



THE LETHEIAN

The TRUTH BEARER

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WHERE
TRUTH
IS
FEAR
IS
NOT



July-August 1914

\$1.00 the Year

Single Number 20c.



he ALETHEIAN means *The* Truth-Bearer.

department devoted to Equal Citizenship for all regardless of Sex.

ARE YOU FOR the Universal Uplift of Body Soul and Spirit?

In this issue our magazine is increased in size by several pages to admit of more space for the cause of

ARE YOU FOR Justice, Truth, *and* Equality of Effort? *The* Aletheian is for you.

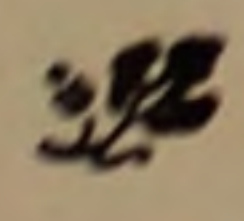
Woman, producer of mankind, through whom shall come the uplift of all hu-

IF YOU FIND within these pages aught that is wise or helpful or worth while, pass it on to others, *and* give US your helpful suggestions *and* criticism.

manity.

Poesy, Prophecy *and* Psychic Interpretation are special features of *The* Aletheian—The Soul Scientist Develops psychic forces from the positive, first. In our issue of May 1914 was inaugurated a special

Helen Keller has said, "In woman lies the hope of the future". We would add, Woman's mission is to attain! Truth is her guiding star *and* obstacles but stepping stones, through rivers of ignorance oppression *and* unbelief. Through Soul Science Woman's Day has dawned; its glory grows! Read *The* Aletheian and "take glad share in Truth".



***To Editors and Publishers**

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THE ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT

VOLUME III No. 5

JULY-AUGUST, 1914

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A

PSYCHOLOGY
ETHICS

PHILOSOPHY
VERSE

Written in the Spirit of Truth

DEVOTED TO THE UPLIFT OF ALL BEINGS, BROTHERHOOD AND
THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY FRANCES ALETHEIA DILOPOULO

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Life's Lesson

ASKED myself the question:
Why high and low and great—
Why the King in costly raiment,
With the beggar at the gate?

And The Voice in my soul made answer:
Peace, listen and learn and wait.

Know ye not that the height is by contrast,
And the valley at its base
Climbs up to the easy level
By the road you can plainly trace?
The level aspires to the mountain,
And behold, brave deeds are done,
Yet the toiler loves the valley
For the sake of the heights he has won.
See, see yon white-clad mountains
Send down their melting snow
To nourish Earth's failing fountains,
To quench the thirst of woe.

I come, O weary mortal,
Bringing Truth's torch to thee;
Leaving God's fairest portal
That man may rise through Me.
Had I not climbed to the summit,
I could not bring love to all,
Or sound life's depths, as the plummet,
Lest my brothers stumble and fall.
Had ye not known deep sorrow,
Thy brother might sigh unheard;
Had ye not prayed in anguish,
Ye had not received God's Word;
For if there were no mountains,
No rugged road to climb—
Had thy spirit sought Truth's fountains
To drink of the Cup Sublime?



Will President Wilson Respond?

WHEN John Hancock signed the Declaration of Independence, sending it forth bearing his name only, in its support, he waited in profound assurance that other courageous souls would affix their signatures thereto, and bend their united efforts to the cause of Liberty and Justice for the Colonists. Nor was he mistaken. The world needs such leaders. Oh for a man of the dauntless courage of John Hancock today! Oh for another Lincoln to issue a new proclamation of freedom from sex slavery!

Woodrow Wilson, you, as President of these United States, have it in your power to write another Declaration of Independence and to be its "First Signer" as well! Why do you not in the full courage of your inmost convictions, write a proclamation of the Truth that, under the original Constitution of the United States, women, as people, are fully entitled to the franchise and all rights appertaining thereto?

Throw off the yoke of party allegiance if the party no longer stands for Truth and Equity! Throw off the incubus of "Special Privilege." Issue a Proclamation of Emancipation for women, in memory of the woman who produced you, who inspired your brain, in embryo, with the attributes of Justice, Love and Truth! Courage she gave you, patience and wisdom. The women of America worked for your election as never women worked for any presidential candidate before. I could tell you of some who gave the "widow's mite" to your campaign fund. I could name those who suffered persecution, indignity and were actually defrauded of their livelihood by your political opponents because of their efforts to place in the seat of Government One in whom they had reason to place faith. The women of America have placed this faith in you and you cannot shirk your responsibility. Hesitate no longer but obey the prompting VOICE OF TRUTH calling on you to liberate her daughters.

You have but to write:

Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, Chief Executive of the Nation, do hereby proclaim that the Constitution of the United States in no wise excludes Women from the Ballot, inasmuch as

that Constitution states that "all PEOPLE, save Imbeciles, Criminals and Minors shall be entitled to the privilege of the Franchise." Now therefore I, Woodrow Wilson, by the power of the People vested in me, further declare and proclaim that the Fourteenth Amendment, of 1868, having substituted the word "Males" for PEOPLE, thereby abrogated the original Constitution, article One, Section Two, and placed one-half its citizens in the absolute power of the other half; thus since 1868 the United States Government has been operating under an illegal and unconstitutional Amendment.

Sign and send out your statement of this Truth and every honest, truth-loving man in Congress assembled will recognize its justice and affix his signature thereto.

Woodrow Wilson, the voice of your Mother calls you! Woodrow Wilson, the voices of Hancock, Lincoln, and Jefferson, call you! Woodrow Wilson, the Voice of Truth calls you! Woodrow Wilson, the VOICE OF THE SUPREME RULER, THE CREATOR of MAN and of WOMAN, calls on YOU, this day, to proclaim the message of Freedom for Woman. In the name of Humanity.,

—*Frances Aletheia Dilopoulo.*

OUR GOVERNMENT SHALL BE A UNION OF EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

A perfect government must be a union of equal rights, equal privileges, equal opportunity and equal effort for all citizens, regardless of sex.

Woman rising to her opportunities and her responsibilities points man to a higher ideal, and forces him to keep pace with her in seeking their common goal. The goddesses of Wisdom, Love, Purity and Victory have ever been symbolized in feminine form. The gods of Force, Strength, Power and Swift-ness, symbolized as masculine. Mythology teaches us that a union of these masculine and feminine attributes produced the human race. Every child of Earth possesses some of these transcendent qualities. All must unite to produce transcendent results for humanity.

In our council chambers must Wisdom unite with Force, Love with Strength, Purity with Power, and Victory with Swift-ness shall follow Truth's beacon light into one vast commonwealth where Justice shall clasp hands with Mercy to crown the world in Peace.

—*Aletheia.*

The Master's Voice

IT is not I that speak, it is THE VOICE within me that will not be silenced.

"Move, oh Pen, and write these Words for My Children. Write of My Love, My Compassion, My everlasting tenderness toward them."

"There are those who long for Me. Their longing shall be stilled, for they shall behold Me in all things, and they shall know by all things that I AM."

"There are those who thirst for Knowledge. Those who would Know, and knowing, would share their Knowledge. They shall be as overflowing fountains, and their Brethren shall come and drink thereof, and be glad."

"There are those who are discouraged, bowed down with earth-griefs. Bid them look up and rejoice, for are they not My Children, and is not every good thing their own?"

"There are those who cower in fear; those who in their ignorance walk in dark places, with Evil as their companion. Remind them that they, too, are Mine. Tell them that they have but to look evil boldly in the face and she will flee, and the Sun will shine once more for them."

"Then, there are those who are cold and hungry; ill and alone. Behold! this is not My Will! My Universe is filled with Good for All of My Children. It is theirs, now, if they Will. They have set themselves a limit, when I AM LIMITLESS, INFINITE! By this limit have they placed a barrier about themselves, that they may not see Me, not knowing that I AM with them always. They have but to say: "Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth," and MY Message shall reach them swift and sure."

"Speak also to those who rejoice, and are glad; who spread MY LOVE wherever they go; who, by the sunshine of their presence, the light of their eyes, the touch of their hands, and the fragrance of their Spirit, proclaim Me. It is they who do My Will, and theirs is the fullness of joy."

"For My Seers and Prophets I give you no Message. My Voice shall speak within them, and they shall hear, for they are

My chosen Vessels, and their Souls are as Pools of Silence, wherein the Lotus of My Love shall float forever."

Thus, in the Noontide Stillness, THE MASTER'S VOICE spoke through me. In all love and humility I give forth HIS Message to You, my fellow disciples.

—*Lydia E. Lange.*

The Heart of Peace

TO find the realm of undiscovered Truth?
Pass first the gateway to thine inmost soul.
Thy Star of Destiny?—'Tis Will's control.

The fountain of thy search, Immortal Youth?
In depths of thine own heart it lieth sealed.
The Law of Life?—To Life of Love revealed.

Light on the Path? That Path must thou become.
Abiding Peace?—Thy Higher Self, its home.

"Know Thyself," and lo! the Kingdom is at hand!
"Seek thou the Christ within"—'Tis Love's divine command!

The message still unheeding
Today, as in days of old—
The Temple's strange inscription
In characters clear and bold.

The pearls of all the Ages
We have trampled in the mire,
Unmindful that among them
Is that of the Heart's Desire.

These pearls of countless ages,
Concealed in the dust of Time,
Are woven in strands together
On threads of the poet's rhyme:

That ye who read may find here
From fruitless toil surcease;
From endless tangled mazes
The way to the Heart of Peace.

—*M. H. Curtis.*

Thought of the Spirit

THE writer has positive knowledge of a young woman who in childhood was so extremely delicate, she was able to attend school but three terms in her entire life. This girl was the daughter of normally educated parents, orthodox, and Christian people. She had heard nothing of the doctrines of reincarnation, transmigration of souls, spiritism, or spiritualism, and scarcely knew the meaning of the word "psychology." Yet she was able to perform certain feats of an inspirational character, and when questioned as to how she obtained her results replied: "I am a soul seer."

Seven eminent scientists, including the presidents of notable American universities interviewed this young woman, putting questions to her along psychological lines. She answered with ease, frequently using technical and scientific terms in her explanations. Her work was so remarkable that the late Professor James, who was one of her interrogators, remarked: "Well, child, what you tell us is most wonderful and is most true, but just where did you learn it?"

The immediate response was: "I didn't know some of the things that I have told you until you asked the questions; then I simply gave you the answers that were put into my mind by a higher power."

When asked to describe the process by which these thoughts were "put in her mind," "The Soul Seer" replied: "Sometimes mere flashes of scenes are shown to me, very much as moving pictures are thrown upon a screen; these pictures are often accompanied by explanations that reach my mind over a Line of Light, coming from some higher source. This light enters my brain directly in the centre of the top of my head between the two sections of the skull." A moment later she gave a scientific analysis of the portion of the brain with which this invisible "line of light" was connected, using terms that only a student of anatomy would thoroughly understand. There are persons who would immediately say that the scientists, in a measure, anticipating what she was about to say, were thinking in technical terms,

—and that her use of them was merely an evidence of thought transmission, but the information she gave transcended the book lore of her questioners. A gentleman desiring to test her upon a subject beyond her range of knowledge, said to this Spirit-taught psychic: "What is the Conarium?" She closed her eyes for a second, and in a very quiet, measured tone responded: "The Conarium is a section of the brain immediately under the orifice that exists in the skull of a child, before the cerebellum and cerebrum have united. It is located directly in the centre of the top of the skull, and is cone shaped. As a matter of fact, there are two sections of this cone, greatly resembling an hour glass; the lower section is so interblended with the brain, very few people would recognize that it really is similar to an hour glass in shape. The upper section, or the conarium proper, is the identical spot through which the lines of etheric light penetrate the human brain. It is this etheric light, or spiritual electricity, permeating the brain that enables mortals to comprehend from the standpoint that I call 'soul seeing.' This line of light entering the conarium proceeds to the lower section, or through the connecting link of the brain's hour glass,' and is disseminated through the entire system, illuminating not only the brain, but carrying this understanding and comprehension literally to the heart, to the solar plexus and other parts of the anatomy. This fact gives rise to the varied theories as to what is the actual seat of intelligence." The questioner then said to the psychic: "The conarium has never been analyzed by scientists or physicians who have been able to explain its use in anything like so clear and reasonable a manner as the explanation just given."

This same psychic has been able to write verse metrically perfect and of considerable poetic beauty, containing facts about individuals who existed as much as twenty-five hundred years ago. Names of these individuals and their contemporaries with details of the relationships that they bore to each other would be given, and taking the finished poem, the writer hastened to the libraries to see if such beings had

ever actually existed, there to find the facts embodied in the poetry absolutely correct. Ancient names with which she was totally unfamiliar correctly spelled, and the whole product worthy of a mind of great learning and poetic genius. There are those who would immediately say this unlettered writer was some ancient celebrity "reincarnated," but she could scarcely be a reincarnation of each of the numerous persons of whom she writes so clearly. The explanation we find reasonable is that she is a highly developed psychic and is, therefore, sought by spiritual entities who have long since attained to the higher realms of spiritual existence. We would further impress upon the mind of the Truth-seeker that it is only the highly progressed spiritual being who is able to reach the mind of a psychic in the earth's sphere with such clearness and certainty of diction.

—*Aletheia.*

The Two

THEY come thro' ashen mist of years
 Of nature born—of heaven endowed
 The immortal twins—one, shoulders bowed
 As though from care or vexing fears:
 The other—fair, a radiant boy—
 His noble brow aflame with truth,
 His face, his form incarnate youth
 Whose eyes half veil a tender joy.

The one—gray shadow—kin to night
 In darkness clothed, a troubled dream;
 The other's glowing face doth seem
 Divine, yet human in its light;
 Yet hand in hand, their hearts attune,
 They tread fate's path, pure, undismayed—
 As close of kin as the light and shade
 That blend to make the perfect noon.
 Who are they, then, the immortal twain?
 Ah, Mortals, who would question now,
 At their great shrine ye all must bow
 To these, God's angels, Love and Pain!

—*Vera Glaentzer.*

The Aletheia Society

In Obedience to the Voice of the Spirit

TEACHES that all Truth—through Spirit Impulse, or Inspiration, finds expression through psychology—the Science of the Soul.

THIS Society is a part of the Great Brotherhood visible and Invisible, existent from all time; rising to renewed life in each successive cycle. Our Creed is faith in the Supreme, obedience to the Creator, in All-Truth, All-Love, All-Harmony. We believe in the elimination of personal interests for the good of all humanity.

BALETHEIAN, thou must become immune to error, deaf to criticism, mute to censure, impervious to flattery, unmoved by praise, yet giving kindness ever, if thou wouldst walk in the way of Truth.

THINK purely, speak truth only, uplift, hearken to no evil communications, bear no malice, heal the sick, help to raise the fallen, annihilate error, live in charity for all mankind, disseminating only Light, Love and Truth.

Temple of Truth

Somerville, Mass.

SPIRITUAL Assembly for the voicing of Truth and the Healing of humanity through spiritual power, in accordance with the teachings of JESUS, THE CHRIST.

MEETINGS Sunday evenings in July, at seven-thirty o'clock. Guild Hall, number fifty-seven Central Street, Somerville, seats 700. Aletheia Dilopoulo, Inspirational speaker for these meetings. Voluntary offerings only. All welcome.

SOUL Science Circles of the A. S. A. on Monday evenings at eight o'clock, in the reading rooms of the Aletheia Society, 1140 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts. Mrs. Dilopoulo, Psychic, and visiting speakers will be heard. All welcome.

WE invite all readers who earnestly desire the betterment of material and spiritual conditions for the universe to become active members of the Aletheia—or Truth—society. Write to us suggestions that you may have for the universal uplift, here and now. We will gladly co-operate with you as far as lies within our powers. The Aletheian maintains a free reading room, open to all, at 1140 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Address all inquiries to the Secretary-General. A. S. A.

Beyond the Veil

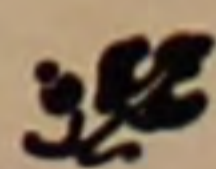
By Sylvia Sterling

A LITTLE child was born through death to life;
Her few short months on earth were at an end,
And they who watched saw but the cruel death,—
The little, baby form so still and cold.
They wept, because no more could they behold
Their babe who entered that real life beyond.

Could they have seen—oh could they but have seen
What they called death, as those sweet angels saw,
Who came to bear their treasure far away,—
A little, happy child whose ills were o'er,
Who knew no evil and could thus become
A being fairer than their hearts could dream.

How wise the great Creator in his plan!
They could not know, they could not see his way
Until grown aged in the after years
They too, passed through the change and woke to life
To find there is no death, but that so named
Is birth into a brighter, better realm.

They left their sons and daughters of the earth,
And might have sorrowed so to leave them there,
But joy unbounded filled their waking hearts
When their lost babe, now in a radiant form,
Matured, and shining with a holy light,
In loving welcome, clasped them to her breast.
So all things have a purpose could we see
Beyond the veil that blinds our mortal eyes.



BEYOND ALL

By Sylvia Sterling

Beautiful art thou, O Sun!
Beautiful art thou, O Moon!
Beautiful art thou, O Stars!

But thou are as naught compared to the grandeur
Of the Infinite Mind that lieth beyond all.

Humanitarian to Churchman

By Willard Holcomb

YOU walk in the straight and narrow path,
Hemmed in by ancient walls,
Above which hover clouds of wrath,
Through which ONE sunbeam falls;
While I walk out on the broad highway,
Spanning the world so wide,—
All around is the light of day,—
Conscience my only guide.

And yet your walls are not so wide,
Nor forbidding to my view
That I cannot see on the other side
And in spirit walk with you;
'Though oft I wander from the road,
I'm forging on ahead,—
You stumble onward 'neath your load,
With the sunshine on your head.

Your eyes are fixed on a bloody cross,—
'Though to Him I cannot pray,
Brother, stretch me your hand across,—
We walk in the self-same way.



PSYCHIC MESSAGES

The Truth-Seeker asketh: "Tell me, oh, Voice, that speaketh, is it true that the philosophies of Ind were voiced by Jesus, the Christ?"

The Voice: Nay, he that was called Christ, the man, Jesus, of Galilee, taught not by book lore, but by the power of the Spirit of Truth in him made manifest. This Spirit through thy self hath spoken truth more profound than thy tongue could utter. And struggling through thy consciousness hath sent thoughts beyond thy powers of expression. Peace more pervasive than philosophy hath promised: 'My Peace have I given unto thee.' Whence came these? From books, from earth teachers, from converse with mortal kind? Nay, all that thou hast, have I given thee in the silence of the Soul.

The Cat's Paw

A narrative of startling facts involving a notable group of people.

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CHAPTER XV.

A Wild unreasoning terror seemed to grip Fanny as the man leered into her face. She shrank from him and cried out, "No, no, I won't go with you."

At this instant the man with the black moustache came forward, saying in an undertone, "You've done splendidly up to now, don't lose your self-control. You have to go with him. I have no jurisdiction over this. He is simply going to take you to the House of Detention."

"But I don't want to go to the House of Detention; what is it? Where is it? Why do I have to go there?"

"You are remanded there to await your trial. The Major has fixed it. It is a far better place than the police station, and you must go there unless you can give bail. You had better go; you will be safe there."

At this instant the captain whose attention had been called to a prisoner who had just been brought in, came forward and said, "What are you waiting for? I told you to take that woman to the House of Detention!"

The cock-eyed man, with the horrible leer, laughed and replied, "She says she don't *want* to go!"

"Take her along! I don't want any foolishness. If she makes any fuss you take her to jail."

As Fanny was hustled out on to the street and ushered rather forcefully into a small vehicle awaiting her, the cock-eyed man entered also. Fanny hysterically cried, "I don't want that man in here. Let him ride outside."

The black-moustached man who stood with hand on the door of the cab said, "He has to ride with you. It is his duty to see that you don't get away. You don't seem to realize that you are a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" The words seemed to recall Fanny to herself. Her rising indignation acted like a tonic, restoring her equilibrium. As she settled back in her seat with closed lips and closed eyes endeavoring to get a grasp upon the situation, the man in the cab with her moved up close beside her, deliberately threw his arm around her and blew a puff from his vile cigar into her face, with the words:

"Well, Lizzie, what are you in for?"

Fanny snatched her heavy cuban-heeled pump from her foot and grasping it by the toe with a menacing gesture said: "There has been a good deal of talk of '*violence*.' If you don't get over on the other side of the cab and throw that cigar out of the window you will find there will be something beside *talk*."

The gleam of her eyes, the tense expression of her face and figure showed that she meant what she said. The man cowered before her, mumbling some unintelligible words. He immediately took a seat opposite. During the entire ride Fanny sat with her quite formidable weapon raised and ready to strike. She did not replace the shoe until the vehicle had reached a dwelling in southwest Washington. It looked so much like an ordinary dwelling that Fanny hesitated about entering, and asked of a blue-coated man who stood near, "What place is this?" The officer laughed, and said, "This is the House of Detention." As Fanny entered, between two officers, the sergeant on duty took her record and asked for her money and valuables. Excited, grieved and indignant as she was, Fanny could scarcely repress a smile as she handed over her pocket-book containing the single car ticket Marie had handed her to ride home on. In a few moments she was taken up a flight of stairs and handed over to a bleary-eyed old woman who turned the key in a door, saying, in a cracked voice, "There go right in there. There's two beds and you can take your choice. That one over there in the corner is the one that Mrs. Bradley slept in." Fanny looked at her uncomprehendingly, murmuring the name, "Bradley."

"Yes, Mrs. Bradley, that shot Senator Brown, you know. They always bring 'em here if they ain't *sure* who done it, or if they've got any friends or influence. Have *you* got any influence?"

Fanny wondered if the senile old creature was merely garrulous or if there was a purpose in her remarks. She paid no more attention to her, simply saying: I am very tired, please leave me alone."

The woman looked at her, went out, and as she turned the key in the lock, called in through the grating: "Oh, you'll be alone, all right! We ain't got many to-night, and you're locked in."

As she shuffled away with her keys rattling Fanny glanced about the room, and strangely a spirit of relief came over her. She was astonished to see that the room was very much like a room in a hospital ward; two little white beds, seemingly quite clean, and a chair or two, comprised the furniture, with the exception of a stand and basin and towels. "So this is the House of Detention. Better than the police station. You will be safe here." The words seemed to repeat themselves in her brain. "Safe?" Why, yes, she felt safe at last. More safe than she had felt for the last three weeks. The major had kept his word. He was doing all he could. She could see it now. He was going to force this thing to a trial that the truth might come out. She felt strangely at peace and was just about to remove her clothing to retire when a voice at the door said, "There are some reporters down stairs who want to interview you."

"Ah, yes, the reporters," she had forgotten them.

"From what papers?" she said.

"Well, that is just it," replied the voice. "There are a lot of them down there from all the papers, but you don't need to see them all. If you will see the one from the "Herald" he says he's your friend, that Mr. Bone sent him, he will give your story to the others."

Fanny looked at him. Even in her agitated state of mind something warned her that the man was not speaking the truth. She hesitated, and the sergeant whispered, "You better listen to him, lady, you know what reporters are, they won't tell the truth about what you say anyhow and as long as this man from the "Herald" represents Mr. Bone, who, he says, knows you, you're sure of getting the facts in one paper anyhow."

Fanny, warned by some unseen force said, "Are you ready

to vouch for him? Are you sure that he really is from the "Herald?"

"Oh, sure, sure!" The man turned, calling to some unseen person, "Come on up, it is all right she will see you." He brought a dark-browed young man with a hardened face, from which Fanny instinctively recoiled. He was quick to see it, and at once produced credentials as a representative of the "Herald." With a suspicious volubility, he hastened to assure her that he had come as the special messenger of Mr. Scott C. Bone of the "Herald," who, he declared, was interested in her case, and who, he said, had sent him to "offer the services of the "Herald's" own lawyer."

While Fanny had known Mr. Bone as an editor from the very beginning of her journalistic career she was astounded at this offer of his friendly interest, for her acquaintance had been purely that of "space writer" with the managing editor of a large and important publication. She could scarcely credit the words of the messenger who talked so fast that she failed to listen to the warning voice that seemed to say, "He is not speaking the truth. Have nothing to do with him."

(To be continued)

Thy Purpose

Adown the vaulted, western way,
 The red sun, burning low,
 O'er fleecy clouds of gathering gray
 Reflects his parting glow;
 The twilight falleth soft and still—
 A star shines out o'er long,
 Then from the hedge the whippoorwill
 Pours forth his plaintive song;
 The dews of summer evening fall;
 The moon, a silver boat,
 Now breasts the cloud-waves over all,
 In radiance afloat.
 O Thou that buildeth cloudland fair,
 And skies of far-off blue,
 Unfold Thy purpose in my life
 And teach me wisdom true!

Frances A. Dilopulo

Sparks From the Anvil of Truth

Thou, the disciple of Truth, must be a shining light unto others, but if thy light leadeth not to emulation, it shineth to small avail.

The light that points the path upward and evinces strength and endurance, is the light that helps mortals to raise themselves to a higher manhood and womanhood.

The strength that steadfastly keeps the shoulder to the plow of human progress, is the strength that endures.

The inherent rights of all humanity must be the paramount interest of all who are truly far progressed in spheres terrestrial or divine.

"Peace Cometh in the Morning". Aye, in that dawn when ALL peoples shall inherit the earth and the fullness thereof. when one's work and one's achievement shall be the standard of excellence and of authority.

The laborer worthy of, and gaining, his hire, in peace and justice, shall do so in equality of effort and distribution of labor.

The voice of all people shall be of equal weight in the making of rules of conduct for all and in the carrying out of the Law.

Man's mate shall be in truth his mate; neither bond-woman, task-mistress, nor parasite, but an equal partner in all his privileges as in his perils.

—*Aletheia.*

THE CLUBWOMAN'S CREED, OR THE NEW SPIRIT THAT IS COMING INTO POLITICS

"Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding and love of self-seeking.

May we put away pretense and meet each other face to face—without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judging and always generous.

Let us take time for all things; make us grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.

Grant we may realize it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all, and, O Lord, let us not forget to be kind!"

—*From the Woman's Journal.*

“Pre-eminence of Woman”

In the following letter, the writer answers some of those who quote Scripture in opposing equal citizenship and equality of Being. While “the editor” had never looked at the matter in this light, the letter is so well calculated to meet the arguments of certain “antis,” we publish it with pleasure, trusting that our readers will find it as clever, interesting and unanswerable as it appears to us.—Editor.

Weehawken, New Jersey.

May 27, 1914.

TO THE ALETHEIAN:—

This homage to woman is inspired through reading your article in the last issue beginning “The rule of the people shall be by vote of all intelligent citizens, regardless of sex.” You also say: “It is useless for woman to go home and try to govern through her son by precept and example.”

When man was created, male and female difference was made in the flesh, not in the soul. At the death of the body all difference of sex disappears and all shall be, in the spirit, as “angels in the resurrection.” As to the soul, then, man and woman are alike; in everything else woman is the better part of creation.

First, woman having been made better than man received the better name. Man was called Adam, which means earth; woman was called Eve, which means life. As much as life excels earth, women, therefore excel earth, and this it is urged must not be thought trivial reasoning, because the Maker of all creatures knew what they were before he named them, and could not err in properly designating each. We will discuss the nature of woman therefore from a theologian’s point of view. Things were created in the order of their rank. Man was made as “the brutes” in the open land outside the gate of Paradise, and wholly of clay, but woman was made afterward in Paradise itself. She was the one paradisaical creation; the noblest of the creatures upon earth, placed as a queen in the court which had been previously prepared for her. Rightly therefore do all beings about her pay to this queen homage of reverence and love. She was not made of common clay but from an influx of celestial matter, since the theologian tells us there is nothing terrestrial in her composition except “one of Adam’s ribs,” and this was no longer gross clay but clay that had been purified and kindled with the breath of life.

Because she is made of pure matter, from whatever height she may look down, a woman never turns giddy and her eyes never have mists before them as the eyes of man. If a woman

and a man fall into the water together, far away from all external help, the woman floats long upon the surface, but the man soon sinks to the bottom. The pre-eminence of woman is proved by her constitution, her wits and her merits. Is there not also the divine light shining through the body of woman by which she is oft times made to seem a miracle of beauty? Does not all history and mythology teach us that woman's beauty has inspired even angels and demons with a desperate and fatal love? We are told that sun and the moon admire the beauty of the Virgin Mary.

Anatomical analysis of the structure of man and woman gives to woman the advantage due to her superior delicacy. Even after death nature respects her inherent modesty, for a drowned woman floats upon her face and a drowned man upon his back. The noblest part of woman is her head, which is seldom seen bald, while the reverse is true of man. The man's face is naturally disfigured by an odious beard that is scarcely to be distinguished from the face of a wild beast. In woman, on the other hand, the face is naturally pure and decent.

There is some appreciation of woman's predominance in the possession of the gift of speech, the most excellent of human faculties. Man receives this gift from woman, from his mother, from his governess or his nurse. And it is a gift bestowed upon woman herself with such liberality that the world has seldom seen a woman who was mute! Is it not fit that woman should excel man in that faculty wherein men themselves chiefly excel the brutes? Solomon's texts on the excellence of the good woman, are of course cited.

Abram took the letter H away from his wife's name Sarah and put it in the middle of his own name after he was blest through her, so that thence he was called Abraham and she Sara. Benediction has always come by woman, law by man, in the olden times. But now the time is near that man and woman must share equally in all things, and shall be equal partners in business, government and in the home, therefore the word "obey" should be eliminated from the marriage ceremony.

(Signed)

MRS. CARMELA RUVO.

In further proof of Mrs. Ruvo's statements, so cleverly and entertainingly put, we might call attention to the fact that even though blind and mute in a physical sense Helen Keller has made herself heard, seen and felt throughout his broad land, and to this "mute" woman the world as a whole, and man in particular, renders homage and respect.

What the Stars Foretell

THE Planets influence, but do not decide your destiny. YOU shall make or mar your own future.

As the potter shapes the clay so character is moulded. Shape your own patiently, wisely and well; thus you shall fashion a beautiful product from even the commonest clay.

BIRTHDAY CHARACTER READINGS BASED UPON THE HOROSCOPE

If born July 1st to July 6th you would make a splendid physician, nurse or pulpit orator. Statesmen, orators and successful metaphysicians and healers are frequently born in these degrees of Cancer. Your psychic power is great, nothing in this or in the unseen world can be hidden from you if you seek Truth unselfishly. You need to be urged.

You are deeply, mystically religious and can become a marked figure in the world of scientific research, religion and philosophy. You can talk with great eloquence, your logic is clear and your language fluent, yet the world will know just as much of yourself as you are willing it should know. You are extremely cautious regarding affairs of those in whom you are interested. Many will be your experiences, varied, unusual, and to some, incomprehensible. You make many friends and will hold most of them, although at times you are inclined to domineer over them. You are of those who must cultivate optimism. Don't lose faith in mankind because some men are untrue. You are sometimes taken advantage of, even though you have such deep insight into humanity. Not very many doors are shut to you and there are none to which you cannot find the key. To you especially should be brought home the truth that all power resides within the breast that is illumined by the Spirit Divine. You have but to open your soul to receive inspiration from the Most High, and it will be flooded with light that shall overflow to the multitude.

The characteristics of those born from July 7th to 15th are similar to those immediately preceeding these dates, though not so responsive to inspirations. You are kind-hearted, loyal, generous, and would make an excellent teacher or clergyman. You could succeed as a lawyer were it not for the fact that that profession does not encourage honesty. You would make a conscientious physician, but would not follow the lead of any school. While you would pass your examinations and take your degrees in recognized schools of medicine, you would follow your own

methods, drawing largely upon your intuitive power in your diagnosis, and you would be right.

Those born from July 15th to 19th are splendid inventors, manufacturers and promoters of inventions. If born during these degrees of Cancer you will think very deeply and decide questions quickly. You are very critical and will not excuse your own or others' offences. You can be very caustic when angry or when assailing wrong or injustice. You can fight if necessary, but will not prolong the fight when you have gained your object. You are a natural leader. It is very hard for you to take a subordinate position of any kind, and you would not succeed therein. You should be in business for yourself. You never lend a deaf ear to a call for help, and are too much inclined to assume the obligations of others.

You have an intense desire to make people and things better. You idealize those you love, and can "hate the sin yet love the sinner." You are fully conscious of your own tendencies toward human weaknesses and your advice to others is usually tinged by the memory of some personal experience. The talismanic stones for those born in the sign of Cancer are emerald and moss agate. The colors are green and russet.

Fortunate periods or dates cannot be determined without the exact date of birth, hour, month and year of the individual.

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If you have failed to read this article by Clara E. Laughlin in Pearson's for June, get it and read it now; it is worth while.—The Aletheian.



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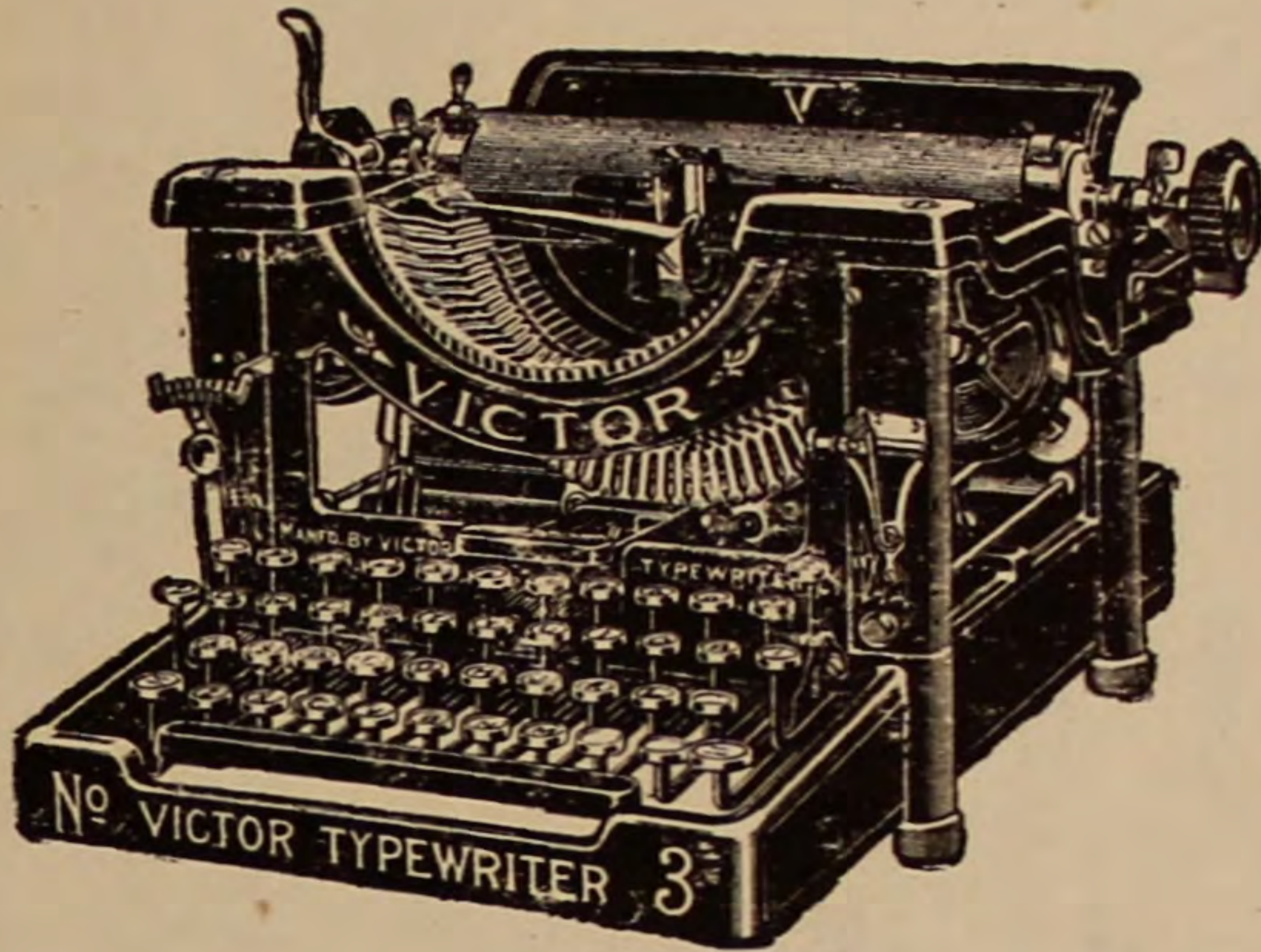
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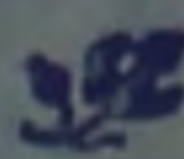
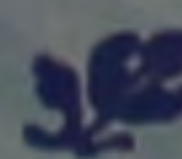

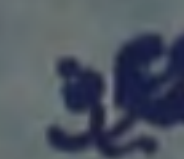
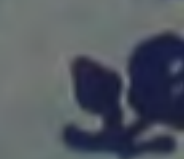
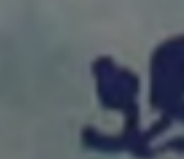
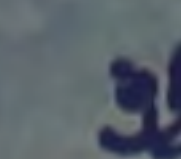

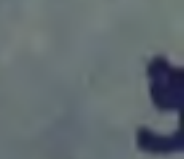
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