

for a moment. He fidgeted. He had no time to spare. Politics were a whole time job; arduous, yes, but in themselves reward enough.

The taxi clattered on; presently it drew up before the house in Grosvenor Square. Still in high spirits he jumped out, overtipped the driver and drew his latch-key from his pocket. Behind him he heard the meter of the taxi click. Just as he was thrusting his key into the door

he heard the driver dismount and come toward him. He turned.

"What is it?"

The man held out a paper bag. "You left this in the taxi, sir," he said.

The member of Parliament considered the bag.

"Oh, thanks," he said. "It's of no importance. You can keep it." He fumbled for the keyhole. "It's only some grapes."

## CIRCUS FLASHBACK

JACQUELINE EMBRY

*Sweet Rosy O'Grady,  
My dear little Rose—*

THIS WAY TO THE BIG TENT! THIS WAY! THIS WAY!  
I clutch black Silla's hand, breath coming fast.  
She gives the mopping ticket-man his pay,  
And we are in the wild-beast-part at last.  
How bad they smell! And how they growl and glare!  
(Calliopes play best of all, I think.)  
"O Silla, would they sell the baby bear?  
I hope we get the ladies who wear pink!"

HERE'S YOUR HOT-ROASTED, DOUBLE-JOINTED, HUMP-BACKED PEANUTS

Three rings! The pink trapeze too far to see.  
THE DIP OF DEATH! comes thundering through a horn.  
A clown calls out, "Hello, Red-top," to me—  
I'm bursting with excitement and popcorn. . . .  
"Honey, you hot? Them sailor suits so thick!"  
I am led out. My stomach's very sick.

*For little Annie Rooney—is—my—sweet—heart.*

# A MODERN IN SEARCH OF TRUTH

## *II—Mental Science and Occultism*

S. T.

**D**URING the last half century we have come into cognizance of, and to a certain degree control over, subtler, swifter and more powerful forces than have been hitherto generally known to man. We have had the age of the conquest of land and sea—the science of the physical forces of the “gross” visible universe; with the corresponding science of the outer and gross body of man. Now comes the age of the conquest of the air, the science of the invisible fine particles of the atmosphere; and the corresponding science of the finer part of man, and of the fine forces—thought and emotion—that he wields within the subtler universe, as in the physical world he uses his muscular force or the machinery of his inventive brain.

When a man who fails to find his answer to the problems of life in the truth taught by the orthodox churches, turns—as he frequently does—to investigate the heterodox “new movements” of the time, he turns to people who have been pioneers in the study of these finer forces. They are divided roughly into two groups: Mental Scientists and Psychic Scientists. Mental Scientists see the Ultimate Power behind this universe as “Divine Mind,” the all-pervading Principle of Intelligence,

and man as Its “perfect idea,” who only needs to recognize his perfection to be free from all trouble and limitation. Psychic Scientists see this universe and ourselves as under the direction of beings of higher worlds beyond this—Masters, adepts, Initiates, “guides.” They are content to follow what they consider to be communications or orders from these beings, believing that these are as much of God and truth as we can expect to know for the present.

To the first group belong Christian Science, New Thought, the Unity and Divine Science movements, and many other societies with many names—but all teaching the same general principles. To the second, the Psychic or Occult group, belong the Theosophists and the Spiritualists, of whom there are also various schools and subdivisions.

The first and stoutest pioneer of the “supreme-Mind” group, was Christian Science—to whom, both as a race and as individuals, we owe a tremendous debt. “Through them (the Christian Scientists),” says a non-Scientist writer, “the world was shaken from its worst and grossest materialism; doctors caused to investigate methods of mental healing; people all over the world brought to realize that there are other methods