

# The ALL-SEEING EYE

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## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

### POPULAR CONCEPTIONS AND THE REAL CHRISTMAS

Reprinted by Special Request.

By Manly P. Hall.

The bustle and confusion of our ever more-centered lives is slowly killing out the beautiful spirit of Christmas. We see people fussing and stewing; we see them sinking back in their chairs at home, after a raid upon the bargain counter at the eleventh hour, with their hats over one eye and their horns singing in nine languages and three colors—muttering to themselves, "Thank God, Christmas only comes once a year!" Then that other group we know so well who send all their presents out late in order to see what the recipient sends them first and are broken hearted if the influx is not as great as the outpouring. In other words, there are only a few people in all the world who have really preserved the true spirit of Christmas and most of these are children who have not yet been caught up in the maelstrom of our commercial ethics. The spice of Christmas is indeed losing its savor and with its going will vanish one of man's greatest opportunities, which, like all that have gone before, he has abused and neglected.

The occultist must seek to build again in his own life the spirit of Christmas—beautiful in its simplicity, appealing in its sentiment and joyous in its ideals. Christmas whispers many things to the soul that thinks; it means more than merely the gift of one to another; it teaches in its mystic way the story of the divine gift which has been made by the spiritual powers of being to the worlds of men. As the child hangs up its stocking and finds it in the morning, filled with gifts and



goodies, given in the name of old Santa Claus—that unknown person who is said to dwell at the North Pole—so all through life man has no greater opportunity than to give in the name of his God those things which the world needs. The spirit is Santa Claus, the Giver behind all gifts, who dwells in the North Pole of man at the upper end of the spine, and it is from here that the Ancient of Days sends out His gifts to the body, sends out His thoughts and ideals and gives His life for the glorification of the world.

Man must learn to make his gifts in the name of the spirit if not in the name of the body, for within each of us is the divine altruist seeking to be heard above the ever crying voice of the human egotist. At Christmas the spirit of giving is said to rule the world for on that day God the Father gave His Begotten Son as His gift to the world and that Son is the spirit of life, of hope, and of truth that springs eternal in the human heart. To man has been given the work of expressing in the world of form this gift of the Father—not only upon Christmas day but upon all the days of the year for the child of God may be born in man at any time.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3.)

### CRYPTIC TITLE PAGE FROM FAMOUS BOOK

With Much Evidence on Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy.

By Manly P. Hall.

The title page of the most famous of all books devoted to cryptograms and enigmas is reproduced in this article. As the volume was published in 1624, only one year after the great first Shakespearean folio, it appears in the midst of the Baconian controversy. When translated, the title page reads as follows: "The Cryptomenysis and Cryptography of Gustavus Selenus in nine books to which is added a clear explanation of the system of Steganography of John Trithemius, abbot of Spanheim and Herbipolis, a man of admirable genius. Interspersed with worthy inventions of the Author and others, 1624." The true author of this volume is supposed to be Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, but there is no doubt that the fine hand of the Rosicrucians was behind its publication. A proof of this can be discovered from a careful analysis of the several symbols and emblems which ornament the title page. The copy from which this plate was taken belonged to King Leopold of Belgium, whose crest is on the title page.

Not only do we say that this volume was connected with the Baconian controversy on account of its date of publication, but for two other reasons: first, because of the peculiar Rosicrucian and philosophical symbols upon this title page, and second, because the volume itself contains the key to both the famous bi-literal cipher supposedly invented by Francis Bacon and the straight numerical cipher which reveals the numerical equivalent to the name of Bacon as 33.

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)





## INITIATES OF THE FLAME

(Continued)

In the spreading of the bone between the eyes, called the frontal sinus, is the seat of the Divine in man. There, in a peculiar gaseous material floats (or rather, exists or is) the fine essence which we know as the Spirit. This is the Lost City in the Sacred Desert, connected to the lower world by the Rainbow Bridge, or the Silver Cord, and it is to this point in himself that the student is striving to rise. This is the sacred pilgrimage of the Soul, in which the individual, leaving the lower man and the world below, climbs upward into the Higher Man, or Higher World—the brain. This is the great pilgrimage to Shamballa, and as that great city is the center for the direction of our earth, so the corresponding great city in man is the center for his governmental system.

When any other thing governs man he is not attuned to his own Higher Self, and it is only when the gods, representing the higher principle, come down the Rainbow Bridge and labor with him, teaching him the arts and sciences, that he is truly receiving his divine birthright. In the Orient the student looks forward with eager longing to the time when he will be allowed to worship before the gates of the Sacred City; when he shall see the Initiates in silent conclave around the circular table of the zodiac; when the Veil of Isis shall be torn away and the cover lifted from the Grail Cup.

Let the student remember that all these things must first happen within himself before he can find them in the universe without. The twelve Elder Brothers within himself must first be reached and understood before those of the universe can be comprehended. If he would find the great Initiates without, he must first find them within; if he would see that Sacred City in the Lotus Blossom, he must first open that Lotus within himself which he does petal by petal when he purifies and attunes himself to the higher principles within. The Lotus is the spinal column—once more with its roots deep in materiality and its lossom Lotus in the brain. Only when he sends nourishment and power upward can that Lotus blossom within himself—blossom forth and its many petals give out their spiritual fragrance.

You will sometimes see in store windows funny little Chinese gods or oriental Buddhas sitting on the blossom of a Lotus. In fact, if you look carefully you will find that nearly all the oriental gods are so depicted. This means that they have opened within themselves that Spir-

itual Consciousness which they call the Sushumna. You have also seen the funny little hats worn by the Hindu gods. They are made to represent a flower upside down, and once more, like the Rod of Aaron that budded, we see reference made to the unfolding of the Spiritual Consciousness within. When the Lotus Blossom has reached maturity it drops its seed and from this seed new plants are produced. Similarly, within the Spiritual Consciousness when the plant is finished and its work is done, it is released to work and produce other things.

In the Western World the Lotus has been changed to the Rose. The Roses of the Rosicrucian, the Roses of the Masonic degrees, and also those of the Order of the Garter in England all stand for the same thing: the awakening of Spiritual Consciousness and the unfolding into full bloom of the soul qualities of man. When man awakens and opens this bud within himself, he finds, like the golden pollen in the flower, this wonderful Spiritual City, Shamballa, in the heart of the Lotus. When this pilgrimage of his Spiritual Fire is accomplished, he is liberated from the top of the mountain as in the Ascension of Christ the spiritual man, freed by his pilgrimage from the Wheel of Bondage, rises upward from the midst of his disciples—the convolutions of the brain—with that great cry of the Initiate which for ages has sounded through the Mystery Schools when the purified student goes onward and upward to become a pillar in the Temple of his God. With that last cry the true mystery of Shamballa, the Sacred City, is understood and he joins the ranks of those who, in white robes of purity—their own soul-bodies—gazing down upon the world, see others liberated in the same way and hear them sound the eternal tocsin, "consummatum est" (it is finished).

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE ALCHEMIST

There are few occult students today who have not heard of the alchemist, but there are very few who know anything

about the strange men who lived during the Middle Ages and concealed under chemical symbolism the history of the soul. At a time when to express a heretical religious thought was to court annihilation at the stake or wheel, they labored silently in underground caves and cellars to learn the mysteries of nature which the religious opinions of their day denied them the privilege of doing. Let us picture the alchemist of old, deep in the study of natural lore. We find him among the test tubes and retorts of his hidden laboratory. Around him are massive tomes and books by ancient writers; he is a student of nature's mysteries and has devoted years, perhaps lives, to the work he loves. His hair has long since grayed with age.

By the light of his little lamp he reads slowly and with difficulty the strange symbols on the pages before him. His mind is concentrated upon one thing, and that is the finding of the Philosopher's Stone. With all the chemicals at his command and their various combinations thoroughly understood, he is laboring with his furnace and his burners to make out of the base metals the Philosopher's Gold. At last he finds the key and gives to the world the secret of the Philosopher's Gold and the Immortal Stone. Salt, sulphur and mercury are the answer to his problem. From them he makes the Philosopher's Stone, from them he extracts the Elixir of Life, with their power he transmutes the base metals into gold. The world laughs at him but he goes on in silence, actually doing the very things the world believes impossible.

(To Be Continued.)

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### SERMON SUBJECTS:

Dec. 26th—Digesting Christmas.

Jan. 2nd—The Balance Sheet of 1926.

Amado Fernandez, Soloist; Agnes Buisseret, Pianist;  
Emma C. Heatherington, Organist.

Preludes: Every Sunday morning, Mr. Hall will give consideration, in a prelude to his sermon, to some item of human interest or problem in our daily life.  
Come and bring your friends—Silver offering.



**A CRYPTIC TITLE PAGE**

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3.)

Turning to page 141 of this monumental work, we find the complete key to the method of securing the numerical equivalent for the name of Bacon, although of course the name of this illustrious Rosicrucian does not appear. An interesting example of this numerical method of con-

cealing secret meanings in apparently common words, or words which at least are unintelligible, is to be found by applying the simple cipher of exchanging the letters of the alphabet for numbers to the word HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS, a cryptic signature in *Love's Labor Lost*. The numerical equivalent of this

word is 287, which is incidentally the number of letters appearing upon the first page of the 1623 Shakespearean folio. When the ancient name of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood was changed into a cryptic number by a process known as the Kaye Cipher, its numerical equivalent was 287. 287 and 157 are the Rosicrucian signatures in the Baconian controversy. If you will turn to an earlier issue of this paper, (Dec. 1st) which shows the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare, you will find that there are 157 letters on that page, including the 29 small letters which are the signature of the artist who cut the plate. All these things link together in an interesting and remarkable way. Information of this kind may be piled up indefinitely, but we would now present to you five other acrostic signatures extracted from various Shakespearean plays, as these acrostics appear in the first folio.

Beginning with the seventh line of the introduction addressed **To the great Variety of Readers**, we find the following acrostic signature of Bacon. (We are only printing the first four or five words in the line so that the acrostic is made evident, as the width of the column of this paper does not permit the lines to be divided as in the original.)

and censure. Do so, but buy \* \* \*  
commend a Booke, the Stationer \* \* \*  
braines be, or your wisdoms, make \* \* \*  
not Judge your sixe-pen' orth, \* \* \*

Taking the "b" from the third line, the "a" from the first, the "c" from the second, and the "on" from the fourth, the acrostic signature is revealed. A large capital "F" at the top of the page, if included, results in the formation of "F. Bacon." This appears on Page 3 of the great folio of the Shakespeare plays.

The third scene of the first act of Hamlet reveals a very simple and complete acrostic. It is found in the lines as follows:

And in the Morne and liquid dew \* \* \*  
Contagious blastments are \* \* \*  
Be wary then. best safety \* \* \*

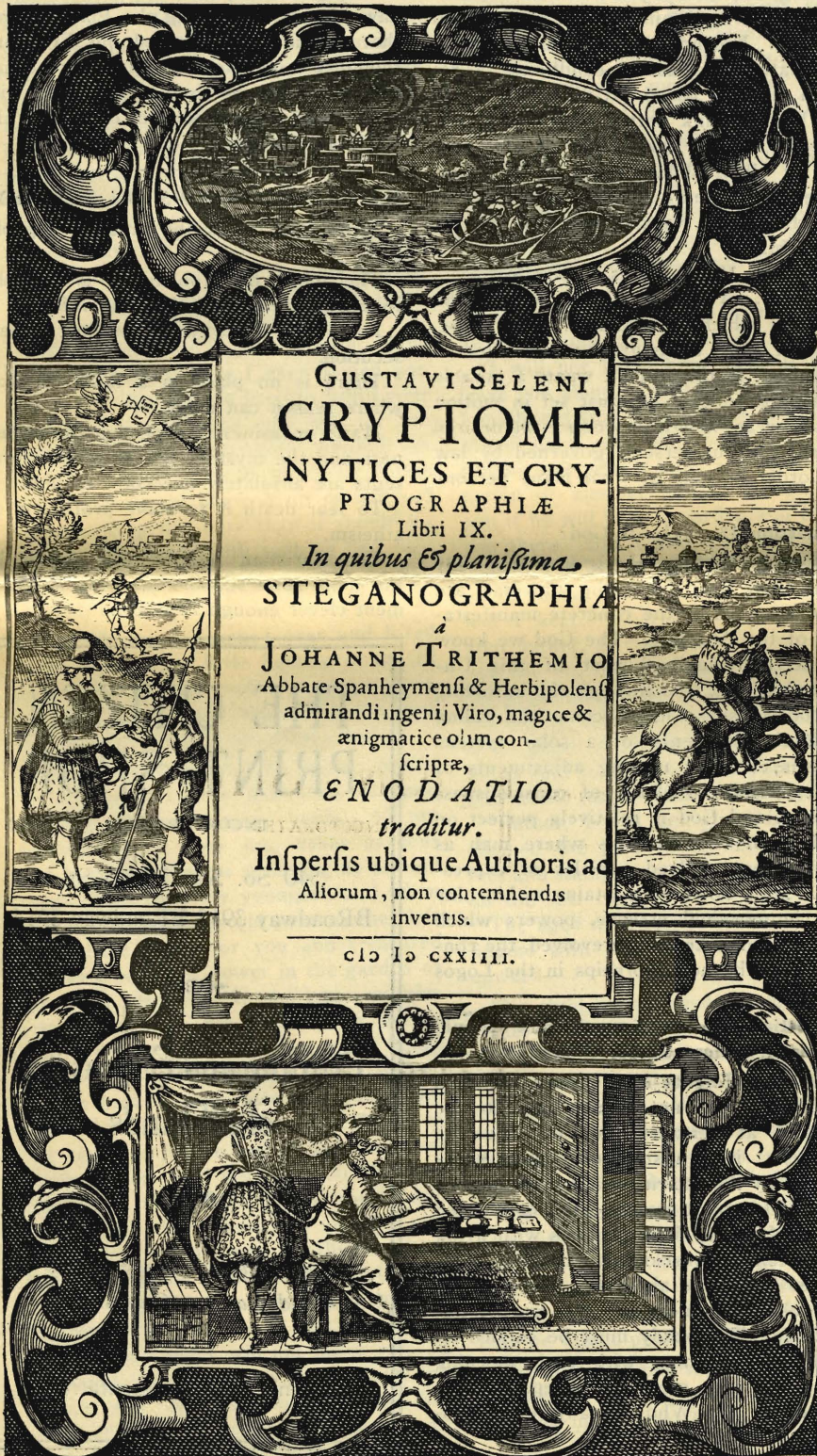
The "B" from the third line, the "A" from the first line, and the "Con" from the second line reveal the acrostic signature, "Bacon."

The last three lines of the sixth scene of the first act of Macbeth give a straight acrostic. reading from the bottom upward; thus:

Conduct me to mine Host we \* \* \*  
And shall continue, our Graces \* \* \*  
By your leave Hostesse.

The "B" from the third line, the "A" from the second line, and the "Con" from the first line again gives us an omnipresent name—"Bacon."

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 1.)





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**They who know God's laws know God.  
They who keep God's laws keep their  
covenant with Him. M.P.H.**



MANLY P. HALL

will realize the value of knowing it, also. So many people are preaching doctrines who show no signs of being helped by them and no symptoms of understanding them, that we cannot blame others for not accepting a creed from which they have never seen any good results. Our life is our message to the world. By it our religion is judged.

**Question 10.** Where should we search for occult wisdom?

**Answer.** Everywhere. They who only look for it in books and lecture halls will never find it. The great laws of nature are daily molding the destinies of worlds, nations, and individuals. If we look at the stars, we see God's laws; if we gaze at the rolling sea, we again behold his manifestation. As we stand on a busy corner of the street or at the bedside of the sick, we can, if we have the eyes, lift the veil and see the eternal hand of God operating behind every action and thought in the universe. In this way we can study truth and the so-called hidden sciences first hand, and, by using the God-given faculty of thought, learn for ourselves the explanation of the mystery of being in a way no book can possibly instruct us.

**Question 11.** What constitutes a livable and believable religion?

**Answer.** This must be answered by the student himself as all religions are livable and believable by someone. To us a livable religion is one that answers the greatest number of our questions in a rational, reasonable, and sensible manner; that does not grate upon the nerves of either spiritual, mystical, or studious individuals. It should affirm, deny, and contradict nothing, but have a place and an explanation for every manifestation of God and his laws. Not upon miracles, but upon an explanation of natural conditions, a religion must be based. It must help us to live better, think better, and better prepare us to fight the battles of life; and, first of all, it should teach us to honor, respect, and admire all other religions that are striving in various ways to do the same thing.

**Question 12.** What is a miracle?

**Answer.** A miracle is an effect, the cause of which is unknown. The cause, however, must be as great as the effect it produces. If the student wants a miracle to happen to him, he must set in motion causes great enough to produce the desired effect. Our universe is governed by law and order in spite of what many persons believe.

**Question 13.** Who is God?

**Answer.** God, as He is now generally understood, man, and the universe are various stages in the concrete manifestation of the Absolute. The God we know is the individualized part of this Unknowable One, who through the unfolding of consciousness has become the ruling spiritual intelligence of a solar system. Man is eternally making adjustments of bodies within to planes of consciousness without, and God is relatively perfect on a plane of consciousness where man as yet has not evolved vehicles of expression. Man, however, contains within himself, in germinal essence, powers which will give him later, when evolved, the consciousness he now worships in the Logos or God.

**Question 14.** How much time should an occult student devote to study?

**Answer.** Twenty-four hours a day. Spirituality is not something to be assumed at certain times by would-be occultists; it is a state of consciousness evolved by the aspiring student of nature's laws. The great lessons are not learned in school, but in daily contacts with living and often unconscious instructors. Our studies should be about ten per cent out of books and ninety per cent out of human life. This study must be carried on eternally, beginning with each morning and not ending even with sleep.

**Question 15.** Who is ready for the so-called Wisdom Teachings?

**Answer.** Only those students who have made the greatest use of more limited information, and they are the ones who will receive them. If we daily show that we are faithful in small things, then we shall be entrusted with greater powers and opportunities; but many who desire higher truth and broader consciousness would abuse the trust if that which they sought were given to them without the purification that comes with long service, suffering, and experience. As soon as we have shown by lighting the Flame within that we have consecrated our lives and thoughts to the service of the divine and His plan, then we shall be entrusted with power and knowledge to carry on His work, not before.

## NAPOLEON'S VIEWS ON RELIGION

Jesus Christ was the greatest republican.

The merit of Mohammed is that he founded a religion without an inferno.

Fanaticism is always the product of persecution.

There is no place in a fanatic's head where reason can enter.

Man's uneasiness is such that the vagueness and the mystery which religion presents are absolutely necessary to him.

To fear death is to make profession of atheism.

The Christian religion will always be the most solid support of every Government clever enough to use it.

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# THE FLOWER OF THE HOUSE OF MING

## An Oriental Occult Novel

By Manly P. Hall

(Continued)

"No, no," sobbed the little figure at his feet, "he cannot be evil. He is good."

"Ah, no, my child, he is far from good. Even when I went to him this morning I found him drunk with wretched liquor and worse ideas. He dreams but to attain you, then he will cast the blossom aside with the others. Each morning, child, upon the river that flows not far away, float bodies that bear mute testimony to his kind. You are young. Remain under the shelter of my care until one shall come who is true."

And again the aged man stroked the glossy black hair that gleamed in the light of the lantern. A sob was the only answer.

"Look at me, child." The little black head shook but did not turn.

"Have I not been a good father? Have I not been kind, have I ever denied you anything? Have I not lived to fulfill your dreams, both for your sake and for the sake of your sainted mother? I would not hurt my blossom, but it would be better far that I should pluck it up myself and crumple its petals here than it should go out into the world with such as he."

"No, no, father!" exclaimed the girl, "he is good, he is good!"

The Chinaman reached over and lifted from the table a little flaming image of porcelain with hollowed eyes and a great yawning mouth, with claws that clenched the air and a horrid misshapen body.

"This, my blossom," he spoke firmly, "is the heart of the American. I have lived in this world many years. All my blossoms have gone into other gardens and have new flowers springing up around them. You were my youngest, and when you came into the world your mother left it. I have cared for you and treasured you as a beautiful flower in the garden of my heart. How can I, who love you, give you to such as has this demon in his soul? I cannot, for my heart would break if I should live to see my flower wither. I have broken many men and I have not been above murder but it was always in the cause of justice and of light. I have crushed men with my hands and broken them with the weight of my power, and I will crush this demon as I would a serpent, as I would crush all things which have this demon in their soul. But I will not hurt my blossom. So I have gone to this American and said to him, 'Leave my flower alone and I will not harm you.' I know the thoughts in his soul, I know the reason why he wants my flower. But while the dzin is in his soul there is no

good in him. Forget him, my child, for I shall never allow you to be his wife. I would rather take yonder sword and run it through your heart than to sanction such a match."

The head of shiny black hair fell forward, and the girl lay sobbing at her father's feet. The old Chinaman leaned over and softly touched her shoulder.

"Think you that much of him?"

"Ah, yes, and I always will, father."

The old man's eyes grew steely.

"It were well that he should die for having made you care," he answered.

"Father, father!" she screamed. "Do not hurt him!" Claspings her hands in supplication she stared into her father's face.

Taking her head in his wrinkled hands he gazed long into her eyes.

"I will not harm him, child, if he will leave you alone. I will not injure him for I would not that your eyes be full of tears. Many there are who want my flower. Choose one who is true, and be he of my nation or another nation, he shall have you if he will build a garden and enshrine you there. But I swore to your mother, whose eyes look at me out of yours, that no ill should come to you, and that oath will I keep. Therefore I order you as your father, as the elder of your house," and the old Chinaman straightened up in the great teak chair, "I order you to have nothing to do with James Wilson. There is no good in him, no virtue in his soul. He is sold to his vices and your life with him would make death a blessing."

"Father, I will not give him up," exclaimed the girl, rising defiantly to her feet and stamping one little satin shod foot on the soft rugs.

The aged man raised one hand, its long fingers with their curving nails, pointing upward—

"No child is privileged to stand before a father in rebellion. I have spoken, and my voice is law. I have said you shall not see the American again and I mean that which I have said. If you disobey me, not only shall I command obedience, but I shall destroy the American before one of my children can become his wife."

The slender figure swayed for a second. The girl was torn between her love for her father and the web of fascination which the crafty Wilson had woven around her to draw her out of the garden that he might pluck the bloom.

The old Chinaman sat like a stone image, his face as expressionless as stone. The pleading in her eyes brought no response,

for, while the old man's heart was breaking, he was battling for the soul of his child.

"He is an escaped convict," he spoke sternly, "with no reformation in his soul. He is a dope fiend, a burglar and a peddler of opium. He is involved in the white slave traffic and is a drunkard. He has been married and has deserted his family; left them to starve for all of him, and his wife was forced upon the streets. Would my soul rest with my fathers if my little blossom were trusted to his care?"

"No, no! It is not true!" cried the little girl. "He told me it was not true, and he would not lie to me!"

"I wish it were not so," answered the old man, "but, alas, it is! And if you do not forget him as I have ordered you, I will kill him, regardless of anything. You know what happens when Ming Quong curses a man, curses him with the curse of Emperors of the ages past. How the man grows weak, how he will not eat, how he raves and turns insane and in just a few short days lies dead at my feet. If you will not obey me I shall curse him and you shall see him die. You may choose as I made him choose, and I pray that you choose wisely."

The girl stood undecided, an expression of mortal agony in her face. She swayed slightly, her eyes dropped, and a second later she fell unconscious at the feet of her father who sat in the great carved chair, his hands clenching the heads of the turning dragons.

"Poor little blossom, that mine old eyes should see this day. But I thank the gods of my fathers that I am here to fight for her against herself!"

He looked around the walls, "How cold these old walls seem when my little blossom is not smiling, how dreary life would be if my little flower should leave me. But each must go its way, and some time the last of the house of Ming shall sit alone in this old teak chair while the blossom brings light to another life. My rose chrysanthemum—its little head is drooping."

His eyes grew steely, "My innocent child's life and heart are broken by that beast. But he shall pay for it! he shall pay for the plan that is in his soul! He shall never have her as long as old Ming Quong can breathe."

The light of the silken lantern shone down upon the scene. The old Chinaman sat in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the form of his daughter. In his lap lay the little red demon. Automatically he picked it up, gazed upon it for a second, and then with a power almost unbelievable he crushed the porcelain image between his fingers and cast the fragments to the floor behind him.

(To be continued)



(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3.)

Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Scene 1, contains an acrostic composed entirely of capital letters, as follows:

Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's \* \* \*  
Now cracke thy lungs, and \* \* \*  
Blow villaine, till thy \* \* \*  
Out-swell the collicke of \* \* \*  
Come, stretch thy chest, and \* \* \*

This remarkable clear example can hardly be disregarded. Take "B" from the third line, "A" from the first, "C" from the fifth, "O" from the fourth, and "N" from the second, and note particularly that all the letters are capitals.

Act I, Scene 1, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, shows a simple Baconian acrostic, thus:

Beshrew me, but you have \* \* \*  
And yet it cannot over-take \* \* \*  
Come, come, open the matter \* \* \*

We secure the letters for the name "Bacon" from the above lines as follows: "B" from the first line, "An" from the second line, and "Co" from the third. By rearranging these letters, the word "Bacon" results.

We have personally checked through nearly all the plays in the first folio and it is safe to say that there are several of these acrostics in each one of them, to say nothing of the sonnets and introductory matter. While this establishes a very interesting point, it remains to establish the most forceful argument of all concerning this peculiar happening, which repeats itself too often to be a mere coincidence. In the various books actually published over the name of Sir Francis Bacon, this "Bacon" acrostic repeatedly occurs. A point as significant as this must receive deep and careful thought. In his Preface to the 1640 edition of the Advancement and Proficiency of Learning, called "Francis Lo: Verulam, His Great Instauration," are found two acrostic signatures precisely the same in their method of construction as those appearing in the Shakespearean folio in 1623. The first occurs on page 10 of the Preface. Again it is necessary for us to print only a part of the line, showing the significant letters which always appear along the left-hand margin. Of course, these very evident acrostic signatures are but the simplest type of cipher used in the Baconian documents. There are many other complicated forms of acrostics which space precludes our considering. The significant lines on page 10 of the Preface are as follows:

conclude the same impossible, \* \* \*  
Art: and yet forall this, \* \* \*  
being she is to examine and \* \* \*

This acrostic reads exactly the same as the one previously given from Macbeth: "b" from the third line, "A" from the second line, and "con" from the first line:

Lest this be deemed a coincidence, a

four-line acrostic similar to the above appears on page 11, intentionally mispaginated 14. Upon page 16 appears another four-line acrostic, and upon page 20 a fourth. The latter is as follows:  
commonly, Empty things \* \* \*  
but Solids are contracted \* \* \*  
narrow compass.

Find "b" in the second line, "na" in the third, and "co" in the first; rearrange the letters, and "Bacon" is produced.

Now, to return for a moment to the plate which accompanies this article. It is one of the most talked of title pages in connection with the Baconian controversy. The picture at the bottom shows a nobleman (presumably Bacon) placing his hat on another man's head. It may possibly be that the lights in the buildings along the shore towards which the men in the open boat are rowing in the small oval picture at the top of the place is a play upon the name Bacon; that is, "Beacon," for these are, in truth, four beacon lights. The most striking and subtle Shakespearean point, however, is in the picture in the left side panel, which shows a nobleman (probably Bacon) handing a paper to another man of mean appearance who carries in his hand a spear. At the right the man who previously carried the spear is shown in the costume of an actor with spurs on and blowing a horn. The allusion to the actor blowing his horn and the figure carrying the spear suggest much, especially as "spear" is the last half of the name "Shakespeare."

Next week, as a conclusion to the series of five articles on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, we are going to consider Shakespearean landmarks in the writings of various contemporaneous thinkers. The illustration will be the title page of the first edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World. Upon this volume are marks which would indicate that it contained material of extreme Baconian importance.

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### THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2.)

There is a terrible feeling that comes into the heart of a little child when the thoughtless parent or heartless playmate whispers to it that there is no Santa Claus. That is one of the heartbreaks of childhood—when that dream of the little old man with his rosy cheeks and twinkling eyes, his long white whiskers and his snug red suit, is dispelled in the mind of the child. From that time on all the world seems false. The parents seldom realize enough of the plan of being to understand that they have destroyed a reality and not an illusion and have supplanted the reality with the false. The smiling, benevolent Santa Claus, with his ponderous comfortable figure and bag of toys, who slips down through the chimney or in some miraculous way finds his way through half-inch lead pipes, is one of the sweetest concepts that man has. Santa Claus is the spirit of the Divine Humanitarian. He is always jovial, is especially fond of little children, and always brings with him dolls and toys, the playthings of the mortal man.

This jovial creature—is he not the great Olympic Jove of the Romans and the Zeus of the Greeks, is he not the spirit of the Jupiter period, expressing itself through the brain of man? The workshop of Santa Claus is the brain of man wherein the spirit conceives of the good works that it may do, the thoughts, actions and desires that it may send forth into the world to cheer the hearts of children. Directly above the eyes at that point where the head starts to slope back to the

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crown we have the home of Santa Claus—the organs of humanitarianism and ideality. It is there that this beloved Spirit of Gift, the philanthropist of human consciousness, dwells, ever hoping, ever praying for greater opportunity to give to others.

The spirit of Santa Claus, under many other names, has been in the world since time began, being brought over from the infinite not-time of eternity. In the silence of the night Santa Claus comes stealing, bringing the gifts of life and light to man. When we go to sleep at night, tired with the labors of the day, broken down by the worries and sufferings of the world, depleted by our endless battle against the substances of crystallation; the spiritual consciousness is withdrawn and we open our body for the coming in of those little workmen who, under the direction of Jehovah the Olympic Jove, rebuild our bodies for the day. In that way, every night, Santa Claus comes stealing, bringing us the strength the courage, and the bodily health to carry on our endless battle. The vital forces that nourish the human body come down the sacred chimney as the manna that descended from heaven to feed the children of Israel in the wilderness. The Supreme Designer of things is ever the spirit of the benefactor, bringing light and truth and love to His children in the world.

And so in honor of this greatest gift, the gift of life, and to prove that they realize this gift, the Christian world has set aside one day, the day when the Father made the supreme sacrifice and sent His only begotten Son, the spirit of love and truth, as the living bread which comes down from heaven. Man has sacrificed this day and made it a time of gifts, for on this holy day man is to renew his pact with the divine by making his gift to the children of men. Each one of us are gods in the making, each one of us carry the spark of divine altruist within our soul, and on that day we are to whisper this truth to the world by sending gifts to all whom we know. And these gifts must not be merely things we buy or sell but must contain the divine essence of the Eternal Humanitarian who gives the best that he is and has to his children in the world. On that day we must give our light, which

**"No Place Like Holmes"**

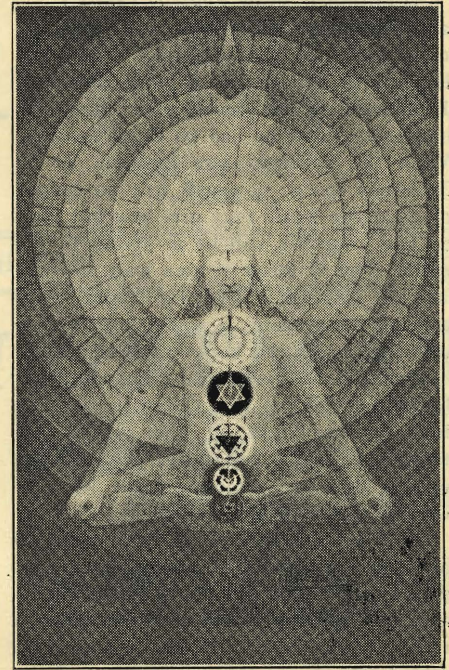
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is the life of our brother men. "The gift without the giver is bare"—and in order to be true to ourselves at Yuletide we must give ourselves, our spirit, and our life with the gift that we buy. Listed below are some suggestions, some resolutions, for us to make to ourselves that we may be true to the spirit of Christmas and to the Eternal Giver who expresses Himself through the gifts of man to man.

When we realize the goodness of the universe and how Nature pours from her horn of plenty her gifts to man, how Nature's eldest children, the World Saviours and Initiates, have sacrificed their lives and hopes that man may be better, when we think of the tiny children of the elements, busy night and day to make life beautiful and clean, when we think of the Masters walking the earth, living symbols of self sacrifice and altruism, when we think of the spiritual rays of the universe pouring into us all the time our life and courage and hope, when our souls hear the music of the spheres as it thrills through our own heart and we understand better that all the universe cooperates together to serve us, to save us and give us opportunity for the fullest and greatest expression, let us realize that our duty is to be part of this great plan of salvation and send our strength, our light, our love, and our pledge that we too shall help to spread the light of life to the world of men.

At this moment let there be born in the soul of man the Christ who is the hope of glory, that the salvation of man may come in this world of pain through that spiritual one before whom we bow like the wise men out of the East, offering our three bodies for the redemption of the world. Man may offer gold and jewels but they are not his! he may offer soft velvets and clinging silks but they are not his; he may offer land and buildings but the rocks belong to nature and the building is the power of God. Man eternally offers that which is not his, to which he is not tied by spiritual ties; he picks up handfuls of dirt and offers them to his God to Whom they belonged before. The only thing that it is his to offer is his body and the vehicles of consciousness which he has built down through the ages; he may offer his mind that through it the thoughts of God may be known to man; he may offer his heart that the love of God may be sent as a benediction to shine as a star of hope upon a world in

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**THE SEVEN SPINAL CHAKRAS**

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

This painting of the CHAKRAS is based upon a number of native drawings brought from India by Mr. Hall in 1924. In the Orient, diagrams of the Chakras are comparatively common, but several symbols not generally included have been added, which make the painting more complete. The most important additions consist (1) of the interlaced triangles behind the figure, the body of the Yogi himself forming the upright triangle; (2) the beam of golden light rising from the BRAHMANANDRA, or GATE OF BRAHMA, in the crown of the head; and (3) the SAHASRARA, or THOUSAND-PETALLED LOTUS, in the upper part of the brain, which is generally pictured as an inverted lotus-like cap but is here shown as a great flower-like sunburst, with a white center and concentric rings of petals.

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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 pain; he may offer his hand with its power to mold that he may blend the elements of matter into a more conscious glorification of the eternal plan; but other than these three he has no thing to offer. When the spirit in you is born, as on Christmas morn, you will live no longer for what the world may give you but your joy and your life will be in giving to the world. The children of men wait, like the baby on Christmas Eve, for Santa Claus to bring his present; a world, widowed in suffering, waits and hopes for the coming of the light. May there be born in your Bethlehem this day that Christ in you who shall be the light of the world, the strength to steps that falter, the courage to lives that are afraid and the hope of glory to the children of creation.

Let this Christmas be different from all the others in your life inasmuch as your spirit is with your gift, for a broken crust with the spirit of God is better than a string of pearls that are sent in emptiness—the heart makes the gift richer and the spirit makes it sufficient. Let us this year resolve that we shall give for the joy of giving, our reward being a happy smile in the eyes of the one who receives the token of our realization of the spirit of Christmas. The reward of the Master is to see his disciple smile for in the laughter of children sounds out a wondrous song from which pour streams of life into the heart the servant and the Master is servant of his flock. Let us this Christmas creep into the darkness of some waiting life and leave our token of good cheer, without name or symbol to show our presence, but only in the name of Santa Claus, the archetype of the Spiritual Giver, who labors all alone through the year to make the little wooden toys and dolls that bring joy to the heart of the child. And let next year be for us a year of labor that when again Yuletide comes around we shall have a great sleighful of toys, not perishable wood or little sawdust stuffed figures but great soul qualities built of thought and mediation which we may give to the world as truth and light just for the pure joy of giving.

Let us bury the hatchet of the past this Christmas and as one step in our realization of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God send our memory and good will to those who have done ill by us, the friend who has been untrue, and the one who has broken our hearts. To such ones let us send our token for while the flesh has been weak enough to break our bond of friendship still we are one in spirit. Let us give away this year that which we possess of love, truth and knowledge to a world long crying for our light, and let our first step be to make right the broken things in our own lives, the broken friendship, the broken pledge,

the broken trust—let us this day forgive them all as we hope to be forgiven.

In all our giving let it be as in the beautiful story—the gifts of Santa Claus—not a gift of men to men, not just a gift that the giver may be known. Let us slip silently in and leave our blessings and if any should ask who the giver be let us answer—there is but One, the spirit of God in man, who comes in to our soul as a babe born amidst the beasts but who some day shall lighten our way and show us the beauty of giving and sharing. Christmas is not a time for creed or clan, for family or for friend, but is a moment when all the world is banded together to keep trust with One who is the friend of all. If they would live like Him, let each of them be this day a friend of all and like the sun, God's great gift to man, let the shining rays of our soul light the souls of the just and unjust alike, for man's is the privilege to do and God's to judge the doing.

When we sit down to our Christmas dinner, surrounded with the good things of the earth, let us not forget that we have other bodies besides this form of clay. We feed this one many times but how seldom we feed the other bodies which also grow hungry for nourishment and attention. At this Christmas dinner may we feed the heart with its finer sentiments that great love and understanding be born there. We feed the higher bodies by the things that we do in our lives which strengthen and harmonize with these bodies. During the year that is past each one of us have passed through many experiences which differ with the position each holds in the world of material affairs. Part of the work of Christmas is to build into the soul body the fruitage of these experiences that the higher man may be fed with the conscious acceptance of experience which is the only food the spirit is capable of digesting. Let us therefore take some part of this day and go away from the world and sitting down quietly, review the last year of our lives, bringing to mind the good works we have done, the kindnesses we have sown, the mastery of our conditions which we have expressed, the harmony which we have radiated, and the services we have performed for others. Let us group all these together in our minds and spread them out before us on a spiritual table for these things are the food of the spirit; upon this it lives and grows, by means of this it expresses ever more completely the qualities which we would that it express. This is the Christmas dinner of the soul where there is built into this wonderful star body of light, that robe of blue and gold, the fruitage of experience. In this way we become greater and wiser in the permanent things, feeding not only the body but nourishing also the con-

sciousness which is the mold and regulator of bodies.

Let us also make our New Year resolution of how we are going to conduct ourselves in the months to come; let us lay our plan to be strong where before we were weak, to grasp opportunities that before we overlooked, and to make our lives more useful every day, so that during the coming year in the workshop of Santa Claus we may prepare a greater and better harvest, more wonderful toys and beautiful gifts to shower upon the world when the spirit of Yuletide comes again.

There is nothing in all the world today more sad than man's inhumanity to man; where he should be kind he is cruel, where he should be sweet he is heartless, and in these things he betrays the spirit of love and truth who comes to take away the sin of the world. Let him be true this year to the spirit, that the Christmas bells shall ring again with sweeter tone. How different is the sound of the bell tongue with its ringing anthem from the tongue of man which slays with its sharpness and destroys the plan with its cruelty. It is a servant of the emotions and not of the spirit.

And do not forget the Christmas tree, that sprig of evergreen which Santa brings with him. As this tree grows up through the snow and its bright green leaves never lose their color, so through mortal crystallization, through the chill of a heartless world, through the cold months of spiritual winter, the sprig of evergreen has ever been the whispering voice of immorality.

This year let Santa Claus, the divine altruist in our own soul, bring his toys and his gifts from the North Pole and scatter them into the world. Feel him knocking at the door of your own heart and see his smiling face inviting you to join him in the work of making people happy. He will tell you that his smile is the smile of those he has helped reflected from his own face, that he is happy and his cheeks are rosy because he is ever busy. Like the spiritual Jupiter, the humanitarian of the zodiac, he is ever seeking to make the way of life happier and more glorious. Get together with him this year and as occultists and students of spiritual things join him in making the world happy—slipping away again without ever letting anyone know who did it. Leave your blessings and be gone, give your present and leave unannounced, for the great give for the joy of giving and not in anticipation of reward; the true are rewarded enough in the realization that they are doing as the Master would have them. So we invite you this Christmas to become a Santa Claus—not a Santa Claus of make believe, but to feel in your own soul the spirit of the eternal Saint Nicholas who goes out to make the world happy.