like every other comes back to earth exactly as it leaves its present embodiment, know that the day is at hand when humanity will find a way to reform and bring back into society even the most degraded criminals.

"For whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood shall be shed." Where and when will the shedding cease? Here, when sin is remitted. The days of vengeance are passing. God who is just repays.

But what I began to say is this, that the mass of people are coming insensibly to recognize the great truth that All is Good, and the evil is to be regarded not as a force, but as a negative condition to be grown out of.

And furthermore, it is seen that if Immortality be a fact, then death is only an apparent incident in the present state of unfoldment, whereby the individual attains higher and higher states of consciousness; and, therefore, that it is inconsistent to mourn at death, beyond the sorrow experienced at the loss of personal companionship. But, even this will be restored to them when the full unfoldment comes.

At last we may say bravely from our hearts what so long we have falteringly spoken with our lips. The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away: BLESSED be the name of the Lord!

Notice: If any errors occur this month in marking off names of expired subscriptions, drop a card. I have entrusted this work to an assistant, and an occasional mistake might be made.

VALEDICTORY

The present number brings us nominally to the close of the First Volume of the Journal, ADIRAMLED. To say that this year's Work has been a success in ordinary type does not begin to express it. It has been a SUCCESS!

Perhaps no other Journal, starting in obscurity, and under what would generally be regarded as quite adverse circumstances, ever before attained the instantaneous recognition that this has done.

The entire work has been an inspiration from the beginning, and remains an ever greater and growing inspiration.

It has brought gladness and joy to many hearts, given life a reality, awakened hope, aroused ambition—blessed with its message of Love.

In saying this I am but voicing in a modest way the acknowledgements of thousands of correspondents, who have felt and understood the vital message of ADIRAMLED.

And the Journal represents but a very small part of that message, though I have aimed to present in its pages the cream of my thought.

But during the past year I have personally written over two thousand letters, none of which would fill much less than a column of this Journal, and many would cover more than two pages.

It is, indeed, a small estimate to say that I have written matter in these letters that would fill the Journal one hundred times.

Add to this the "Dawn of Death," which was written at odd moments in about two weeks, and the Lessons, which have now reached sixty-eight pages, and which have been sandwiched in between correspondence, and you will see that I am quite a remarkable scribbler!

I have some splendid plans for the coming year. If you think the Journal has been good, you have only to read it right along to find that it gets constantly GOODER!

As a doctor, a dear friend, just writes me.

"I want to say to you that your October number of ADIRAMLED is the strongest number you have written. I believe that every number will be greater than the last."

Exactly so. It will! What I am writing down is not anything I have learned from books, but matter that I am digging out from the reminiscences of the remote past.

I am not "supposing" this. I have all the evidences. I *know* it. I hear a voice speaking steadily in my ear. At first I only heard it a little while, and then it would disappear. By concentration in the Silence, I coaxed the Voice to remain longer intervals. I never write except when the Voice speaks. To illustrate my own development: A year ago, I spent the best part of three weeks to catch the matter contained in the first number of Adiramled. The present number has been written every word, from start to finish, in one day, this very day, Oct. 6, beginning at 5 o'clock a. m., and it is now exactly a quarter to 5 p. m. "And the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and sanctified it;" so, Beloved, have I blessed and sanctified this Sabbath day in speaking to you.

✕

NOTICE—I HAVE MOVED

PLEASE send in your subscriptions promptly. Uncle Sam compels me to do business according to business principles, and I should do it just the same if he didn't.

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