

when the Saturn Period, technically considered, closed, its outermost sheath was that of concrete thought, which is the mortal thought, the personality, the highest plane of Time, so far as Mind is concerned. Thus partaking of the quintessence of Divine Spirit, by involution it introduced Time, and timely limitations. Having run its course and accomplished its purpose, the Saturn Period merged into the Sun Period; not immediately, but after a long intermediate period of rest, corresponding in length to the day portion.

By referring to the same diagram, we will see that the Sun Period of the Earth embraced the World of Life Spirit, the world of Abstract Thought, the Region of Concrete Thought, and the Desire World. It began, therefore, with the innermost sheath of the Saturn Period, and awakened a sheath of denser substance for its outermost sheath than was manifest in the Saturn Period. Thus does it appear that the Virgin Spirit had descended farther into gross matter in the Sun Period than it had in the Saturn Period. In its incipiency, its innermost being, that of "Life Spirit," was the all-embracing essence. But as it continued to involve, it formed for itself, as its innermost sheath, the Region of Abstract Thought, which may be called its Spiritual Body. Later on it added an outer sheath of Concrete mind stuff, and still later a vehicle of Desire Body substance.

While the Sun, as we know it today, is much more complex in its organism, possessing, in addition to the above, an etheric and a chemical body, descending, therefore, as low as the region of the Vital Body, it reaches up to the highest of the Sun planes of the Earth, and extends downward as low as the Vital Body of the Earth and of man. The two lower are not strictly solar, but belong to the Moon and Earth; but this it does as the all-synthesizing Deity of our system. There is a Lunar and an Earthy element in the Sun as there is a "humanity in Deity," or the Sun could not assist the Moon and Earth by its radiations on these lower planes. If it be true these two lower planes have been added because of the Fall, then the Sun has accommodated itself to the fallen condition of Moon and Earth. But the Earth was in its Sun

Stage before the Fall, and did not then need these two outermost vehicles. In consequence of the Fall the Earth has taken upon itself a gross material body, a crust of crystallized matter, corresponding to the gross physical of the human organism, which is but the essence of crystallized matter transmuted into flesh and blood, as the result of the evolution process.

The microcosmic beings have inhabited the Earth from its incipiency, for these are the Virgin Spirits that came out from God, the Supreme One, and in the involution and evolution processes, began their long journey through matter for the purpose of manifestation and experience. In the Saturn Period the outermost body that is as awakened was that of the Concrete Mind. In the Sun Period, man in the making awakened as his outermost vehicle the Desire Body. As the Sun Period, called the Hyperborean Epoch, drew toward its close, beings with desire bodies awakened came upon the stage of action. But it should be known that a merely awakened life form is practically no form at all, it is the merest essence of form; so really it cannot be said that beings with desire bodies then existed. At most they were archetypal. The mineral plane, as we know it, is the lowest of all the planes, for it is in its crystallized state; during the Sun Period of the Earth, mineral was in its state of highest attenuation, the merest essence of mineral, in the undifferentiated state, which was the pure essence of Gold, for gold is the primal mineral, all baser metals are the results of the involution process of gold. Gold is the metal of the Sun; and as it descended to the plane of Lead, the mineral of Saturn, it will reascend through plane after plane until it eventually is restored to gold, but at that time, to the quintessence of gold. Our Earth, like that of the Sun, is founded upon the gold standard. This is its foundation in the ideal sense, and all standards are idealistic. Vegetation did not then exist, for on a ball of fire vegetation, as we know it, could not grow. Vegetation possesses a vital body, which mineral does not. But at that time even vegetation was in its sub-archetypal state. And, as we have seen, beings with desire bodies, which is the chief characteristic of the ani-

mal creation, existed then as secondary thought forms; they were salamandric in nature, capable of enduring heat in its most intense state. Forms, properly, as we understand the term, did not belong to the Sun Period of the Earth. It was late in the Moon Period before Etheric forms were awakened, and not until the closing portion of the Martian half of the Earth Period that chemical bodies, embracing the gross physical, appeared in manifestation.

The Sun Period was the era of the introduction of Light upon the Earth, "And God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." Just as Life was introduced during the Saturn Period, at first on the archetypal plane, but wakening into dynamic condition in the Sun Period; so in the Sun Period Light was first awakened as pure mind radiations, but later densifying into the light of the Desire World. In opposition to the position taken here it has been said by self-styled scientists, there could have been no light during the second creative day, since the luminaries were not created until the fourth day.

Scientists who accept the Bible statements, have attempted to meet this apparent discrepancy by holding that the light here referred to was of a different nature to that radiating from the Sun, even on the desire plane; they have contended that it was likely phosphorescent light. Both classes of scientists miss the mark. The Bible does not say that on the fourth day the Elohim created the luminaries, but the statement is, "Let there be light," or let the luminaries manifest. Light previously existed before the fiat went forth, "Let there be light," just as the Sun, Moon, and stars existed before they were commanded to shine forth. "God is Light," so the Word declares; and just so He synthetically embodied the solar system. Just as Light was not created, but only first manifested on the day, so the Solar system was not operated on the fourth day, but simply brought into expression. At that time a certain condition was produced by which the light of the luminaries could become manifest. Previous to this fourth day, when sunlight first made its appearance to the inhabitants of the earth, it is generally believed, not only by mys-

tics, but also by many scientists, that the Saturn state of the Earth had not wholly subsided, but its rings continued, intercepting the light of the Sun. This accords with the Bible statement as seen in Gen. 2:6, where it is said that "There went up a mist from the Earth, and watered the whole face of the ground." This mist was produced by the condition of the Earth at that time, which had not yet wholly freed itself from the Sun Period state. It should be kept in mind that each period, or new creative day, emerges out of the preceding night. The Earth Period, or fourth day, came out of the preceding Moon night, or long intervening rest period. That is, when the fourth day came, the Earth passed through the various periods preceding—Saturn, Sun and Moon—being reborn, as it were, on a round higher. The first revolution of the Earth during the Earth Period corresponds to the condition of the Saturn Period, which was that of a new conception; the second round corresponded to the condition during the Sun Period; the third round, to that of the Moon. The Moon Period, immediately preceding that of the Earth Period, is described as the time when there was an expanse created, dividing the waters from the waters. At that time the heat of the glowing fire-mist arising from the Earth, coming in contact with the surrounding cold of space, and descending, formed a body of water on the surface. The contact of the water thus formed with the fiery core of the Earth, generated steam, and as a mist it surrounded the Earth, forming an atmosphere of "fire-fog." This condition continued during the fourth round of the Sun Period, and the Earth, as we have said, intercepting the view of the Sun and the planets.

It was not until after this condition, at the time of the great flood, referred to in the Bible as the Noahitic flood, but really the flood that destroyed the Atlantean continent and race, that this misty state was dissipated and the Sun, Moon, and stars first made their appearance. The flood is referred to as the breaking up of the "fountains of the great deep," and the opening of the "windows of heaven," which latter expressed the dissipation of the previous mist. But while the light of the Sun did

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Nutrition and Health

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Disease Held Greatest Foe by Daniels

COLLIER'S WEEKLY for September 22, 1917, published the story of how Gordon Edwards, a young engineer, discovered a wonderful anesthetic and of his struggle for several years against red tape and tradition to induce the entente allies to use it in the field hospitals for the alleviation of pain and as an antiseptic. Some of our readers may have read it there, and they will surely be glad to read it again because the spirit of noble humanitarianism, dauntless courage, and unselfishness which it breathes, and those who have not read it will be glad to learn of another angel of mercy in human shape, a great benefactor to all humankind, This war has brought out the demoniacal nature in many, it has made us shed scalding tears at the depth of depravity it has revealed, but thank God! it has also brought out the nobility of character, unselfishness, and capacity for self-sacrifice hidden in the most unlooked-for places and we cannot fail to rejoice at the recital.—Editor.

“War has always meant pain. We can do nothing to silence it,” say the doctors. All in Europe and almost all in America have accepted this, impotently thrusting their fingers into their spiritual ears, lest they be unnerved utterly. But they have not been able to shut out the consciousness of the suffering—often unvoiced—on a thousand battle fields and on a million beds.

But one American has refused to fold his hands and listen. “Pain,” he declared, “is man’s enemy. It must be conquered like a disease. For it is the most terrible of diseases, and no one shall count the toll it takes of human lives.”

His name is Gordon Edwards, and he was born in Milwaukee some thirty-odd years ago. His

father, a railroad contractor, was an old-school, hard-headed frontier type of American who had shot Indians. In 1905 Edwards was graduated from Stanford University as an electrical engineer. For some years he stuck to his trade, beginning at the bottom, sharing dinner pail and overalls with his fellow mechanics and laborers. But he went slowly.

Finally, he decided to leave power plant and shop, and began to sell bonds for a San Francisco house. The first month he made five hundred dollars. But he had no liking for business.

He Finds His Mission

One day he heard some young doctors lamenting that there existed no perfect anesthetic for dentistry. There would be fame and a fortune, they said, for whoever could discover what was needed. Their words, or rather the possibilities their words disclosed, set the ex-engineer bond salesman thinking very hard. Like all the world outside the profession, Edwards had unconsciously assumed, without precisely thinking it, that there must be three or four good anesthetics. The lack of any was certainly worth investigating. So he read a little medicine and listened to doctors, gathering the rudiments of physiology and anatomy, picking up the general terms quickly, and then neglecting everything in those fat leather bound medical books which did not treat the special problem of local anesthesia. There was not a great deal to read. He learned what anyone else might have done—that there existed at the disposal of the medical profession, for purposes of local injection, practically nothing but cocaine. And cocaine, injected in the smallest quantities, is always dangerous. It is a poison and may cause sudden death; it is “dope,” a narcotic drug, and may breed an

appetite worse than death. Most surgeons wisely refrain from using it.

Edwards began diligent work in a laboratory. Many known substances have analgesic or pain-allaying properties. But for certain other reasons they may not be used. Edwards chose the most likely of these (which, for obvious reasons, I do not name) and set to work to eliminate the disagreeable properties, working for something to be injected with a hypodermic syringe.

After a year of research, Edwards gave up bond selling and went to New York. By the beginning of 1914, after eighteen months' search, he had developed a satisfactory injection. But a few months more taught him the fatuity of supposing he could get it adopted immediately or even within a short term of years.

Local anesthetics demand a new and slow technique. Older physicians, used to ether and chloroform, prefer the quicker methods of complete anesthesia and will not learn a new method. So Edwards abandoned his search for a general anesthetic and returned to that phase of the problem which had first attracted his attention. "I am through," he said. "I have wasted two years, and I have debts. Now I shall go in seriously for dental anesthesia and get back some of my money." Just then war descended over the face of half the earth. Almost immediately Edwards began to hear the sound of pain.

A few days later he was talking with his medical friends about the need for a local anesthetic—something you can spray on a raw surface," he explained.

"Nonsense," they answered, "you can obtain anesthesia only by injection because part of the effect is obtained by pressure on the nerves."

He protested. "How are you going to anesthetize a wound twice the size of a beefsteak by injection? What the wounded soldiers in Europe want is something you can slosh on by the bucketful."

The doctors shrugged their shoulders.

One September day, when Edwards was sitting in the Red Cross office in New York among the bustle of those preparing to leave for the field of war, wondering what he had better do, it came to

him in a flash of insight just how he could modify his injection solution to make it applicable to external wounds.

He hurried home, trembling with excitement, but exalted by an inexplicable certainty of success. The course of his life during the two years previous, since the day he heard about the need for a local anesthetic, seemed to have been mysteriously shaped to this moment's revelation. For there in his laboratory in the first September of the war he knew exactly how the drugs should be prepared, and already half saw himself working among Europe's wounded.

When the new solution was complete, however, his confidence had subsided. He wanted actual proof of what he believed. One after the other, he telephoned to the big New York hospitals and he found at Vanderbilt Clinic an old woman with leg ulcers and persuaded the reluctant physician to try out his solution. Leg ulcers, it seems, are common among old women and are extremely painful.

Nikalgin

When he next saw the physician at Vanderbilt, the man was no longer skeptical. "Edwards," he cried, "leg ulcers are a scandal to the profession. We have never been able to do anything with them. But I have treated successfully twenty-five cases with your solution. The patients do not suffer at all, and they get well in no time."

It was enough. Cases vary, but pain is always much the same. Gordon Edwards possessed the secret of relieving pain in all external wounds. Thousands of men ill. Europe were suffering agonies from external wounds, and only he could help them. It was clear that he had but one course before him.

He hurriedly named his solution "nikalgin"—victory over pain—choosing Greek as a concession to the profession. Then he gathered his belongings together, made up as much concentrated solution as he could carry, and took ship for Europe. In November, 1914, he landed in England.

What Might Have Been

If I were a writer of popular fiction, I should

now be nearing the end of my story. From this point on it should read something like this:

“Gordon Edwards, presenting his discovery to the War Office in London, was received with open arms. The surgeon general introduced him immediately to the more important members of the Cabinet, who declared themselves honored to meet so true a friend of mankind. The principal surgeons of the United Kingdom assembled to view a demonstration of nikalgin at the Crystal Palace. There, in the presence of the most eminent doctors of the day, Edwards scored a complete triumph, news of which was rapidly diffused over the waiting world by wireless telegraphy. Bells were rung and salutes fired. The King appointed a day of thanksgiving. The War Office immediately ordered a large supply of the solution and had it sent to every hospital in Britain. Requests for more arrived from the colonies. Money and honors poured in upon the discoverer. He rose high in society. As soon as the British hospital force was supplied with nikalgin, he was taken to France on the royal yacht. Upon his arrival in Boulogne-sur-Mer, he was met by a troop of little girls, who strewed his path with flowers. Everywhere it was the same story of triumph. Men opened their doors, their hearts, and their pocketbooks to him who had found a means of robbing war of its most bitter sting. After Boulogne, Paris. The great city flew the Stars and Stripes beside the sacred tricolor in honor of America. The Ministry of War ordered a million gallons of nikalgin to be supplied at the earliest possible moment. A large chemical laboratory was placed at Edward’s disposal. Orders came in from Belgium, Serbia, Russia, and far-away Japan. The Red Cross in Switzerland took up the discovery and passed it on to the Central Empires. The name of Gordon Edwards passed from lip to lip, and soon the entire world was ringing with the fame of him who had conquered the suffering of wounded soldiers.

Sweet, is it not? But exaggerated. A trifle! But, keeping in mind that something like this ought to have resulted in an ideal world, let us return to London in November of 1914, and more specifically to a world of officialdom, surgeons, hospi-

tals, soldiers and suffering, whereof confusion was king.

The surgeon general in the British War Office listened politely to what Edwards had to say, and then suggested that the discoverer go home and return to England after the war.

“But my solution is meant to relieve the suffering of soldiers!”

“Try the civil hospitals.” “They have no wounded.”

“And we have no time. For the present we cannot undertake to investigate your solution, whatever its merits.”

Edwards stayed a week in London without opportunity even for demonstrating the value of his solution. Everything was against him, but chiefly two facts: he was not a doctor and he was an American. “Patent-medicine faker” was the least of the epithets applied. And indeed, during the eighteen succeeding months he remained, for many a surgeon, the “nickel-gin fellow, that mad American engineer.” In London no one took the slightest interest in him or in his solution. Finally he secured a letter from the surgeon general and crossed the channel to France. The battle of the Yser was on, and train after train of British wounded was returning from Ypres. But that made no difference to the surgeons, who turned him out of Abbeville and later out of Boulogne.

December found him in Paris, alone and ignorant of the city, the French language, and what he had better do. A lucky encounter permitted him to give a demonstration of his solution at the large Hospital Buffon, before some thirty surgeons, one of whom was a very great surgeon indeed.

When Edwards entered the operating room and found his august spectators waiting for him he suddenly remembered with horror that leg ulcers were not war wounds and that he had really never tested his solution at all. But he turned his attention to the case. A soldier’s hip and thigh had been scooped out by an exploding shell.

“It Shall Be Used!”

The nurses bared the enormous wound. The American rapidly soaked a great piece of cotton

with nikalgin and applied it to the raw flesh. A kindly old surgeon drew the patient's attention to another matter. After a few minutes the engineer removed the cotton.

"Is anesthesia complete?" the very great surgeon asked.

"I believe so."

In a flash the Frenchman had jabbed a bit of glass tubing into the very heart of the wound, probing vigorously into the live flesh. The doctors gasped. Edwards went white, then quickly flushed with pleasure, for the patient had not moved a muscle, tranquilly going on with the story of how he had come by his wounds. He felt nothing at all. The very great surgeon, visibly disturbed, tried another case. The result was absolutely conclusive. Anesthesia through nikalgin was established. The very great surgeon withdrew hastily, muttering "Extraordinary, extraordinary!" with great rapidity.

Edwards will always remember that day, December 11, 1914, for it gave him confidence in himself, without which he could never have held up under what was to come.

The other surgeons were warm in their expressions of appreciation. But they would not urge that nikalgin be adopted elsewhere or do anything to aid in making it known. Later the very great surgeon said privately to Edwards that war, after all, means pain and that an analgesic is too great a luxury for days of suffering and confusion. It is incredible but true that nothing permanent came from this demonstration.

The American Ambulance at Neuilly was not even interested in Edwards.

Early in 1915, on the advice of friends, he sent some solution to various hospitals at the British front. It was not acknowledged, and when in April he finally managed to reach the headquarters at Saint-Omer he found that it had not even been tried. He returned to London and tried new tactics.

Establishing a producing laboratory, he sent out letters to nearly every hospital in England. To such as replied he sent samples and instructions for the use of nikalgin. A few surgeons tried it; all who did wrote for more. Edwards did not remain long

in anyone spot, but went from town to town, talking with anyone whom he could interest, infinitely patient and untiring. He went repeatedly to Boulogne and, now that he was a little better known, succeeded in persuading a few military surgeons to listen to him. He began to receive orders for varying quantities of solution and filled them out of his own slender resources and, when these were exhausted, from the pockets of various Americans who had faith in him. Sometimes he did not know where his next dollar was coming from, but always it put in an appearance at the opportune moment. Then, in July, so many physicians had recommended nikalgin and asked to be supplied with it that the War Office officially adopted it for the British army. This marked the second date in Edwards' long struggle.

Back in Paris the same month, the engineer continued his exertions. Poor though he was, he perceived that he had made a mistake in trying to *sell* his solution to the British. Though it had finally been adopted by the War Office, already it was being refused to army surgeons. Nikalgin is chiefly composed of two not uncommon substances. Edwards made no secret of the composition, withholding only the manner of preparation.

To British surgeons who asked for nikalgin the War Office supplied raw materials and suggested that these be made up in the various hospitals as a substitute. The substitute once made did not anesthetize, and it cost the War Office six shillings a gallon more than Edwards' price. But that did not prevent—to this day does not prevent—the War Office from declaring to many surgeons that nikalgin was too expensive to be generally used!

It seemed hopeless. But during those long months one thought was uppermost in Edwards' mind: *My solution will relieve suffering, which apparently nothing else can allay; hence, it must—MUST—eventually commend itself to the doctors. Meantime, for the soldiers' sake, it shall be used.* Accordingly he filled all British orders direct and sent the bills to the War Office. This was sheer presumption, and he waited a long time. But the bills were always paid. In Paris, however, he decided on a radical step; *he offered to supply*

the entire French army with nikalgin for nothing. How this engagement, if accepted, could be fulfilled had no notion; he relied on his star, the power which seemed to have guided him to the discovery of his wonderful solution and led him from California to war-stricken Europe. Never has his faith been misplaced. He has never had to refuse a single request for nikalgin. Private individuals, Americans, have always furnished the funds.

Miss Morgan to the Rescue

Edwards ceased, however, dealing with officers, and officials. In the Paris hospitals he became friends with several surgeons. A famous Japanese bacteriologist tried nikalgin and liked it. He was specially interested in the treatment of gas gangrene. In September he wrote to Edwards: "I beg to inform you that after a number of experiments conducted by me I have verified the antiseptic power of your nikalgin solution. The experiments have been made with streptococci, staphylococci, and the lockjaw germ." Four days later a Russian wrote: "I never noticed any poisonous cases when nikalgin had been used." These words revealed possibilities unguessed by the discoverer, but as they did not seem practical, Edwards sighed and forgot the double testimony.

One person shares the glory of Edwards' mission. Miss Anne Morgan went to Paris to aid the French. She has supplied the money for hundreds of gallons of nikalgin. He has never called on her in vain. When they first met in March, 1916, he told her of the blank wall which seemed to encompass him.

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Edwards. It is unbelievable that the French refuse to accept nikalgin as a gift. These surgeons are open-minded and intelligent. Either you have not presented the matter in the right way to them or your solution is not all you claim."

"Nikalgin does all I claim for it. Suppose you try, Miss Morgan."

She tried. Three months later the remarkable woman confessed that she had knocked unheard at fifty doors. No one cared enough to investigate. In July, 1916, Edwards received an invitation to give

a demonstration at the Belgian front. In the operating room at La Panne, Edwards saw in five minutes the need for a new technique. A year previous he had ceased the old unscientific and extravagant application to wounds of cotton soaked in solution, and adopted an atomizer. This was a mistake. Too little nikalgin reached the wound through layers of gauze and pus. What was needed, evidently, was a pressure jet which would throw a small but steady stream of liquid with force enough to penetrate through bandages and infection to the raw flesh. When he returned to Paris, he invented such a jet, solving thereby the last technical problem.

Meantime, Miss Morgan had been busy. A sudden invitation from General Nivelle, then commanding the Second Army, to visit the Verdun front, drove all other thoughts from the engineer's head.

A Terrible Test

In the Verdun hospital Edwards revolutionized wound dressing for the surgeons of the Second Army. He reached the building late one evening. After dinner he said to the staff: "Tomorrow bring all your worst cases of external wounds into the operating room. I'll treat them each once, and after that you can take the pressure jets and the solution and do it yourself."

Never was brought together a more terrible collection of maimed, charred and mangled living bodies than the one in the operating room the following morning. The surgeons, used to the worst, grew pale at the sight of some of the cases. Edwards, the layman, had never imagined anything so awful. Twice during the morning's work he nearly fainted; but he did not faint.

After a few comparatively simple cases, the attendants wheeled forward a closely swathed figure half upright in a chair. It was a victim of liquid fire. The head was almost entirely enveloped in gauze. One hand and arm had been burned black, and they, too, were partly covered with white bandages. But there was worse. The victim had been struck in the chest by the fluid, and the result surpassed Dante's imaginings. A sheet of gauze eighteen inches square covered a burn on the body that

stretched from neck to navel. The outlines of the gaping hole wherein the flesh had been burned away showed through the stuff, which in places was stuck to the flesh beneath. What one could see of the face, black, spotted with flaming red holes, gray where the flesh had been reduced to a cinder, shocked the spectators almost to nausea. For from out this frightful ruin stared two living eyes! Chance had saved them for the owner, perhaps at the expense of hand and arm.

Within that roasted heap of flesh life stirred sluggishly. Suffering had been so intense, shock so unsettling, that the man had been reduced to a half-bestial organism capable of no sensation but pain. The expression was as vacant as that of an idiot, hiding nothing but fear. For in a dozen places large nerves were completely exposed. The doctors had not dared to put the patient to bed when he arrived the day before. When brought into the operating room he sat propped up on cushions, oblivious to everything but sensation, heedless of everything but the pain that was slowly driving consciousness from the devastated dwelling.

“Now I ask you, Monsieur Edwards,” the chief surgeon said slowly, “what can you do with a case like that? That breast must be dressed or the man will die of poisoning. Yet, with the nerves exposed as they are, if I attempt to remove that apron of gauze stuck to the cooked flesh, he will die of the pain. Can you do anything for him?”

“I’ll try,” Edwards answered, already doubtful of the task.

Gently he began to spray the chest, and for fully ten minutes moistened the gauze, until it dripped with solution. Then, while a nurse gently lifted the bandaged chin until the eyes were fixed on the ceiling, the chief surgeon began at the neck to peel down the gauze, while Edwards never ceased playing a stream of anesthetic on to the raw flesh.

An inch!

The surgeon, perspiring, looked quickly at the patient. He had not moved. Another inch! The surgeon, emboldened and fearful lest the momentary effect should pass, stripped away the gauze from the burn in a single movement. And those strange, frightened eyes never left the ceiling. The patient

did not even realize that his wounds were being treated. He felt nothing. There was no sound in the operating room while the dressing proceeded. When it was over the attendants slowly wheeled away the rebandaged figure—back to life from the very vale of agony that slopes down into death. For if his wounds could be dressed and the pain obviated, he was saved. There is no need to describe the enthusiasm of the surgeons, many of whom had had their nights turned to hell through brooding on the suffering they daily inflicted. Another soldier, with a suppurating hole through his thigh a foot long, which necessitated the passing of strips of gauze through the tunnel, usually suffered agonies. On this day he announced that he would rather die than undergo dressing another time.

“I promise you it will not hurt a bit,” Edwards said earnestly.

The man looked up, and in his eyes the American read the infinite hostility of the long-deceived sufferer against those hale and hearty persons who take the name of others’ pain in vain. Yet such was the effect of nikalgin that he permitted the surgeons to cleanse the wound by sawing fresh gauze back and forth through it, and this without a quiver. Until he saw the fresh bandages in position, he refused to believe that the old ones had been removed.

Leaving with the doctors of the Verdun front all the solution he had on hand, Edwards returned to England. It was at Manchester a month later that a letter reached him from the chief surgeon of the Second Army asking him to return with more solution at once. The letter continued in what to Edwards seemed immortal words: “*Wounds have healed normally without suppuration and with a total absence of all secretion.*”

It was a bombshell. Why, wondered the engineer, had he never followed up the information contained in the first letters from the Russian and the Japanese? If nikalgin was good against gas gangrene, if applied in time, it would naturally serve splendidly against ordinary pus!

Once more he met the surgeon inspector. “How much solution have you brought?” “Twenty-five

gallons—about a hundred liters.”

The Frenchman tossed his hands in dismay. “A hundred liters will last one hospital only ten days. What shall we do when they are gone? What about the other hospitals? We must have enough nikalgin to keep the entire army flooded. Whatever is useful in one military hospital is needed in all of them.”

Edwards nearly choked with emotion. “I have been waiting two years for some one to say just that. You are the first. I’ll not fail you. How much solution do you require for immediate needs?”

“A minimum of five hundred liters and as much more regularly.”

“You shall have it as soon as I can get it made up. And from now on I shall keep you supplied.”

He stayed long enough in Paris to cable Miss Morgan for funds; then, certain of her reply, went on to London. Before the solution was ready the money was in his hands.

By December, 1916, his solution was in use on the Somme front as well. Aside from the futile attempts of the British War Office to substitute, difficulties disappeared one by one. Nikalgin won admission into the great military hospital of Paris, Val de Grace, where an eminent Russian surgeon, a woman, took it up eagerly. During a short visit to the Italian front in May of this year, Edwards gave demonstrations of his discovery in several hospitals, and the product, new to the surgeons, excited their wonder and admiration. Italy’s medical men, seemingly less sluggish than those of France and England, are adopting it today. The Italian Minister of War has only to ask for it and nikalgin will be sent to Italy free of charge for the duration of the war, as a “gift from the United States.”

Every day testimonials reach him from the most varied sources. Most of them were written by surgeons, some of whom are world-famous. Some of the letters are from soldiers, and their letters are like tangible prayers, seeming withal to cry out at all who blocked Gordon Edwards.

Edwards’ Reward

Edwards today, having accepted the burden of furnishing free of charge two immense armies, is

no richer—in fact, he is poorer—than he was when he first began his hunt for an anesthetic. He has never made one cent. He is at the present moment filling the demands of five of the largest Paris hospitals, and twenty smaller hospitals at Nice, Lyons and other points. Only the Russian and the new American armies remain to be supplied.

Nikalgin can be used for temporary relief and to permit painless dressing of all external wounds. As an antiseptic it has apparently no rival. Tom Foster, a little English soldier, was dying. His leg, amputated at the thigh, was wasting away slowly under an inch of loathsome green pus. A new operation higher up already tempted the surgeons. But Tom preferred to die.

Yet once the pain was quelled, his cure was so marvelous that Edwards, entering the operating room the third day, found the boy laughingly raising his stump in both hands while the nurse stripped away the bandages. When the flesh finally appeared it was red and clean as a new cut. All infection had disappeared. In a week Tom Foster no longer interested the surgeons. How much of this strange healing power of nikalgin is due to its direct antiseptic powers, how much to natural action marvelously quickened by the suppression of pain, Edwards does not know.

Corporal Lespinasse’s foot had been carried away by a projectile. Gangrene set in, and his life was despaired of, and dressing his wound had been intolerable for patient and operators alike until Edwards came. During the first painless dressing his eyes sought the American’s in mute gratitude, while the nurse, awed by silence when she expected shrieks, had murmured softly over and over: “Ah, doctor, don’t you remember how horrible this was yesterday?”

The fourth day Lespinasse walked from the operating room on his own crutches. As Edwards was leaving a few minutes later, the nurse whispered: “Go out this way, monsieur; I think somebody is waiting for you.” It was Lespinasse. Seizing Edwards’ hand, he kissed it passionately, then in confusion drew himself up with a stiff military salute. When Edwards visited the hospital next day the news had spread, and not a soldier but

saluted as reverently as though he were a general.

Light in Darkness

In the preface to *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Bernard Shaw has rather more than said his say concerning modern doctors. The story of Gordon Edwards speaks more eloquently than any commentary. Yet there is little ground for resentment, and Edwards feels none.

The medical profession in this war has done its best, and none shall tally its obscure acts of devotion and self-sacrifice. That it had seemed impregnated with prejudice and intolerance lies on ourselves. The doctors are merely a branch of the great tree which is ourselves, at once in our collectivity and in our essence. If they were intolerant

toward a great discoverer, "an American and not a physician," it is because humanity lacks tolerance. The war resembles a fever—when it does not kill it purifies. And it reveals like a flash of lightning in a dark night. It has shown beyond possibility of doubt that we who were meant to "go dancing through the earth like stars" labor under no luminous comet coma, but dully under a burden of ignorance, prejudice, and ill will.

Yet a little light can illuminate much darkness. The nobility of a great individual glorifies the race as much as the limitations of an entire nation can abase it.

America, entering the war, must not allow the music of the drums, the fifes, and the bugles to drown the sound of the sufferers.

(Continued from page 62)

and decrepit, he would shape his vehicle along those lines and appear so to all others, but the gentleman in question was evidently thinking of regaining his health and vigor so that he might take up his work anew, and consequently he appeared in perfect health when seen by our correspondent, and the person who pointed him out.

RESPONSIBILITY OF RULERS

Question—In a recent lesson we were told that the Race Spirit influenced different persons to take a part in great world movements. If the part was unjust, is the person responsible for it? Would he suffer for it?

Answer—The statement was made in the Students' Lesson for September, "Our Invisible Government," that the divine hierarchs who guide evolution from the invisible worlds always find a soul who is strong, either for good or evil, and use that one when progress demands the fall of an old nation or the raising of a new.

But it would be impossible to induce a spirit of a brutal and tyrannical nation to play a self-sacrificing and noble part; he cannot change his character overnight any more than the leopard can change his spots, and vice versa, a spirit of a noble nature will not consent to play the part of tyrant

and autocrat. Each one will act in harmony with his basic nature, and therefore the divine hierarchs always choose some one who is of a character fitted to the part they want him to play in the coming crises, and place him in such a position that he has the power to carry out his designs, either for good or for ill, and on that account he becomes at least partly responsible for his acts and the consequences thereof. If he does well, and by his acts of nobility, justice, and altruism aids a nation to rise, guiding it through the rocks and shoals of its infancy, as did George Washington, for instance, then great honor and glory will naturally be his in some future life, where he will be given dominion over others whom he may help.

On the other hand, if he plays the part of a Nero in breaking up a great Empire, doing as it is said of one of the kings of Israel, "evil with both hands greedily," naturally sorrow and suffering will result. He probably cannot be made to feel all the pain which he inflicted, any more than a George Washington can receive all the joy which has come to the millions who have benefited through his wisdom and altruism, but each will certainly receive as much as it is possible to give him, or, at any rate, as much as is required to make one a good man and the other a better.

The Rosy Cross Healing Circle

On the Witness Stand

The following letters are similar to many others received at Headquarters. They bear witness to the verities of the invisible world and the doings of the people who live there.—Editor.

October 9, 1917

The Esoteric Secretary

Dear Friend:

Your kind and interesting letter was handed me just as I was starting for Atlantic City with my patient, who is blind. I have had a week's rest, which was absolutely necessary; for after being with her all summer she had taken nearly every ounce of my vitality.

I am greatly interested in the little booklet on healing and can see how enormously it must increase a person's usefulness, but it does seem so *weird and uncanny!* I have taken the *Rays* for nearly a year and I think it and Mr. Heindel's writings the most intensely interesting things I have ever read, and I've been a pretty omnivorous reader. I never understood the things that happened when I was a tiny child until I read the *Cosmo*.

There were three kinds of "people" living in our house. One kind in the cellar, another in the attic and still another in mother's dress closet. They used to come out at night. There were crowds that came up from the cellar and, if I were tired and fell asleep before I could "go out" (yes, that is what I called it), and touch my bare foot to the bare ground and go up over their heads they would crowd me so that I'd wake up and simply *howl*, and father would get up and give me valerian. I can see (in imagination) now, how I used to go right up over their heads and lie flat in the air and they'd reach up for me, but! knew they could not do anything to me after that and I could go contentedly back and go to sleep.

The ones in mother's closet never did anything but I was afraid of the ones in the attic. They wore

long black gowns and high pointed black hoods, and would come down and walk around my crib. One night they each and everyone stuck a short knife (dagger I suppose) into my right side! Never shall I forget the sensation of mortal terror and you can imagine there was howling and valerian that night. I remember my parents had the doctor to see me several times and I remember the "grown ups" used to call me a "queer child."

I never "saw" any more "people" after my father was drowned when I was seven, *until* I read Mr. Heindel's *Cosmo* and followed the directions in the chapter on Concentration, but *that* was a wonderful and delightful experience, but too long to tell now, only I never dared to repeat it because I did not want to come back.

I fear I have bored you with all this, only I think I must have had some queer experiences in a previous life which holds me back now. May I send you the horoscope which I have cast?

Sincerely yours,

E. H. P.

October 10, 1917

The Esoteric Secretary

Dear Friend:

I have improved greatly this last week. Last Saturday night the Invisible Helpers gave me the most wonderful treatment and the most strenuous one I have had. There were evidently pupils with them being taught. He who stood at my head called "Reese," and some one standing in the corner came to the head of my bed also and watched. Then the bones in the upper part of my back were changed with whirlwind speed. I wakened smiling to think of such changes being made with no suffering.

There is a man in this city who is said to be very clever at bone setting and his name is "Reese." Does it do any harm to put two and two together,

even if it does come out three, so long as one keeps it a secret?

I really cannot understand how I can be so stupid as to remember much of what takes place and still not recollect seeing them.

The change in Mr. S. is almost unbelievable. He has had no pain in the past month, for the first time in years. All of the swelling has left his limbs and he is wearing shoes. But the point that impressed me was that he is thinking of getting well now so that his poor old wife can have a rest from wage earning. He is thinking of her. He is sure of getting well now and is no longer dependent upon us for encouragement, but we will continue seeing him every little while.

But Mrs. R. needs me. It is hard for her to be cheerful sometimes, although she knows there is a wonderful cleansing going on in her body.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. E. M. T.

Healing meetings are held in the Pro-Ecclesia at Headquarters on the nights when the Moon enters Cardinal Signs in the Zodiac. The hour of service is about 6:30 p.m. The virtue of the Cardinal Signs

is dynamic energy, which they infuse into every thing or enterprise started under their influence, and therefore the healing thoughts of the helpers all over the world are endowed with added power when launched upon their errands of mercy under this cardinal influence.

If you would like to join in this work, sit down quietly when the clock in your place of residence points to the given hour: 6:30 p. m., meditate on Health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the restoration to health of all who suffer, particularly for those who have applied to Headquarters for relief.

At the same time visualize the Pro-Ecclesia where the thoughts of all aspirants are finally gathered by the Elder Brothers and used for the stated purpose.

We print herewith some letters from people who have been helped, also a list of dates on which Healing Meetings are held

Dates of Healing Meetings

- December 7—14—21—27
- January 4—11—17—24—31
- February 8—14—20—28

**Freemasonry and Catholicism
was crowded out this month,
but the next installment will
appear in January**

Menu from Mt. Ecclesia

CHRISTMAS

Breakfast

Sliced Oranges
Boiled Rice
Egg Omelette
Toast
Milk or Coffee

Dinner

Okra Soup
Mixed Nut Loaf with Mushroom Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Peas and Carrots
Whole Wheat Bread, Butter and Honey
Milk

Supper

Pear, Pineapple and Almond Salad
Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce
Date and Nut Sandwich
Milk or Tea

Recipes

OKRA SOUP

To one quart of strained tomato juice add one can of Okra; boil for twenty minutes; strain; add tablespoon of browned butter and salt to taste; one teaspoon of sugar.

MIXED NUT LOAF

Blanch and boil one pound of chestnuts until tender; grind in vegetable grinder with one-half cup each of English walnuts and peanut meats; one cup cold boiled lentils; two cold boiled potatoes; one pimento; one small stalk celery; one cove garlic and one onion sliced and fried in oil until brown. Grind the second time to make mixture smooth and fine; add two eggs and seasoning to taste. Bake in loaf and serve with mushroom sauce.

MUSHROOM SAUCE

Wash one pint of fresh mushrooms, chop fine and stew in two tablespoons of oil or butter, one tablespoon of minced olives and onions until well browned, adding one tablespoon of flour. Season and add one cup water and boil until it is of consistency of thick gravy.

MASHED POTATOES

Peel and boil six large potatoes, adding a little salt while boiling; when tender, drain and allow to stand fifteen minutes to steam. Mash or press

through a colander; slowly add a cup of milk and a tablespoon of butter; whip with spoon until light and fluffy. After placing on plate to serve, allow it to reheat in oven, placing a small lump of butter in centre.

CREAMED PEAS AND CARROTS

Wash, scrape and cut into small squares six carrots, boil in hot water until almost tender; add one small can of green peas; boil for ten minutes, adding salt, a little sugar and chopped parsley; drain and add a cream dressing.

PLUM PUDDING

Beat three eggs, gradually add one cup of cream, three-fourths cup whole wheat bread crumbs, one and one-half cups flour and one cup butter. Beat well while adding one cup sugar, one cup seeded and chopped raisins, one cup currants and a small piece of chopped citron. Pour into buttered baking dish with tight fitting top, and steam several hours.

PEAR, PINEAPPLE AND ALMOND SALAD

Peel and cut into squares six winter nellie pears, and one can of pineapples; blanch and chop fine one-half pound almonds. Garnish plates with parsley sprigs; mix pears and pineapple; sprinkle nuts over top and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia

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A Talk in the Pro-Ecclesia

Lizzie Graham

Anyone who has been accustomed to meet the students of the Rosicrucian Philosophy must often have been asked this question: "How Shall I Serve?" And from the frequency of the questioning you might conclude that every opportunity had been eagerly filled; but I confess with regret that it is not so.

Do you remember in that favorite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," there is a line, "I loved to choose my path"? That is the way with most of us. There are only some things that we care to do, and the old childish cry of "I don't want to" comes to our lips or our hearts, when a line of service is suggested to us that does not meet with our approval. Or sometimes the cry is, out of fear, "Oh, I cannot do that," forgetting our motto text that "if we walk in the Light, as God is in the Light, we have fellowship one with another." We have much greater power than if working alone; and back of all is the strength of Our Father.

If we are to follow the command of our master, Christ, we must be the servant, or server of all. Observe, *Servant*, not *Slave*. The slave is driven to his work by the lash of the whip, the true servant serves through love, as an honor and a privilege. Sometimes we are eager to get the opportunity of serving a great personage, or teacher or a writer, but the soul of the meanest being on earth is just as dear to Our Father, and the honor of serving him just as great and the opportunities to do so are many every day.

But back to the question "How Shall I Serve?" The parable of the Talents, in Matthew, twenty-fifth chapter, teaches us that service must be with *all the talents* that Our Master has given us. Not one talent, or gift may be laid away, all must be used.

We read in Genesis that God gave us bodies—

Gift One. Then into those he breathed the breath of Life—*Gift Two*. Then the *Gift of motion*, and of *hearing*, and of *seeing*, and of *smelling*, and *tasting*, and *feeling*, and many, many other gifts, or talents, to use in service. But the greatest gift of all is Eternal Life, through His son, Christ Jesus.

If we will take these gifts, or talents, one by one, and use each to its fullest extent in the service of Christ, we 'ill have no occasion to ask the question with which we started. Opportunities will so crowd upon us that hours, and days, and even life itself will be all too short.

To return to the parable. He who used all his ten talents received more—so shall we—sight, hearing and all other faculties will be extended beyond belief. And also new gifts will be added. But, do not forget how to use the talents, the service must be for *others*, "We lose what on ourselves we spend."

Just suppose "that during the next week, every one of us endeavors to use on each day one talent to its fullest extent in service to others. It may be our singing or our playing. It may be our sewing or our digging. Our quickness of sight, our accuracy of hearing, our talent for neatness, or for love, or for harmony in the home. Each one will surely bring joyful service.

The answer to the question, "How Shall I Serve?" cannot be given by anyone but yourself. You alone know what you can do, and how far you can make your "Living Temple" respond to the desire of the spirit within. Others may give you suggestions, but only yourself can say at the end of the day to the tired body, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Let us serve with every part of the temple.

The brain, the voice, hands and feet. Service out-

side of the temple, money service, counts, not for so much as the giving of one's own self. We may be allowed to change the words of Lowell in Sir Launfal and say "The service without the server is bare."

Perhaps you may ask. To whom are we to render service? We find the answer in the Rosicrucian Temple Service. "Loving, self-forgetting service to *others*," that is *Humanity*, but Humanity has two sides, the physical and the spiritual. Which shall we serve? We do a great deal of service on the physical side of life. Providing food, clothing, shelter, amusements and so forth. We read that we should "seek and serve the Divine Essence hidden within" the physical temple; but we can only serve *through* the physical temple because the Divine Essence, the spiritual side of man, is hidden within. Therefore we must reach it through our thoughts, the motive behind the act of service.

It seems as though Frances Havergal had this thought of service when she wrote that song beginning, "Take my life and let it be, Consecrated

Lord to Thee." If our lives are so consecrated we shall attract opportunities as a magnet draws iron filings.

FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

Many motor parties are now visiting Mount Ecclesia from San Francisco and different points in Southern California, and as the number of workers is also increasing, due to our extended activities in both the publishing and correspondence departments, accommodations are gradually becoming scarce. Lately, a number of cars arrived on a Saturday and almost doubled our usual number, with the result that we had to place beds in the library and extra beds in some of the rooms to take care of the overflow.

That Sunday evening Mr. Heindel—by request—gave Wagner's famous mystic Music Drama, *Parsifal*, illustrated with stereopticon, which was much appreciated by all, as it shows the soul's progress upon the path in a most graphic and inspiring manner.

ASTROLOGY BY CORRESPONDENCE

To us, Astrology is a phase of Religion, and we teach it to others on condition that they will not prostitute it for gain, but use it to help and heal suffering humanity.

How to Apply for Admission

Anyone who is not engaged in fortune telling or similar methods of commercializing spiritual knowledge will *upon request* receive an application blank from the General Secretary of the Rosicrucian Fellowship. When this blank is returned properly filled, he may admit the applicant to instruction in either or both correspondence courses.

The Cost of the Courses

There are no fixed fees; no esoteric instruction is ever put in the balance against coin. At the same time it cannot be given "free," "for nothing," for those who work to promulgate it must have the necessities of life. Type, paper, machinery and postage also cost money, and *unless you pay your part someone else must pay for you*.

LIBRARY SUBSCRIPTIONS

The magazine is now sent gratis to 330 Libraries. Part of these subscriptions have been paid for by members and the rest are supplied by the Headquarters fund. The price to Libraries will not be raised, so that members wishing to subscribe for one or more may do so at the former price: One Dollar a year in the United States, One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents in Canada, and One Dollar and Fifty Cents foreign.

CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM BY CORRESPONDENCE

A course of monthly letters and lessons are issued by the Rosicrucian Fellowship to aid those who wish to probe more deeply the Mystery of Life and Being. Upon request the General Secretary may admit students to the preliminary degree, but advancement in the deeper degrees depends upon merit.