A RELIGIOUS QUESTIONNAIRE

STRAW VOTE AS A RELIGIOUS TEST

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you believe in God?" Before we can answer, we must know, Who He is, what He is, where He is, and how He is defined. Every one believes in a great overshadowing personality. Some Indians believe that their God is local and tribal; every materialist believes in a life, a force, an energy behind all things; only the egotist cannot believe in a universal creator, he himself being Supreme.

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

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

"Do you believe in prayer?" Still more complicated as it involves the whole relationship of God to Man. All mystical (Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)
mark is to be found in certain of the writings of Athanasius Kircher, which, according to reliable authorities, are watermarked with the secret symbol of the Rosicrucians. By this subtle method, cryptic signatures could be concealed successfully in the paper from which it would be very difficult to extricate them unless the searcher were acquainted with the principle involved in their production.

(3) Enigmas of various kinds have been successfully concealed in pictures, especially such illustrations having wording upon them. Two examples of cryptic signatures in diagrams accompany this article.

The large title page reproduced here-with is from the exceedingly rare first edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, a volume showing considerable Baconian influence. The book was published in 1614 at a time when the Rosicrucian controversy in England was at its height. King James ordered the entire edition of the work to be destroyed, owing to the fact that he believed the face of the general public was being channeled to the belief that the modern world was too prideful. But the ancients were symbolists; they were writers of enigmas; they cut their secret knowledge deep into the faces of stone; they carved their philosophy into the figures of men, animals and reptiles. The great images of Egypt, the crude figures chiseled on the walls of European caverns—who knows what wealth of scientific and philosophic material is there concealed?

We are ignorant of the crowning achievement of every art and science. We are without knowledge of the ultimate; the perfect mathematical equation is yet to be discovered; the perfect musical harmony is yet to be written. Yet who shall say that civilizations now gone did not succeed where we have failed and that in crude imagery, musty volumes, and enigmatic statements are not concealed the answers to the unsolved riddles of the ages? So we say again, there is an ever-increasing need for that type of mind which is capable of solving the cryptic symbolism of the past.

AN ALCHEMICAL CRYPTOGRAM

From Geheime Figuren der Rosenkreuzer.

Beginning with the word VISITA and reading clockwise, the seven initial letters in the outer circle read VITRIOL. This is a very simple alchemical enigma but is a reminder that those studying works on Hermetism, Rosicrucianism, Alchemy and Freemasonry should always be on the lookout for concealed meanings hidden either in the parables and allegories or in the cryptic arrangements of numbers, letters and words.

A PICTURE WORTH WHILE

The Magician

The Magician, a photoplay under the direction of Rex Ingram, offers a number of points of interest to students of philosophy and symbolism. Whether all of the points which have a symbolic significance were thoroughly understood by the director or whether some of them were accidental it does not matter, although Ingram is the director who has been producing in Europe and refuses to return to America and it is probable that he understands much of occult lore.

A young American doctor is called to operate on a young sculptress, Marguerite, whose spine has been injured by the fall of a huge statue of a grinning satyr which he was completing. Observing the operation in the clinic of the Paris hospital she was completing, Ingram is the director who has been producing in Europe and refuses to return to America and it is probable that he understands much of occult lore.

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

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

She is abducted again and carried to the tower and bound on the operating table. The lover and parent arrive in the nick of time. Wind and rain are whipping about the base of the old tower, with fearful lightnings. The rescuers trick and overpower the attendant who comes down the winding stair of the tower with his lantern, and force the twisted gnome-like dwarf into a cupboard. Up the winding stairway dashes the lover in time to stay the knife of the Magician. A great struggle ensues, the Magician falls into his own furnace, chemicals are overturned, and the trio leave as the tower bursts into flames and it soon explodes destroying the villainy.

Harry S. Gerhart

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

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

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

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

The Bible does not mention the brain once.
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A RELIGIOUS QUESTIONNAIRE

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All things are on a pilgrimage toward Divinity.

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

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

Every book is inspired.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“We were brought up in a religious home?”
THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

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

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

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

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

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 2)
The Masons have among their symbols a five-pointed star with two clasped hands within it, and in that we have the mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. The clasped hands represent the united man in which the higher and the lower are working for their mutual betterment by a cooperative rather than a competitive system. The five-pointed star is the soul-body, born of this co-operation; it is the living Philosopher's Stone, more precious than all the jewels on earth. From it pour the rivers of life spoken of in the Bible; it is the Star of the Morning that heralds the dawn of Mastery and the reward of those who follow in the footsteps of the ancient alchemist.

It is well for the student to realize that the alchemy of life produces in natural sequence all the states of progression explained in the writings of the alchemist, until finally the sun and the moon are united as described in the Hermetic Marriage, which is, in truth, the marriage of the body and the spirit for their mutual development. We are the alchemists who centuries ago carried on in secret our studies of the soul. We still have not only the same opportunity that we had then, but even more, for now we can state our opinions with little danger of personal injury. The modern alchemist thus has an opportunity that his ancient brother never had. On a busy street corner he daily sees nature's experiments carried on; he sees the fusing of metals, and from the every-day book of life, through the process of analogy, he may study Divinity. By the flame of life's experience the steel of his spirit is tempered. As the moon in the zodiac touches off like (Continued on Page 7, Col. 1)

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THE ALL-SEEING EYE

December 29, 1926

**INITIATES OF THE FLAME**

(Continued)

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

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

The alchemist realizes that he himself is the Philosopher's Stone, and that this stone is made diamond-like when the salt and the sulphur (the spirit and the body) are united through mercury (the link of mind.) Man is the incarnated principle of mind as the animal is the incarnated principle of emotion. Man stands with one foot on the heavens and the other on the earth. His higher being is lifted to the celestial spheres, but the lower ties him to terrestrial matter. Now, the philosopher builds his Sacred Stone by harmonizing his spirit and his body. The hard knocks of life chip the stone away and facet it until it reflects light from a million different angles. The ultimate achievement is the Philosopher's Stone.

The Elixir of Life is likewise the Spirit Fire (rather, the fuel which nourishes that fire) and the changing of the base metals into gold is accomplished when he transmutes the base elements of the lower man into spiritual gold. This he does by study and love. Thus he is building within himself the lost panacea for the world's woe. The changing of base metals into gold can be called a literal fact, for the same chemical combination which produces spiritual gold will also produce physical gold. It is known that many of the ancient alchemists really did create the precious metal out of lead, alloy, etc. This was upon the principle that all things contain some part of everything else; in other words, every grain of sand or drop of water contains, in some proportion, every other element of the universe therein. Therefore, the alchemist did not try to make something from out of nothing but rather to extract and build that which already was, and this the student knows is the only possible course of procedure. Man can create nothing from nothing. He does, however, contain within himself, in potential energy, all things and, like the alchemist with his metals, he is simply working with that which he already has. The living Philosopher's Stone is a very beautiful thing. Indeed, like the fire opal, it shines with a million different hues, ever changing with the mood of the wearer. The transmuting process whereby the Spiritual Fire passing through the furnace of purification radiates from the body as the soul-body of gold and blue is a very beautiful one.

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(Continued from Page 5, Col. 3)  

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

The alchemist of today does not study alone hidden in caves and cellars, but as he pursues his work it is seen that walls are built around him, for while (like the master of old) he is in the world, he is not of it. As he progresses further in his work, the light of other people's advice and outside help grows weaker and weaker, until finally he stands alone in darkness. Then comes the time that he must use his own lamp and the various experiments which he has therefore carried on must be his only guide. He must take the Elixir of Life which he has developed and with it fill the lamp of his Spiritual Consciousness. Holding that are built around him, for while (like the master of old) he is in the world, he is not of it. As he pursues his work, the light of other people's advice and outside help grows weaker and weaker, until finally he stands alone in darkness. Then comes the time that he must use his own lamp and the various experiments which he has therefore carried on must be his only guide. He must take the Elixir of Life which he has developed and with it fill the lamp of his Spiritual Consciousness. Holding that above his head, he must walk into the life.

transmuted into soul qualities when he has tried on must be his only guide. He must use his own lamp and the various experiences which may be obtained are his only guide. He must take the Elixir of Life which he has developed and with it fill the lamp of his Spiritual Consciousness. Holding that above his head, he must walk into the life. 

Edison Believes Inventions Not Dangerous  
But Will Lead to Ultimate Peace

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

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

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

(Continued from Page 6, Col. 3)

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on Page 8, Col. 1)

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A SYNTHETIC EMBLEMATIC CROSS

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

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

Must be seen in true colors to be appreciated.

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

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Los Angeles, California.
He passed over to the door and looked out. Pink had climbed up the cellar steps and vanished. The proprietor of the drinking house stepped up to the Chinese.

"We need some hop," he announced in an undertone.

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

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

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

Here he opened, very carefully, a locked door and entered a tiny room, not more than six or eight feet square, but lined with wondrous precious draperies. A teak shelf and filled it with flaked wax. This he placed on the hot stove, while he took tool and utensil from where he had taken them.

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

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

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

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

The silence was broken only by the notes of the soft sad song that drifted in through the wall, and the wail of the dead. Ah! honorable Mr. Wilson, she plays the death knell and does not know it. This heart is heavy—God! that your's were! This heart is cold now, so shall yours be."

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

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